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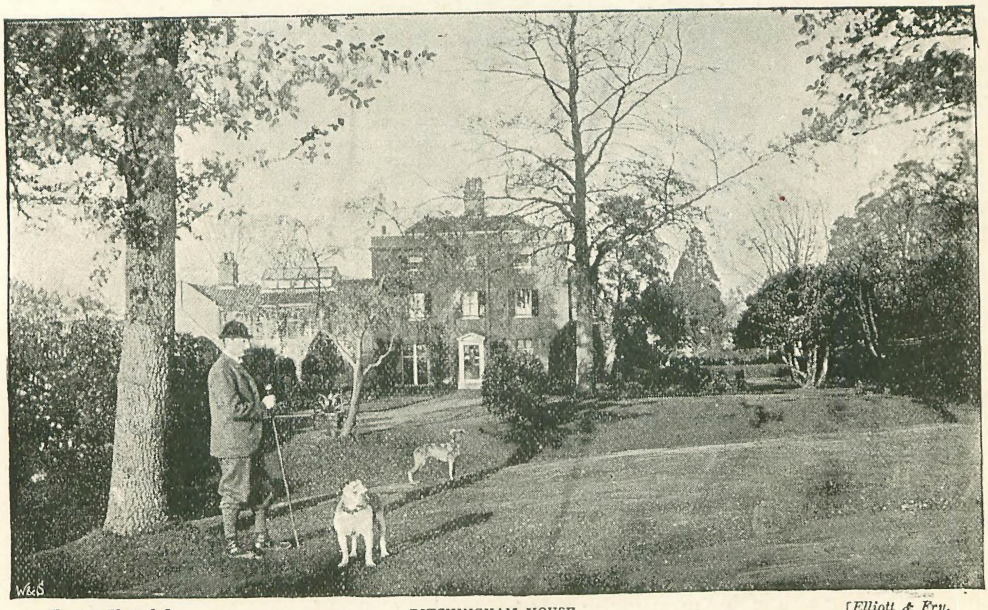
MR. RIDER HAGGARD AND THE WILD HORSES.

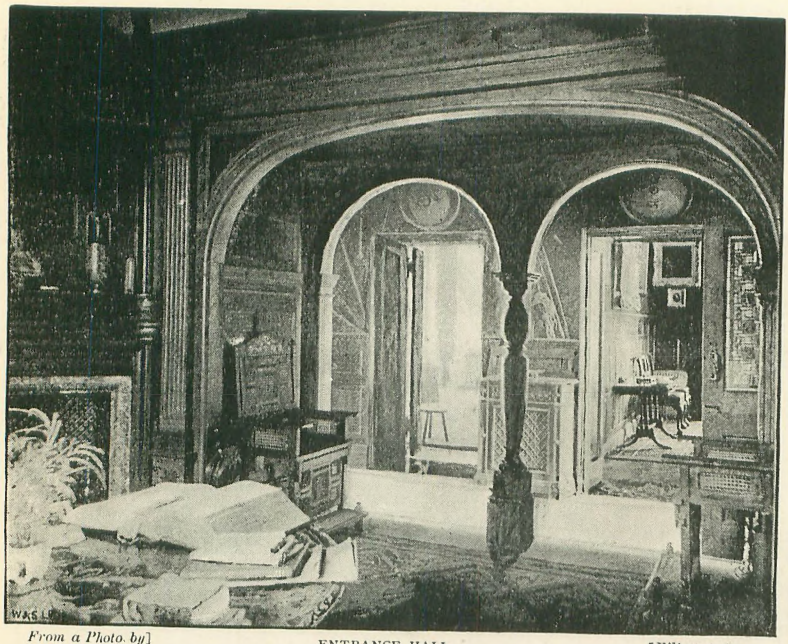
Illustrated Interviews.

No. VII.—MR. H. RIDER HAGGARD.



From a Photo. by] DITCHINGHAM HOUSE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

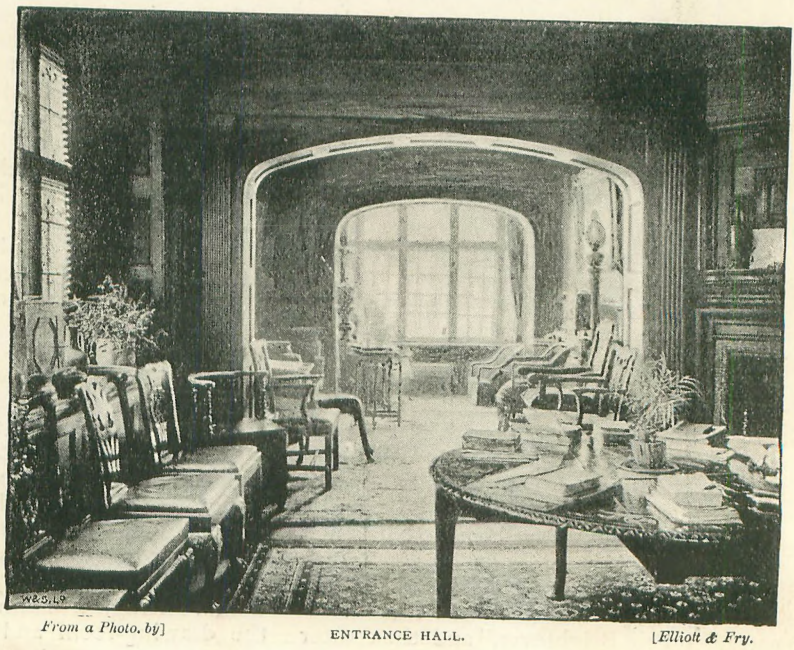
DITCHINGHAM is a distinctly cosy Norfolk village, small and picturesque. Ditchingham House is a typical Norfolk home. It stands in the midst of a perfect shelter provided by the surrounding elms and beeches, for the winds which come across from the glorious valley of the Waveney, and over the Bath Hills, or the Earl's Vineyard, as it was once called—one of the prettiest hillsides in this part of Norfolk—are keen and cutting, and blow cold o' nights. Here Mr. Rider Haggard—barrister, justice of the peace, farmer and novelist—lives. It is no easy matter to realise that he who wanders about a compact little farm of a hundred and fifty acres, and inquires of the bailiff as he critically looks into a pig pen—"Which of these pigs are you going to kill?"—or singles out a grand turkey with a view to its successful appearance on the Christmas dinner table, is the brilliant writer of such fascinating works as "King Solomon's Mines," "Jess," "Colonel Quaritch," "Cleopatra," "Eric Brighteyes," and the creator of that immortal woman "She." There is positively little about Mr. Haggard—whom, perhaps, one might describe as a country gentleman by profession and a novelist by accident—suggestive of the literary man. Literature! We talked of gardening and flowers over the dinner table; learnt how he had brought many of the ferns in his fernhouse three thousand miles—carrying them on mules overland and in canoes down the rivers—from tropical Mexico. Some of these ferns are curious, by the way. There is one the leaves of which are five or six feet long, and a curious spotted species which grows on the ledges of rocks, in shape resembling a diminutive cart-wheel. He is passionately fond of gardening. Literature at the dinner table! It is interesting to hear him relate the most paying agricultural feat he ever accomplished, when, while on a visit to some property in South Africa, together with the assistance of his partner and a couple of Zulu Kaffirs and a mowing machine, he cut and sold hay to the value of nearly £300 in little more than a fortnight. Dinner over, we go into the drawing-room and play "Proverbs,"



From a Photo. by] ENTRANCE HALL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

and munch great Ribston pippins picked from the tree only an hour ago.

In appearance Mr. Haggard looks just his age—thirty-five. He is tall, somewhat slim, and wears a fair moustache. His kindness makes one happy, his modesty is impressive to a degree. He tells you nothing but what is worth remembering; his life has been one long chapter of adventure, and every nook and corner of the house, wherever you turn, has some reminder of a career which has been in many ways remarkable. I spent part of the evening in going from room to room and noting these. The entrance-hall and staircases are crowded with interesting and suggestive mementoes. On the walls are Arabian shields and swords, lengthy spears, and ugly—though highly decorative—knives, many from various battlefields, ancient Egyptian bows and throwing-sticks, and here is an ancient cedar rod believed to be similar to the one which Moses cast before Pharaoh. On a ledge is a row of fine ostrich eggs, and just by the entrance to an ante-room are two quaint chairs with footstools combined, made of ebony, without nails, and inlaid with ivory. These came from the East Coast of Africa. A lamp is supported on a wooden pedestal. It is made of the Royal red wood of Zululand. Only kings and princes were allowed to possess it; for a commoner to carry it meant death. So precious was it deemed

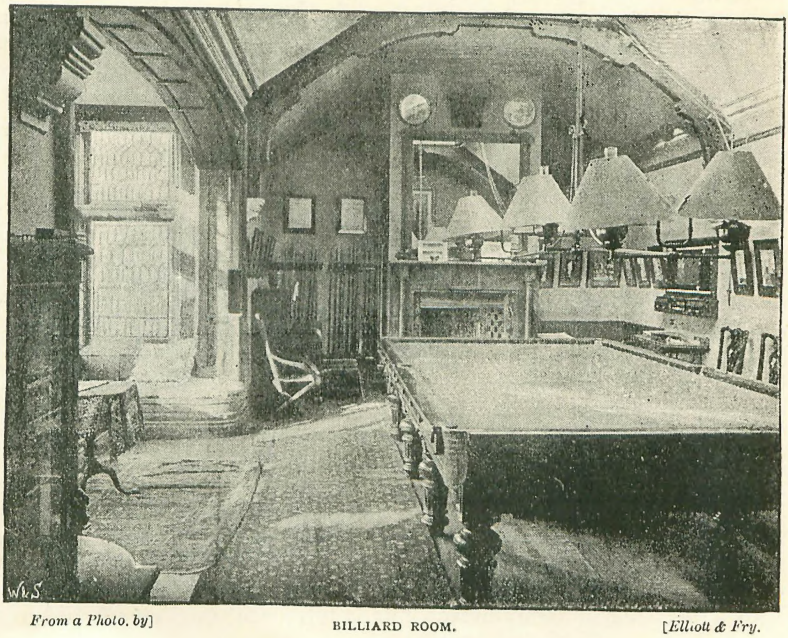


From a Photo. by] ENTRANCE HALL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

ON THE STAIRS.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

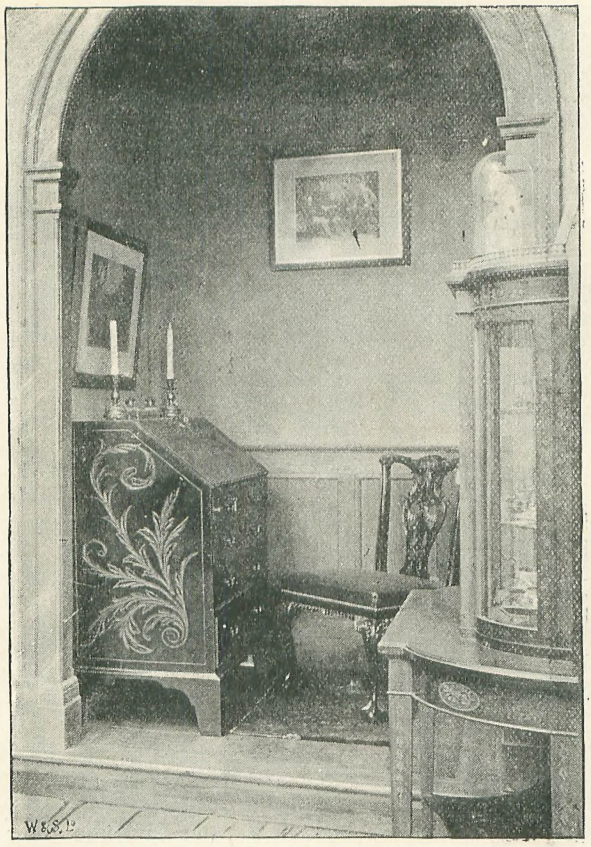
net. It is exquisitely carved, and was the property of Lady Smith, who inherited it in her youth, and died at the age of a hundred and four. It is said to contain forty secret drawers, a score of which yet remain to be discovered. The billiard-room is exceptionally interesting. An oil-painting of Mrs. Haggard, by Kerr, hangs here, and on one side of the room are the original drawings by Greiffenhagen for an, as yet, unpublished edition of the novelist's "World's Desire." Greiffenhagen's work is marvellously real. His "She" pictures, which hang downstairs, are exceptionally striking black-and-whites. In a niche of the billiard-room —somewhat hidden from view—is a desk of Charles Dickens. It was bought at the Gad's Hill sale. Close by is a little cabinet. The glass door is opened, and from a tiny silver Icelandic Communion cup a number of rings are put into my open hand. One of the most striking of these is a gold band, thousands of years old, with hieroglyphics engraved upon it signifying "Haggard" (as an Egyptian might have written it) "the Scribe makes an offering to the God of Dawn." Another gold ring is from the mummy of Queen Taia, the feminine Henry VIII. of Egypt, and one of the most fascinating and beautiful women that ever lived. Its inscription that it was cut up in small pieces and bestowed upon distinguished warriors—a sort of Zulu Victoria Cross.

The landings are lined with many portraits of Norfolk worthies; the walls are decorated with African horns. This huge bull's head belonged to an animal shot by Mr. Fred Jackson, the explorer. Here stands a quaint old cabi-



From a Photo. by] BILLIARD ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

reads, "Ank Bes, Bes Ank" ("the living Bes, Bes the living"). It has been mended. Mr. Haggard wore it for a year, but unfortunately he broke it whilst getting out of a cab. Queen Taia must have worn it all her life, for it shows signs of constant use. Then Mr. Haggard takes from his finger a signet ring he always wears. It was found at Deir-el-Bahari. Its red stone is believed to chronicle the portrait of Rameses the Great, the Pharaoh of the Oppression, with whose coffin it was discovered.

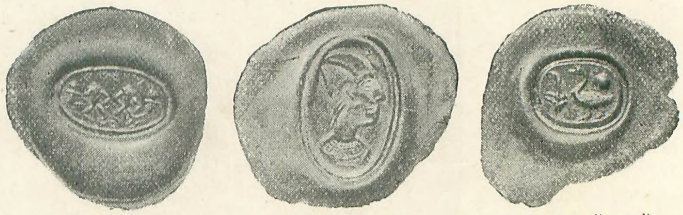


From a Photo. by] CHARLES DICKENS'S DESK. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Here is a Gnostic ring in mediæval lead setting, and yet another—a golden circlet—which will always be associated with his career. It is the scarab that figures in "She." It is a heavy ring, and bears the words, "Suten se Ra" ("Royal Son of the Sun").

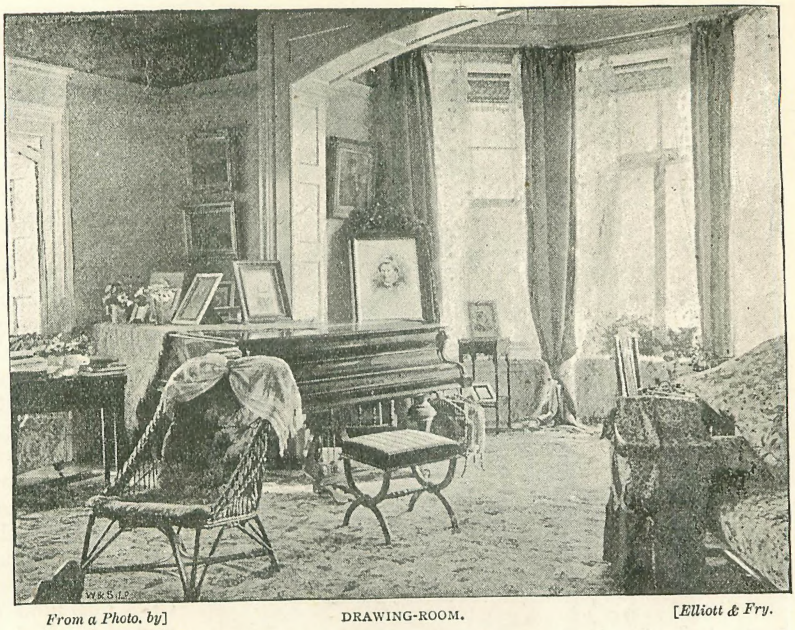
A grand piece of oak carving, dated 1664, surrounds the fireplace in the dining-room. Here is an admirable portrait of the novelist by John Pettie, R.A. On either side of the window are paintings of two of the Hamiltons — ancestors of Mrs. Haggard—who were loyal to their King, Charles II. A story is told of the faithful Cavalier who hangs in the dining-room. No stauncher Royalist breathed, and he rode from London to Norwich in great glee with the news of the Restoration. Unfortunately, he got into a meeting of Roundheads, but so full of joy was he that he shouted the news to them as loudly as he could. They nearly killed him for his kindness. A Sir Joshua Reynolds hangs here—the portrait of a lady and her child. She was the wife of an officer who was called away to the French wars. During his absence a little one was born, and the doting mother and loving wife, expecting him to return soon, had this picture painted for him. But he never came back again. The lady could not afford to pay for it, and the canvas remained in Sir Joshua's studio for some time, until finally bought at his auction by Dr. Hamilton, of Lynn.

The drawing-room is a delightfully cosy apartment, with its white enamelled chimney-piece and its inviting cushioned corners. Knick-knacks in china fill the recesses; more curios from distant climes, amongst which is a little glass photo of a small child in a plaid frock—an early portrait of Rider Haggard. Mexican combs, exquisite embroidery and fans, are picturesquely scattered about, and freshly plucked flowers



QUEEN TAIA'S RING. PHARAOH'S RING. SCARAB IN "SHE."

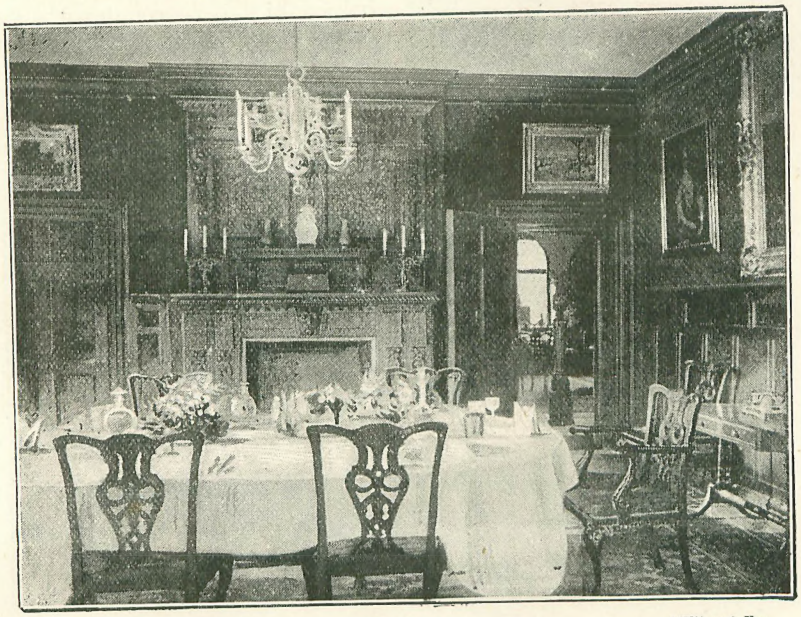
IMPRESSIONS OF RINGS IN SEALING-WAX.



From a Photo. by] DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

fill the vases. Near the window —looking out on a stretch of lawn strewn with the fallen leaves from the trees—on an easel, is a picture of Mr. Haggard's mother, a photograph of Barrington Foote, and a charming oil colour by Leon Little — "Dawn on the Thames."

The study is a perfect treasure-house of curios. An important resident of the working room is Jack, a tame rat, who is liberally supplied with nuts, which he readily cracks. Just by the fireplace is the gun cupboard, designed by its owner. The drawer contains a thousand cartridges. A number of fishing-rods also find a convenient corner in it. It is impossible to chronicle every curio—the Greek vases and ancient pottery, strings of beads from the necks of mummies, and Zulu battle-axes and assegais. A marvellous piece of embroidery lies on the table; it is of Mexican workmanship, some two hundred years old, evidently from a priest's cope. Here is a bronze jar from the tomb of an Etruscan monarch. Over the door is a Mexican idol in green jade; it once had eyes and teeth of emeralds—alas! now extracted. It weighs thirty pounds, and its possessor, who declares it to be the best that ever came out of Mexico, owns to having smuggled it to England wrapped up in a dress. The tobacco-jar is a huge one; the pipes — a good score of them—are neatly arranged in a rack.



From a Photo. by] DINING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

"These little things were picked up on the battlefield of Isandlwana," said Mr. Haggard, taking a small bowl from the mantelboard. One by one we exam-

From a Photo. by] THE CONSERVATORY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

had *missed fire!* Some poor fellow had pinned his faith to it. The little piece of lead I now held in my hand probably meant—a life lost.

The shelves are well stocked with volumes; one of them is devoted to holding the bulky covers which contain the original MSS. of his works. Every one is marked with the time it took to write. A small shelf near the window is peculiarly interesting. The scores of paper volumes it supports are all pirated editions of his works issued in America. No author has suffered more than he in this respect. He has even had books published under his name in the States of which he never wrote a line. In the case of "Allan Quartermain" some enterprising Americans got hold of a set of uncorrected proof-sheets and published them.

And so we passed the evening going through the house, and, when the morrow came, walked through the meadows and newly-planted orchards round the farm. Now Mr. Haggard appears in an easy knickerbocker suit, and carries a long Zulu stick surmounted with a huge knob, which has helped him over rough paths for many years. The Mexican ferns are flourishing, the chrysanthemum houses loaded with blossoms. "Poacher," a fine young dog, which follows in every step of its master, bounds up. Poacher has a family history.

ined them—a sixpence dated 1859, a pair of eye-glasses (probably once belonging to an officer), a pair of nail scissors, a farrier's hook, a pen. Every one of them seemed to speak!

"Look at this!" cried Mr. Haggard, almost excitedly. "I never noticed that till this moment."

It was an English revolver-cartridge that

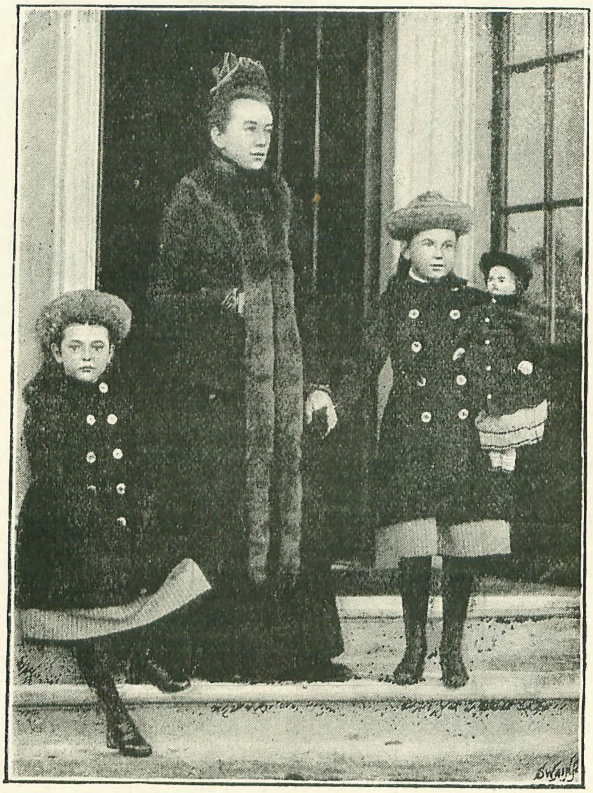
From a Photo. by] MR. HAGGARD'S RED-POLLS. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Its mother was a famous lurcher—a poacher's dog—and was known all over the West of Norfolk. It was set at Mr. Haggard's keeper one night by its master, and there was shooting. The dog was captured, and its owner was charged with attempted murder. The silent prisoner was condemned to be shot after the trial. Mr. Haggard begged for the poor creature, won her, and her offspring has instinctively turned out a faithful animal.

The fowls are running over tiny hillocks, and the turkeys are making their presence known by their own peculiar cackle. One of the labouring hands here is known to his familiars as "Young Sam." We met "Old Sam," his father—who was Mrs. Haggard's grandmother's coachman—just now in the lane. "Old Sam" cannot be many years off a centenarian; "Young Sam" is nearing seventy. Your Norfolk folk are long-lived. A beautiful little Alderney calf of ten weeks wins admiration, and then we walk through the meadows, and the good points in some grand red-polls—the famous Norfolk breed of cattle—are discussed. It is as trim a farm as any for miles round; the result of two years' labour has worked wonders with the land since Mr. Haggard took it "in hand." We cut some roses—still in bloom—wave a good-bye to Angela and Dorothy, his two little daughters—who are just off for a ride—and enter the house delightfully fresh and ready for work after our morning's walk.

We lit our pipes in the study.

Mr. Haggard was born on June 22, 1856. He comes of a Scandinavian family, and for some generations his ancestors have been Norfolk squires. His father is William M. Rider Haggard, J.P., D.L., of Bradenham Hall, Norfolk, where the novelist was born. His mother had literary powers, and published some volumes of poems and songs. Mr. Haggard good-humouredly assures me that he was not an interesting infant. He passed his early years at Bradenham, then went abroad, and returned to England, when he entered the Grammar School at Ipswich.



MRS. RIDER HAGGARD AND DAUGHTERS.
[*From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.*]

He was destined for the Foreign Office, but in 1875 was appointed secretary to Sir Henry Bulwer, G.C.M.G., at Natal, and two years later fulfilled a similar position to Sir Theophilus Shepstone, K.C.M.G., then on a special mission to the Transvaal. He was there during the whole crisis surrounding the annexation of the Transvaal, and—then a young man only just out of his teens—hoisted the English flag in the Queen's name. A little photo of the party, as they appeared on this memorable morning, hangs in his room with that of the Union Jack.

"The real reason," said Mr. Haggard, "why the Transvaal was annexed was to prevent its inhabitants being wiped out of the world by Cetewayo. The Transvaal forces had been defeated, and Cetewayo had massed his regiments to attack it. Sir Theophilus Shepstone knew that, unless the territory became Queen's land, Cetewayo would take it. I never saw Cetewayo."

Then the story of his life begins in real earnest. When he was twenty he was

SIR THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE AND HIS STAFF (1876-77) ABOUT TO HOIST THE UNION JACK AT THE ANNEXATION OF THE TRANSVAAL. MR. RIDER HAGGARD IN THE FOREGROUND.
From a Photograph.

appointed Master of the High Court there, the first in the Transvaal, and probably the youngest ever known. As such he was guardian of all the orphans.

"The Boers were very litigious over the question of land, and would spend four times the value of a plot over a lawsuit. They were much in the hands of the lawyers. The scale of legal charges was simply wicked. A solicitor would open a bill of costs with a retaining fee of fifty guineas. When I was appointed Master of the Court I made a dead stand against this. The first bill presented to me was for £600. I knocked off a discount of £400. There was a tremendous agitation against me, but my superiors upheld me, and in the long run I triumphed. I used to go on circuit over hundreds of miles in an ox waggon.

"Yes, we often had murder trials. One of the most singular that I remember, because of the strange behaviour of the prisoner, was this: One night I was standing on the verandah of Government House. I heard a shot. Inquiries were made, and it transpired that a private in a regiment quartered at Pretoria had opened the canvas of his sergeant-major's tent—who was just then writing home to England—and shot him. The man then went away with the intention of killing his adjutant and colonel. He was arrested, brought up for trial, and a plea of insanity was put in. The trial ran into the night, and the large and crowded court was lit with six candles only, which gave it a peculiarly solemn appearance. The jury adjudged the prisoner 'Guilty.' I rose up and asked the man, in the formal words, and with my most dignified manner, if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. His reply, uttered in a most jaunty voice, was, 'Nothing at all, thank you, sir.' There was a question about his sanity. At any rate, whilst his dead comrade was being given a soldier's funeral, and the band was playing 'The Dead March in Saul' past the jail, the fellow was whistling merry English songs! In the end, his sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life, he escaped, and, so far as I know, was never recaptured.

"The Zulus are amongst the most courageous people in the world—they have no fear of death. There was a chief living in Transvaal territory. He was a magnificent fellow in strength and stature. A magistrate of his district went to collect certain taxes. The chief refused to pay, called on his tribesmen, who killed the magistrate and

seven men. The chief was caught, his kinsmen were condemned to imprisonment, he to death. The morning of the execution arrived, and I went to the jail and saw his hands tied behind his back. Through an interpreter he was asked whether he had anything to say. He cried out loudly :—

"'Why all this trouble—why this fuss? I do not fear death. If I am to be killed, kill me.'

"With these words he broke away, walked deliberately across the yard and on to the gallows. He examined the noose of twisted buffalo hide, and took his stand unflinchingly over the trap. The executioner was intoxicated, the High Sheriff was overcome with the scene and had to retire—I myself was obliged to push and exhort the executioner in order that he might perform the fearful task, and, at last, the brave Zulu fell. The whole thing lasted some minutes, but during this time the man never winced, nor showed the slightest emotion.

"I held office as Master of the High Court for two years, when I resigned. The Zulu war broke out in 1879. I was in South Africa then. I knew of the disaster at Isandlwana twenty hours before the express reached Pretoria. An old Hottentot woman told me. Her words were, 'The redcoats lay like leaves upon a plain.' How the news travelled over the plains in the time I cannot tell, for I was 200 miles from the scene of action. When there are hills they shout news from top to top, but there were none here. On receipt of this news a volunteer corps was raised to go to Zululand—a company of mounted gentlemen known as 'The Pretoria Horse'—who, though eventually much cut up, did excellent service in the Boer war. I was elected lieutenant and adjutant of this corps.

"Just previous to this I was nearly killed. I was on a mission for the Government to visit a chief in a distant mountainous district. I little dreamed that there was a plot to murder us. My love for moonlight scenery saved us. We had the option of two roads. I suggested the less frequently used one, where we could get a better view of the mountains in the moonlight; we took it. On the other path a party of natives were lying in ambush for us. In this way I believe that we escaped death and perhaps torture.

"The Pretoria Horse were ready to proceed to Zululand, but we were prevented by the sudden rising of the Boers. We were to have accompanied Colonel Weatherley's horse. They were subsequently destroyed, with the exception of six men. Colonel Weatherley had two sons out there—the elder was my clerk in the High Court, and the other, little Rupert, who was very weakly, was a great favourite of his father. The poor little fellow accompanied his father everywhere, and in the fight of Slobane was assegaied by the Zulus. The Colonel is believed to have died fighting over his poor boy's body. The other son—who is still in the army—was coming into camp when he caught sight of a pretty pony passing his way. The saddle was empty. He caught it, and not knowing whose it was, rode into camp on its back. It had carried his little brother out that day.

DYNAMITE!

"Englishmen were precious just then. I was sent out in command of a handful of men to watch the Boer camp. We had spies there. They would report to me every evening, and I sent despatches to Pretoria—about twenty-one miles away—as we had relays of horses all along the road, and could reach the town in an hour. The head-quarters of the Boer camp were near an inn where I was stationed with my men. One day, having got wind of the reason of our presence, the Boers came down on us in force, took possession of the inn, and threatened to kill us. I had a very smart sergeant there, whom I sent into the room where they were gathered to keep a watch upon their movements. Needless to say he knew Dutch. The Boers have a great horror of dynamite, and when things began to look serious my sergeant saw one of them light his pipe and fling the still burning match on to the floor. Hurriedly, but with the utmost caution, he picked it up, blew it out, and threw it away with a fervently expressed 'Thank Heaven!'

"This attracted the attention of the Boers. 'Why had he done that—what did he mean?'

"'Don't you know?' the sergeant asked.

"'Know what?' said the Boers.

"'Why, the British Government store all their dynamite under this place. If I hadn't put out that match we should all have been blown into ten thousand atoms!'

"'Almighty!' said the Boers, and five minutes afterwards the place was clear.

"About this time there was an extraordinary panic in Pretoria. A Boer rode in to say that Cetewayo's 'impis' were within twenty miles of Pretoria, and would attack that night. My captain was sent out to ascertain the truth of this, and I was left in command of the corps. Only that morning horses had been served out to us. Orders came to saddle up and be ready. I marched the men into the yard where the horses were, and when we got there every man wanted the best horse. It was difficult to settle their claims, but I hit upon the idea of a scramble. I ordered the men to rush in together and each make for one. In ten minutes all were suited; but the trouble did not end here.

"'Mount,'" I cried.

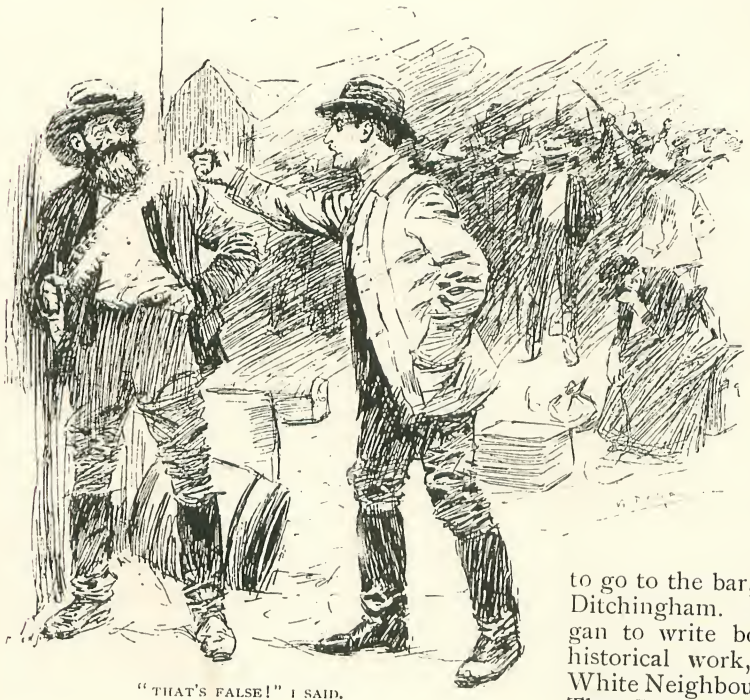
"The men did so—but only for an instant. The next moment the troop burst like a bombshell, nearly every horse bolted, and many men were thrown off. One poor fellow's foot caught in a stirrup and he was nearly kicked to death. I do not believe that any of those horses had ever been saddled before! The panic grew. In the midst of all a thunderstorm raged—the rain fell in sheets. Women and children were weeping, the men were burying their money. It transpired afterwards that the whole idea of an attack of Cetewayo was the invention of a mad Kaffir. (See frontispiece.)

"I returned to England at the end of 1879 and married in the following year. I went back, however, to Africa with my wife, in order to look after some property I have in the Newcastle district of Natal. On our arrival I heard of the Boer rebellion. Whilst in Maritzburg my wife and I dined with Sir George Colley, the Governor of Natal—a party altogether of some twelve or fourteen people. It was a night or two before Sir George started up country to attack the Boers. Within a month the majority of those present had been killed, and I believe that at this moment Lady Colley, Mrs. Haggard, and myself are the sole survivors of that dinner party.

"I heard the action at Lang's Neck being fought. We went up country, believing that Sir George Colley would not attack the Boers with the men at his disposal. It was a terribly rough journey—we were nearly carried away by flooded streams, and the roads were cut into a slough by the guns. I arrived with my wife at my house, on the borders of Newcastle, and the following afternoon went out duck shooting. I heard the sound of distant heavy firing. I listened intently. At that moment the disastrous action at Lang's Neck was being fought. Then came a period of great and terrible trouble—battles fought and battles lost. Reinforcements poured in. One Sunday afternoon while I was sitting after luncheon on the verandah of my house, I thought that I heard the sound of guns. My wife and servants in the house believed it to be distant thunder. I saddled my horse, rode into Newcastle, a mile and a half away, and on the road called in at the telegraph office. The messages were just then passing through to England of the fearful defeat at Majuba. I rode on into the camp as fast as I could, but they had no news there, for troops were marching out towards Majuba as though nothing had happened. But the people at the telegraph office were right!

"The Boers came down and cut our communications. They burnt the next place to us, and for some weeks we lived in

a state of anxiety, anticipating an attack at any moment. Zulu scouts were out every night; we slept with loaded rifles by our sides and six horses always saddled in the stables. Sometimes we sat up all night. Ultimately we were driven into laager by the Boers. Then came the news of the surrender of the English Government to the Boers, just when thousands of troops were advancing to our relief. It was received with entire incredulity. I, for one, refused to believe it. When the truth became known, the most extraordinary scenes occurred at Newcastle. It was crowded with thousands of refugees, natives, loyal Boers, and English people driven in from the Transvaal. The town went mad. Three or four thousand people were huddled together



"THAT'S FALSE!" I SAID.

in the market square—drunk, crying, cursing—and every group ruined. The members of the English Government were burnt in effigy, and words were said which I do not care to repeat.

"I believe the English only hit three men at Majuba—one was killed, the Boers say, one badly wounded, and one man had his cheek grazed. This latter man thus described the action to me some weeks afterwards. 'At first,' he said, 'we were terribly afraid, but as we went up the mountain and we found that the English did not hit us, we gained heart and pushed on. They ran away. I sat on the rocks and shot them as they ran like bucks. They nearly killed me—look here,' pointing to his scarred cheek, 'but I paid them out for it. It was *alter lekker* (very nice). They tumbled over one another. We killed thousands of them.'

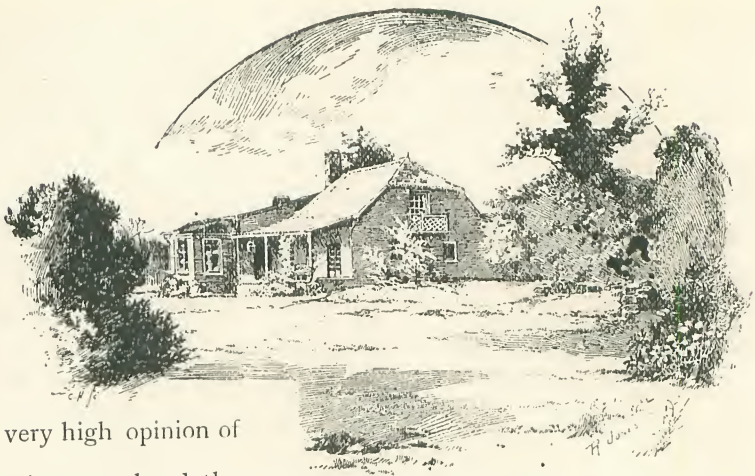
"'That's false!' I said, 'you haven't killed a thousand men during the whole war.'

"His reply was, 'Ah, well. You lie and I lie, but I say we killed thousands of them. But I bear no malice. *In future if an Englishman touches his hat to me I shall acknowledge it!*'

"It was at my house that the convention with the Boers was signed. I myself was so overcome with the disgrace of the situation, that I abandoned South Africa and returned to England. I felt I could no longer live there as an Englishman—in those days Natal was no longer a country for Englishmen to live in. I arrived in the old country after being nearly shipwrecked. By the bye, I have been actually shipwrecked. It was whilst returning from Iceland.

"I determined then to go to the bar, and I studied here at Ditchingham. Whilst studying I began to write books. My first was a historical work, 'Cetewayo and his White Neighbours.' I lost £50 over it. Then I tried novel writing. My first story was 'Dawn.' It went the round of several publishers, but nobody would have it, so I re-wrote it and made it end up happily—the ending of the original was somewhat sad. I worked so hard at that book that my sight gave way and I had to finish it in a darkened room. It was accepted and paid fairly well. I made £10 out of it as a start, but afterwards more. Then came 'The Witch's Head.' By that time, though this novel was something of a success, I thought I had had enough—that the game

was not worth the candle. I was called to the bar, and practised for about a year. I had read a good deal of talk in the papers of boys' books, and I determined to write one. I did it in my spare evenings, chiefly for amusement. The title of it was 'King Solomon's Mines.' It was a big success, and remains so, though I never had a very high opinion of it myself."



MR. HAGGARD'S HOUSE, IN WHICH THE BOER CONVENTION WAS SIGNED.

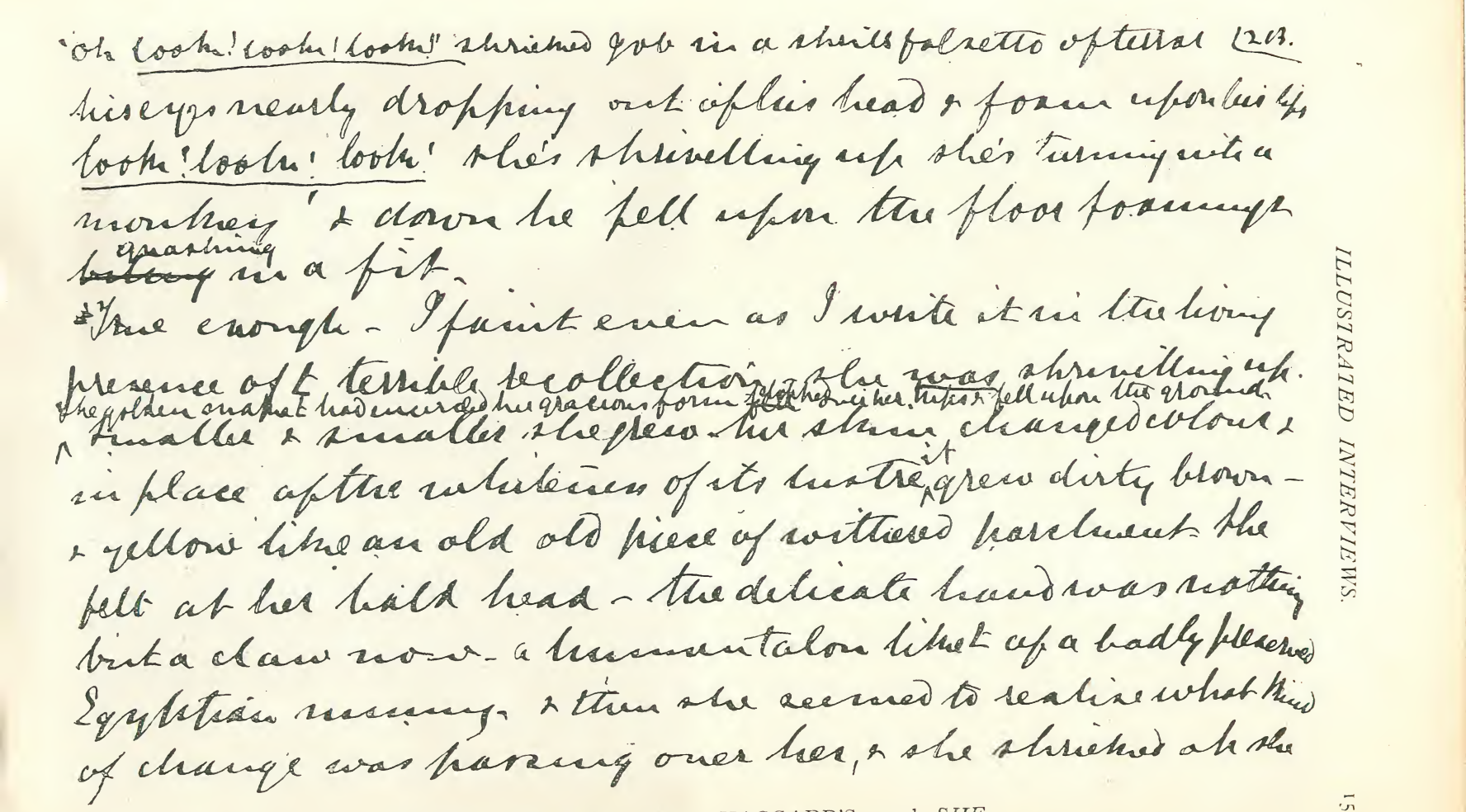
I have just had put into my hand the bone with which the old Don in the famous romance used to write. There is ink on it still. Here, too, is the veritable chart itself—the original map of those wonderful mines. Shall I help to destroy its delightful romance if I tell how this curious piece of linen of three hundred years ago really came into existence? A sister-in-law of Mr. Haggard's ingeniously executed the whole thing, and those fearfully and wonderfully made characters were penned by her own hand with coloured pigments! Mr. Haggard tells a merry story of a little adventure he had one day with this map.

He was taking it to be bound with the MSS., and travelling on the Underground Railway. The frontispiece of "King Solomon's Mines" is an exact reproduction of the original map. An old lady got into the same compartment as the novelist, and opening a copy of this very work, at once became deeply interested in the frontispiece. She turned it this way and that way—all ways, but was more puzzled than ever. It was impossible for Mr. Haggard to resist the temptation. He took the *real* thing out of his pocket, put it on his knee, and began studying it too. It caught the innocent old lady's eye. She looked from book to author, from copy to original, and was perfectly bewildered. Mr. Haggard got out at the next station, and when the train left the platform there was the old lady staring at him out of the window with indescribable amazement still written on her face.

In connection with "King Solomon's Mines" he once received a letter from a girls' school in America, thanking him most gratefully for writing a book "without a woman in it"! He also received a round robin from the members of some great firm of electricians in Austria, acquainting him with the pleasure that some work of his had given them. It bore seven signatures, each writer of which was of a different nationality.

Then the manuscript volume of "She" is taken down from one of the shelves. It was written in six weeks, and a fortnight out of that time was occupied largely in doing a friend's work—reporting cases in the Divorce Court for *The Times*. To write a novel in little more than four weeks is a truly remarkable undertaking, the brilliant result making it a still greater accomplishment. Mr. Haggard sat down to write it with a very slight idea of the plot, only with the great creative character in his mind—that of an immortal woman—a type. A story which a lady once wrote and told him—the story of a woman and a cave—helped him in writing "She." The original sherd of "She" is over the mantelpiece.

Soon afterwards he left the bar, finding that his reputation as an author was detrimental to his practice there. The success of "King Solomon's Mines" and "She," the rush now for his earlier works—comparatively little read—was sufficient inducement for him to go on. As one work succeeded the other, his reputation was strengthened, his genius as a writer of romance impressed every book lover, his descriptive powers were considered as marvellously real as they were in many cases brilliantly imaginative. He is a great traveller. He spends months in a country where the scene of his work is to be laid. His notes of the



Fac-simile of MS. of Mr. RIDER HAGGARD'S novel, *SHE*.

scenes, the people, and their manners are purely mental. The hardest travelling—in search of "scenes"—he ever had in his life was in Mexico. He characterises the roads in the wilder parts as indescribable, the food worse, whilst, in the hot country, sleep was most difficult to obtain, owing to the constant torment of venomous insects. A new work will soon appear, centred in these tropical regions.

Before he wrote "Eric Brighteyes" he went to Iceland. He made his way to Bergthorsknoll, the residence of Njal, the hero in "The Story of Burnt Njal"—who was burnt to death in the house there. The irrepressible novelist, with that love of search which he possesses, commenced digging in the floor of the old hall, and there found traces of the burning after eight hundred years. He retains fragments of some of the charred beams in a small Egyptian jar in the study.

He says that he has been often charged with plagiarism, and gave me a most amusing instance of such charges, which are so easy to bring, and so recklessly made.

"I once wrote a skit called 'Mr. Meeson's Will,'" he said. "It was a little hit at the Court of Probate, where I practised. The heroine of the skit is supposed to have a will tattooed upon her shoulders. Now, it appears that there was a French novel—which I had never seen, read, heard, or dreamed of—in which there is a fair damsel who has a will tattooed on another part of her body. I was at once charged with appropriating this idea. Nothing of the kind. The real origin of my tattoo was a trick played upon an eminent Q.C. by his pupils, who sent in a set of papers to him for his consideration, in which the will propounded was supposed to be executed upon the human skin of somebody who was cast away on a desert island. The case interested our friend the Q.C. immensely, and he was so taken in as to give the matter a great deal of time, and actually gave a written opinion as to the validity of the document. This is a fair sample of the accuracy of these charges." Also he has been attacked because some of his tales are full of fights. "But," he says, "did reading of fighting, or even of the oppressions and cruelties of tyrants, ever harm any human creature; and are there, on the other hand, no virtues to be learned from stories of warriors

From a Photo. by] THE STUDY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

faithful to the last, and of the heroic deaths of men?. Is a boy, for instance, the worse for being taught that his hands were given him to defend his head; or, if need be, his cause and his country? I believe that there is more evil to be learned from what may be read in a week's issue of the daily papers than from all the books which deal with fighting and kindred adventures that are published in a generation. And while I hold this opinion I shall go on writing about such things, though sometimes I like to undertake an orthodox novel by way of a change. A man is not necessarily of a sanguinary mind because he tells stories of how people killed each other in past ages, or in the land of fable."

Mr. Haggard claims to create every character in his novels, and he considers six months a fair time to complete an important work. He takes no share in the arrangements for the publication of his books, which are managed by Mr. Watt, the literary agent, and never reads a review of them, unless it chances to appear in some paper which he takes in, because he says that, if the notice be favourable, it is apt to give an author too good an idea of himself; and, if the reverse, to worry and discourage him, and to disgust him with his work. Moreover, he is of opinion that the writer of a book knows a great deal more of its strong and weak points than any reviewer, however impartial, which all reviewers are not; and that Time is likely to be a better judge than either author or critics, all of whose individual opinions are, therefore, somewhat superfluous. He usually writes some three or four thousand words a day, sitting down at a great oaken writing table, with a liberal supply of foolscap paper, about half-past four, working on till dinner-time, and again resuming the thread of his story at night for an hour or two. In the morning the farm and his correspondence claim him. His favourite work, and the one he considers his best, is "Eric Brighteyes." "She" comes next. Amongst his own characters his love leans toward "Beatrice."

HARRY HOW.

A MEXICAN IDOL.

The Cornet-Player.

FROM THE SPANISH OF PEDRO A. DE ALARCON.

[Pedro Antonio de Alarcon was born in 1833, at Guadix, in the province of Granada. Having studied philosophy in Granada, he returned to Guadix to follow an ecclesiastical calling, but soon abandoned it for a literary career, which was more to his taste. He went to Madrid, and contributed to several papers, his attractive style making a decided impression. When the Revolution broke out in 1854, Alarcon started a Republican paper; but his enthusiasm for Republican ideas appears to have been of short duration. The war in Africa afforded him an opportunity to satisfy his desire for adventure; rifle and pen alternately in hand, he followed the military operations, and wrote his very successful "Diary of an Eye-Witness." He took part in politics, becoming in turn deputy and senator; but finally abandoned everything in favour of literary work. His stories and poems enjoy considerable popularity. When he published the following story he declared that it would be his last; and, to the grief of his admirers, so it proved. He died in July last, after years of suffering.]

"OH! Don Basilio, do play us a tune upon the cornet, so that we can have a dance!"

"Yes, yes, Don Basilio! Do play the cornet!"

"Bring Don Basilio the cornet which Joaquin had when he was learning."

"It is not a very good one, but you will play it, will you not, Don Basilio?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Because I cannot!"

"Oh!" (*derisively*). "Why, you used to be a bandmaster in an infantry regiment!"

"Well, yes; it is quite true. I used to

play the cornet. I was a crack player, as you say. But it is also a fact that about twelve years ago I gave my cornet to a beggar, and have never blown a note since."

"Bravo! Here's the cornet! Now you *must* play."

"I am very sorry, dear children, but I really cannot play."

"Oh, yes, you will! You are so good-natured!"

"Won't you play to please *me*, grandfather?"

"And *me*, uncle?"

"Good gracious, children, do not tease me so! I have told you that I do not play."

"But why?"

"Because I made a vow that I would not play. I made a vow to myself, to one who is now dead, and to your poor mother, my daughter!"

At these words all faces became sorrowful.

"Ah!" sighed the old man, "if you knew what it cost me to learn the cornet!"

"Tell us the story!" cried the younger ones in chorus.

"Well, there *is* a story attached to it," said Don Basilio, "so I will tell it."

And, seating himself under a tree, the old man related, to the swarm of young people who surrounded him, how he had learned to play the cornet:—

"It is some years now since the Civil War broke out in Spain. I had a friend, a lieutenant in the same battalion as I, the most accomplished man I ever knew. We had been educated together, left college together, and fought side by side in many a fight. We were both willing to die in the cause of freedom—he was, if possible, more enthusiastic than I!

"But what happened? A superior officer was guilty of an act of injustice towards my friend Ramon—one of those cases of abuse of authority which spoil the most honourable careers—in short, an arbitrary act so offended the lieutenant as to cause him to leave the army, to separate from me, his friend, and go over to the opposite party. He said he would kill the officer, for he was very high-spirited, and would not take an insult from anybody. Nothing that I could say was of use. We were at that time in Asturia, about three leagues from the enemy. Ramon was to desert that night. It was cold and rainy, dark and dismal, that night before the battle.

"It was about midnight when Ramon entered my tent and aroused me. 'Basilio!' he whispered in my ear.

"'Who is that?'

"'It is I. Good bye!'

"'What! are you going already?'

"'Yes. Good-bye!' And he grasped my hand. 'Listen,' he continued. 'Should we have a battle to-morrow, which seems probable, and meet on the field——'

"'I know; we are friends.'

"'Good; we salute each other and go on fighting. It is probable that I shall die to-morrow, for I am resolved not to leave the field until I have killed the Colonel. As for yourself, do not be too rash; fame is only a shadow.'

"'So is life.'

"'You are right. Well, may you become a general!' exclaimed Ramon; 'the pay is certainly not shadowy. Alas! all that is finished for me!'

"'Good gracious, what an idea!' I cried, with assumed confidence. 'You see if we do not both survive the battle to-morrow.'

"'Suppose we make an appointment?'

"'Where, and at what time?'

"'At the San Nicholas Asylum, at one o'clock at night. If either of us does not appear, he has fallen. Is that agreed?'

"'Right! Now, farewell!'

"'Farewell!'

"We embraced one another tenderly, and Ramon vanished in the shadows of night.

"As we feared—or, rather, as we hoped—the insurgents attacked us on the following day. The fight was a fierce one, and lasted from three o'clock in the afternoon till nightfall. I saw Ramon once; he was wearing the Carlist cap. He had already become commandant, and had killed our colonel. I was not so fortunate; the insurgents took me prisoner.

One o'clock at night—the hour of my appointment with Ramon! I was confined in a cell in the prison of a small town occupied by the Carlists.

"I asked after Ramon and the reply was: 'Ah! he is a brave fellow. He killed a colonel. But he is dead, no doubt.'

"'What! dead?'

"'Yes; he has not been seen since the battle.'

"I leave you to guess what I went through that night. One gleam of hope remained: that Ramon was waiting for me in the Asylum of San Nicolas, and this was the reason he had not returned to the insurgent camp. 'How great will be his grief,'

I thought, 'when he finds that I do not arrive; he will think I am dead. And is my last hour really far off? The insurgents always shoot their prisoners! To-morrow I must die; but Ramon will return before then. But suppose he has fallen? Good Heaven! relieve me from this uncertainty!' And thus I waited for the morrow.

"An army chaplain entered the cell in the morning; my companions in misfortune were still sleeping

"'Death?' I exclaimed when I saw the chaplain.

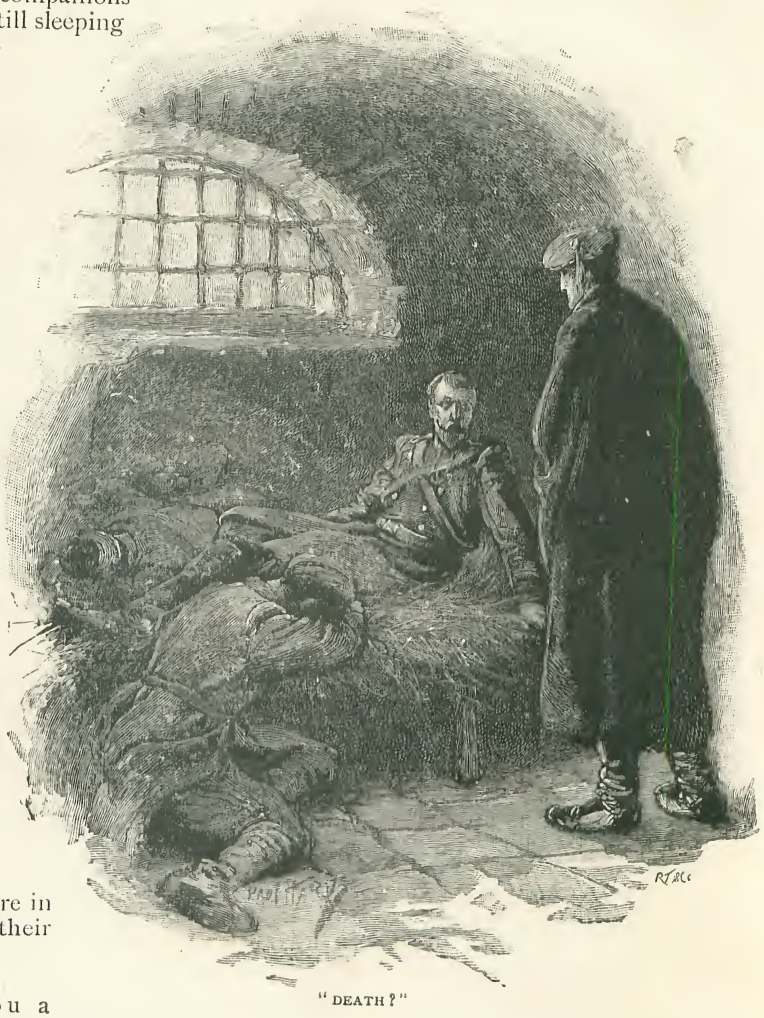
"'Yes,' he answered, in a gentle voice.

"'Are we to die at once?'

"'No; in three hours' time.'

"A minute later my companions were all awake, and the prison resounded with cries, sobs, and curses.

"They allowed me to wear my officer's uniform; a Carlist cap was placed on my head, and a soldier's cloak thrown round me. In this way I walked to the place of execution with my twenty companions. One prisoner—and only one—escaped death; he was a musician, and they spared the lives of musicians because they did not fight, and because they, the Carlists, were in need of bands for their battalions."



"DEATH?"

"And were you a musician, Don Basilio? Were you saved by being a musician?" interrupted all the young people at the same time.

"No, my children," answered the veteran; "I was not a musician, I scarcely understood a note of music."

"The square was formed" (continued Don Basilio), "and we were placed in the middle. My number was ten; that is, I was to be the tenth to die. Then I thought of my wife and my daughter—your mother, child.

"The firing began; I was blindfolded, so could not see my companions. I tried to count the volleys, so that I might know when my turn came; but I lost count at about the third volley. Oh! those volleys! At one time they seemed a thousand miles off, the next time so close that they seemed to be fired at me.

"'This time!' I thought. The reports rang out and still I was untouched.

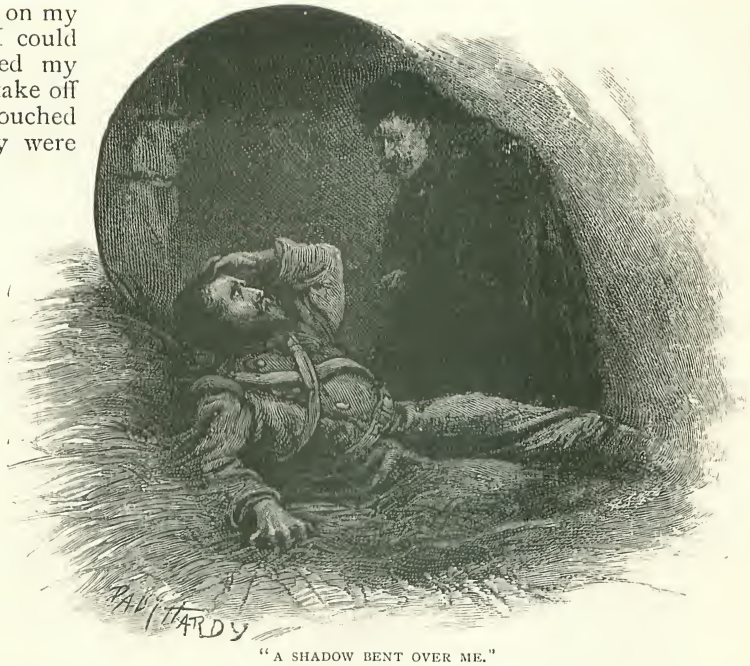
"'Now it is my turn,' I said to myself for the last time. I felt something clutch me by the shoulders and shake me, and there was a roar in my ears. I fell unconscious; I imagined that I was shot dead.

"The next thing I remembered was that

I seemed to be lying on my bed in the prison. I could see nothing. I raised my hand to my eyes to take off the bandage, but I touched my eyes instead; they were wide open.

"The prison cell was quite dark; I heard the noise of bells and trembled. It was the evening bells. 'Nine o'clock,' I thought; 'but what day is it?'

"A shadow, blacker than the darkness of the cell, bent over me. It appeared to be a man; and where were all the others? All shot dead? And I? I lived; or else I was in my grave, dreaming all kinds of nonsense. My lips mechanically whispered a name, the name which filled my mind:



"A SHADOW BENT OVER ME."

"'Ramon!'

"'What do you want?' answered the shadow at my side.

"'Great Heaven!' I cried, shuddering with horror; 'am I in the other world?'

"'No,' said the same voice.

"'And I, am I alive too?'

"'Yes.'

"'Ramon! Are you alive?'

"'Yes.'

"'Where am I? Is this the Asylum of San Nicolas! Then I am not a prisoner, and I have dreamt it all.'

"'No, Basilio, you have not dreamt it. Listen.' And this is what he told me:

"'Yesterday I killed the Colonel on the field of battle; I am avenged! I continued to fight and deal out death, for I was blind and mad with rage; and I fought till the night fell, and the battle was over.

"'I was much fatigued; and, as I saw the moon rising, I thought of you, and bent my steps towards the San Nicolas Asylum to await your coming. It was ten o'clock, and the appointed time was one o'clock. On the previous night I had not had a wink of sleep, so I fell into a sound slumber.

"'I awoke with a cry of fright as the clock struck one. I had dreamt that you were dead. I looked around, and found myself alone. Where were you? The clock struck two—then three—then four; still you did not come. Of a certainty you were dead.

"'The thought drove me to despair. The day was breaking, and I left the Asylum, and made my way hither to rejoin my troop. I reached here at sunrise. They all thought that I had fallen in the battle, and when they saw me they overwhelmed me with congratulations, embraced me, and told me that I was just in time to see twenty-one prisoners shot.

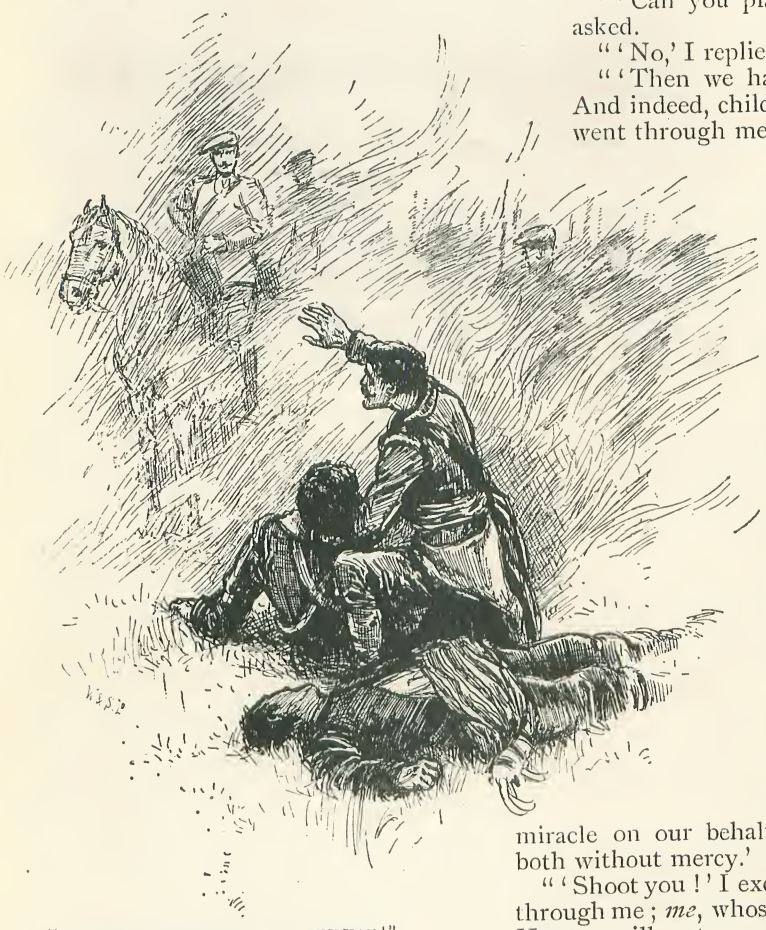
"'Suddenly a thought sprang up in my mind—was Basilio among them? I hurried to the place of execution; the square had already been formed, and I heard shots. The firing had begun.

"'I strained my eyes to distinguish the prisoners, but I saw nothing. Pain made me blind; my brain reeled with anxiety and excitement. At last I distinguished you—you were to be shot, *you!*

"'Two more victims, then it would be your turn. What was to be done? My senses threatened to leave me; I uttered a cry; I threw my arms around you; and in a choking, yet clear tone, I cried out: "Not this one! Not this one, General!"

"'The General who commanded this division, and who knew me, and also knew how I behaved yesterday, asked me: "Why not? Is he a musician?"

"'This question was to me what a sudden glimpse of a springtide sun would be to a man born blind. A ray of hope gleamed in front of me, so unexpectedly, so strong, that it confused me. "A musician?" I cried, "yes, yes, General; he is a musician, a great musician!" You, Basilio, were then lying unconscious.



"YES, YES, GENERAL; HE IS A MUSICIAN!"

"'"What instrument does he play?" asked the General.

"'"Why—er, the—er, that is, the—why, of course, he plays the cornet-à-piston," I stammered.

"'"Do we want a cornet-player?" asked the General, turning to the band.

"'Five seconds, which seemed like five centuries, passed before the answer came. "Yes, General, we do want one," answered the bandmaster.

"'"Take this man away, then, and let the execution go on," said the General. So I took you in my arms, and brought you to this prison.'

"Ramon had scarcely finished when I jumped up, and, forgetting where we were, embraced him: trembling all over, and laughing and crying at the same time.

"'I owe you my life!' I said.

"'Not quite,' answered Ramon.

"'What do you mean?' I cried.

"'Can you play the cornet?' he asked.

"'No,' I replied.

"'Then we have a bad look-out.' And indeed, children, a cold shudder went through me.

"'And music?' asked Ramon. 'Do you understand music?'

"'A little, very little; just what we learnt at college—you know how much that was.'

"'Yes, that *is* a little—we might as well say nothing. You are doomed, without doubt, and I also for having deceived them, for the band to which you are to belong must be ready in two weeks.'

"'In two weeks!'

"'Neither more nor less. And if you cannot play the cornet — well, unless Providence works a miracle on our behalf, they will shoot us both without mercy.'

"'Shoot you!' I exclaimed. '*You!* and through me; *me*, whose life you saved! No, Heaven will not permit it! In fourteen days I will play the cornet!' And Ramon laughed.

"Well, children, in a fortnight—such is the power of the will—in fourteen days, with fourteen nights (I did not sleep or rest the whole time), I learnt to play the cornet. Yes, you may well stare.

"Oh! what days those were! Ramon and I went out from the camp into the fields, and spent the whole day with a musician, who came from a neighbouring town to give me lessons.

"I neither spoke nor thought; I scarcely

"I LEARNT TO PLAY THE CORNET."

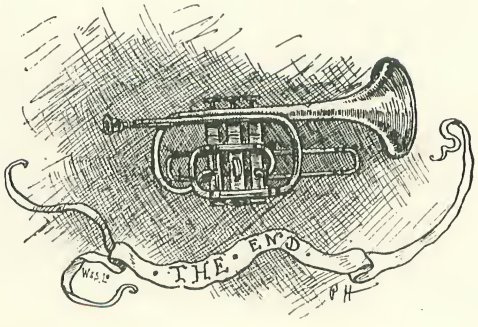
ate. I was suffering from a kind of madness. My one idea was music—the cornet. I made up my mind to learn, and I learnt. And it seems to me that had I been dumb I should have learnt to speak ; lame—to walk ; blind—I should have recovered my sight !—because I had the *will!* Where there's a will there's a way! I had the will, and I succeeded. Children, mark that!

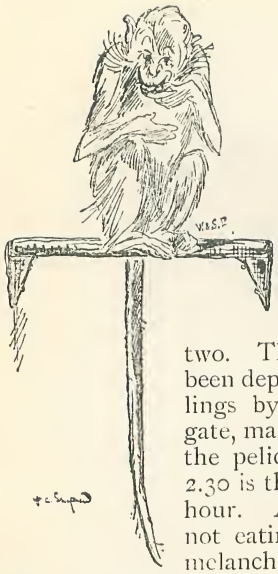
"So I saved our lives ; but the experience affected my brain ; I was mad about music. For three years the cornet was scarcely ever out of my hands. C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C: that was my world, and my life was spent in blowing the cornet.

"Ramon would not leave me. I went to France with him, and played the cornet there. The cornet and I were one. My madness was like that of Donizetti's. Everybody came to hear me, including the leading musicians ; I was a prodigy. In my hands the cornet became a living thing ; it sighed, it groaned, laughed, scolded ; it mimicked the bird and the beast of prey, as well as the sobs of a human being. My lungs were of iron.

"Thus I lived for two years longer, and at the end of that time Ramon died. The sight of my friend's lifeless body had such an effect upon me that it broke the spell and restored my reason. I took up the cornet—but my skill was gone, and I could not play it.

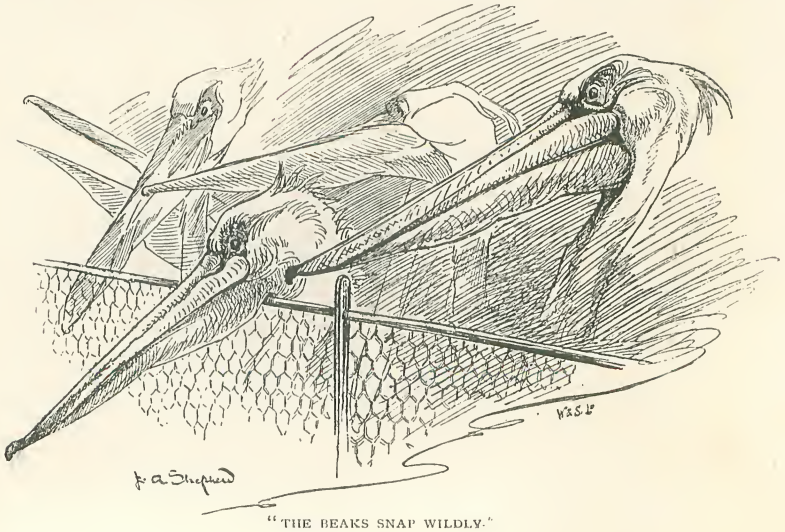
"*Now* do you wish me to play you a dance?"





Dinner at the Zoo.

THE place, the Zoological Gardens. Time, nearly half-past two. The visitors, having been deprived of their shillings by the man at the gate, make a bold push for the pelicans' enclosure, for 2.30 is the pelican dinner-hour. A pelican who is not eating is commonly a melancholy sort of bird, with a conviction that too much of his leg material has been used up to construct a beak, and a disposition to brood over the inequitable distribution of things. But dinner-time works a marvellous change in the pelican. His beak isn't half big enough then, and he would gladly, if he could, add a yard of material to the floppy pouch hanging beneath it. When the keeper arrives with a basket of fish, the casual observer sees little in the enclosure but a complication of very large beaks, like snapping shears, which bite, snap, flop, grunt, and become entangled together generally. But the budding Progognomist observes the varying actions of those beaks. He views the floppy pouches with discretion and the stumpy legs with judgment. Consider the corner enclosure, now. Here there are white pelicans (it is more majestic to call the white pelican *Pelecanus onocrotalus*) with one specimen of the crested pelican, whose Latin name is not so many feet long. As the keeper opens his basket, and when most of the beaks snap wildly in the air, our crested friend uses his own beak to belabour the heads and snatch at the eyes of those about him. The worthy old fellow objects, and very naturally, to anybody getting anything to eat but himself; so he wastes his time and loses his opportunities in attempts to chevy his relatives away from the fence, one at a time. Then, when herrings fall in a silvery shower his time is so much occupied in punishing those who catch them that his own score must average rather low. Progognomically, it is reasonable to say that if that crested pelican had been born human he would have been a reviewer—a superfine reviewer. Among the other common, scrambling, uncrested pelicans, most, in waiting for the herrings, reach away over the fence, snapping and gobbling madly at nothing. One, however—sly old fellow, with one eye shut—stands quietly behind with his other eye on the keeper and waits. He knows that the keeper will throw the bloaters *into* the enclosure, not a yard or two on the other side of the fence, where the row of straining necks puts forth the bill-file—or rank, as you look at it. He is right, and, in consequence, comes out several bloaters ahead. This pelican need never fear transmigration into human shape. He will do well anywhere. The herrings having all disappeared, gloomy



"THE BEAKS SNAP WILDLY."

meditations are renewed, and the crested superfine reviewer, with a parting snap or two, approaches a stump about a foot high. This he solemnly regards for five minutes, stretching his wings the while, and preparing, apparently, for a flight many miles high. Then, with a great effort and an excited grunt, he flies—on to the stump, where he sits in solemn elevation, and gobbles savagely at such of the vulgar rabble as come within reach.

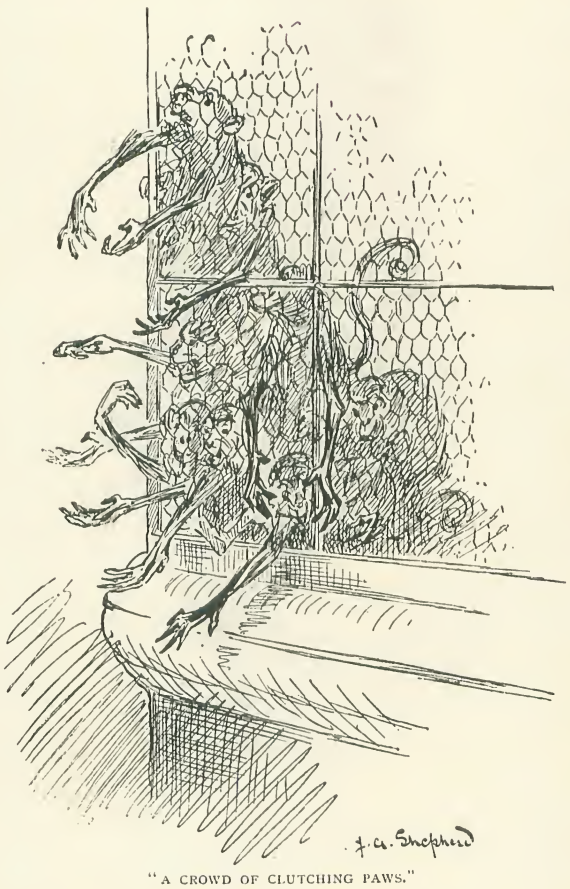
From up on the terrace one may look over into the bear-pit, and drop whatever one pleases to the two most respectably fat bears below. Sometimes people drop what they don't please; I saw a tall hat go once, on a windy day. One bear sniffed it over rather contemptuously, turned it with his paw, and picked it up doubtfully by the brim. It was quite a new sort of present. Biscuits and buns were common, a cigar-end came sometimes, and now and again a pebble or a piece of slate-pencil; these he was used to, and managed to digest pretty well, one with another. But this new-fangled, shiny thing—perhaps a dark design to poison him, or even dynamite—who knew? And then, again—what! no, it couldn't be—sniff—yes, without a doubt, it actually smelt of bear's grease inside! All that bear's nobler feelings were aroused; he was no cannibal, nor would he accept a meal—particularly one he didn't understand—from the slayer of an ursine brother. He dropped the hat in disgust, while the owner started off to find a keeper. Before he came back, however, the other bear, expecting a bun, got up on his hind legs and sat on that hat. There are few hatters who will undertake to iron a hat which a bear has been sitting on, for sixpence.

"SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS."

These two bears, being chiefly supported by voluntary contributions, exhibit all the fine artistic laziness of the professional tramp. If you begin throwing biscuits, one will, indeed, sit up to catch them; but that is really only to save trouble and get the morsels sooner, for you are expected to pitch them into his mouth. Throw one two or three feet away, and observe the expression of reproach which creeps over that bear's face. You are either a shocking duffer, he thinks, or a most malicious person, and he slowly rolls over on all fours and finds the biscuit. Starvation will compel him to ascend the pole; that is to say, if the brutal callousness of visitors has kept him without the necessaries of life for about ten minutes, he may, with persuasion, be induced to climb for a bun. But it must be made perfectly clear that without the climb starvation will continue; and the bun must be plainly and temptingly exhibited in all its sticky gloriousness, on the end of a stick. Then *Ursus arctos*, resigning himself to the inevitable, looks first for commiseration to the other bear. "Here's a nice state o' things," he seems to say, "for a pore workin' bear as has to pick up his livin' permiskus. I'd strike if I wasn't famishing. They ought to be obliged to chuck 'em down into our mouths by Act of Parlyment." And then he reluctantly starts up the pole.

Arrived at the top, and having devoured the bun, he looks about, as though to say, "Well, where's the rest? I want something for my climbing, I do. You're the sort as

wants people to work for nothin', you are. I want my rights as a workin' bear"; and he opens his contribution box to its fullest extent. Biscuits and another bun follow the first, and still the collecting-box is offered, till the crowd melts away. Then the bear looks round for more commiseration. Nobody being there to commiserate him, he commiserates himself. "Got to climb down again for nothin', I s'pose. Who's goin' to pay me for that, I'd like to know? Nice sort o' world this." If we had to compare this bear to a human being, who would the human being be? Let us think. There's the threat of a strike; the demand of his rights as a working bear; the peculiar English dialect he thinks in—I know he thinks in that dialect; such a bear couldn't think in any other—and there is the contribution box. Why, can it be a peculiar section of—but no, comparisons are odious.



"A CROWD OF CLUTCHING PAWS."

Arriving at the monkey-house, the animal Progognomist is apt to be nonplussed. It is scarcely fair to a beginner to set him to deal with an advanced genus like the monkeys—only one remove in the class below the human family. And, besides, what sort of individual study can he make opposite a large cage, when the exhibition of a single crumb will produce the sort of demonstration which the artist here gives us? A crowd of clutching paws and chattering teeth can scarcely give grounds for any definite scientific conclusion, except that all the monkeys want the same morsel. Careful watching, however, will tell many things. How one monkey would prefer, beyond all things, the glasses off the nose of an interested bystander; but, through difficulties with the mesh of the wires, has never been able to achieve more than a single eyeglass. How even the offer of a nut will not seduce others from mutual cuticular investigations. How the Diana monkey, pretty as it is, is clearly misnamed, since it is disrespectful to suggest the possibility of the chaste goddess turning rapid summersaults by way of earning a biscuit. Many more things than these will be learned, and instructive theories based thereupon; but for our present purposes monkeys are too large a study.

A stork is a bird of a very different mental mould from the pelican. The pelican broods, the stork meditates; the pelican is a Jeremiah, the stork is a Solomon. This, of course, in the monumental or non-eating condition. A much respected if not very numerous class of Hindoo pundit achieves immortality and avoids the transmigration of his soul into an inferior body by sitting in strict seclusion, and concentrating his whole mental faculties on nothing whatever for many years, or, perhaps, by fixing his eyes upon his outstretched little finger and his thumb against his nose for as long a period. Now, if during all this time this sacred personage were to make a mistake—allow his attention to wander, for instance, in the direction of cutlets for dinner, or the Home Rule question, or his fingers, in a moment of forgetfulness, to leave his nose

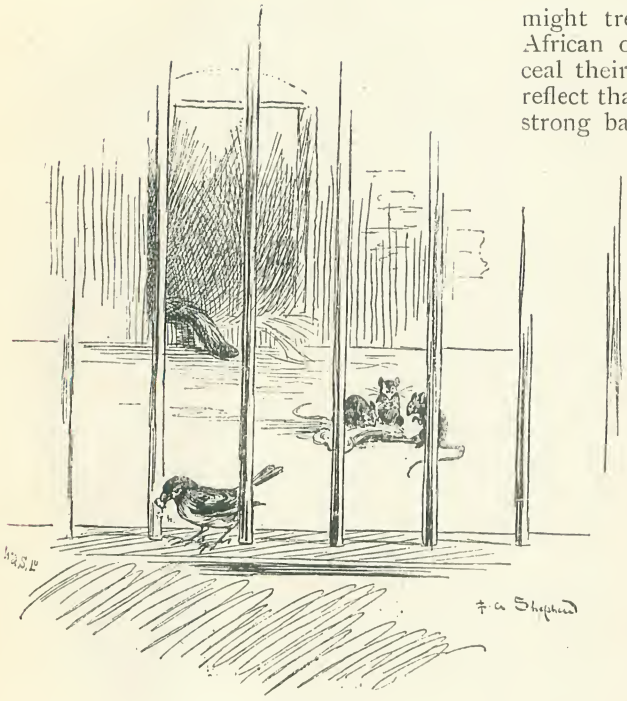
and scratch his ear—if he were to do something of this sort, and thus incur transmigration in the regular Buddhist course, I believe he would become a stork. Indeed, I have no doubt that the storks whose profundity of meditation we all so much admire in the Zoological Society's Gardens are incarnations of most respectable and influential Mahatmas who have had an accident in training, and so become scratched from the race of immortals. Observe their attempts to renew training. Did ever Mahatma in this world so solemnly, so intensely, so severely bring his whole mental faculties to bear on nothing for hours together as one of these? The stork is endeavouring to make up for lost time. There he stands, with his shoulders humped, his eyes half open, looking at nothing; all the brains under his almost bald pate are set to work upon the same object. But he will never complete his allotted term of meditation—never, that is to say, so long as it is the custom to feed him regularly. Look! the time for dinner approaches. Most would observe no change in the demeanour of the stork; but the close examiner will detect a slight quiver of the eye: the temptation is too strong, and his glance almost imperceptibly wanders to where the keeper usually appears with the fish. Alas! the flesh is weak. His eyes have strayed from their contemplation of nothing, and his mind follows. "Wonder what's for dinner to-day?" thinks the stork. "Whitebait, perhaps, or soles—glorious! Something worth being a stork for! Even a whiting wouldn't be so bad, while, as for a nice trout with—well, there!" Soon the keeper appears. The stork doesn't run after him—that would not be becoming in a Mahatma; he waits with pretended indifference. And the keeper throws toward him—herrings, actually and literally herrings! It is too bad. Bloaters again! But he doesn't fly into an undignified and unphilosophic rage; without moving otherwise, he simply elevates his eyelids to their furthest extent, and turns from under them a sadly, resignedly reproachful gaze on the keeper. Oh the sorrow of it! All his noble resolves, his heroic concentration, his immortal training, thrown to the winds for two penn'orth of bloaters! Bitterness and woe! Notwithstanding which he swallows the bloaters.

"WHITEBAIT OR SOLES?"

"BLOATERS AGAIN!"

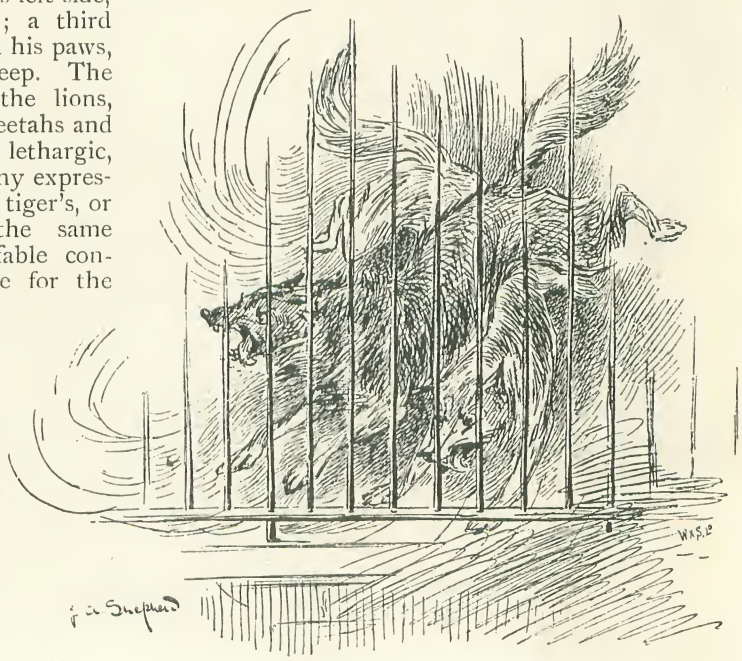
Walk quietly away round beyond the southern ponds. Here is a cage from which some well-satisfied carnivore has retired into his den, leaving the end of his tail over the threshold as an intimation to visitors. He has also left a fairly well picked bone, and a scrap or two of biscuit thrown in by human admirers. Step softly. A syndicate of three mice has gone into business with the bone, and a saucy sparrow is levying a distress on the biscuit. The sparrow flies away without affording an opportunity for study; but from what can be seen of the mice their principles seem to be dishonest. The morals of the mouse are hopeless.

Along past here are the wolves' and foxes' cages. The fox is a sharp feeder, but a well-behaved one; the wolf isn't. A pair of animals that fight and yelp and make a swirl of unholy confusion over food which is quite enough for two are unimproving examples of domestic concord. Leave them alone.



"UNINVITED."

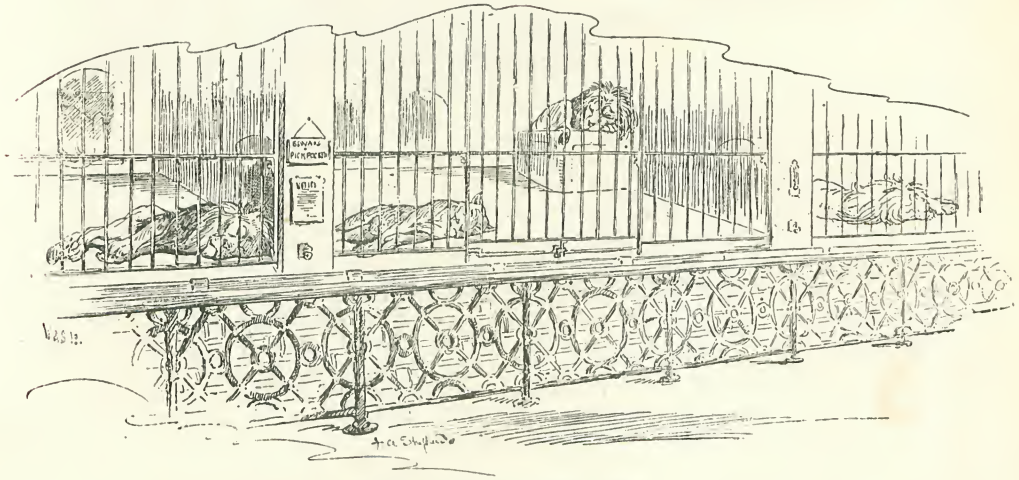
Here is a gravel walk leading to a handsome red building—the lion house. Feeding time is still in the future, consequently one lion is lying on his left side, another on his right; a third with his nose between his paws, and most of them asleep. The tigers are as lazy as the lions, only more so. The cheetahs and panthers are a little less lethargic, but every face with any expression at all in it—lion's, tiger's, or leopard's—expresses the same thing—an utter, ineffable contempt and indifference for the whole human race and all its works. If the Emperor of Russia, Mr. John L. Sullivan, "General" Booth, and Mr. Tracy Turnerelli were to walk past arm in arm, no eye would turn, nor tail wag, and not a symptom of interest would these lions show. If Lord Randolph Churchill were in the group, they might tremble a little (at any rate, the African ones would), but they would conceal their terror, even then. They would reflect that Lord Randolph was safe beyond strong bars, and this would have a large effect in calming their agitation. Which leads me to mention a little theory of my own in regard to the listlessness and boredom of these lions and tigers. Seeing the bars before them, it is, I believe, their firm conviction that all the human sight-seers are caged off, and are passed before them in review as interesting curiosities, being kept from annoying the august spectators, the lions and tigers, by strong bars, a low railing, and the notices which are stuck on the wall. They have become bored and listless because the show is so long and so monotonous. A continual procession of lions and tigers, miles long, day after day, for several years, would bore *us*. Being just such a show ourselves, we bore the lions and tigers. Sometimes a little variety is introduced by a mischievous boy, in spite of the printed notice, throwing a biscuit with great accu-



"IMPATIENT."

racy into a tiger's eye, or pitching a small paper of snuff under a lion's nose ; then they growl aloud or roar to the keepers, their body servants, to let those faithful men know that someone is hurting their felines. I once saw the notice about irritating the animals set at naught by a bold, bad artist who was trying to sketch a rampant lion. The lion wouldn't ramp a bit, but lay in the most maddeningly supine attitude possible, on his side, with his nose on his paws against the bars and his eyes shut. He had observed that one of the strange two-legged creatures before him had been provided with a sketch-book and pencil—probably in order to interest him by a little change in the usual programme—but he wasn't interested ; so he lay as I have said. The artist whistled, hissed, and growled at him ; but he was sublimely indifferent. Then a bright thought struck that artist. Observing the keeper looking out of window at the other end of the house, he leant well over the barrier and took a good hold of one of Leo's whiskers, protruding through the bars ; this he tugged vigorously, and immediately produced a rampant lion, ready-made, on the spot, with tail, claws, teeth, and roar complete. The sketch was a great success, but I do not recommend the process for general use, for several reasons. Even in this case retribution fell on the artist some time afterwards ; for he became a lion-tamer himself, and while at a show in Germany gave another lion an opportunity of biting a piece off his head, which the sagacious animal availed itself of. But—as a distinguished author would say—that is another l— story, I mean.

But four o'clock slowly approaches, and the animals soon become conscious of this. The lionesses give the first indications of the approach of dinner time by walking along inside the bars and doing all possible to look sidelong toward the keeper and round the corner, whence, at the blissful hour, emerges the trolly of beef. Thus the wives. The faithful husbands still lie indifferent, merely turning an eye from time to time in the direction of their helpmeets, as who would say, "The old woman's unnecessarily excited—just like the sex. All that anxiety won't bring the dinner sooner ; and it's very undignified." But soon, as the lioness grows more restless, the master of the house rises to his feet, which is sensible. If a healthy, full-sized lioness were running about near me, and treading on my stomach occasionally, I should want to get up myself. Once upon his feet he becomes to some extent infected by the agitation of the lady, and, although he never allows it quite so far to overcome his dignity, he can't conceal his interest in the forthcoming business. Soon rumours begin to pass up and down among the cages, by the medium of growl and roar. The third tiger from the end, counting from the west door, can just get a glimpse of the clock by standing on his hind legs and squeezing his left eye into the corner against the bars. He reports that it is already two minutes to four, albeit there is no sign yet of the appearance of the usual refreshments. The news is passed along amid general indigna-

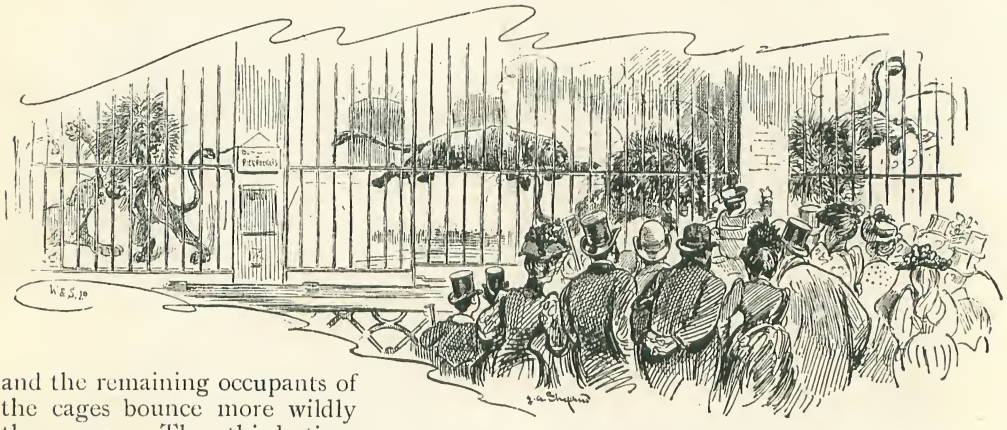


THE LION HOUSE: BEFORE 4 P.M.

tion, and there are hints of an organised strike. Then a second keeper is reported to have appeared, and the crowd of visitors has become visibly larger. At these hopeful indications great enthusiasm is displayed and prime beef stock regains its premium. Just now a slight diversion is created by a domestic tiff between two leopards who both want to trot up and down against the bars at once, and object to being run against. They bare their teeth with a mutual yell, and the lady goes for the countenance of her lord and master with her nails. Said lord and master promptly rolls on his back, and elevating his own finger nails and opening his mouth in an uninviting grin, awaits the attack. Lady surveys the situation generally, and changes her mind.

The third tiger from the end is reported to have expressed his opinion that the clock is slow. Immense sensation. One of the keepers being seen to retire toward the back of the building, lion and lioness rise to equal excitement and join in a general roar and dance.

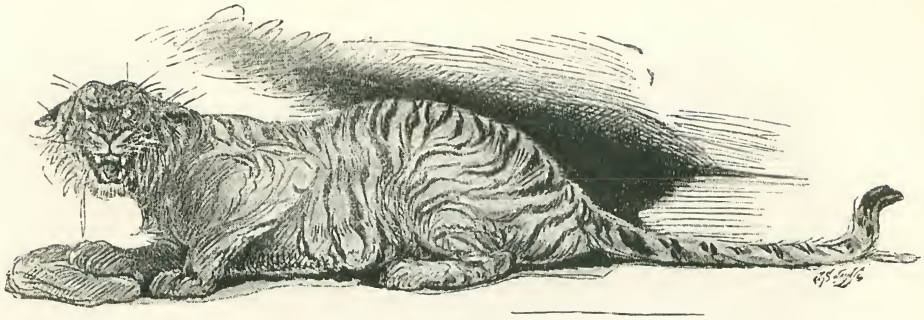
The human crowd has largely increased, and the remaining occupants of the cages bounce more wildly than ever. The third tiger from the end, who is quite a horological character in his way, abandons contemplation of the clock, and begins measuring the remaining seconds, and working off his excitement by running round after his tail in a small circle. And now, with a grateful, gurgling roll in the tram lines provided for its reception, the trolly appears. Multiply all the previous bouncing, jumping, dancing, and roaring by five, and realise the effect of this apparition. Accompanied by two keepers it proceeds to the end cage, where a wickedly handsome ruffian of a Nubian lion attempts to cram his nose through the bars, and reaches madly with both paws for all the beef and the trolly and keepers complete. He seizes the piece of beef offered him on the end of a pole, and promptly subsides into low grunts, growls, and purrs, as he tears it apart. Others perform in the same way, and soon a row of lions is busy in the matter of refreshments—much too absorbed to be grateful, and never remembering the waiter. Such married couples as may feed together manœuvre deftly before the keeper as he selects the "portions," each intent on getting opposite the first piece, to which end they maintain a continual game of leap-frog, taking each other's backs in pauseless succession. The third tiger from the end, as he turns his regular circle, never stops when the trolly arrives opposite his cage, although he steadfastly regards it from the corner of his eye. He is a careful tiger, and means to measure up to the very second he is served. So he continues his trot after his tail, although it becomes visibly a quicker trot in a smaller circle, until the beef is thrust under the bars, when he promptly exchanges his gyratory attitude for that here depicted.



THE LION HOUSE: 4 P.M.

All are fed, and grunting content possesses the lion house. It will be perceived, however, that married couples who feed together do it in opposite corners, keeping each an eye on the other, and taking care to finish the repast at least as soon, lest any part of that juicy beef remain to be disputed, and possibly lost.

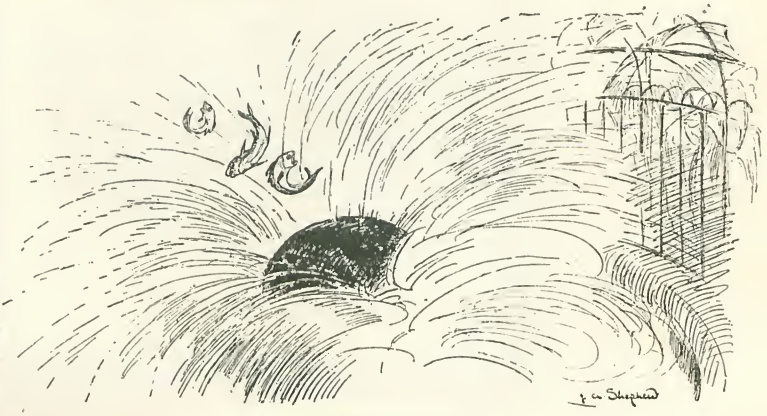
A more docile sort of lion is fed half an hour later—the sea-lion, who is really only a very big kind of seal, badly wanting a shave. He possesses also the distinction above other seals of a pair of ears, and the



"A JUICY MORSEL."

tenancy of an unusually eligible and commodious pond, with a platform to crawl upon and a chair if he wants to sit. He is a good swimmer, but his walk is not captivating. He can't help it; it is not easy to cultivate a military stride on flappers. He is as impatient for his dinner in his way as the big cats, but he is quieter and better behaved. He climbs out of his pond, ambles up the gravel path to the gate, and receives the condolences of the visitors through the bars. The keeper is a good friend of his, so he does not blame him for not bringing those fish half an hour before the proper time, but he feels grieved, nevertheless. When the keeper does come, he has no more loyal and obedient friend than the sea-lion. He will do anything for him—or for a herring. He will climb up on the chair and catch the fish unerringly in his mouth. He will run (or as near it as possible) up an inclined plane for one. He will rear up most affectionately and kiss the keeper—keeping one eye on the basket all the time. But readiest of all he will plunge into the water with a mighty splash for any number of them, while the surrounding spectators turn tail or open umbrellas to avert the consequent drenching. Altogether the sea-lion is a pleasant beast, but he drops into his pond with all the weight of a large bull-calf, which is inconsiderate to a radius of a good many yards.

Reporters at a fire continually speak of the "all-devouring element." This is a perversion of a stock term which, I am convinced, should read "all-devouring elephant." For an elephant devours things which no fire will consume. He will curl up his trunk before a small crowd, and receive good-humouredly a miscellaneous shower, in which biscuits, buns, apples, cigar-ends, pebbles, and fragments of lead-pencil mingle in a riot of miscellaneousness. He has been known, certainly, to shy at snuff, but that was probably in the case of some ignorant elephant not properly educated to its use. Most of the elephants here are quite up to snuff. If you have stuffed a prominent pocket full of sandwiches or apples, it is inadvisable to turn your back to Jingo. He is a very respectable elephant, but that is no reason for unnecessarily exposing him to temptation, and placing his honourable reputation in danger. I have observed of late, I regret to say, a disposition on the part of the Zoological Society's elephants, after leaving their daily work, to frequent Messrs. Spiers & Pond's bar—the small one, just under

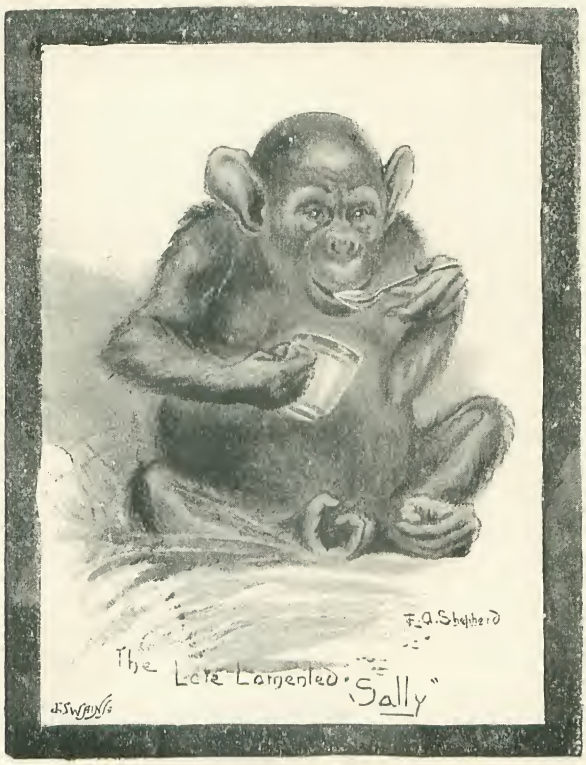


"A MIGHTY SPLASH."

"ALL-DEVOURING."

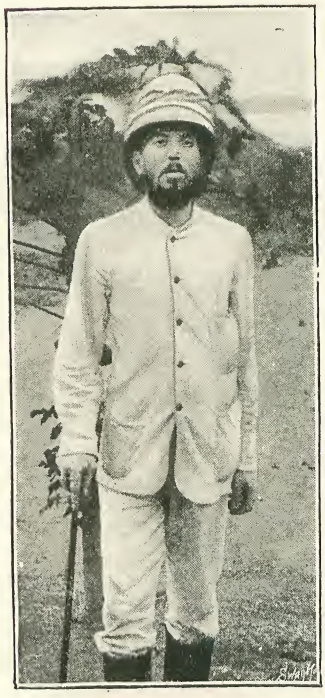
the arch. This is very sad. Of course, there are buns there, and people to buy them, but I fear the effect of the habit. Jung Perchad, as a very large and sober animal, ought to set a better example.

Sad, sad, that the Progognomist can no more study the ways of Sally, the famous chimpanzee; for Sally is dead, and hath not left her peer, wherein she resembles our old acquaintance Lycidas. The immortal Sally no more counts up to five and takes her afternoon tea with a cup and spoon, like a Christian soul. She has a successor, it is true, in Paddy, who may become as great a genius in his time, but who hasn't had time yet, and very often has a bad cold. Let us hope, however, for Paddy, and wish him well of all his colds. For Paddy is certainly a gentleman, since he wipes his mouth after drinking, and would be a master of polite manners could he overcome his shyness.



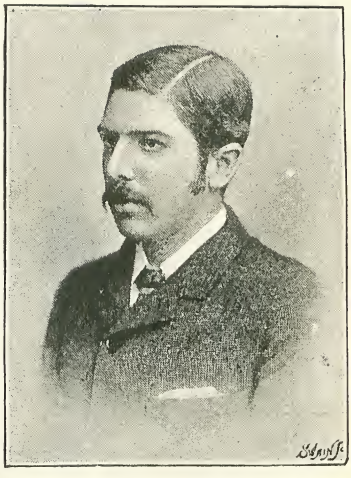
The Herald of the Dawn.

By J. R. Werner.



MR. J. R. WERNER.
[*From a Photograph taken in Africa in 1888.*]

[Mr. John Reinhardt Werner, the writer of the following story, died at Elmina, on the Gold Coast of Africa, on August 16 last, at the early age of twenty-nine, just as he was rising into fame not only as an African explorer, but as an author of much skill and graphic power. He was known chiefly for his explorations in the region of the Congo, and for his book, which appeared two years ago, entitled "A Visit to Stanley's Rear Guard," which describes his travels on the Congo and his visit to the camp on the Aruwimi, where Major Barttelot and his companions were waiting wearily for news and succour from their chief. Mr. Werner's father was a German, who was naturalised in England, and who died at Tunbridge, where the boy received his education. He was brought up as an engineer, and at twenty-four entered the service of the Congo Free State, and made numerous journeys up and down the river, during one of which he explored the Ngala, till then an unknown tributary. He made a second visit to the West Coast last summer, but had not long landed when he fell a victim to pneumonia. "The Herald of the Dawn" was among the last things which he wrote, and is, in all essential particulars, a most interesting record of his own experience.]



MR. J. R. WERNER.
[*From a Photograph by J. A. Flemoux, Tunbridge.*]

"I WISH you'd give me something from the Congo, something with a history to it."

"Well, I'm afraid I have nothing much left to give you—certainly nothing with a history."

"Where is that little red stone you had in the spring?"

"Which?"

"Why, the one you had polished—the bit of red quartz with the gold in it."

"The one I called the fetish stone?"

"Yes."

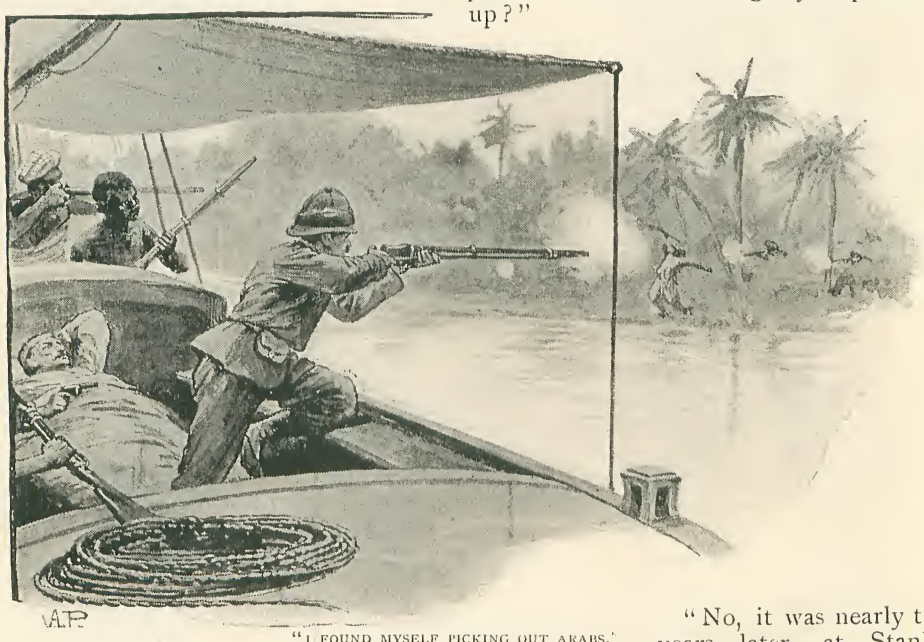
"Oh! that I had mounted, and gave away shortly after the Albert Hall reception. There was no gold in it, though it looked like it; it was only iron pyrites, I believe. Even if it had been gold it would have proved nothing, as it was worn to a pebble, and might have travelled thousands of miles—even from Katanga—before I picked it up. Before the reception, half London was wild to get tickets, outsiders offering from £3 to £10 for them, while no one who had them would part with them for any sum. After the reception all London seemed to go Stanley mad. Men whom I barely knew would come and ask me for some souvenir from the Congo; others would come to my rooms, and walk away with any little thing they could lay their hands on, if they thought it came from Africa; so, at last, I collected all the small things I had about, and gave them away to friends to prevent their being pirated by mere acquaintances."

"You went to the Albert Hall reception?"

"Yes; and I hardly expect to see such a sight again in my lifetime. The huge building was full to the very roof. You were somewhat disappointed with Stanley in Philadelphia; naturally he had rather tamed off. You could not expect him to

keep up for six months the enthusiasm of his first addresses. Then think what it must have been to him to walk up that great hall, the cynosure of eight thousand pairs of eyes. He followed the Prince of Wales up to the platform, and then, for the first time, I got a chance to study the man about whom all London was raving. As he stood there responding to that princely welcome, my thoughts flew far back to three lonely graves in Afric's palm-clad soil; and, as he read on, I gazed round and round that vast hall, filled with the flower of London society, till a mist came before my eyes. The Prince and Stanley, the lights, the diamonds, and that sea of faces faded away, and in their place seemed the pitiless African sun shining down on the endless panorama of forested river banks, the palmy plains of Langa Langa, the grassy flats of Lomami, and the mighty reaches of the Congo. Again I seemed to hear the war-cry of the Houssas, the rush of water, and the rattle of musketry, with the sharp cracks of the Martinis, answered by the deeper bang of the Arabs' flint locks and muzzle-loaders. It was my first time under fire, and I am afraid that if I had had leisure to analyse my feelings as the slugs began to whistle round us, I should have to acknowledge that I was in a blue funk. But I was kept too busy, till the glamour of fighting was on me, and then I found myself picking out Arabs to aim at, and using my rifle with what now seems to me to have been fiendish deliberation. I thought no more of the slugs, but only of Deane and poor Dubois.* We never found out the actual loss of the Arabs, but I feel sure Dubois was well avenged that day. If anything had been wanting to steady my nerves, I had only to glance down at Deane, reduced to a bag of skin and bones, lying on a rude bed—his head supported on his left hand, while he held a revolver in his right—and in his eyes the light of courage and resolution, which thirty days' starvation and misery in the bush had not been able to quench. Of all that galaxy of beauty, wealth, and fashion, few could realise as I could what the relief of Emin Pasha had really cost, and what Stanley and his companions had gone through."

"But I want to know the history of that pebble. Was it at this fight you picked it up?"



"I FOUND MYSELF PICKING OUT ARABS."

"No, it was nearly two years later, at Stanley Falls. Jameson had just come back from Kassongo with Tippoo Tib; and he and Barttelot had left for Yangambi with the 400 carriers whom they were going to march overland from that place to Yambuya. I was to follow a few days later with my chief, and Tippoo Tib was to accompany us. I was down with fever the day

* Lt. Dubois, who was drowned while trying to escape with Deane when Stanley Falls station was lost.

Barttelot left, and did not shake it off till several days afterwards. Towards evening on the third day I received a message from the chief, asking me to come up to the hut where he was living, as he had important instructions to give me. On going up to the Arab house which he used as his head-quarters, I learnt that he had had some row with Tippoo Tib about the limits of the latter's territory. What had actually happened I never heard, and could only gather, from the reports of the men who had been present, that the Belgian had folded his arms across his chest and told the Arab chief he would not allow him to enter the territory of Bangala ; and that Tippoo in reply had merely pointed to the canoes that had brought the white man over to the south bank, and ejaculated, 'Inshallah ! enda zako ! '

"Whatever the row had been, the chief was greatly alarmed, and ordered me to get everything ready in case the Arabs attacked us that night. Most of the stores were on

"INSHALLAH ! ENDA ZAKO !"

shore, and it would have been hopeless to convey them to the boat without attracting the attention of the Arabs ; but, as soon as it was dark, the greater part of the ammunition and provisions were carried down, and got safely on board the launch, before, the dark clouds drifting from the moon, a flood of silvery light poured over all the land. The boat was lying well away from all forest and bush, so there was very little danger of attack until the moon set, between twelve and one—and this gave me plenty of time to carry out the chief's orders. I felt sick and giddy, and the fever burned like hell fire ; but seldom have I worked as I did that night. The majority of the Houssas were to remain on shore with the chief. I was to have six in the launch with me, besides my boy—two to work the engines in case of need, and four to do sentry-go. The usual allowance was two, but that night I was to set a double watch—one man on the sun-deck of the steamer, and one on shore, close to where the anchor lay, in order that he might lose no time in carrying it on board if necessary.

"My orders were to have everything in readiness to get up steam in case of need, load every gun and rifle on board, and keep a good watch, doing sentry myself, as soon as the moon was down, till daylight. As the chief considered it of the first importance that the Arabs should not capture the steamer, he gave me for sentries four Houssas who had been on night duty for some time, and had been given the whole day for sleep. In case of attack, I was, on the first alarm, to push out into deep water, and light the fire, keeping as near the shore as I could, with all my guns ready to cover the retreat of the chief and his men. As soon as they were safe aboard, we were to

pole out into the current, and drift down until steam was up. Should the steamer be the first point of attack, I was to push out into the middle of the stream, and, if possible, wait there until the chief and his men joined me, either in canoes or by swimming; but I was on no account to risk the capture of the steamer by the Arabs—not even in an attempt to save the chief. If I could not beat off the enemy, or should the chief be killed, I was to steam off down river. In the event of my being surrounded and unable to escape, I was to proclaim a *sauve qui peut*, and sink the steamer in the deep swirl that spun over from the bluff on the south shore two miles below the Fall.

"Aided by the full light of the tropic moon, then some nine days old, I cleared the poor little launch for action. As silently as possible, we loosed the lids of cartridge cases, loaded guns, and piled up ramparts of bales and boxes. Swinging the boat round till the moon shone full on the gauge glass, I ran the water into the boiler, and laid the fire. All being ready, the launch was warped down some ten yards to where a shelf of rock sloped sheer off into deep water; so that, as she lay, she had only two feet on the shore side, and about eight feet on the other. I had kept the men on the dark side of the steamer, where the sun-deck cast a deep shadow; so that, from a distance, only the sentry standing up above was visible.

"Everything was now finished, but the arrangements for sinking the boat in case of need, and of these the men must be kept in ignorance. The fireman and greaser lay down in the stoke-hole with a can of paraffine for a pillow, and cotton-waste, matches, &c., close at hand. Two other men and the boy tied themselves into a knot under an old blanket in the fore part of the launch. One sentry was posted on shore, by the anchor, and the other remained on the sun-deck above.

"As soon as I was alone in the stern of the boat, I lifted the centre floor-boards, and piled them on one side. From underneath I drew up a sledge-hammer and a small anvil. Selecting a plate on an outside strake,* I arranged the floor-boards so as to leave it clear, and laid the hammer and anvil close beside it. The anvil was about as much as I could lift, and I shuddered as I thought of the fierce struggle with the dark waters, should I find it necessary to heave it through the $\frac{1}{8}$-inch plates of the poor little launch. The hammer was laid ready, in case the anvil did no more than spring the rivets.

"The mosquitos were fearful; so, having done everything I could possibly think of, by way of preparing to give the Arabs 'pertikler perdition,' should they come to court it, I tied up a mosquito net and lay down on the bales and boxes beneath it, to follow the famous example of Mr. Micawber. I had hitherto been too busy to notice the sentries; but, knowing the nature of the beast, I now turned my gaze in the direction of the man on shore. To my horror, I observed that he was evidently asleep in a position that only a black man

"I LIFTED THE CENTRE FLOOR-BOARDS."

* The lines of plates in a ship's hull are called strakes. An outside strake is one whose edges overlap the strakes on either side of it.

could possibly invent. His legs were wide apart, both his hands were laid over the muzzle of his loaded Snider, and across his hands was stretched his lanky throat. Had that gun gone off, the ball would have passed through both hands, into his throat, and out at the crown of his head.

"'Bacolli!' I called in muffled tones, fearful of waking him too suddenly. No answer.

"'Momo!' No answer. 'That other brute is asleep, too,' I exclaimed; and sure enough, on looking up on the sun-deck, I found Momo doubled up with his rifle lying beside him. Jumping ashore, I approached Bacolli.

"When a nigger goes to sleep, he does

"HE WAS EVIDENTLY ASLEEP."

sleep—danger or no danger; but, should he be suddenly aroused, in the former case he will let off his gun in any direction in which the weapon may be pointing, and take to his heels. I felt carefully for the hammer of the Snider, and breathed more freely as I found it only at half cock. I shook him, and shouted at him as loud as I dared, gazing fearfully round the while, and fancying an Arab in every shadow. All to no purpose. Bacolli evidently did not sleep by half measure. This would never do; so, putting my foot against the stock of his Snider, I grasped it near the muzzle. A jerk put me in possession of the gun, and sent Bacolli rolling among the rocks. Up like a shot, he was just on the point of bolting in a panic, when a *sacré cochon* from me reassured him, and he stood still saluting.

"'What the —— you go for sleep?' I asked. 'You want Manyema come chop you one time!'

"'Master, I no go for sleep.'

"Suppressing a strong desire to kick him for a liar, I merely said:

"'Then go wake Momo one time, go catch him gun first, and no make row; if them gun go off ——' and I held up my revolver to let him know what he might expect if he brought the Arabs down on us. Climbing up on the sun-deck, he handed me down Momo's gun, and then, after five minutes' hard punching, succeeded in waking him, just managing to prevent his going overboard in a senseless panic.

"Giving them back their guns, I let them resume their watch; but, oh! it was weary work keeping those men awake. Did I leave them for five minutes down would go their heads, and no amount of threats of present danger or punishment to come produced any effect. The moon was sinking towards the west; in less than two hours it would be pitch dark, after which I would have to keep watch myself as well as the Houssas. There was evidently no means of keeping Bacolli and Momo awake till midnight; it was clear they had not been sleeping during the day as they should have done. I dared not go to sleep and trust to their promises of keeping awake; and if I did not get some sleep now, I should have hard work to keep myself awake during the long five hours of darkness between set of moon and rise of sun, when I should have to strain all my senses to the utmost. Perhaps Isaac and Salacco would be better; they had now had two hours' sleep, and could surely keep awake till moondown, when they could call me, and I would relieve them with Momo and Bacolli.

"'Momo, you go one time catch Isaac and Salacco—you no good, to-morrow you go catch plenty chicot.'

"For the first time that night Momo moved with something like energy, but it was some time before he succeeded in rousing the relief.

"When they at last came on shore I told

them I had shortened the watches to two hours, and promised rewards if they kept awake, and dire punishments if they went to sleep. Sending Isaac, a big, hulking Fantee, 6 ft. 2 in., and broad in proportion, up to the sun-deck, I stationed Salacco by the anchor, and lay wearily down under the mosquito net to try and snatch a little sleep.

"Isaac being on the sun-deck overhead, was, of course, out of my sight. I could only judge that he was awake by the uneasy shuffling of his feet, and the low grinding of his gunstock on the deck. Some twenty minutes passed, and then I suddenly started out of a restless doze, and looked through the mosquito curtain at Salacco. As I gazed he slowly folded his arms round his gun and sank into a squatting position, the rifle standing upright between his arms and knees. Instantly I jumped ashore, and, as he had not had time to get into a sound sleep, I soon roused him up.

"'What for you go sleep?' I demanded, angrily; 'you want Manyema come chop you one time?'

"'Master, me no sleep.'

"'You no sleep! You no see me come till I catch you.'

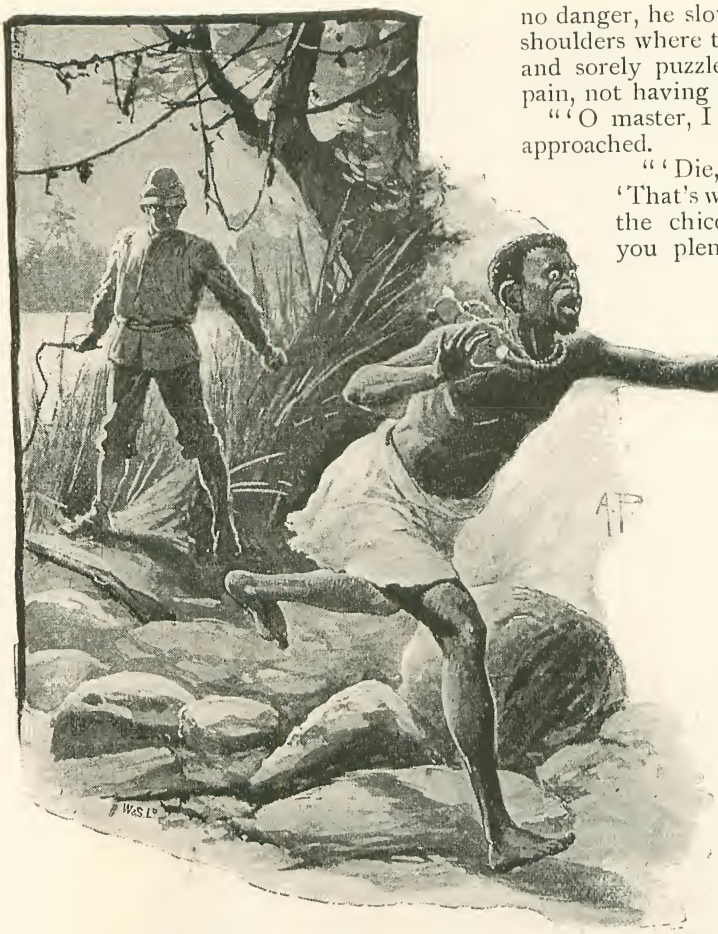
"'Master, ear no sleep. Manyema come, me hear him, me shoot one time.'

"'Shoot one time be hanged! I no want you shoot, you keep awake; if you see Manyema, you tell me.'

"The moon was now getting low, and casting long shadows across the stream. Isaac, at any rate, appeared to be awake, so I again crawled under the mosquito net. I dozed, half asleep, half awake, for some time, till at last I felt as if I could not keep my eyes open any longer; not even to save my life. With a terrible effort I raised myself to have a last look at the sentries, and black rage swept over me as I again saw Salacco squatted down round his gun, with his head between his knees. Picking up a hippo-hide chicot, I went ashore and walked up to him.

"'Salacco!' No answer. Holding the muzzle of his gun so that the shot would fly clear if it went off, I raised the chicot, and gave him a cut across the shoulders. A white man would instantly have jumped up with a yell; but when a nigger gets properly to sleep you can almost cut steaks out of him before waking him. It took several seconds for the smart of the blow to penetrate sufficiently into Salacco's thick hide to wake him; and then, thinking the Manyema had got hold of him, and were beginning to slice him up for the pot, he jumped up, let go his gun, and rushed off as if Old Nick was after him, never stopping till he was quite close to the bush some 300 yards off. Had the Arabs sprung out of the deep shade and killed him there and then, I do not think I should at that

"I SOON ROUSED HIM UP."



"HE RUSHED OFF AS IF OLD NICK WERE AFTER HIM."

instant have felt sorry. It would have ended the misery of that awful night, and I shuddered at the thought of the long hours I should have to watch and listen in the dark, from moonset to dawn, feverish and deadly sick as I then felt. Could inward curses have blasted, what a fate would have been in store for those four Houssas, not one of whom could be trusted to keep awake for half an hour while the moonlight lasted! How I should have gone for those Arabs had they attacked us then! What a relief it would have been to have emptied my six-shooter into half a dozen Manyema. As it was, there was nothing for it but to suppress my pent-up wrath as best I could; though between sickness and rage my head felt as if it would burst. Salacco, finding no yelling cannibals at his heels, stopped in the deep shadow of the forest verge, and looked back. Seeing no danger, he slowly returned, rubbing his shoulders where the chicot had struck him, and sorely puzzled as to the cause of the pain, not having seen the lash in my hand.

"'O master, I die ——,' he began as he approached.

"'Die, be ——,' I exclaimed. 'That's what make you die,' shaking the chicot at him. 'To-morrow you plenty die if you sleep like Washensi.'*

"'Me no sleep; Manyema come, me wake one time."

"'One time to blazes! Manyema come chop you one time, you go for wake inside Manyema belly, you no look for catch Mahommed's houris there!'

"'Master, I make good watch now.'

"Turning towards the launch, I noticed Isaac standing up on the sun-deck, his legs apart, and his head resting on his hands over the muzzle of his gun. 'How the deuce can I wake that brute without an accident,' I wondered, as I clambered on board. A kind providence solved the problem for me. As I stepped on the gunwale of the launch and grasped the coaming of the sun-deck, she rocked slightly, Isaac's balance was destroyed, stiff as a log he fell over, and dropped head first into the deep water on the off side. I had just time to grab his rifle before he fell. The splash sounded awful. 'Great Scott! if the Arabs are watching us, they will get a pretty good idea of what is going on, and come for us right away!' I thought, and hung on where I was, listening intently, and straining my eyes all round; but nothing could I see, and nothing hear, save the roar of the falls, the humming of insects, and the sputterings and splashings of Isaac as Salacco helped him out of the water. Luckily he had swallowed too much mud to be able to yell when he came to the surface.

* Bush native or Bushman.

"After this I gave it up. Mounting the sun-deck I told one of the men to hand me up a camp stool, and sat down to do sentry myself. The moon was nearing the tops of the forest trees, and the dark shadows were gradually stretching farther and farther across the water. The Arab settlement across the river would soon be wrapped in the black robes of utter darkness, and then our only safety lay in listening, sheer listening. The launch was moored just below a long reef of rocks which stretched a third of the distance across the river, and protected her from the fierce swirl of the rapids. The water being low, these rocks were quite dry, and I took particular notice of the outer extremity of the reef as long as there was any light. When the moon sank behind the dark forest wall, I left the boat and felt my way carefully along to the far end of the reef, to see if it was possible for canoes to approach its upper side. Satisfied on this point, I returned to my post.

"Minutes crawled into long hours, clouds came up overhead and hid the stars, several times I started up in false alarm as I thought I heard the grating of a canoe against the rocky shore, the splashing of a paddle, or a rustle among the grass on the bank. The struggle against sleep was fearful. How I did envy those niggers doubled up over their guns, for I let them sleep on, thinking it safer than the noise I should make continually waking them. It was terribly dark—not a star was visible. How long those hours did seem! At last the clouds began to break, the buzz of tropic insect life became hushed, and only the never-ending diapason of the cataract sounded through the silence that precedes the dawn.

"Weary and stiff, I clambered ashore, felt my way silently along the reef of rock, till I stood at the far end, straining eyes and ears to their utmost. Round the end of the reef the rapid tore and whirled with an eddying rush that beat up the water into white foam. It made too much noise for me just then, so I moved slowly back along the upper edge of the reef till I came to a small hollow in the rock, into which the wavelets beat over a low ledge of smooth stone. The rapid surged against the reef with considerable force, throwing up *débris* of all sorts. As I paused by this

"I STOOD AT THE FAR END."

rocky hollow,* the swirl of waters dashed up a small pebble, which spun into it. I stooped to see what it was, and picked up this herald of the dawn; for, as I again raised myself and looked towards the east, over the forest-clothed island of Wana Rukuru broke the first signs of the welcome day.

* * * *

"No, we were not attacked. As soon as I was sure that the dawn was breaking I kicked up the men and let down the canvas curtains of the launch, to hide her warlike appearance. If a nigger sleeps soundly at night, he rises with the dawn, and, as soon as I had seen them all (except the sentries) squatted round fires cooking their breakfast, I lay down and slept till the chief sent for me. Tippoo sent a message over early in the morning, and matters were arranged somehow. I have no doubt that, had a row occurred, the Arabs would have attacked Yambuya camp next. I was devoutly thankful things passed off as they did. Could I have done anything to save the white men at the Aruwimi camp? Well, not much. It is certain as fate the chief would have been cut to pieces before he could have fought his way to the steamer, he had about three-quarters of a mile to go, and his white face would have been a mark for every Arab gun. Some of the Houssas might have escaped, being black and dressed like the Arabs. The lower Aruwimi was then still free from Tippoo's raiders, and, had I succeeded in reaching its mouth with men enough to work the launch, I should certainly have tried to reach the camp by night. But there were about 800 loads in that camp. I could only carry some 200 in the launch, and Barttelot was the sort of man who would have let himself be cut up bit by bit like a tarantula, before he would have deserted his post.

"That is the history of that pebble. I have often wondered since what Stanley's feelings would have been, had he known in the midst of the dark forest that a disaster to his rear column, worse even than the fate that overtook it, hung for sixteen hours in the balance, between an Arab's ambition and a Belgian subaltern's pride."

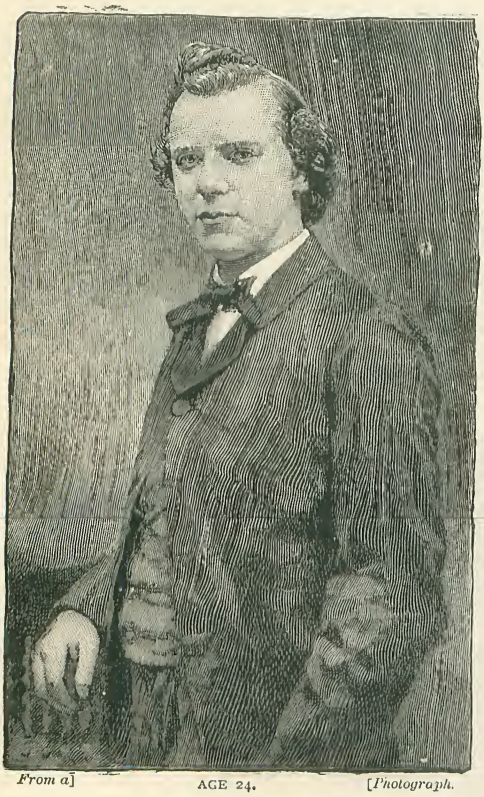
* These hollows are very curious, some of them being perfect circles in shape. They are formed by a large piece of stone getting one of its corners caught in a small hole. Being too heavy to be lifted out by the current, it forms a sort of whirlpool, which works it round and round like a large drill till it wears a deep hollow. Some of these hollows are over two feet in diameter. How many ages they must have taken to form!

Portraits of Celebrities at different times of their Lives.

CHARLES SANTLEY.

BORN 1834.

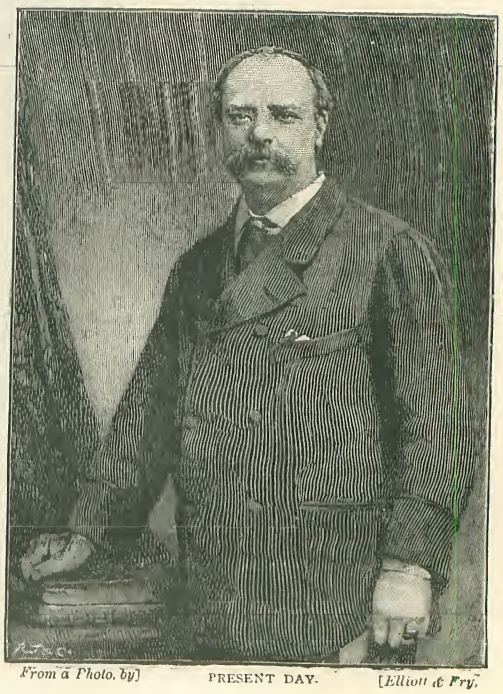
MR. SANTLEY was born at Liverpool, and received a thorough musical training in England and under Gaetano Nava in Milan. At twenty-three he appeared at St. Martin's



From a] AGE 24. *[Photograph.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 35. *[W. & D. Downey.*

Hall as *Aaam* in the "Creation." From that time to the present few figures have been so familiar and so popular as Mr. Santley's. He is acknowledged to be the finest English baritone singer of the day, and the master not only of a voice of rare power and beauty, but of a taste and feeling almost rarer. Mr. Santley is also an enthusiastic amateur painter. He married a granddaughter of Charles Kemble, and one of his daughters has inherited his gifts and followed his profession.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

From a] AGE 2½. *[Photograph.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 16. *[London Stereo. Co.*

MISS FANNY BROUGH.

MISS FANNY BROUGH is the daughter of Robert Brough (who died at the early age of thirty-two), the well-known journalist and dramatic author; her mother (who is still alive) being the niece of Miss Romer, the celebrated vocalist. Miss Brough was born in Paris, and made her first appearance in London on the stage of the St. James's, on October 15, 1870, in Sutherland Edwards' adaptation of "Fernande," in which she played the title *rôle*. After playing on tour, she appeared as *Clara Douglas* in Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's celebrated revival of "Money." Miss Brough then went to the Gaiety, and was afterwards engaged by Mr. Charles Wyndham. Among Miss Brough's most conspicuous successes were *Fuchsia Leach* in "Moths," and her creation of *Petrella* in the Spanish play of

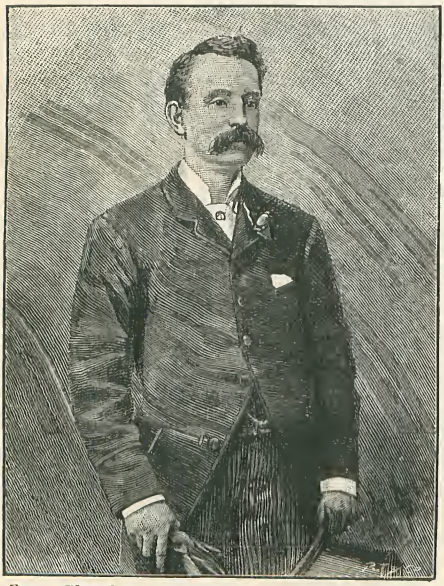
From a] AGE 22. *[Photograph.*

"The Woman and the Law," for the excellence of which performance she was presented by Señor Leopoldo Casa-y-Mano, the author of the novel and original play, with his portrait, accompanied by a most complimentary letter. Miss Brough is now playing *Mrs. Egerton Bompas* in Mr. Pinero's new play, "The Times."

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Barraud.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 19. *[Le Gray, Paris.*

From a Photo. by AGE 25. *[London Stereo. Co.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 35. *[E. J. Stoneham.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 42. *[London Stereo. Co.*

THE LORD MAYOR.

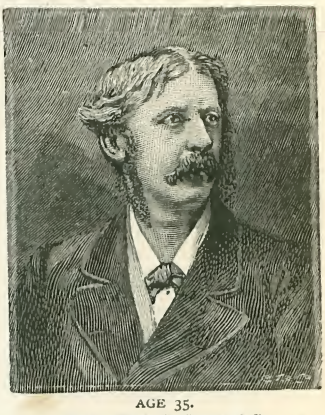
Born 1849.

MR. DAVID EVANS was born at Llantrissant, Glamorganshire, and is the first Welshman who has become Lord Mayor for nearly a century. He is sole partner of the firm of Messrs. Evans & Sons, warehousemen, of Watling-street, in which he already occupied a leading position at the age at which our first portrait represents him. At twenty-five, the age of our second portrait, he was elected to a seat in the Court of Common Council—the beginning of a distinguished career in the public service. At thirty-five, the age of our third portrait, he was returned as Alderman, and the next year was elected without opposition to the position of Sheriff of London and Middlesex. He resides at Ewell Grove, a fine old mansion, and was, until last year, master of the Surrey Farmers' staghounds. The Lord Mayor is married, and has a family of eight children.

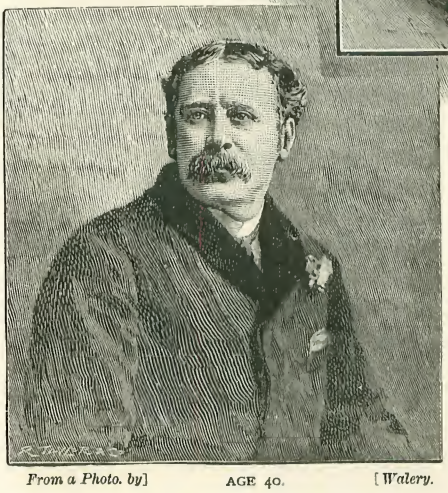
AGE 12.
From a Daguerreotype.

AGE 22.
London Stereoscopic Co.

AGE 26.
From a Photo. by Cundall, Downes & Co.



AGE 35.
From a Photo. by Sarony & Co.

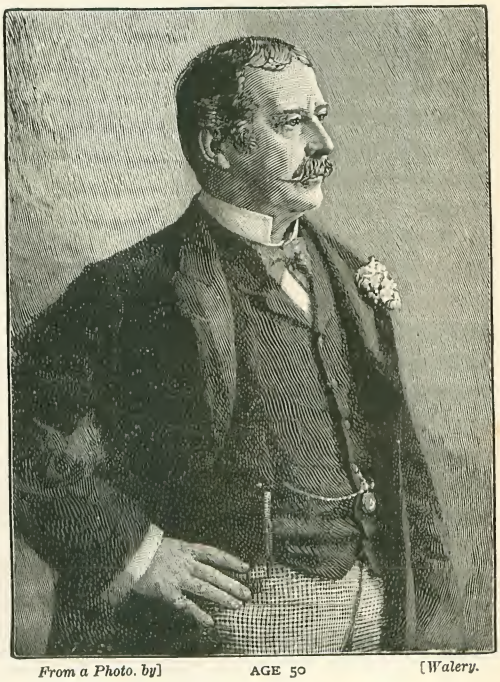


From a Photo. by] AGE 40. *[Walery.*

CLEMENT SCOTT.

BORN 1841.

CLEMENT SCOTT, whose dramatic criticisms in *The Daily Telegraph* are among the best-known and most powerful of the day, and who is the author of many popular books and plays, is the son of the Rev. William Scott, vicar of St. Olave, Old Jewry, was born at Christ Church Parsonage, Hoxton, and educated at Marlborough College. He was appointed to a clerkship in the War Office, 1860, and retired on a pension in 1879, when he joined the editorial staff of *The Daily Telegraph.*

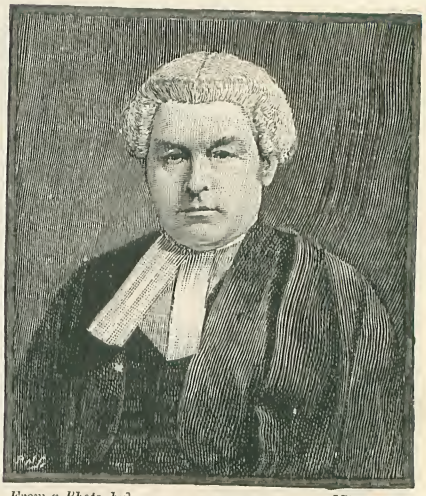


From a Photo. by] AGE 50 *[Walery.*

From a] AGE 12. *[Painting.*

From a] AGE 18. *[Pencil Drawing.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 42. *[H. J. Gent.*

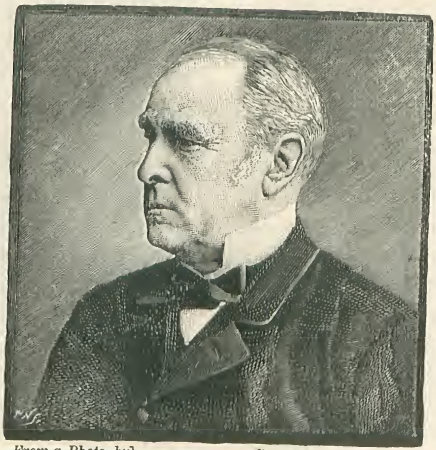


From a Photo. by] AGE 52. *[Stereo. Co.*

LORD JUSTICE HANNEN.

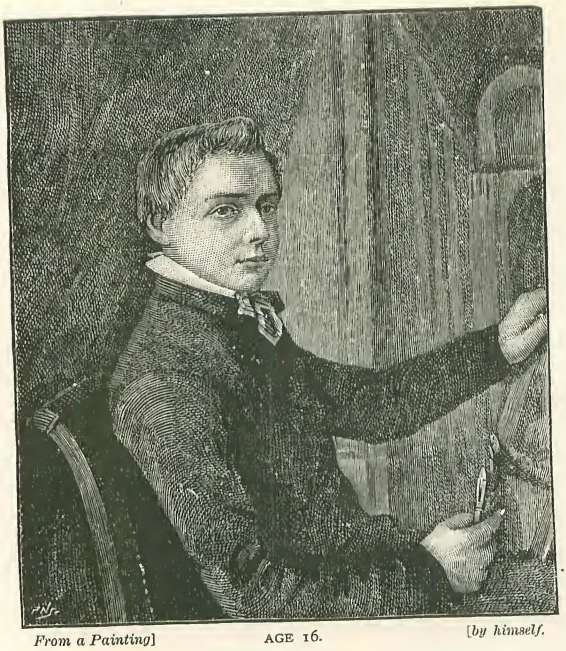
BORN 1821.

THE Rt. Hon. Sir James Hannen, the eldest son of Mr. James Hannen, merchant, was born at Kingswood, Surrey, and educated at St. Paul's School, and at the University of Heidelberg. He was called to the bar at the age of twenty-six. At forty-seven he was made a puisne judge of the Queen's Bench, and received the honour of knighthood. In 1872 he was appointed judge of the Court of Probate and Divorce. Lord Hannen was the head of the Commission of Judges appointed to investigate the charges brought against the Irish party by *The Times*.



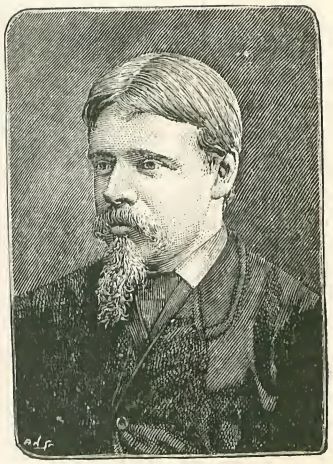
From a Photo. by] AGE 70. *Byrne & Co., Richmond.*

For permission to use these portraits we are indebted to the kindness of Sir James Hannen.



From a Painting] AGE 16. *[by himself.*

Leys, whom he assisted in painting several large pictures, he became a Member of the Academy of Fine Arts at Amsterdam. At the age of our third portrait, he received letters of denization from the Queen of England, having resolved to settle permanently in this country. Three years later he was



AGE 37.
From a Photo. by Fradelle & Marshall.

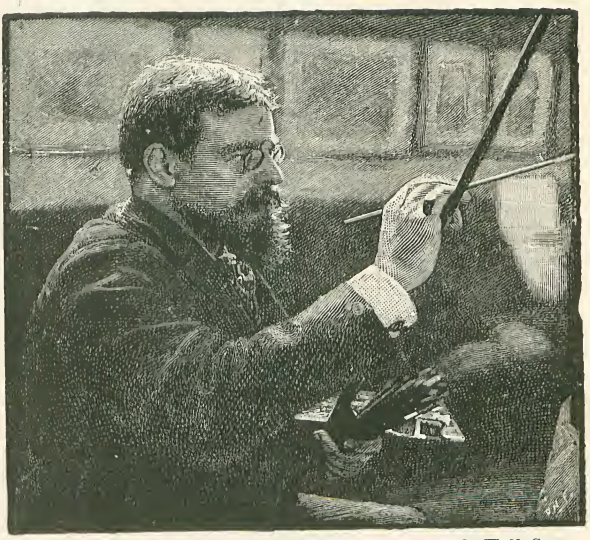
elected A.R.A., and in 1879 R.A. He has been twice married; his present wife, the youngest daughter of Dr. Epps, whose cocoa is of world-wide fame, being herself an accomplished artist, and a regular contributor to the Royal Academy and other leading exhibitions.

From a Photo. by] AGE 27. *[J. Dupont, Anvers.*

L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

BORN 1836.

MR. LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA was born at Dronryp, in Friesland, and at sixteen was studying art at the Royal Academy of Antwerp, where he painted the portrait of himself which forms the first of our series. At twenty-seven, after placing himself with Baron



From a Photo.] PRESENT DAY. *[by W. H. Grove.*

CATISSOU

FROM THE FRENCH OF

JULES CLARÈTIE.

THE corporal sat astride a cane-bottomed chair in front of the gendarme quarters at Pierrebuffière and smoked his pipe; slowly the smoke curled upwards in regular lines, forming circles which gradually expanded, quivered, and finally vanished in the warm air of this July evening.

Martial Tharaud had seen many similar circles of smoke act in just the same way above the cannon's mouth.

He was now taking life easily in his little garden, the head of a family, with a corporal's stripes on his sleeve, and wished for nothing better—not even to become sergeant, because then he would probably have to go to Eymoutiers, Saint-Léonard, or Limoges. He was fond of his little corner at Pierrebuffière, fond of those roses which he had grafted himself, and fond of that creeping plant which ran along the white walls of the house and hung in wreaths around the tin tricolour flag suspended over the door.

As the corporal smoked he watched some boys who, at a short distance from him, were playing upon a hillock at the game of *pique-romme*, in which they threw long pointed pieces of iron into the ground, as though throwing at a target. Occasionally he cried warningly to them: "Take care, there, youngsters; mind you don't run them into your feet!"

Then he turned round and looked over his shoulder through the open window at a pretty, dark-complexioned woman, still young, who was bustling about the kitchen where the pots and pans shone like silver; he smiled at her and said as he puffed away: "They *are* having a game, the little rascals!"

Then the woman, with bare arms—nice white arms, half covered with flour—came to the window-sill, put her jolly, energetic-looking face (red with the heat of the stove) out of the window and looked towards the boys, who were excitedly throwing their pieces of iron at the mark.

"Go along! there's no danger! Besides, it makes them skilful and brave!"

"And gives them an appetite for your *clafoutis*, Catissou!"

The *clafoutis*—a Limousin dish as solid

as the thick cabbage soup of the country districts—was already baking in the oven, with its black cherries stuck in the flour like bricks in mortar.

"Is the *clafoutis* cooking all right?" asked the corporal.

And Catissou shrugged her shoulders as if to say: "Are you foolish? Is your housekeeper in the habit of neglecting her pastry?"

II.

"A good woman," said Martial Tharaud to us a moment afterwards as we passed him with a nod.

He was in the humour for a gossip.

"Yes, yes" (he became loquacious when speaking of Catissou), "she's a good woman; and a sturdy woman, too. To see her make the kettle boil and wash the children—we have three, all boys; see them over there?—nobody would believe she had been on show at the fairs! And yet it's true enough! Oh, it's quite a story! I'll tell you all about it.

"It is about ten years ago—I had just left the chasseurs and entered the gendarmerie at Limoges, and that suited me, because I belong to that part. The adjutant told us one morning that there was a splendid capture to be made. A worthy old man named Coussac, a foreman builder, had been murdered in his own house at Montmailler, and there was no clue to the identity of the assassin. That was in September. We had to search the highways and byways; and the adjutant, M. Boudet (he's captain now), told the sergeant, the corporals, and the men to redouble their vigilance and keep their eyes open; and if we met any suspicious-looking persons under the chestnut trees or along the highroads we were to seize them without hesitation and haul them up before the authorities.

"Information had been sent all over the district, and also to Châteauneuf, Ambazac, everywhere, even to Bellac. In a word, the whole department was on the alert.

"Now, it's all very fine to tell you to arrest all suspicious-looking individuals, but you must not always judge by appearances. There are many worthy people who have very evil-looking faces. Why, I knew a man whose looks would have brought him to the guillotine or the galleys; yet he was a man who might have taken a prize for upright conduct! It's true enough! He gave away all he had to the poor—a perfect saint, my word on it! And there are others who look like saints, but who ought to have the handcuffs put on at once.

"Still, we were told to arrest them; and so we did. We ran in some of those natives of Lorraine who come to Sauviat and Saint-Yrieix to buy china-ware, you know; we took up hawkers, old men, yellow-looking beggars—as yellow as their bags; and we even ran in some silly people who were roaming about without any knowledge of the place. But not one of them was capable

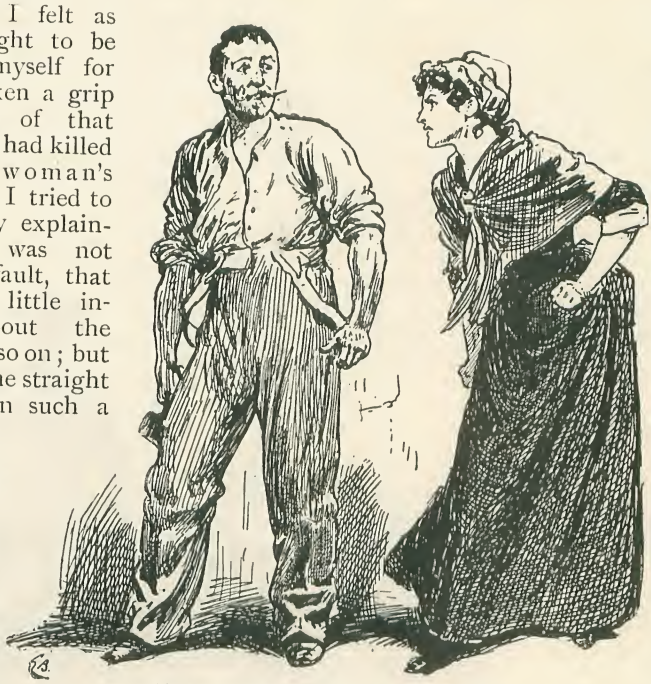
'WE TOOK UP HAWKERS.'

of giving that fillip to old Coussac. So the time went on, and we could not lay hands on the Montmailler murderer.

"And it wasn't an easy thing at all to find out who had killed the old foreman builder. We had scarcely any clue, and we did not know how to set to work.

"Well! one day I was at the gendarme quarters, about to curry-comb my horse, when a handsome young woman, with eyes like sloes and lips as red as cherries, came up to me and said: 'Well! have you any news of the murderer after all this time? I am the daughter of Léonard Coussac!'"

"It made me start when I heard that, I tell you! She spoke so energetically, and her eyes flashed so angrily, that I felt as though I ought to be ashamed of myself for not having taken a grip of the collar of that scoundrel who had killed the young woman's father. Then I tried to clear myself by explaining that it was not exactly our fault, that we had very little information about the murderer, and so on; but she looked at me straight in the eyes in such a manner that I felt I was making a mess of it.



"'WHAT ABOUT THE HAND?' SHE ASKED.

"'Now, look here, miss,' I said suddenly, stopping in the midst of my excuses. 'I would willingly risk an arm or a leg, if necessary, to catch that scoundrel!' And I meant it, too. And it wasn't exactly what you call—er—professional duty which made me say it. It was those confounded black eyes which seemed all on fire. 'But, you see, we want a clue!'

"'A clue?' Then she shrugged her shoulders. 'What about the hand?' she asked. 'Isn't that a clue?'

"'The hand? What hand?'

"Then Catherine Coussac—her name was Catherine, *Catissou* in our country dialect—told me the story of the crime, a story which, I confess, made my blood run cold.

III.

"It was one September evening when poor old Coussac was killed, and it was as warm as a summer day. In his house he had the money which Mr. Sabourdy, the contractor he worked for, had left with him before starting for Guéret. He had about ten thousand francs besides that, for he had to pay the men and meet two bills which would be due in two or three days. It was Saturday. After he had paid the men, the foreman builder returned home, pleased, and with a good appetite. He ate his cabbage soup and some dumplings, and after the meal his mother went upstairs to rest on the bed, as she was rather tired, while old Coussac and his daughter Catissou remained in the downstairs room, sitting near the chest where the money was. He was reading the *Almanach Limousin* which had just come out, and she was knitting a woollen stocking.

"You must understand that Coussac's rooms were at the back of the house, overlooking the garden. The one on the ground floor, in which Coussac and his daughter were then sitting, had a window about five feet from the ground, with inside shutters which were usually closed in the evening; but that evening the window had been left slightly open, because the old man felt rather warm. He was reading by the light of a shaded lamp, and Catissou heard him turn over the pages of the *Almanach* at regular intervals. She has often told me that, as she was working away mechanically, the tick-tick of the clock, and the rustle of

"THE HAND."

the paper as the leaves were regularly turned over, made her feel drowsy.

"Suddenly she lifted her head from her work with a yawn to see if it wasn't time to go to bed, and she saw—she thought at first that she was mistaken or dreaming—she saw between the shutters a hand, a big hand, a thick, wide hand with something terrifying about it, something which Catissou noticed at once—the four fingers were almost as thick as the thumb, and were all the same size, and all as long as one another, just as if they had been cut off at a certain point. But they had not been cut off, for they had nails; only they all finished in a line. This frightful hand, with the spatulated fingers—that's what Dr. Boutsilloux called them—glided along the shutters like a great spider, and it was evidently trying to push back the shutters without making a noise; it remained there almost motionless as Catissou looked up, as though the man to whom it belonged guessed that she was looking at it.

"For a moment Catherine thought that her eyes had been affected by the light of the lamp, causing her to see black and red spots as you do when you look at the sun. She opened them wide, and saw the hand gliding over the woodwork nearer and nearer. Catissou could no longer doubt the reality of what she saw, and tried to cry out; but she seemed choked, as if the hand were strangling her, and she could not utter a sound.

"She jumped up, stretched her arm out towards Coussac, and shook him by the sleeve, pointing to the terrible hand at the window. But, at the very moment when old Coussac turned and perceived the hand, the shutter was pushed violently back and the window opened very quickly, which caused the door of the room to open, admitting a draught of air which blew out the lamp and left Catherine and her father in the dark.

"Then there was the noise of a heavy body jumping into the room, and Coussac endeavoured to find a knife in the drawer of the table on which he was reading—a knife to defend himself, and, above all, Catissou and Mr. Sabourdy's money; but, before he could open the drawer, he was seized by the throat, and felt something cold enter his body under the neck near the heart. Catissou could see nothing, but she guessed what was taking place, and she uttered a scream. Bang! A blow from a fist like a hammer on her head, and she fell senseless. The man must have had cat's eyes; he could see everything, and took good aim. If Catissou was not killed by the knife, it was because it had broken off short; still the fist was enough for the man's purpose in her case.

"How long the poor girl remained insensible, she could not say; but when she came to herself she was still in the lower room, and her grandmother in her night-dress, with a face as white as a sheet, was trying to restore poor old Léonard, who was dying.

"Of course you can guess that the chest had been broken open, and the thousand-franc notes stolen.

"What an awful night that was! It will be many a long day before it is forgotten in the Montmailler suburb. The neighbours were called up, the garden was searched, a guard put round the houses and the houses searched from top to bottom. They found

the imprints of iron-tipped boots in the flower-beds; instructions were given that these marks should not be touched, and the size was carefully measured. Every place round about was searched, but to no purpose. And, in the meantime, Coussac was dying, and his mother, half crazy with grief and rage, was saying what she would do if she only got hold of the assassin.

"As for Catherine, who was half mad too, the sight of that terrible hand, with the four fingers of the same length, gliding, gliding over the oaken shutter like a field-spider or a crab-fish, was continually before her eyes.

"You can guess that everything that could be done was done to find the wretch who had sent the worthy man to 'Louyat,' that's what they call the cemetery at Limoges; the parson told me that the name comes from 'Alleluia.' Yes, everything possible was done, but I say again there was no clue! Of course, there was the hand, as Catissou told me at the barracks; but nobody knew a man with a hand like that in the whole of that part of the country—he would soon have been noticed. They questioned the men who worked with old Coussac, one after another. No, they did not know anyone with such a fist; and you could not suspect any of them. They were all decent fellows; they liked to wet their whistles a bit, but that isn't a crime. Besides, none of them knew that Mr. Sabourdy had left other money than the wages with Coussac. Who, then, could the rascal be who had such a hand as Catissou had seen?

"One day a journeyman butcher came and told us that he well remembered one day having a quarrel with a big, evil-looking fellow, who had pulled out a knife; and the butcher had noticed, as he had pulled out this Nontron knife from his pocket, that this fellow had a very peculiar hand, a big, hairy hand with all the fingers of the same size! Now, the knife that had killed Léonard Coussac was a Nontron knife. But the butcher knew nothing about this man and nobody else had seen the fellow at Limoges, so we could only believe that the butcher was humbugging us. And still the hunt went on, but it was no good; and I was in a rare state about it, I was, for I had said to Catissou, looking her full in the face: 'Come, Miss Catissou, answer me plainly; what would you give to the one who brought your father's murderer to you with a rope round his neck?' and she had not answered in words, but had become quite pale, and you should have seen her eyes, her beautiful black eyes! They were full of tears, and they promised —something!

"Still, even that could not help me to find the wretch.

"At last, seeing that not one of the 12th, from the colonel to the last gendarme, could put his hand upon the fellow, Catherine said: 'Very well; if *you* can't find him, *I* will!'

"She left her situation as dressmaker, and asked the police authorities for permission to take part in the fairs. That surprised us all; but it surprised me especially, when in every place where there was any entertainment on, we saw a large canvas poster with a portrait of Catherine Coussac, dressed in

"WE SAW A LARGE CANVAS POSTER."

pink tights, with a red velvet jacket, short shirt, and copper fish-scales ; and above this picture were the words, in big letters, *Woman Torpedo Fish.*

"What a name! It was quite strange enough for Catherine to mix up with mountebanks at all—although they are as good as other people, ay, and even better than a good many other people we meet. Still, it was surprising enough for her to become a strolling player, or such like ; but *Woman Torpedo Fish*, that beat all! Of course you know that the torpedo is a fish which gives you an electric shock if you touch it—a fish which seems to have an electric machine in its body. Well, by some electrical arrangement, when you touched Catherine Coussac's hand you received an electric shock."

"It was not necessary for me to *touch* her to be electrified ; I only had to *look* at her. Look at her now ; she is twenty-eight and a little stouter, but she's still pretty. Well, ten years ago, when she used to wear that lace cap on her black hair—that lace cap which the silly women have thrown aside for hats like the ladies wear—well, very few people who passed her went on their way without looking back at her ! Such a figure she had ! and such a complexion ! There were some handsome girls in Limoges, but Catherine was the handsomest, though I say it as shouldn't.

"Didn't she draw the people to the booth! She didn't want a big band like the Corvi Circus, nor a lot of gag like the troupe which plays the *Tour de Nesle*. Not a bit of it ; she just showed herself ; people said, 'I say, that's a pretty girl!' and they went in.

IV.

"One day, at Magnac Laval — it was Shrove Tuesday—I went in with the other people to see the *Woman Torpedo Fish*. There she was on a little stage, and old Mrs. Coussac, Léonard's mother, sat below, squatting like a witch, and frowning at everyone who came in, as though she would like to throw a spell upon them. Since the murder of her son, she had become sullen, and she scarcely said anything but 'So they won't take him to the guillotine, the rascal who killed my son!'

"I stepped forward. Catherine recognised me, and, as I stopped in front of her, and thought how well the costume suited her, she smiled, and said to me in a significant tone: 'Oh, it is you ; but it isn't *your* hand I am looking for.' And her black eyes blazed again, with a look of madness almost.

"Then I understood what the brave girl was doing. Then I knew why she was going all over the country, disguised as a mountebank. The recollection of that frightful hand was always present, and she held out her own white little hand—as soft as satin, but as strong as a vice—to everyone, hoping in this way to recognise the hand with the fingers all of the same size.

"That was her own idea ! That was the only clue, but it would be sufficient for her, she thought. It was not an easy task to find that fellow—almost as bad as looking for a needle in a haystack. And yet there is always a chance that a murderer will come and prowl round the scene of his crime. Blood seems to attract like a magnet, that's what *I* think. Of course, the man had fled from Limoges after the crime, and might still be far away, but he would come back and have a look at Montmailler at some time or other ; so the *Woman Torpedo Fish* had the chances in her favour that she would see him again and recognise that hand—that hand which seemed to haunt her to such an extent that she has told me that she often dreamt it was round her neck, strangling her.

"In this way Catherine went about from place to place with old Mrs. Coussac. The electric woman's van went wherever it could, drawn by an old horse which had served in the gendarmerie. From fair to fair they dragged along, the mother and the daughter, and they must have covered miles enough to make a journey round the world. They saw Auvergne, Bordeaux, Angoulême, Tours, and right on to Orléans —and a good many other places, too, in the south. But it was in the department of Haute-Vienne that they felt most confident of success. They said to each other: 'That is where he did it, and that is where he will be taken!' A superstitious idea, perhaps, but you can't help such things.

"Women soon get at the bottom of things, I tell you. They are as artful as can be.

"Well, one day—I remember it as if it was yesterday, it was the 22nd of May and a Tuesday also—the booths were making no end of a row upon the Place Royale—Place de la République. There were roundabouts, waxworks, athletic sports, performing monkey, Pezon's menagerie, everything

you could think of, including, of course, the *Woman Torpedo Fish.*

"Catherine, fresh as a daisy, walked about on the platform outside, pointing to the picture of herself and crying out: 'Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen! Just about to begin!' while poor old Widow Coussac, looking a hundred years old, as yellow as a guinea, as thin as a rake, and coughing in a way that made your heart ache, glared around at the people.

"Walk up, walk up, walk up!"

"I walked up like the other people, except that, as I went in, I said 'Good morning, miss,' to Catissou.

"'Good morning, gendarme,' she answered.

"She knew my name perfectly well, but she only gave me my title. It seemed to me that it was as good as saying: 'Although you are a gendarme, you don't know how to nab people who murder poor old men, do you?' and, besides, she had a right to call me 'gendarme,' because I was in uniform.

"Well, there I was inside. There were about twenty persons in the booth, men and women; and while Catissou smiled at them, old Mrs. Coussac, squatting in a corner, glared at them as usual.

"I can see it all now, just as if I was there. Catissou, standing on the stage with a red curtain for the background, with spangles in her hair, a rose in her breast, and, as a contrast to all this red, a pair of plump, white arms, and pretty shoulders, and a head—well, a head pretty enough to turn the heads of all the men who saw her. The sun shone through the canvas upon Catissou, making the imitation fish-scales, which she had sewn upon her garments, shine like diamonds.

"There she was, explaining to the audience what sort of a thing this electric fish is, where it lives, how the Arabs call it 'Thunder,' and what a shock it gives you, as if you had been struck by lightning; and how—but there, it's all done with now, and very likely Catissou herself has forgotten it, although she has said it so many times. But she had it at her fingers' ends at that time, and said it right off as pat as a lawyer; and the audience sat with their mouths wide open taking it all in, and devouring Catissou with their eyes, which proves that they had good taste.

"After that, she held out her hand as usual, and said to them: 'Walk up and shake hands and feel the electric shock! Don't be afraid; it won't hurt you!' All hands were held out to touch Catissou's dainty little hand; some laughed at the sensation, others shook their hands and looked rather angry.

"I sat there, looking on and feeling just a little jealous at all those people mauling Catherine's pretty hand, when all at once I saw her go as pale as death, and spring upon one of the hands like a dog at a piece of meat.

"Right in front of her stood a tall, herculean fellow, with curly red hair showing under a fur cap. He wore a starched blue blouse over a countryman's jacket, and had wide, square shoulders, a protruding lower jaw—I was looking at him sideways—and temples that hid his eyes from anyone looking at him from my position. No beard, only a few hairs visible on his white, dull face. An evil-looking face it was. Catissou was looking him straight in the face, and holding his hand—it seemed enormous in her small, woman's hand—in a frenzied grasp, as if her life depended upon it.

"A shiver passed through me, and I said to myself: 'That's the man!'

"Yes, she held him; held him with all her might. And she said to the great fellow, who had suddenly turned as pale as she had:

"Who killed Léonard Coussac?'

"He started back and tried to free his hand from the grasp of the *Woman Torpedo Fish.* Ah! Catissou didn't require any electrical arrangement to give *that* man a shock! He drew back his hand without being able to get it out of Catharine's grasp. 'Let me go, will you!' he said, trying to push her away. 'Are you mad?' He turned his head this way and that way, his eyes, wild with rage and fear, looking for a way of escape.

"'Wretch!' cried Catissou, sinking her fingers in his flesh as she tried to tighten her grasp, 'it was *you* who did it—you! *you!* YOU!'

"She shook him as a dog does a rat, and he was so stupefied he did not know what to do. But he soon recovered himself. He got his hand free from Catherine's fingers and dealt her a blow with it on the shoulder, which made her sink on her knees; then he turned towards the door like a wild boar.

"The audience was scared and made a rush for the door. The man made a bound, pushing the people before him, when I, by a quick movement, placed myself in front

"WHO KILLED LEONARD COUSSAC?"

of him. He was a head taller than I was, and an evil look appeared on his face as I lifted my arm and seized him by the blouse.

"'I arrest you in the name of the law!'

"His reply was a blow, which would have sent me rolling, perhaps, if I had not been rendered strong by the presence of Catherine. As it was, I took very little notice of it, and held him tight, struggling with him and dragging him about. I wouldn't loose him, you would have had to cut my hand off first. And all the time he was trying to stun me or break my skull by hitting me about the head. All at once —whizz—a knife sank into my flesh just below the neck, in the very same place as old Coussac had been struck. I have the scar now. Seems to have been the usual place for the rascal to strike!

"He reckoned on killing me, but the collar of my uniform stopped the blow a bit and the blade of the knife—a Nontron knife, with a yellow handle—cut the collar clean through and gave me a nick in the flesh, that's all.

"I gripped the wrist of the hand that held the knife and held it above my head. If it came down again, it would be all up with me—*me*, a gendarme! So the knife was in the air over my head like the sword of Damo—what do you call him, Damocles? — yes, Damocles; and round the handle of the knife were the four fingers, all the same size, which had enabled Catherine Coussac to recognise the murderer of her father.

"I suppose the struggle did last some little time, but it seemed much longer to me. The blood was running from my wound, and I felt I was losing strength. I must leave go of the arm, and the knife would——. I made an effort; then, just in the nick of time, the good-for-nothing rascal gave a yell—such a yell it was! He gave a jump and started backwards as if to free himself from something, and he stepped backwards so quickly that he fell over something on to the ground, dragging me with him. He had fallen over old Mrs. Coussac, who had actually bitten him in the leg as the best way to make him leave go of me.

"We struggled about on the floor, but not for long. Catherine was up and helped me by getting the knife away from him, and I fastened my right hand on his throat and nearly strangled him. Then up came Sergeant Bugead and a comrade, attracted by the noise, and we soon had the handcuffs on the fellow, and they took him off through the crowd, who, now that he was unable to do anything, became very brave and wanted to lynch him.

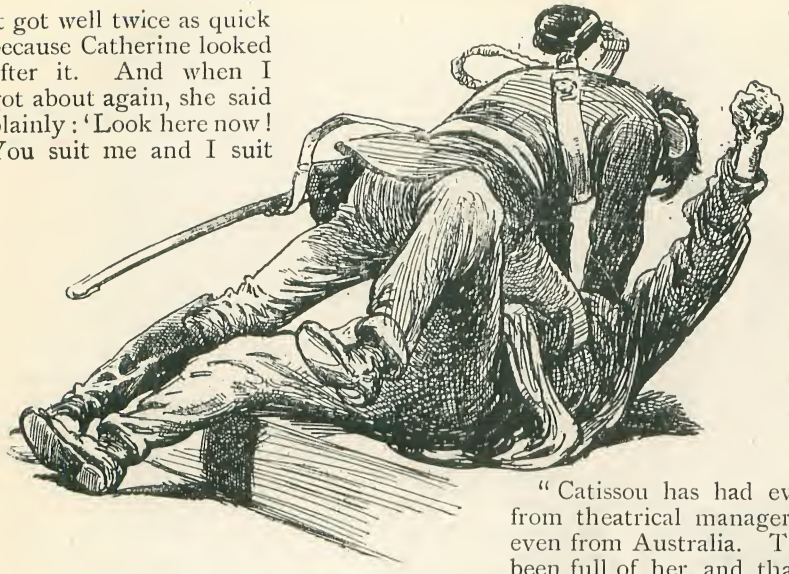
"It was about time that help came, for I was done up. I felt myself going, and I fainted from loss of blood—fainted! Wasn't it silly for a gendarme to faint?

"And as I went off I had a feeling that I was being supported by a pair of white arms, and above me I fancied I could see, not the Nontron knife, but Catherine's eyes, looking tenderly at me.

V.

"WELL, that's how a good marriage was brought about. My wound got well, of course, or you wouldn't see me here; but

it got well twice as quick because Catherine looked after it. And when I got about again, she said plainly: 'Look here now! You suit me and I suit you. I swear I'll be a good wife to you!' Catherine's marriage was the last pleasure old Mrs. Coussac enjoyed, poor old woman! No! I make a mistake; her last piece of happiness was hearing that sentence had been passed on the murderer of Léonard Coussac.



"WE STRUGGLED ABOUT ON THE FLOOR."

"He turned out to be a bricklayer's labourer who had applied to Mr. Sabourdy for work, and had overheard about the money being entrusted to old Coussac. His greed had been excited, and he had committed the murder. He had done it quite alone; no accomplice. After the murder he had gone to Paris, then come back to Guéret, and then to Limoges; all the money gone and on the look-out for work. And he evidently wasn't particular what sort of work, either! He hardly took the trouble to defend himself at the trial. He seemed to say: 'You've got me. So much the worse for me!' He was condemned to death. He tried to cheat the executioner by knocking his head against the wall of his cell. But he didn't succeed, and the executioner had him after all.

"At the trial the judge complimented me. I don't say that for the sake of boasting, but because it's true. But I had no need of his compliments, nor of anything else. I had got Catissou, and that was enough for me. However, on the wedding-day, my captain's wedding gift was a corporal's stripes; and I tell you I was pleased at that. And since then—well, if you want to see a happy man, look at me!

"Catissou has had ever so many offers from theatrical managers to go on show—even from Australia. The newspapers had been full of her, and that made the managers eager to get her. But Catissou only laughed at it. She's got something else to do now. She has to wash the children, pipeclay my epaulettes, look after the poultry, and superintend the house—and she does superintend the house, too, and the corporal as well!

"No, no! Catissou is not an artiste. But if there should ever be a crime committed in these parts, and they can't find the man who did it, I wouldn't mind backing Catissou against all the detectives they like to employ!"

VI.

THE corporal knocked out the ashes of his pipe on his left thumb-nail, and was about to fill up again, when Catherine Tharaud came to the door, making a pretty picture surrounded by the creeping plant, with the rays of the setting sun falling upon her.

"Come along, Martial," she said, with a pleasant smile, "the *clafoutis* is ready, and the soup, too. Call the little ones."

Martial Tharaud arose, put his hands up to his mouth, and called out to the boys, who were still enjoying their game:

"Hallo, there! Come along, you little rascals! Soup is ready!"

The boys ran up to him, and, as they all went inside, he took off his military cap and gaily saluted us.

Jack Middleton's Mother.

By Charles S. Cheltnam.

"ECHO! Special edition!"

"Yer yar, sir! Take mine, sir! I see yer fust, sir!"

"No, sir; *I* was first, please, sir."

Two young ragamuffins, with seemingly not a pin's choice between them, were the speakers, and probably I should not have noticed either of them specially but for the occurrence of a momentary episode, in which they played very strongly contrasting parts.

In taking a halfpenny out of my pocket to pay for the paper which the more active of the two boys had thrust into my hand by the summary process of shouldering his competitor aside, I had, without being aware of the fact, let fall a shilling, which had rolled a yard or two away.

"YOU JUST GI ME ARVES."

The boy who had served me with the paper had seen the coin fall, and scarcely stayed to take his halfpenny before darting after it; but the boy he had distanced by his bit of sharp practice had also seen the coin fall, and had picked it up by the time the other reached him. A moment later I came upon them, and overheard this significant scrap of dialogue:

"Yah! Yer ain't a-goin' ter be such a juggins as ter giv' it 'im back, are yer?"

"Yes, I am," said the other.

"Git out! Don't be a fool! Cop it now yer got it. He do' know as he's lost it, an' nobody but me see yer pick it up. Look 'ere, you just gi' me 'arves, that's wot yer got ter do, if ye're goin' ter be one o' my pals; an' if yer ain't—well, don't yer come 'ere agin, tryin' ter sell no Ekkers, 'cos I won' let yer. So look out!"

Though as yet I was in the dark as to the meaning of all this, I had heard enough to satisfy me that the boy to whom these threats were addressed was being bullied by the other, a boy about twelve years of age, as well as I could guess, and not bigger than himself, but with a hardened look of the streets in his face—a horrible look when one pauses to examine it and to think how it has come to be stamped upon the face of a boy but little past the years of his infancy, suggesting a doubt, indeed, whether he can ever have known such a time of life.

The second boy, equally tattered as he was as to clothing, I could see at a glance exhibited, distinctly, points of advantage over him. He was cleaner, both as to flesh and dress, and the stamp or stain of precocious experience was not recognisable in his face. It also occurred to my mind that the few words I had heard him speak were better spoken, and, in themselves, more correct than those which had issued from the other's lips.

My observation of the two boys, which was only that of a moment, was cut short by the one who had picked up my shilling raising his eyes and seeing me. Without

the least sign of hesitancy, he held out the coin to me, saying :

"Please, sir, you dropped this."

The other boy turned away in angry disgust.

"Did I?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, when you took out the ha'penny to pay the other boy."

Here I must make a remark which is personal to myself—enunciate a principle, while confessing that I have not always commanded sufficient firmness of mind, or rigidity of moral purpose, to put it into execution. I hold honesty to be a normal condition, and so, rarely if ever to be dealt with as if it were exceptional and extraordinary. The custom of rewarding poor people for doing something which all persons, whether rich or poor, are under primary obligation to do, has always appeared to me calculated to do harm to character, to confound simple moral obligation with virtue, never attainable except by effort, and mostly by sacrifice.

My first impulse was to say to this honest lad, "You are a good boy, keep the shilling"; but the thought crossed my mind, that the good which this small sum might do him might be a hundred times weighed down by the evil done to him, by linking, in his young mind, the idea of honesty with that of reward.

I closely watched his face as I took the piece of money from his hand; I could not detect in it the slightest expression of disappointment or regret. The fact struck me, I admit. I knew nothing about this poor boy, or of his companionships, more than I had just seen; there would have been nothing surprising, then—nothing, indeed, more than I might have expected to see—if he had parted with this shilling with some small show of reluctance. But he did nothing of the sort—evidently looked for no return beyond the thanks I gave him.

He was turning quietly away, to sell his papers if he could, but I delayed him.

"How long have you been at this trade?"

The blood, I remarked, rushed into his face, and the next moment deserted it; and he half stammered as he answered :

"Only a few weeks, sir."

"Can you make a living out of it?" I inquired, not insensible to the grim irony of asking a small boy of twelve years old whether he could "make a living" out of anything in the nature of work.

"Some days, sir," he replied.

"When there happens to be something exciting in the paper—a shocking murder, or a big burglary?"

"If—yes, sir," he stammered. And again I noticed the ebb and flow of blood in his cheeks, but without paying any special heed to the fact.

"Have you tried your hand at anything else?" I asked.

"No, sir."

"Not as an errand-boy?"

"No, sir. I'm not strong enough for most places of that sort, sir—and they don't give wages enough, even if I were to get taken on on trial."

"Ah! your parents are very poor, then?"

"Yes, sir," he replied, with marked hesitation.

I had no particular object in thus catechising the poor boy in this way, but there was something in his manner which drew me on—his flushing and now this hesitancy. My interest in him was, almost unconsciously to myself, being aroused.

"If a good boy's place were offered you, have you got a character to give?" I asked.

For a moment he paused, and when he answered his eyes were downcast, his face white, and there were tears in his voice as he said, almost in a whisper :

"No, sir."

"Had one and lost it, do you mean?" I said.

"No, sir."

"You have never been in trouble—never done anything wrong?"

"No, sir—never."

Tears burst from his eyes, which were soon made red and swollen by the application of his knuckles. He was a good boy and a frank-minded boy—of that I felt quite sure; but I felt equally certain that he had a secret, and that he was withholding it from me. I had been examining him closely all the time I was speaking, and, little by little, the interest he had awakened within me had increased.

"Well, now—look here," I said, "I want a boy about your size and age to be in my chambers while I am out : have you a mother?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" he replied, almost eagerly.

"Then, as you have no character to give me, I'll see her."

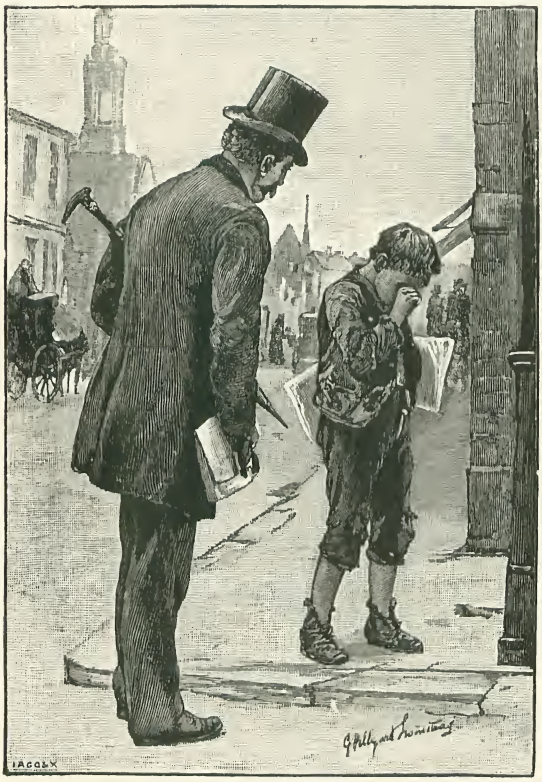
"No, sir!—no! you can't see my mother, sir!" he cried, with unmistakable terror in his voice.

"Why not?" I asked, questioning him as closely with my eyes as with my lips.

"Please, sir," he sobbed, "I can't tell you."

I paused, for it was now plain to me that I was torturing this poor boy, even while my desire was to be of service to him.

"Very well," I said; "I'll not ask you any more questions. Think of what I have said to you, and if, after you have done that, you would like to say anything on the subject to me, I often pass this spot, and I



"PLEASE, SIR," HE SOBBED, "I CAN'T TELL YOU."

daresay you will recognise me—if you do not already know me by sight."

"Oh, yes, sir, I know you very well by sight, and thank you kindly, sir, for what you've said," he replied, still through his tears.

I was turning away, but suddenly remembered that, while I had been holding him in conversation, the brief time in which he could hope to sell his papers had been passing away from him.

"How many papers have you got left to sell?" I asked.

"Two dozen, sir," he answered, after rapidly counting them.

"All right!" I said; "I'll clear you out. Here's a shilling for them. Take them to my chambers over yonder, and give them to the housekeeper for me." And I gave him my card.

On returning late at night, I found the pile of *Echos* encumbering my writing-table; and my talk with the boy of whom I had bought them returned fully, not to say importunately, to my mind before I could find release from it in sleep. One fact, in particular, kept returning to my mind—that, though I had spoken to the poor lad about his mother, I had not asked him anything about his father—had, in truth, not once thought of that individual, if there was such a person extant.

A week or ten days passed without my seeing my newspaper boy, though I had many times been by the spot which I supposed to be his beat, if that is the right word to use in that connection; but, one morning, on reaching my chambers, I found him there waiting to see me.

He was looking very pale and miserable, as if he had been ill—as if he were still ill, in fact—and I noticed that there were discoloured circles about his eyes. I asked what had been the matter with him, and he told me he had been laid up ever since I saw him last.

This was his story: Nearly as soon as I left him, a few minutes only after he had delivered the papers at my chambers, he was set upon by the boy who had wanted him to share with him the shilling he had seen me drop, and by this young brute and some others of his kidney had been hustled, savagely beaten, and plundered of all the money he had. His eyes were both blackened, his head was cut and otherwise hurt, and he had hardly strength enough left to get from the Strand across Westminster Bridge to Stangate, where his mother lived. Then his mother had bound up his head as well as she could, and for two days he had been unconscious and delirious; and after that he was so weak as not to be able to go out of his mother's room; and at last, when he was strong enough to go out, he had no money to buy any papers, and—and——

"And then you thought of coming to see me?" I suggested.

"No, sir—it wasn't in that way, sir. When I told my mother how it was the

boys set upon me, I told her of what you said to me, and of your kind offer to give me a place, if—if——"

"If I were satisfied with your mother's account of you ; I remember. Well—what did she say to that ? "

"Please, sir, it made her cry for days together, and nearly broke her heart."

These words were simple enough, and, heaven knows, the boy's way of speaking them was as simple as the words ; but they distressed me. A mystery—a tragic mystery, I divined—underlay them.

"Did your mother blame you for not letting me see her ? " I asked.

"Oh, no, sir ! She said I had done quite right in that. But all the time I was ill she thought about it ; and when I was able to get out, and she couldn't give me any money to buy some papers with—even half a quire—she cried worse than ever, and at last she told me to come and tell you that, if you would kindly take the trouble to go so far as Stangate, she would gratefully see you."

It seemed to me, as I listened, that this poor boy's story might, as the saying is, "move a heart of stone ; " it moved mine —whence, if I needed the assurance, I think I might safely conclude that my heart is made of a more sensitive material.

"Go and fetch me a hansom," I said, without debating the matter. There are things which it is better to do on the spur of the moment, and this, I instinctively felt, was one of that sort.

From the longitude of the Law Courts to that of Stangate is not a long journey in a hansom with a good horse in front of it. In a quarter of an hour I was talking with my little newspaper-boy's mother.

The room into which I was conducted—it was a back room on the third floor, entered from a dirt-begrimed landing-place, lit by a window that had certainly not been cleaned for many years, and had two or three panes of broken glass in it—the room into which I was conducted was as poor in aspect as a dwelling-place of poverty could be ; but, bare as it was—a bed in probably the least draughty corner, a small deal table, two wooden chairs, and a box something like a middling-sized sea-chest, was all that met the eye in the shape of furniture and effects—it was kept with a manifest effort at cleanliness.

But, from the moment of entering it, I took very little heed of the room and its furniture ; my whole attention was given to its mistress, who rose to receive me. As my eyes fell upon her worn and almost bloodless face, my heart felt as if seized and spasmodically pressed by a nervous hand.

Mrs. Middleton, worn by sorrow and lack of sufficient food, and with hair becoming prematurely grey, was, I could see, yet but little over thirty years of age. To my eyes, she was still a beautiful woman ; to eyes that had looked upon her face ten or a dozen years earlier, she must have appeared strikingly beautiful. There was a stamp of grace upon her bearing which neither bodily weakness nor poorness of attire could conceal. She was above rather than below the middle height. She wore a black gown of some material, frayed and threadbare, but to which—heaven knows how—she contrived to give an air of unstudied neatness. But it was her eyes—her large, soft, sad blue eyes (made larger by the paleness and thinness of her face) that riveted my gaze, in which I seemed to read the history of a beautiful woman's wreck, before a word had been uttered by her white lips.

"It is very kind of you, sir, to take so much trouble on account of my poor boy," she said, inviting me to be seated.

If I had had any doubt before, I could have none now. I was being addressed by a woman who had been reared in the midst of refinement, the spirit of which remained with her indelibly. She seated herself, after I had taken the chair she had offered me, and continued—

"My boy is a very good boy, or I do not think I should be speaking with you now." She paused ; then, after a moment's thought, said, "Jack, dear, go out and walk about for a few minutes ; I shall be better able to tell this gentleman what he wants to know about you.

"Go and see whether there is anything startling in the newspaper bills—and bring me back a paper, if there is," I said cheerfully, handing him a shilling. It was on the tip of my tongue to add, "and bring back something for you and your mother to eat ; " but a look at the beautiful pale face before me imposed, I knew not why, silence upon my lips.

As soon as we were alone, Mrs. Middleton —who had followed her boy out of the room with looks of almost anguished tenderness in her great, sad eyes, said :

"It was not in consequence of any instruction from me that my boy hesitated to accept your kind offer to befriend him, but from fear of giving me pain."

I hastened to interrupt her. I was agitated. It seemed to me that I owed her an apology.

"I'm afraid I acted very thoughtlessly in all that," I stammered. "Pray forgive me, madam; I—had I need say it?—no idea—"

She started. A shiver ran through her enfeebled frame, and on the breath of an irrepressible sob she cried:

"Oh, sir! for pity's sake do not speak to me like that!"

She had fallen into a passionate fit of weeping, and I could find no words to soothe her. For a moment, I wished myself anywhere away from that wretched lodging in Stangate; but I was fascinated, held by the unseeable bonds of an unmasterable sympathy.

"Pray forgive me, sir; I am in a highly nervous condition, and unable at moments to put a proper restraint upon my feelings," she said, as soon as she had recovered a certain degree of calmness. "I have gone through great troubles—have great troubles still before me, in which my poor boy has had, and must still have, his share. For your kindness of intention towards him, no gratitude can be greater than ours; but, for that reason, I wish you to know who and what are the persons you are willing to benefit."

"FOR PITY'S SAKE DO NOT SPEAK TO ME LIKE THAT!"

She dried her eyes, and her resolution seemed to take courage as she spoke:

"You already know—a word which you have spoken has told me—that I and my boy have known better days; before you think further of befriending us, it is right that you should know why you find us in the state in which you now see us: it is right, on every account, that you should be thoroughly informed how our present misery has come upon us, and what it really is. My boy is the son of a convict, now undergoing penal servitude at Dartmoor; he knows this, God help him! and it is this which he had not the courage to tell you, when you asked him what reference as to character he could give you."

I was startled by this wholly unlooked-for revelation, and I was conscious of being quite unable to conceal from her the painful surprise it had caused me.

"That my poor boy has no share in his father's guilt I need not say," she went on; "but the world, in its wisdom, or in its heedlessness of strict right, includes him in his father's punishment by branding him with the stigma of 'convict's son,' so warning all men to be specially on their guard against trusting him. That it should be so is unjust, cruel; but the unhappy ones on whom this injustice falls only add a misery the more to their load by denunciations that can bring them no remedy."

I confess—to my shame, perhaps—that in my agitation I did not know what reply to make to what she had said; not that I for an instant disagreed with her view of the hardship of her son's case.

"Oh, sir!" she continued, "if I could tell you the whole story, you would see that the position of my poor boy is a specially hard one. When he was born, the life before him was as fair and promising as

that of any child could be. I was married at twenty, out of a family not rich but abundantly well-to-do, to a man of my own sphere—a man well educated, and with talents, as a painter, that might have secured to him a name and ample means, a fortune even. Ours was a love match, we thought; and I, at least, was happy for the first two years of our wedded life. Then there came a change in him; he made fresh acquaintances, out of his own circle, and, step by step, wandered away into what is called the world of pleasure. He ceased to paint, he took to drink, he passed most of his time away from home, he squandered my little fortune in dissipation, and, next, he reduced me and my child to homelessness."

She told me all this without a taint of bitterness in her voice, only a heavy sadness, as of a misfortune that must be borne with patience, because it is irremediable.

"Then," she continued, "there followed a time when I saw him only at lengthened intervals. How he lived I knew not; I and my boy would have starved but for the money I raised on the few rings and trinkets I had saved out of the home-wreck. My parents would have taken me back to them, but only on condition that I sought a divorce from my husband; and, for the good of my boy, I thought, I decisively refused to accept that condition. Oh, that I could have foreseen!"

Here a flood of tears choked her utterance for a minute or more, and I debated with myself whether I was not acting a cruel part by suffering her to put herself to this pain; but I was deeply—much more deeply than I could at the moment account for—interested in the story of her trials, and could not bring myself to check her confidences.

"Could I have foreseen at that time, all the misery and shame that now weigh upon me and my poor boy would have been averted," she went on. "I have said I did not know how my husband lived. Perhaps, even disgraced as he was, he might have retrieved himself by returning to his profession as a painter; but he never made the least effort in that direction. Later, I learned that his sole means of subsistence were the precarious gains of an outside book-maker: and, later still—oh, my God!—what it was I then learned!—that he had become one of a daring gang of burglars; that he had been captured, convicted, sentenced to five years' penal servitude!"

"How long back was that?" I asked, hastily, for the horror of this scoundrel's return, with a ticket-of-leave, had flashed upon my mind.

"Three years ago," she replied; adding, "I know why you ask me that. Yes! a few months hence he may be released, and may claim me and his son. God forgive him if he does, for it will be my death, and the destruction of my poor boy!"

This suggestion of the horrors that might be hanging over these two misfortune-stricken beings filled me with mingled alarm and indignation; further mixed, I own, with a feeling of cowardice, which urged me to get away from its contemplation.

"How long have you contrived to live without assistance?" I asked, nervously and inconsequently.

She replied: "I have been able to get an engagement at one or other of the theatres on this side of the water for a few weeks at Christmas-time, as a *figurante* until last winter, when, to add to my trouble, I fell ill—too ill to encounter the fatigue. It was then that my boy first went into the dreadful streets, and helped to save his mother from starvation by selling newspapers. But he has told you of the peril, that life is beyond his powers; and so it is that, turning to your kind offer, I resolved to tell you the whole truth concerning him before allowing him to accept it."

I was about to say, "Let him come to me at once," when I heard sounds of hurrying footsteps upon the stairs. The room door flew open, and the poor boy, a newspaper in his hand, his face white as ashes, and his eyes seemingly starting from his head, rushed in, almost shrieking—

"Oh, mother! mother!"

"Jack, my darling! my darling! what is the matter?"

The agonised boy had thrown himself wildly at her knees, and, sobbing convulsively, buried his face in her lap.

"My Jack! my darling! don't cry so, but tell me what has happened to you," cried his mother, lovingly soothing him with hands and voice.

"My father! my father!" he sobbed.

"Oh, my God! you have not seen him?—it is not that?" she asked, in a fainting tone.

"Mother, dear mother, I can't tell you: it's in the newspaper!"

I snatched up the paper which had dropped from his trembling hand. My

eyes seemed drawn as by a magnet to an article made conspicuous by having three or four head-lines in large type: "Desperate attempt to escape from Dartmoor Prison," "Several warders badly wounded," "The prisoner killed."

Yes, there could be no doubt about it: the prisoner who had made so murderous an attempt to regain his forfeited liberty was Gilbert Middleton, the father of my newspaper-boy, the husband of the martyrised woman now trembling before my eyes; and that, in defending themselves, the warders had inflicted injuries upon him that had caused his death.

With a terrified gesture Mrs. Middleton held out her hand for the paper, and, hardly conscious of what I was doing, I gave it up to her. A bare glance sufficed to assure her that she was a widow. Then, with incredible strength, she snatched up her boy, and enveloped him in her embraces, her uncontrollable sobs mingling with his.

I did not then pause to analyse, or in any way even to account for my feelings; but I was sensible, on leaving the mother and son to the privacy of their affection and sorrow, that I carried away with me a strange sort of satisfaction, both because Mrs. Middleton was for ever released from further contact with a man who had filled her life so far with misery, and because I knew, as well as if her heart had been my own, that the hour of her girlish *désillusion* had struck early in the days of her wedded life, and that she had never for a moment loved him afterwards.

By the employment of a little diplomacy, I prevailed upon her to permit me to help her to live until the state of her health enabled her to find employment of some kind. Jack I at once took into my service, as I had at first proposed to do. By good fortune, I was, after a while, enabled to do something better still for both mother and son: by my persuasion, her father (now a widower), who had known but little of her sufferings during the years of their estrangement, welcomed her kindly back to the hearth of her childhood.

Two years have passed since then; the youthful roundness, if not all the girlish rose-hue, has returned to Mrs. Middleton's cheeks. I think she is the most beautiful woman I have ever looked upon; I am sure she is the best; and her Jack and I are as much to each other as any father and son can be; and some day, perhaps——

How strange—how solemn, it may be—such happiness would seem, in the memory of all that had gone before it!

Street Musicians.

By Gilbert Guerdon.

MUSIC "hath charms to soothe," we admit, but not all music, and not at all times; and it is this modification of the soothing effects of music that our street minstrels, both vocal and instrumental, seem to be unable, or unwilling, to comprehend.

Yet the street minstrelsy of to-day is nothing like so outrageously annoying and worrying as it was twenty years ago. Occasionally only do we hear one of those wretched old barrel-organs which helped to drive Parliament to pass the Act of 1863. That enactment was intended to minimise, or, at least, to modify, the annoyance caused by the so-called music of the streets, and it has succeeded.

Speaking generally, there are two kinds of street musicians—the tolerable and the intolerable. Amongst the former, we may include the poor fiddler who tells us that when he is "on the job," he manages to scrape together a decent livelihood. After ten years he has become weather hardened, and his long-tailed frock coat serves for winter or summer, with the only variation of being buttoned or unbuttoned. He has his regular patrons, who look out for him about once a week. One old spinster, who lives in a suburban villa, is always "good for a bob" when he plays "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls." Now and then you may hear the old girl warbling out the ballad with the window wide open, much to the amusement of the passers-by. A few doors off lives an old sea captain, whose grandson has always to dance a hornpipe when the fiddler comes round, and the old salt immediately sends out hot rum and water, whatever the time of year.

When the fiddler tries a new locality, he begins with, "The Heart Bowed Down," which scarcely ever fails to bring a sympathetic someone to the window. His average daily takings are from four to five shillings. In the autumn he plays himself down to Margate, and gets a mouthful of fresh air, and plenty of "recognition."

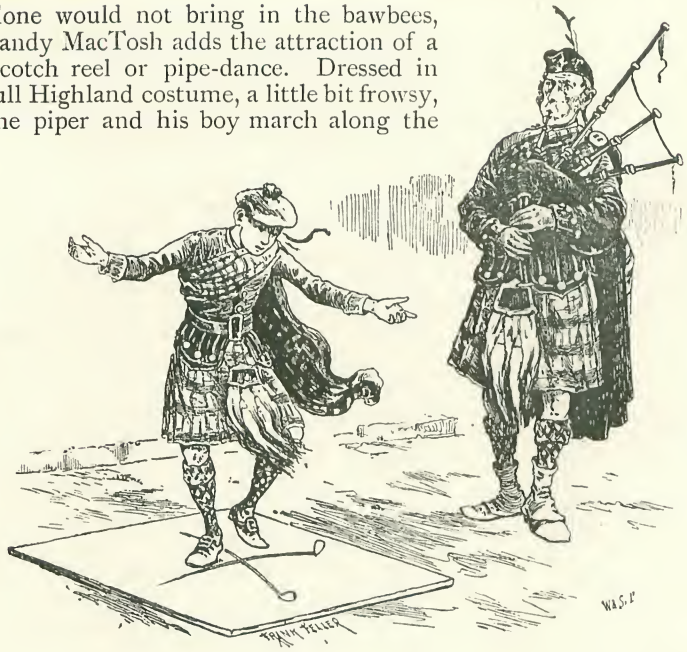
It was an accident that made him take to the tin whistle, or the "American flageolet," as he calls it. Bad luck had compelled him to pawn his fiddle, and, till he could raise the money to get it out again, he had recourse to the cheapest instrument he could think of, and that was the penny tin whistle. He certainly does get some capital tone out of it, and, at a distance, it may be mistaken for the piccolo. He did not, however, make much of his playing till he had the whistle soldered on to a tin coffee-pot, in place of the spout. This took immensely, and the coffee-pot brought in more pence than the fiddle, sometimes as much as eight or nine shillings a day.

Another penny whistler is a blind man, who morning, noon, and night tootles out "The Last Rose of Summer," alternated with a doleful hymn tune. What little money the poor fellow gets is given more out of compassion for his affliction than for any pleasure that his music affords.

Conscious perhaps that his bag-pipes

"THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER."

alone would not bring in the bawbees, Sandy MacTosh adds the attraction of a Scotch reel or pipe-dance. Dressed in full Highland costume, a little bit frowsy, the piper and his boy march along the quiet suburban roads, playing the pipes to attract attention, and stopping at a convenient spot to give the dance. He gets very little encouragement, however, except from his own country people ; but he has found out their homes, and to them he pays regular visits. There is one real old Mac who invariably celebrates his birthday with a feast of haggis and shepherd's pie, and Sandy MacTosh always attends with his pipes to "play in" the haggis. What is a haggis without the accompaniment of a Highland skreel? As food and music, the pudding and the pipes match each other admirably, and by the time the feast is finished, and the Athol Brose has been tipped off, both Mac and the piper are equally ready to sing, "We are na fou'." But for the Highland families—the Lowlanders do not like the pipes—Sandy MacTosh and his tribe would starve. There are in London, perhaps, half a dozen other Highland bag-pipers and a few frauds :—



"KILLIM KALLAM."

"These are Mile-enders,
Dressed up as Highlanders,
Shiv'ring in kilts."

For the "Killim Kallam" two long "church warden" pipes are used instead of the crossed swords. The dancing is just as difficult over the clays as over the claymores, and there is no danger of cutting the toes. Saturday night is the most profitable, then Monday, and Friday is the least. Pipers do not often get molested, except by tipsy men, who always want to dance ; but Sandy then turns on the dreary-sounding drone and plays a doleful tune in extra slow time, so the drunken toper has to do an English instead of a Scotch reel.

The Italian tribe of street musicians may be dealt with as a group. There are the bag-pipers, the children with the accordion and triangle, the organ-man and the monkey, and the hurdy-gurdy grinder, all of whom hail from the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell, where there is an Italian colony. At the far

ITALIAN BAGPIPES.

"ACCORDION AND TRIANGLE."

end of Leather-lane, in Little Bath-street and Warner-street, they swarm, and there is quite the look and smell and noise of the back slums of an Italian city. The butchers' shops are stocked with the heads, trotters, and "innards" of bullocks, calves, sheep, and pigs, and there is the "Piggy-Wiggy pork-shop," and Italian barbers and cobblers. The Restaurant Italiano Milard is where many of the Italians spend their lazy day—which is Friday. There are also ice-cream makers, roast chestnut "merchants," and dealers in old clothes. Round the latter the Italian women congregate, and bargain for, and try on the gaudy-coloured garments—gowns, petticoats, and shawls, which must have been specially selected to suit the tastes of the Italians.

At the corner of Little Bath-street is the headquarters of the organ-grinders. There they congregate early in the morning before they start on their rounds, and distribute their monkeys, babies, and dancing children. The premises belong to one of the principal makers of piano-organs in London, and the whole of the ground floor is arranged as a depôt, where some hundreds of instruments are stored. Part of them may be hired, but most of them are owned by the people we see playing them in the streets. A small sum is charged for "shed room," and any alterations or repairs can be done on the premises. The proprietors are Italians, and are spoken of as very fair-dealing people. We found, on inquiry, that at least half of the owners of the piano-organs are English people, who have bought their instruments, paying £10 or £15 for them by instalments. The charge for hire is about 10s. per week. There is a choice of all the latest popular operatic and music-hall tunes, and generally all the tunes are changed every six months, though some tunes, like "The Lost Chord" and "The Village Blacksmith," are seldom taken off the barrels. A piano-organ, if taken care of and protected from the wet, will last ten or twelve years. A new tune, if not very florid, can be put in for 9s. or 10s.

The monkey organ-man with the old-fashioned discordant barrel-organ is an old stager—the original "organ-grinder." He looks out for the streets where straw is laid down, and begins to grind directly. An

"THE MONKEY ORGAN-MAN."

enraged *paterfamilias*, who has just carefully tied up the knocker with a white kid glove, and muffled all the bells, calls out to the man, "Go away, do. Don't you see the straw?" The organ-grinder touches his hat, grins, sends the monkey to climb up the water-pipe, and begins another tune. Ultimately he gets locked up, and then coolly tells the magistrate that he did not go away because he thought the straw was put down so that the noise of the carts should not drown the music!

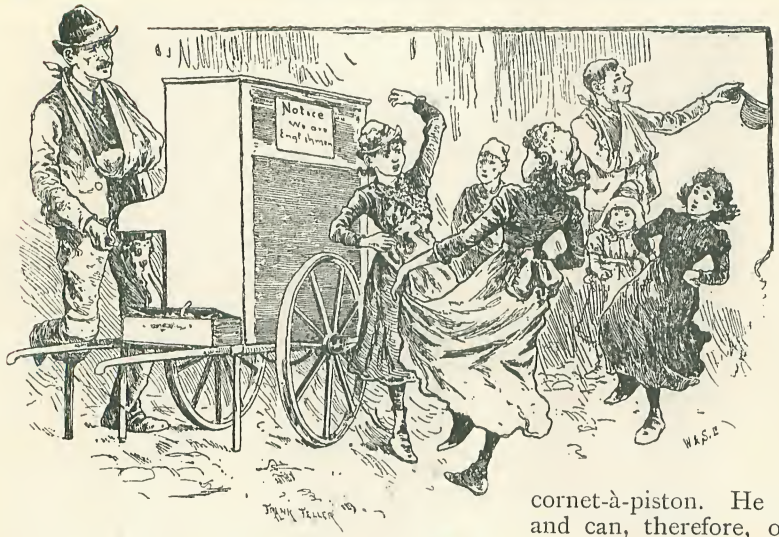
"HURDY-GURDY."

The Savoyard hurdy-gurdy player is almost extinct. The music is produced by the friction of a wheel on one or more strings, and the tone is regulated by pressure on keys. The men admit that they get more money for sitting as artists' models than from playing. The hurdy-gurdy is amongst stringed instruments what the bag-pipes are amongst the wind instruments, but yet no one ever hears them played together. Probably the players themselves could not stand the combined noise.

The Italians send out their wives with two babies—not always their own — and, when the children get big enough, they take the place of the almost obsolete monkey, and do the begging. Older Italian girls pick up a lot of money in the City, and their success has prompted several English and Irish girls to imitate them by colouring their skins with walnut juice, and rigging themselves out in the Italian style. Many of these girls in earlier life danced round the piano-organs in the streets, and were paid to do so by the organ-grinders, as people who would give nothing for the music would give a penny to see the little ones dancing. Such a juvenile "*Bal al fresco*" makes a pretty picture, not thought unworthy of the walls of the Royal Academy.

Amongst the intolerable street musicians must certainly be placed the Indian tom-tom player. His instrument is a drum of a very primitive kind, made out of a section of the hollow trunk of a tree, over each end of which a skin is tightly stretched. It is about the size of an oyster barrel, and the noise is produced by beating it with the hands. There are but two tones—one from each end—and the mournful monotony of the

"OUT WITH THE BABIES."



"A 'BAL AL FRESCO.'"

music is only varied by a few notes of a tuneless song which the player now and then puts in. The servant girls are his principal patrons, and some years since

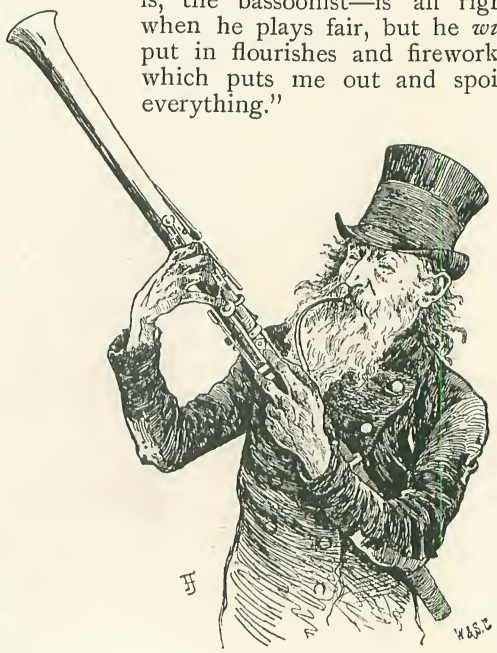
"TOM-TOM."

one of these tom-tomers completely captivated a young English cook-maid and married her.

The bassoonist admits that he has seen better days, but he enjoys playing his awkward-looking instrument, and, when in the humour, plays it remarkably well. He was once in a military band, then in an orchestra at a theatre, and now picks up a pretty penny by playing in the evening in the West-end squares. He don't care for permanent engagements, and prefers to be "on his own hook," though he occasionally chums up with another street musician—Old Blowhard, who plays the cornet-à-piston. He only plays by ear, and can, therefore, only manage a few tunes, to which the bassoonist extemporises a telling bass. According to the bassoonist, "Blowhard is a rattling old boy when in a good humour, but he's awful short-tempered; and often when in the middle of a duet—especially in 'All's Well'—he'll stop blowing, call me nasty names, and step it. But he soon comes round again, and soaps me over by playing very feelingly—

'I love new friends, but still give me
The dear, dear friends of old.'"

According to Blowhard, "Pumper"—that is, the bassoonist—is all right when he plays fair, but he *will* put in flourishes and fireworks, which puts me out and spoils everything."



"THE BASSOONIST."

"OLD BLOWHARD."

Perhaps the oldest and least objectionable of the street musicians is the campanologist, or, as he styles himself, "The Royal Bell-Ringer." He makes a pitch in a quiet street or alley, and rigs up his ten bells on a tightened wire. With a short stick in each hand, he strikes his bells, and produces some pleasing melodies: the general favourites are "Home, Sweet Home" and "The Blue Bells of Scotland"; and he generally concludes with a wedding peal.

Scarcely anyone can object to the performer on the musical glasses. His "instrument" is simple enough, consisting, as it does, of glass tumblers sufficient in number to represent about two octaves of notes. They are arranged on a light table in two rows, like a harmonicon. The pitch of the notes is regulated by the quantity of water put into each tumbler. One glass is reserved for lemon-juice and water, into which the performer now and then dips his fingers. The sound is produced by rubbing the wet fingers on the rim of the glasses, and some very pleasing music is the result. According to your nationality you can have "Home, Sweet Home," "Ye Banks and Braes," "My Name's Edward Morgan," or "The Banks of Allan Water."

MUSICAL GLASSES.

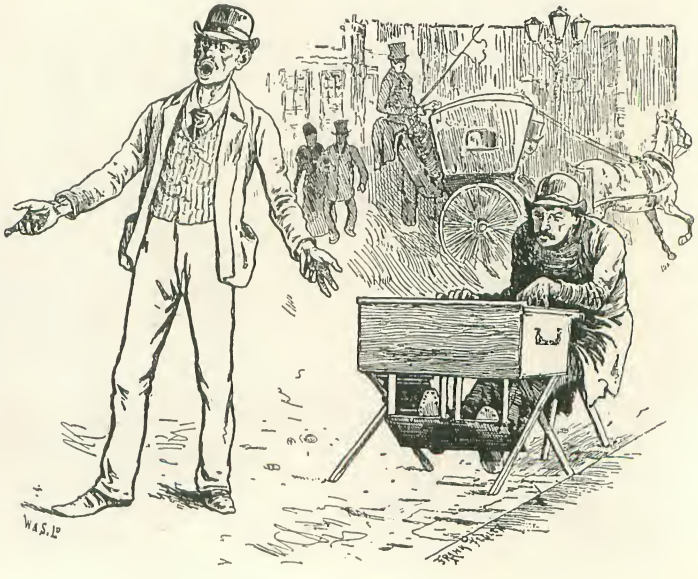
"THE ROYAL BELL-RINGER."

The "One Man Band" is a well-known character. He began life with a Punch and Judy show, and then played the drum and pan-pipes,

"ONE MAN BAND."

Being of an inventive turn of mind he added to his instruments the tambourine, triangle, and cymbals, which he played by leg movements. Then he added a concertina strapped to the left arm, a pair of clappers occupied his left hand, and with his right hand he played a hurdy-gurdy. The cap and jingling bells on his head completed "the band." All these instruments were carefully kept in tune with each other, and the performer produced some passable dance music of the country-fair type, while his boy took round the collecting shell. There are several similar performers about the country, but none with so many instruments.

The ballad singer seldom starts on his rounds before dusk, and he is careful to get a report whispered widely about that he is the "deputy leading tenor of the London Opera Company, and don't want to be seen by daylight, as it might injure his reputation." He is above being questioned, and tells you bluntly, "If you've got anything for the shell, why, shell out; if not, shut up. I'll sing you your favourite song, but there's no time for gabbing." He has a powerful and fairly good voice, and knows how to use it. He occasionally says he has a cold and then he puts in an execrable deputy, which further exalts his own powers and himself in the opinion of his admirers. He sings the latest and most popular songs, and evidently pockets plenty of money, especially in the autumn at seaside places like Margate and Ramsgate.



"BALLAD SINGER."

"WACHT-AM-RHEIN."

Our German friends, who have so considerately left their "Happy Fatherland" to test the English taste for music, are happily getting less numerous every year, but there are still a few left—some tolerable, some otherwise. They are brought over from the agricultural parts of Germany by an enterprising bandmaster, who gives them four shillings a week, pays their fares, provides instruments, uniforms, board and lodging, and teaches them to play some instrument. Their pay increases according to the progress they make. Fulham is their headquarters and Sunday their practice day. The novices begin playing in the northern and eastern suburbs of London, and, as they improve, they are promoted to the south-west and west. A guide goes with them, and he does the collecting. Denmark Hill being a favourite residential locality for well-to-do Germans the best bands generally work—or rather play—that way.

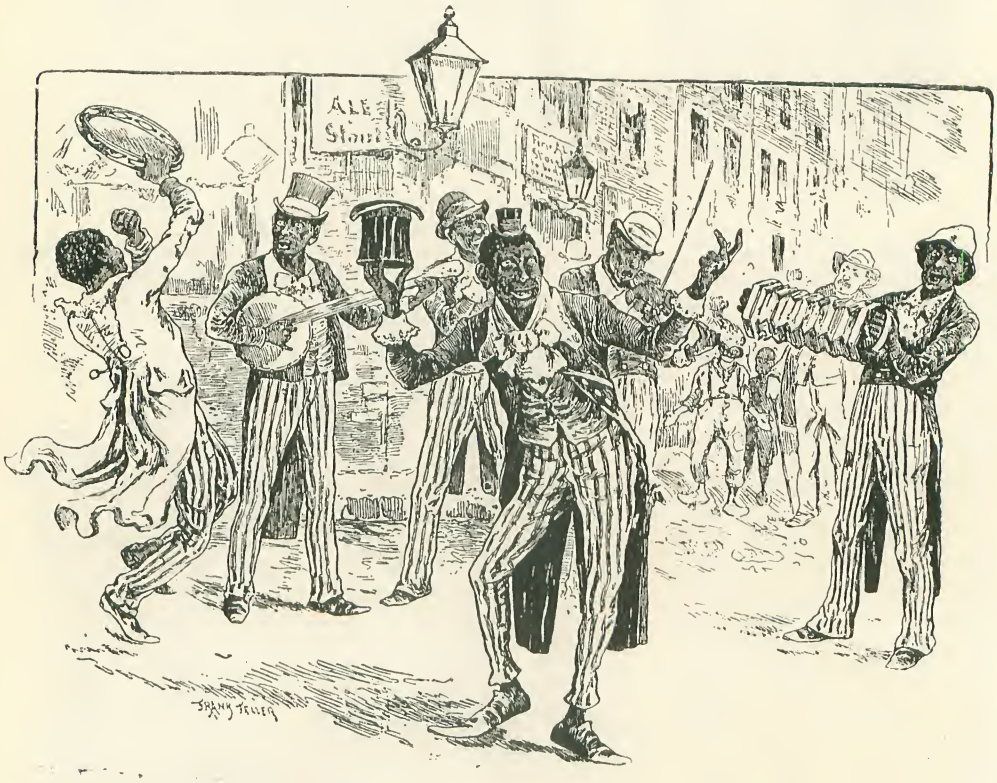
"PETTICOAT QUARTETTE."

Dogs, especially singing dogs, take great delight in German bands, and may often be seen, with their noses skyward, lifting up their voices in grand chorus, and are no doubt supremely disgusted that their efforts to increase the harmony are not appreciated by the bandsmen.

The Petticoat Quartette comprises four girls, supposed to be sisters. But they are none of them communicative, and the answer of the eldest one to our first question was somewhat startling: "Ask my Pa," said the lady, to the innocent question, "Are you all sisters?" Where they picked up their playing powers, what they earn, and other cognate inquiries were answered by the equivalent of "What's that to you?" They appear to have been pestered a good deal with proposals from trousered street musicians, to join their band; as the eldest said emphatically, "We don't want no perfessional help from nobody." This reply, and an injunction from one of the crowd to "Let the gals alone," checked further inquiries.

With regard to the "Nigger Minstrels" there is nothing new to be said, and it has not yet been discovered why the singing of men with blackened hands and faces is liked, when the singing and playing of the same men with uncoloured skins would not be tolerated. Niggers—real niggers—never could either sing or play, but our "Nigger Minstrels" can do both.

Some street musicians at this time of the year—happily only a few—make a little overtime as waits, and keep us in mind of "The Mistletoe Bough."



Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

VII.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE BLUE CARBUNCLE.

By A. Conan Doyle.

I HAD called upon my friend Sherlock Holmes upon the second morning after Christmas, with the intention of wishing him the compliments of the season. He was lounging upon the sofa in a purple dressing-gown, a pipe-rack within his reach upon the right, and a pile of crumpled morning papers, evidently newly studied, near at hand. Beside the couch was a wooden chair, and on the angle of the back hung a very seedy and disreputable hard felt hat, much the worse for wear, and cracked in several places. A lens and a forceps lying upon the seat of the chair suggested that the hat had been suspended in this manner for the purpose of examination.

"You are engaged," said I; "perhaps I interrupt you."

"Not at all. I am glad to have a friend with whom I can discuss my results. The matter is a perfectly trivial one" (he jerked his thumb in the direction of the old hat), "but there are points in connection with it which are not entirely devoid of interest, and even of instruction."

I seated myself in his armchair, and warmed my hands before his crackling fire, for a sharp frost had set in, and the windows were thick with the ice crystals. "I suppose," I remarked, "that, homely as it looks, this thing has some deadly story linked on to it—that it is the clue which will guide you in the solution of some mystery, and the punishment of some crime."

"No, no. No crime," said Sherlock Holmes, laughing. "Only one of those whimsical little incidents which will happen when you have four million human beings all jostling each other within the space of a few square miles. Amid the action and reaction of so dense a swarm of humanity, every possible combination of events may be expected to take place, and many a little problem will be presented which may be striking and bizarre without being criminal. We have already had experience of such."

"A VERY SEEDY HARD FELT HAT."

"So much so," I remarked, "that, of the last six cases which I have added to my notes, three have been entirely free of any legal crime."

"Precisely. You allude to my attempt to recover the Irene Adler papers, to the singular case of Miss Mary Sutherland, and to the adventure of the man with the twisted lip. Well, I have no doubt that this small matter will fall into the same innocent category. You know Peterson, the commissionaire?"

"Yes."

"It is to him that this trophy belongs."

"It is his hat."

"No, no; he found it. Its owner is unknown. I beg that you will look upon it, not as a battered billycock, but as an intellectual problem. And, first, as to how it came here. It arrived upon Christmas morning, in company with a good fat goose, which is, I have no doubt, roasting at this moment in front of Peterson's fire. The facts are these. About four o'clock on Christmas morning, Peterson, who, as you know, is a very honest fellow, was returning from some small jollification, and was making his way homewards down Tottenham Court-road. In front of him he saw, in the gaslight, a tallish man, walking with a slight stagger, and carrying a white goose slung over his shoulder. As he reached the corner of Goodge-street, a row broke out between this stranger and a little knot of roughs. One of the latter knocked off the man's hat, on which he raised his stick to defend himself, and, swinging it over his head, smashed the shop window behind him. Peterson had rushed forward to protect the stranger from his assailants, but the man, shocked at having broken the window, and seeing an official-looking person in uniform rushing towards him, dropped his goose, took to his heels, and vanished amid the labyrinth of small streets which lie at the back of Tottenham Court-road. The roughs had also fled at the appearance of Peterson, so that he was left in possession of the field of battle, and also of the spoils of victory in the shape of this battered hat and a most unimpeachable Christmas goose."

"THE ROUGHS HAD FLED AT THE APPEARANCE OF PETERSON."

"Which surely he restored to their owner?"

"My dear fellow, there lies the problem. It is true that 'For Mrs. Henry Baker' was printed upon a small card which was tied to the bird's left leg, and it is also true that the initials 'H. B.' are legible upon the lining of this hat; but, as there are some thousands of Bakers, and some hundreds of Henry Bakers in this city of ours, it is not easy to restore lost property to any one of them."

"What, then, did Peterson do?"

"He brought round both hat and goose to me on Christmas morning, knowing that even the smallest problems are of interest to me. The goose we retained until this morning, when there were signs that, in

spite of the slight frost, it would be well that it should be eaten without unnecessary delay. Its finder has carried it off, therefore, to fulfil the ultimate destiny of a goose, while I continue to retain the hat of the unknown gentleman who lost his Christmas dinner."

"Did he not advertise?"

"No."

"Then, what clue could you have as to his identity?"

"Only as much as we can deduce."

"From his hat?"

"Precisely."

"But you are joking. What can you gather from this old battered felt?"

"Here is my lens. You know my methods. What can you gather yourself as to the individuality of the man who has worn this article?"

I took the tattered object in my hands, and turned it over rather ruefully. It was a very ordinary black hat of the usual round shape, hard, and much the worse for wear. The lining had been of red silk, but was a good deal discoloured. There was no maker's name; but, as Holmes had remarked, the initials "H. B." were scrawled upon one side. It was pierced in the brim for a hat-securer, but the elastic was missing. For the rest, it was cracked, exceedingly dusty, and spotted in several places, although there seemed to have been some attempt to hide the discoloured patches by smearing them with ink.

"I can see nothing," said I, handing it back to my friend.

"On the contrary, Watson, you can see everything. You fail, however, to reason from what you see. You are too timid in drawing your inferences."

"Then, pray tell me what it is that you can infer from this hat?"

He picked it up, and gazed at it in the peculiar introspective fashion which was characteristic of him. "It is perhaps less suggestive than it might have been," he remarked, "and yet there are a few inferences which are very distinct, and a few others which represent at least a strong balance of probability. That the man was highly intellectual is of course obvious upon the face of it, and also that he was fairly well-to-do within the last three years, although he has now fallen upon evil days. He had foresight, but has less now than formerly, pointing to a moral retrogression, which, when taken with the decline of his fortunes, seems to indicate some evil influence, probably drink, at work upon him. This may account also for the obvious fact that his wife has ceased to love him."

"My dear Holmes!"

"He has, however, retained some degree of self-respect," he continued, disregarding my remonstrance. "He is a man who leads a sedentary life, goes out little, is out of training entirely, is middle-aged, has grizzled hair which he has had cut within the last few days, and which he anoints with lime-cream. These are the more patent facts which are to be deduced from his hat. Also, by the way, that it is extremely improbable that he has gas laid on in his house."

"You are certainly joking, Holmes."

"Not in the least. Is it possible that even now when I give you these results you are unable to see how they are attained?"

"I have no doubt that I am very stupid; but I must confess that I am unable to follow you. For example, how did you deduce that this man was intellectual?"

For answer Holmes clapped the hat upon his head. It came right over the forehead and settled upon the bridge of his nose. "It is a question of cubic capacity," said he; "a man with so large a brain must have something in it."

"The decline of his fortunes, then?"

"This hat is three years old. These flat brims curled at the edge came in then. It is a hat of the very best quality. Look at the band of ribbed silk, and the excellent lining. If this man could afford to buy so expensive a hat three years ago, and has had no hat since, then he has assuredly gone down in the world."

"Well, that is clear enough, certainly. But how about the foresight, and the moral retrogression?"

Sherlock Holmes laughed. "Here is the foresight," said he, putting his finger upon the little disc and loop of the hat-securer. "They are never sold upon hats. If this man ordered one, it is a sign of a certain amount of foresight, since he went out of his way to take this precaution against the wind. But since we see that he has broken the elastic, and has not troubled to replace it, it is obvious that he has less foresight now than formerly, which is a distinct proof of a weakening nature. On the other hand, he has endeavoured to conceal some of these stains upon the felt by daubing them with ink, which is a sign that he has not entirely lost his self-respect."

"Your reasoning is certainly plausible."

"The further points, that he is middle-aged, that his hair is grizzled, that it has been recently cut, and that he uses lime-cream, are all to be gathered from a close examination of the lower part of the lining. The lens discloses a large number of hair ends, clean cut by the scissors of the barber. They all appear to be adhesive, and there is a distinct odour of lime-cream. This dust, you will observe, is not the gritty, grey dust of the street, but the fluffy brown dust of the house, showing that it has been hung up indoors most of the time; while the marks of moisture upon the inside are proof positive that the wearer perspired very freely, and could, therefore, hardly be in the best of training."

"But his wife—you said that she had ceased to love him."

"This hat has not been brushed for weeks. When I see you, my dear Watson, with a week's accumulation of dust upon your hat, and when your wife allows you to go out in such a state, I shall fear that you also have been unfortunate enough to lose your wife's affection."

"But he might be a bachelor."

"Nay, he was bringing home the goose as a peace-offering to his wife. Remember the card upon the bird's leg."

"You have an answer to everything. But how on earth do you deduce that the gas is not laid on in his house?"

"One tallow stain, or even two, might come by chance; but, when I see no less than five, I think that there can be little doubt that the individual must be brought into frequent contact with burning tallow—walks upstairs at night probably with his hat in one hand and a guttering candle in the other. Anyhow, he never got tallow stains from a gas jet. Are you satisfied?"

"Well, it is very ingenious," said I, laughing; "but, since, as you said just now, there has been no crime committed, and no harm done save the loss of a goose, all this seems to be rather a waste of energy."

Sherlock Holmes had opened his mouth to reply, when the door flew open, and Peterson the commissionaire rushed into the apartment with flushed cheeks and the face of a man who is dazed with astonishment.

"The goose, Mr. Holmes! The goose, sir!" he gasped.

"Eh? What of it, then? Has it returned to life, and flapped off through the kitchen window?" Holmes twisted himself round upon the sofa to get a fairer view of the man's excited face.

"SEE WHAT MY WIFE FOUND IN ITS CROP!"

"See here, sir! See what my wife found in its crop!" He held out his hand, and displayed upon the centre of the palm a brilliantly scintillating blue stone, rather smaller than a bean in size, but of such purity and radiance that it twinkled like an electric point in the dark hollow of his hand.

Sherlock Holmes sat up with a whistle. "By Jove, Peterson!" said he, "this is treasure trove indeed. I suppose you know what you have got?"

"A diamond, sir! A precious stone! It cuts into glass as though it were putty."

"It's more than a precious stone. It's *the* precious stone."

"Not the Countess of Morcar's blue carbuncle!" I ejaculated.

"Precisely so. I ought to know its size and shape, seeing that I have read the advertisement about it in *The Times* every day lately. It is absolutely unique, and its value can only be conjectured, but the reward offered of a thousand pounds is certainly not within a twentieth part of the market price."

"A thousand pounds! Great Lord of mercy!" The commissionaire plumped down into a chair, and stared from one to the other of us.

"That is the reward, and I have reason to know that there are sentimental considerations in the background which would induce the Countess to part with half her fortune, if she could but recover the gem."

"It was lost, if I remember aright, at the Hotel Cosmopolitan," I remarked.

"Precisely so, on the twenty-second of December, just five days ago. John Horner, a plumber, was accused of having abstracted it from the lady's jewel case. The evidence against him was so strong that the case has been referred to the Assizes. I have some account of the matter here, I believe." He rummaged amid his newspapers, glancing over the dates, until at last he smoothed one out, doubled it over, and read the following paragraph:—

"Hotel Cosmopolitan Jewel Robbery. John Horner, 26, plumber, was brought up upon the charge of having upon the 22nd inst. abstracted from the jewel case of the Countess of Morcar the valuable gem known as the blue carbuncle. James Ryder, upper-attendant at the hotel, gave his evidence to the effect that he had shown Horner up to the dressing-room of the Countess of Morcar upon the day of the robbery, in order that he might solder the second bar of the grate, which was loose. He had remained with Horner some little time, but had finally been called away. On returning, he found that Horner had disappeared, that the bureau had been forced open, and that the small morocco casket in which, as it afterwards transpired, the Countess was accustomed to keep her jewel was lying empty upon the dressing-table. Ryder instantly gave the alarm, and Horner was arrested the same evening; but the stone could not be found either upon his person or in his rooms. Catherine Cusack, maid to the Countess, deposed to having heard Ryder's cry of dismay on discovering the robbery, and to having rushed into the room, where she found matters as described by the last witness. Inspector Bradstreet, B division, gave evidence as to the arrest of Horner, who struggled frantically, and protested his innocence in the strongest terms. Evidence of a previous conviction for robbery having been given against the prisoner, the magistrate refused to deal summarily with the offence, but referred it to the Assizes. Horner, who had shown signs of intense emotion during the proceedings, fainted away at the conclusion, and was carried out of court."

"Hum! So much for the police-court," said Holmes, thoughtfully, tossing aside the paper. "The question for us now to solve is the sequence of events leading from a rifled jewel case at one end to the crop of a goose in Tottenham Court-road at the other. You see, Watson, our little deductions have suddenly assumed a much more important and less innocent aspect. Here is the stone; the stone came from the goose, and the goose came from Mr. Henry Baker, the gentleman with the bad hat and all the other characteristics with which I have bored you. So now we must set ourselves very seriously to finding this gentleman, and ascertaining what part he has played in this little mystery. To do this, we must try the simplest means first, and these lie undoubtedly in an advertisement in all the evening papers. If this fail, I shall have recourse to other methods."

"What will you say?"

"Give me a pencil, and that slip of paper. Now, then: 'Found at the corner of Goodge-street, a goose and a black felt hat. Mr. Henry Baker can have the same by applying at 6.30 this evening at 221B, Baker-street.' That is clear and concise."

"Very. But will he see it?"

"Well, he is sure to keep an eye on the papers, since, to a poor man, the loss was a heavy one. He was clearly so scared by his mischance in breaking the window, and by the approach of Peterson, that he thought of nothing but flight; but since then he must have bitterly regretted the impulse which caused him to drop his bird. Then, again, the introduction of his name will cause him to see it, for everyone who knows him will direct his attention to it. Here you are, Peterson, run down to the advertising agency, and have this put in the evening papers."

"In which, sir."

"Oh, in the *Globe*, *Star*, *Pall Mall*, *St.*

James's, *Evening News*, *Standard*, *Echo*, and any others that occur to you."

"Very well, sir. And this stone?"

"Ah, yes, I shall keep the stone. Thank you. And, I say, Peterson, just buy a goose on your way back, and leave it here with me, for we must have one to give to this gentleman in place of the one which your family is now devouring."

When the commissionaire had gone, Holmes took up the stone and held it against the light. "It's a bonny thing," said he. "Just see how it glints and sparkles. Of course it is a nucleus and focus of crime. Every good stone is. They are the devil's pet baits. In the larger and older jewels every facet may stand for a bloody deed. This stone is not yet twenty years old. It was found in the banks of the Amoy River in Southern China, and is remarkable in having every characteristic of the carbuncle, save that it is blue in shade, instead of ruby red. In spite of its youth, it has already a sinister history. There have been two murders, a vitriol-throwing, a suicide, and several robberies brought about for the sake of this forty-grain weight of crystallised charcoal. Who would think that so pretty a toy would be a purveyor to the gallows and the prison? I'll lock it up in my strong box now, and drop a line to the Countess to say that we have it."

"Do you think that this man Horner is innocent?"

"I cannot tell."

"Well, then, do you imagine that this other one, Henry Baker, had anything to do with the matter?"

"It is, I think, much more likely that Henry Baker is an absolutely innocent man, who had no idea that the bird which he was carrying was of considerably more value than if it were made of solid gold. That, however, I shall determine by a very simple test, if we have an answer to our advertisement."

"And you can do nothing until then?"

"Nothing."

"In that case I shall continue my professional round. But I shall come back in the evening at the hour you have mentioned, for I should like to see the solution of so tangled a business."

"Very glad to see you. I dine at seven. There is a woodcock, I believe. By the way, in view of recent occurrences, perhaps I ought to ask Mrs. Hudson to examine its crop."

I had been delayed at a case, and it was a little after half-past six when I found myself in Baker-street once more. As I approached the house I saw a tall man in a Scotch bonnet, with a coat which was buttoned up to his chin, waiting outside in the bright semicircle which was thrown from the fanlight. Just as I arrived, the door was opened, and we were shown up together to Holmes' room.

"Mr. Henry Baker, I believe," said he, rising from his armchair, and greeting his visitor with the easy air of geniality which he could so readily assume. "Pray take this chair by the fire, Mr. Baker. It is a cold night, and I observe that your circulation is more adapted for summer than for winter. Ah, Watson, you have just come at the right time. Is that your hat, Mr. Baker?"

"Yes, sir, that is undoubtedly my hat."

He was a large man, with rounded shoulders, a massive head, and a broad, intelligent face, sloping down to a pointed beard of grizzled brown. A touch of red in nose and cheeks, with a slight tremor of his extended hand, recalled Holmes' surmise as to his habits. His rusty black frock coat was buttoned right up in front, with the collar turned up, and his lank wrists protruded from his sleeves without a sign of cuff or shirt. He spoke in a slow staccato fashion, choosing his words with care, and gave the impression generally of a man of learning and letters who had had ill-usage at the hands of fortune.

"We have retained these things for some days," said Holmes, "because we expected to see an advertisement from you giving your address. I am at a loss to know now why you did not advertise."

Our visitor gave a rather shame-faced laugh. "Shillings have not been so plentiful with me as they once were," he remarked. "I had no doubt that the gang of roughs who assaulted me had carried off both my hat and the bird. I did not care to spend more money in a hopeless attempt at recovering them."

"Very naturally. By the way, about the bird, we were compelled to eat it."

"To eat it!" Our visitor half rose from his chair in his excitement.

"Yes, it would have been no use to anyone had we not done so. But I presume that this other goose upon the sideboard, which is about the same weight and perfectly fresh, will answer your purpose equally well?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly!" answered Mr. Baker, with a sigh of relief.

"Of course, we still have the feathers, legs, crop, and so on of your own bird, so if you wish——"

The man burst into a hearty laugh. "They might be useful to me as relics of my adventure," said he, "but beyond that I can hardly see what use the *disjecta membra* of my late acquaintance are going to be to me. No, sir, I think that, with your permission, I will confine my attentions to the excellent bird which I perceive upon the sideboard."

Sherlock Holmes glanced sharply across at me with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"There is your hat, then, and there your bird," said he. "By the way, would it bore you to tell me where you got the other one from? I am somewhat of a fowl fancier, and I have seldom seen a better-grown goose."

"Certainly, sir," said Baker, who had risen and tucked his newly-gained property under his arm. "There are a few of us who frequent the 'Alpha' Inn, near the Museum—we are to be found in the Museum itself during the day, you understand. This year our good host, Windigate by name, instituted a goose club, by which, on consideration of some few pence every week, we were each to receive a bird at Christmas. My pence were duly paid, and the rest is familiar to you. I am much indebted to you, sir, for a Scotch bonnet is fitted neither to my years nor my gravity." With a comical pomposity of manner he bowed solemnly to both of us, and strode off upon his way.

"So much for Mr. Henry Baker," said Holmes, when he had closed the door behind him. "It is quite certain that he knows nothing whatever about the matter. Are you hungry, Watson?"

"Not particularly."

"Then I suggest that we turn our dinner into a supper, and follow up this clue while it is still hot."

"By all means."

It was a bitter night, so we drew on our ulsters and wrapped cravats about our throats. Outside, the stars were shining coldly in a cloudless sky, and the breath of the passers-by blew out into smoke like so many pistol shots. Our footfalls rang out crisply and loudly as we swung through the Doctors' quarter, Wimpole-street, Harley-street, and so through Wigmore-street into Oxford-street. In a quarter of an hour we were in Bloomsbury at the "Alpha" Inn, which is a small public-house at the corner of one of the streets which runs down into Holborn. Holmes pushed open the door of the private bar, and ordered two glasses of beer from the ruddy-faced, white-aproned landlord.

"HE BOWED SOLEMNLY TO BOTH OF US."

"Your beer should be excellent if it is as good as your geese," said he.

"My geese!" The man seemed surprised.

"Yes. I was speaking only half an hour ago to Mr. Henry Baker, who was a member of your goose-club."

"Ah! yes, I see. But you see, sir, them's not *our* geese."

"Indeed! Whose, then?"

"Well, I got the two dozen from a salesman in Covent Garden."

"Indeed! I know some of them. Which was it?"

"Breckinridge is his name."

"Ah! I don't know him. Well, here's your good health, landlord, and prosperity to your house. Good-night!"

"Now for Mr. Breckinridge," he continued, buttoning up his coat, as we came out into the frosty air. "Remember, Watson, that though we have so homely a thing as a goose at one end of this chain,

we have at the other a man who will certainly get seven years' penal servitude, unless we can establish his innocence. It is possible that our inquiry may but confirm his guilt; but, in any case, we have a line of investigation which has been missed by the police, and which a singular chance has placed in our hands. Let us follow it out to the bitter end. Faces to the south, then, and quick march!"

We passed across Holborn, down Endell-street, and so through a zigzag of slums to Covent Garden Market. One of the largest stalls bore the name of Breckinridge upon it, and the proprietor, a horsey-looking man, with a sharp face and trim side-whiskers, was helping a boy to put up the shutters.

"Good evening. It's a cold night," said Holmes.

The salesman nodded, and shot a questioning glance at my companion.

"Sold out of geese, I see," continued Holmes, pointing at the bare slabs of marble.

"Let you have five hundred to-morrow morning."

"That's no good."

"Well, there are some on the stall with the gas flare."

"Ah, but I was recommended to you."

"Who by?"

"The landlord of the 'Alpha.'"

"Oh, yes; I sent him a couple of dozen."

"Fine birds they were, too. Now where did you get them from?"

To my surprise the question provoked a burst of anger from the salesman.

"Now, then, mister," said he, with his head cocked and his arms akimbo, "what are you driving at? Let's have it straight, now."

"It is straight enough. I should like to know who sold you the geese which you supplied to the 'Alpha.'"

"Well, then, I sha'n't tell you. So now!"

"Oh, it is a matter of no importance; but I don't know why you should be so warm over such a trifle."

"Warm! You'd be as warm, maybe, if you were as pestered as I am. When I pay good money for a good article there should be an end of the business; but it's 'Where are the geese?' and 'Who did you sell the geese to?' and 'What will you take for the geese?' One would think they were the only geese in the world, to hear the fuss that is made over them."

"Well, I have no connection with any other people who have been making inquiries," said Holmes, carelessly. "If you won't tell us the bet is off, that is all. But I'm always ready to back my opinion on a matter of fowls, and I have a fiver on it that the bird I ate is country bred."

"Well, then, you've lost your fiver, for it's town bred," snapped the salesman.

"It's nothing of the kind."

"I say it is."

"I don't believe it."

"D'you think you know more about fowls than I, who have handled them ever since I was a nipper? I tell you, all those birds that went to the 'Alpha' were town bred."

"You'll never persuade me to believe that."

"Will you bet, then?"

"It's merely taking your money, for I know that I am right. But I'll have a sovereign on with you, just to teach you not to be obstinate."

The salesman chuckled grimly. "Bring me the books, Bill," said he.

The small boy brought round a small thin volume and a great greasy-backed one, laying them out together beneath the hanging lamp.

"Now then, Mr. Cocksure," said the salesman, "I thought that I was out of geese, but before I finish you'll find that there is still one left in my shop. You see this little book?"

"Well?"

"That's the list of the folk from whom I buy. D'you see? Well, then, here on this page are the country folk, and the numbers after their names are where their accounts are in the big ledger. Now, then! You see this other page in red ink? Well, that is a list of my town suppliers. Now, look at that third name. Just read it out to me."

"Mrs. Oakshott, 117, Brixton-road—249," read Holmes.

"Quite so. Now turn that up in the ledger."

Holmes turned to the page indicated. "Here you are, 'Mrs. Oakshott, 117, Brixton-road, egg and poultry supplier.'"

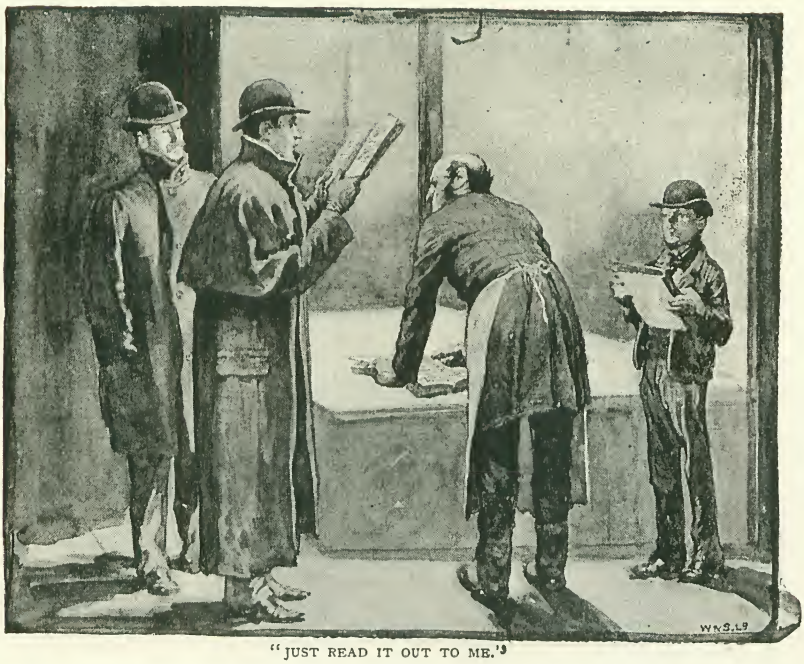
"Now, then, what's the last entry?"

"'December 22. Twenty-four geese at 7s. 6d.'"

"Quite so. There you are. And underneath?"

"'Sold to Mr. Windigate of the "Alpha" at 12s.'"

"What have you to say now?"



"JUST READ IT OUT TO ME."

Sherlock Holmes looked deeply chagrined. He drew a sovereign from his pocket and threw it down upon the slab, turning away with the air of a man whose disgust is too deep for words. A few yards off he stopped under a lamp-post, and laughed in the hearty, noiseless fashion which was peculiar to him.

"When you see a man with whiskers of that cut and the 'pink 'un' protruding out of his pocket, you can always draw him by a bet," said he. "I daresay that if I had put a hundred pounds down in front of him that man would not have given me such complete information as was drawn from him by the idea that he was doing me on a wager. Well, Watson, we are, I fancy, nearing the end of our quest, and the only point which remains to be determined is whether we should go on to this Mrs. Oakshott to-night, or whether we should reserve it for to-morrow. It is clear from what that surly fellow said that there are others besides ourselves who are anxious about the matter, and I should——"

His remarks were suddenly cut short by a loud hubbub which broke out from the stall which we had just left. Turning round we saw a little rat-faced fellow standing in the centre of the circle of yellow light which was thrown by the swinging lamp, while Breckinridge the salesman, framed in the door of his stall, was shaking his fists fiercely at the cringing figure.

"I've had enough of you and your geese," he shouted. "I wish you were all at the devil together. If you come pestering me any more with your silly talk I'll set the dog at you. You bring Mrs. Oakshott here and I'll answer her, but what have you to do with it? Did I buy the geese off you?"

"No; but one of them was mine all the same," whined the little man.

"Well, then, ask Mrs. Oakshott for it."

"She told me to ask you."

"Well, you can ask the King of Proosia for all I care. I've had enough of it. Get out of this!" He rushed fiercely forward, and the inquirer flitted away into the darkness.

"Ha, this may save us a visit to Brixton-road," whispered Holmes. "Come with me, and we will see what is to be made of this fellow." Striding through the scattered knots of people who lounged round the flaring stalls, my companion speedily overtook the little man and touched him upon the shoulder. He sprang round, and I could see in the gaslight that every vestige of colour had been driven from his face.

"Who are you, then? What do you want?" he asked in a quavering voice.

"You will excuse me," said Holmes

blandly, "but I could not help overhearing the questions which you put to the salesman just now. I think that I could be of assistance to you."

"You? Who are you? How could you know anything of the matter?"

"My name is Sherlock Holmes. It is my business to know what other people don't know."

"But you can know nothing of this?"

"Excuse me, I know everything of it. You are endeavouring to trace some geese which were sold by Mrs. Oakshott, of

"YOU ARE THE VERY MAN."

Brixton-road, to a salesman named Breckinridge, by him in turn to Mr. Windigate, of the 'Alpha;' and by him to his club, of which Mr. Henry Baker is a member."

"Oh, sir, you are the very man whom I have longed to meet," cried the little fellow, with outstretched hands and quivering fingers. "I can hardly explain to you how interested I am in this matter."

Sherlock Holmes hailed a four-wheeler which was passing. "In that case we had better discuss it in a cosy room rather than in this windswept market-place," said he. "But pray tell me, before we go further, who it is that I have the pleasure of assisting."

The man hesitated for an instant. "My name is John Robinson," he answered, with a sidelong glance.

"No, no; the real name," said Holmes, sweetly. "It is always awkward doing business with an *alias*."

A flush sprang to the white cheeks of the stranger. "Well, then," said he, "my real name is James Ryder."

"Precisely so. Head attendant at the Hotel Cosmopolitan. Pray step into the cab, and I shall soon be able to tell you everything which you would wish to know."

The little man stood glancing from one to the other of us with half-frightened, half-hopeful eyes, as one who is not sure whether he is on the verge of a windfall or of a catastrophe. Then he stepped into the cab, and in half an hour we were back in the sitting-room at Baker-street. Nothing had been said during our drive, but the high thin breathing of our new companion, and the claspings and unclaspings of his hands spoke of the nervous tension within him.

"Here we are!" said Holmes, cheerily, as we filed into the room. "The fire looks very seasonable in this weather. You look cold, Mr. Ryder. Pray take the basket chair. I will just put on my slippers before we settle this little matter of yours. Now, then! You want to know what became of those geese?"

"Yes, sir."

"Or rather, I fancy, of that goose. It was one bird, I imagine, in which you were interested—white, with a black bar across the tail."

Ryder quivered with emotion. "Oh,

sir, he cried, "can you tell me where it went to?"

"It came here."

"Here?"

"Yes, and a most remarkable bird it proved. I don't wonder that you should take an interest in it. It laid an egg after it was dead—the bonniest, brightest little blue egg that ever was seen. I have it here in my museum."

Our visitor staggered to his feet, and clutched the mantelpiece with his right hand. Holmes unlocked his strong box, and held up the blue carbuncle, which shone out like a star, with a cold, brilliant, many-pointed radiance. Ryder stood glaring with a drawn face, uncertain whether to claim or to disown it.

"The game's up, Ryder," said Holmes, quietly. "Hold up, man, or you'll be into the fire. Give him an arm back into his chair, Watson. He's not got blood enough to go in for felony with impunity. Give him a dash of brandy. So! Now he looks a little more human. What a shrimp it is, to be sure!"

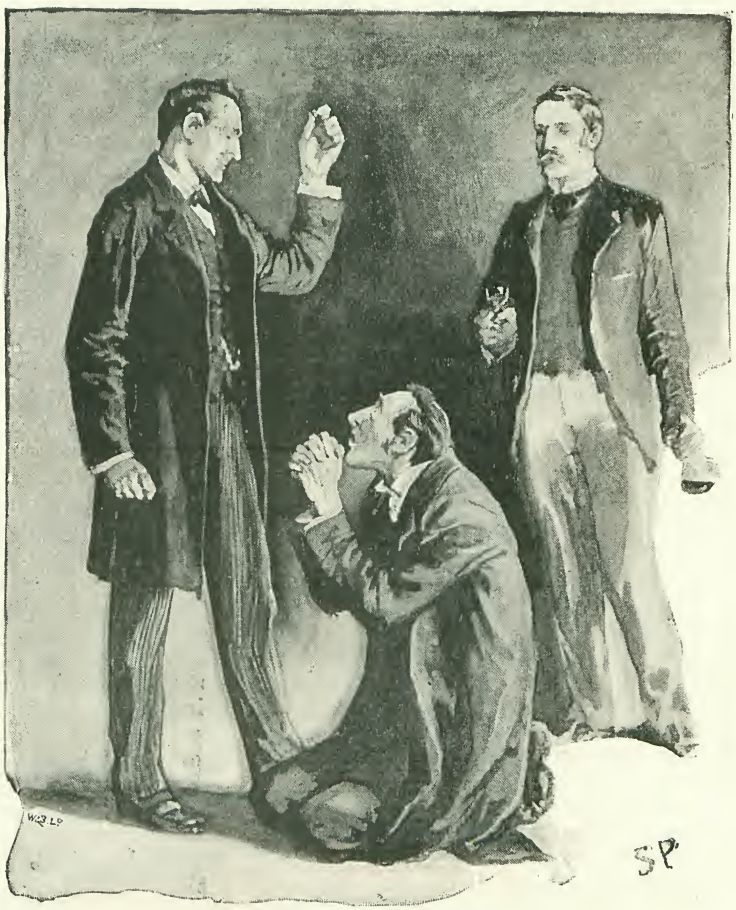
For a moment he had staggered and nearly fallen, but the brandy brought a tinge of colour into his cheeks, and he sat staring with frightened eyes at his accuser.

"I have almost every link in my hands, and all the proofs which I could possibly need, so there is little which you need tell me. Still that little may as well be cleared up to make the case complete. You had heard, Ryder, of this blue stone of the Countess of Morcar's?"

"It was Catherine Cusack who told me of it," said he, in a crackling voice.

"I see. Her ladyship's waiting maid. Well, the temptation of sudden wealth so easily acquired was too much for you, as it has been for better men before you; but you were not very scrupulous in the means you used. It seems to me, Ryder, that there is the making of a very pretty villain in you. You knew that this man Horner, the plumber, had been concerned in some such matter before, and that suspicion would rest the more readily upon him. What did you do, then? You made some small job in my lady's room—you and your confederate Cusack—and you managed that he should be the man sent for. Then, when he had left, you rifled the jewel case, raised the alarm, and had this unfortunate man arrested. You then——"

Ryder threw himself down suddenly upon the rug, and clutched at my companion's knees. "For God's sake, have mercy!" he shrieked. "Think of my father! Of my mother! It would break their hearts. I never went wrong before! I never will



"'HAVE MERCY!' HE SHRIEKED."

again. I swear it. I'll swear it on a Bible. Oh, don't bring it into court! For Christ's sake, don't!"

"Get back into your chair!" said Holmes, sternly. "It is very well to cringe and crawl now, but you thought little enough of this poor Horner in the dock for a crime of which he knew nothing."

"I will fly, Mr. Holmes. I will leave the country, sir. Then the charge against him will break down."

"Hum! We will talk about that. And now let us hear a true account of the next act. How came the stone into the goose, and how came the goose into the open market? Tell us the truth, for there lies your only hope of safety."

Ryder passed his tongue over his parched lips. "I will tell you it just as it happened, sir," said he. "When Horner had been arrested, it seemed to me that it would be best for me to get away with the stone at once, for I did not know at what moment the police might not take it into their heads to search me and my room. There was no place about the hotel where it would be safe. I went out, as if on some commission, and I made for my sister's house. She had married a man named Oakshott, and lived in Brixton-road, where she fattened fowls for the market. All the way there every man I met seemed to me to be a policeman or a detective, and for all that it was a cold night, the sweat was pouring down my face before I came to the Brixton-road. My sister asked me what was the matter, and why I was so pale; but I told her that I had been upset by the jewel robbery at the hotel. Then I went into the back yard, and smoked a pipe, and wondered what it would be best to do.

"I had a friend once called Maudsley, who went to the bad, and has just been serving his time in Pentonville. One day he had met me, and fell into talk about the ways of thieves and how they could get rid of what they stole. I knew that he would be true to me, for I knew one or two things about him, so I made up my mind to go right on to Kilburn, where he lived, and take him into my confidence. He would show me how to turn the stone into money. But how to get to him in safety. I thought of the agonies I had gone through in coming from the hotel. I might at any moment be seized and searched, and there would be the stone in my waistcoat pocket. I was leaning against the wall at the time, and looking at the geese which were waddling about round my feet, and suddenly an idea came into my head which showed me how I could beat the best detective that ever lived.

"My sister had told me some weeks before that I might have the pick of her geese for a Christmas present, and I knew that she was always as good as her word. I would take my goose now, and in it I would carry my stone to Kilburn. There was a little shed in the yard, and behind this I drove one of the birds, a fine big one, white with a barred tail. I caught it, and, prizing its bill open, I thrust the stone down its throat as far as my finger could reach. The bird gave a gulp, and I felt the stone pass along its gullet and down into its crop. But the creature flapped and struggled, and out came my sister to know what was the matter. As I turned to speak to her the brute broke loose, and fluttered off among the others.

"'Whatever were you doing with that bird, Jem?' says she.

"'Well,' said I, 'you said you'd give me one for Christmas, and I was feeling which was the fattest.'

"Oh," says she, "we've set yours aside for you. Jem's bird, we call it. It's the big, white one over yonder. There's twenty-six of them, which makes one for you, and one for us, and two dozen for the market."

"Thank you, Maggie," says I; "but if it is all the same to you I'd rather have that one I was handling just now."

"The other is a good three pound heavier," said she, "and we fattened it expressly for you."

"Never mind. I'll have the other, and I'll take it now," said I.

"Oh, just as you like," said she, a little huffed. "Which is it you want, then?"

"That white one, with the barred tail, right in the middle of the flock."

"Oh, very well. Kill it and take it with you."

"Well, I did what she said, Mr. Holmes, and I carried the bird all the way to Kilburn. I told my pal what I had done, for he was a man that it was easy to tell a thing like that to. He laughed until he choked, and we got a knife and opened the goose. My heart turned to water, for there was no sign of the stone, and I knew that some terrible mistake had occurred. I left the bird, rushed back to my sister's, and hurried into the back yard. There was not a bird to be seen there.

"'Where are they all, Maggie?' I cried.

"'Gone to the dealer's, Jim.'

"'Which dealer's?'

"'Breckinridge, of Covent Garden.'

"'But was there another with a barred tail?' I asked, 'the same as the one I chose?'

"'Yes, Jem, there were two barred-tailed ones, and I could never tell them apart.'

"Well, then, of course, I saw it all, and I ran off as hard as my feet would carry me to this man Breckinridge; but he had sold the lot at once, and not one word would he tell me as to where they had gone. You heard him yourselves to-night. Well, he has always answered me like that. My sister thinks that I am going mad. Sometimes I think that I am myself. And now—and now I am myself a branded thief, without ever having touched the wealth for which I sold my character. God help me! God help me!" He burst into convulsive sobbing, with his face buried in his hands.

There was a long silence, broken only by his heavy breathing, and by the measured tapping of Sherlock Holmes' finger-tips upon the edge of the table. Then my friend rose, and threw open the door.

"Get out!" said he.

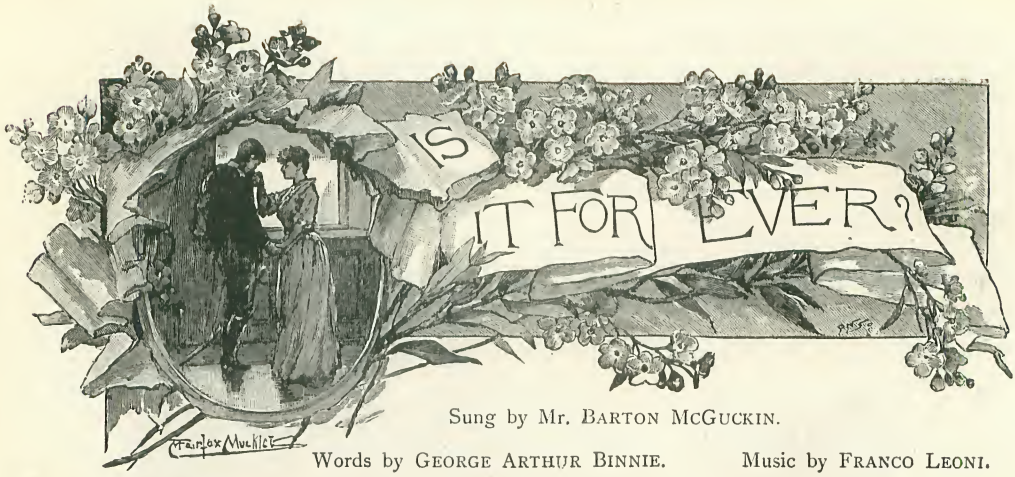
"What, sir! Oh, heaven bless you!"

"No more words. Get out!"

And no more words were needed. There was a rush, a clatter upon the stairs, the bang of a door, and the crisp rattle of running footfalls from the street.

"HE BURST INTO CONVULSIVE SOBBING."

"After all, Watson," said Holmes, reaching up his hand for his clay pipe, "I am not retained by the police to supply their deficiencies. If Horner were in danger it would be another thing, but this fellow will not appear against him, and the case must collapse. I suppose that I am commuting a felony, but it is just possible that I am saving a soul. This fellow will not go wrong again. He is too terribly frightened. Send him to gaol now, and you make him a gaol-bird for life. Besides, it is the season of forgiveness. Chance has put in our way a most singular and whimsical problem, and its solution is its own reward. If you will have the goodness to touch the bell, Doctor, we will begin another investigation, in which also a bird will be the chief feature."



Sung by Mr. BARTON McGUCKIN.

Words by GEORGE ARTHUR BINNIE. Music by FRANCO LEONI.

Allegretto.

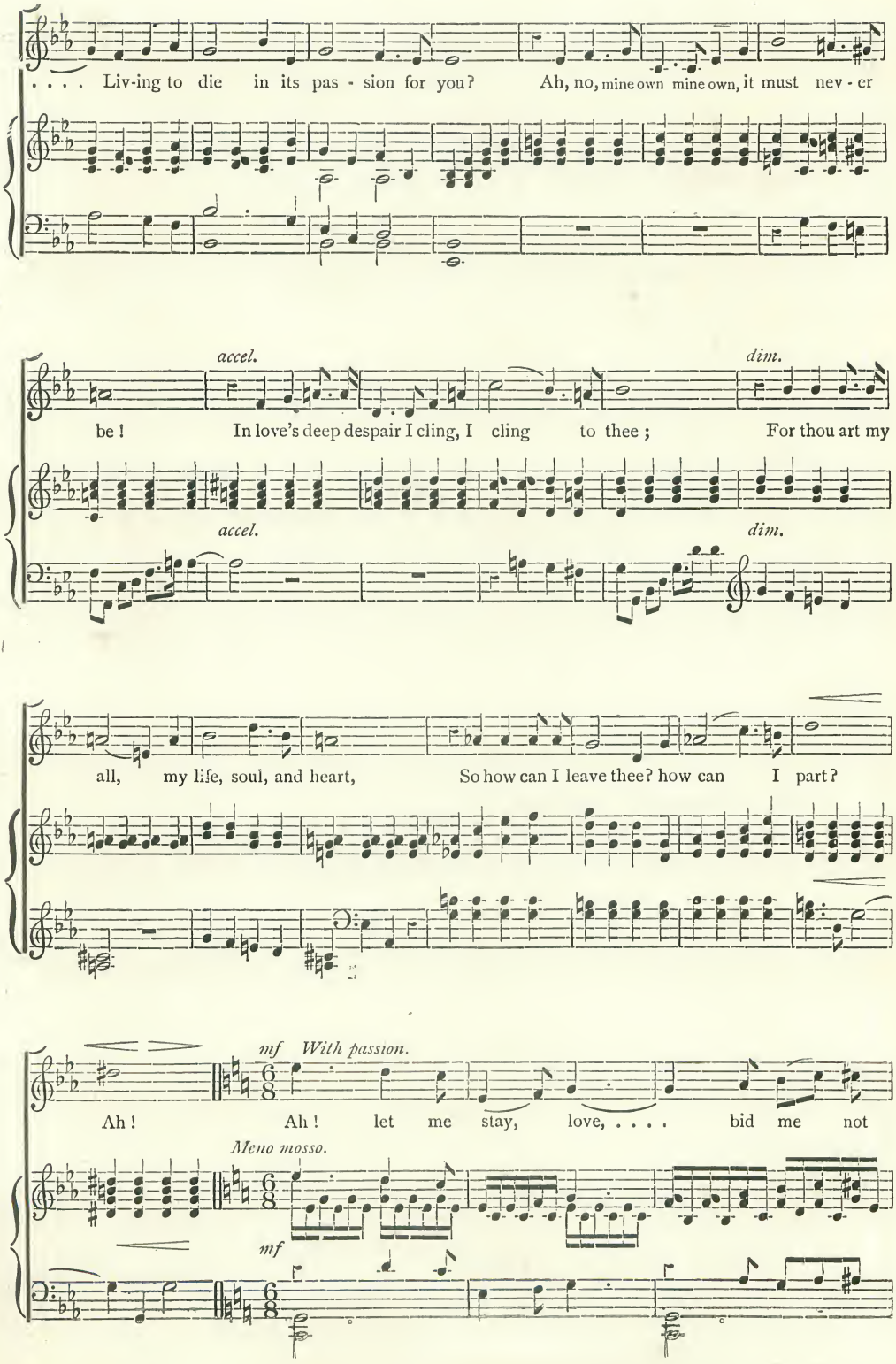
p *Armonioso.* *cres.* *dim.*

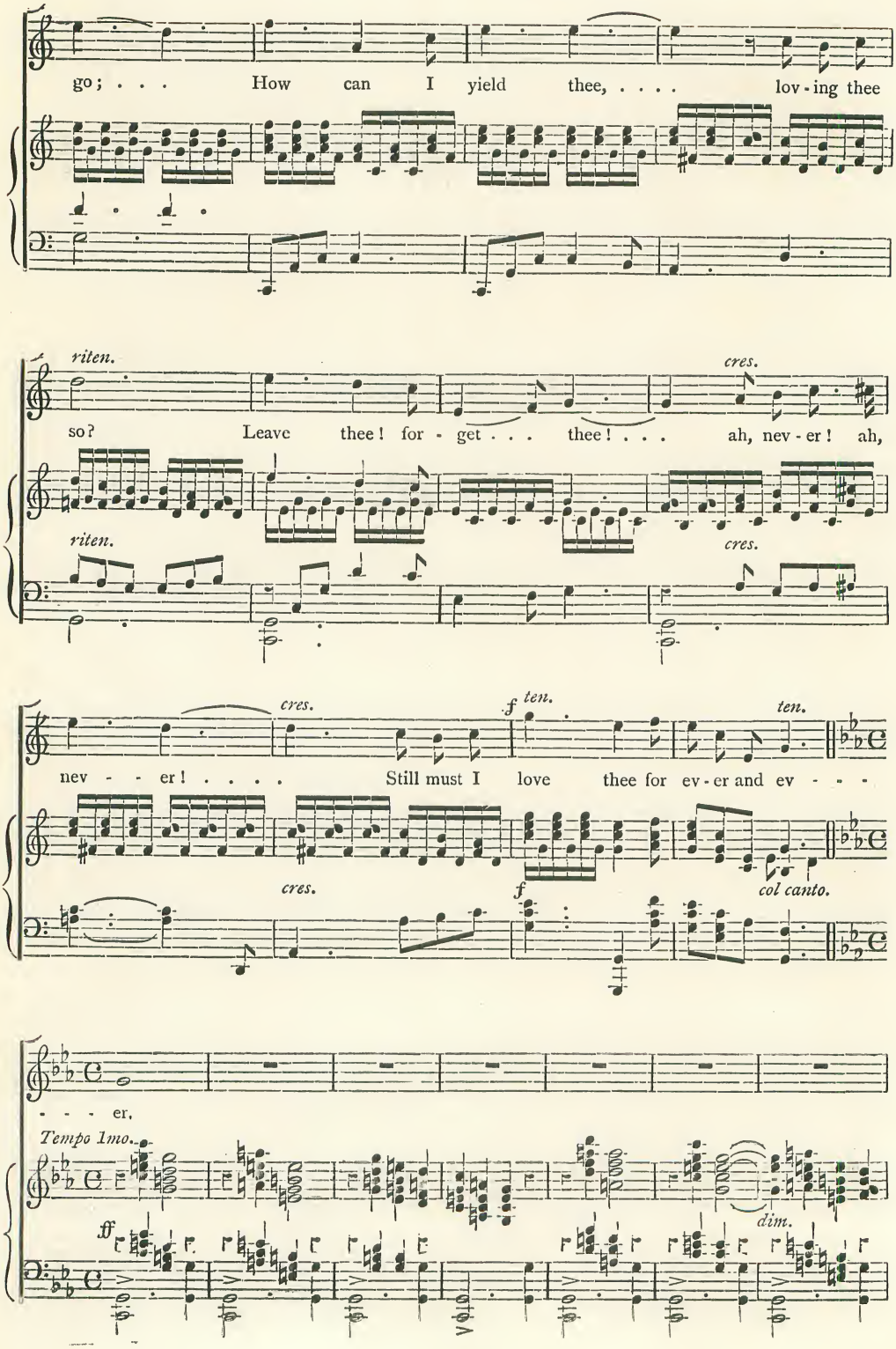
p *Legato.*

Is it for ev - er, for ev - er we part? . . . . Can you thus

dim.

sen - tence to death a poor heart, On - ly for lov - ing you faith - ful and true, . . .


. . . . Liv-ing to die in its pas - sion for you? Ah, no, mine own mine own, it must nev - er
accel.
dim.
be! In love's deep despair I cling, I cling to thee; For thou art my
accel.
dim.
all, my life, soul, and heart, So how can I leave thee? how can I part?
mf With passion.
Ah! Ah! let me stay, love, ... bid me not
Meno mosso.
mf


go; . . . How can I yield thee, ... lov-ing thee
riten.
cres.
so? Leave thee! for-get . . . thee! . . . ah, nev-er! ah,
riten.
cres.
cres.
f ten.
ten.
nev - - er! . . . . Still must I love thee for ev-er and ev - - -
cres.
f
col canto.
- - - er.
Tempo 1mo.
ff
dim.

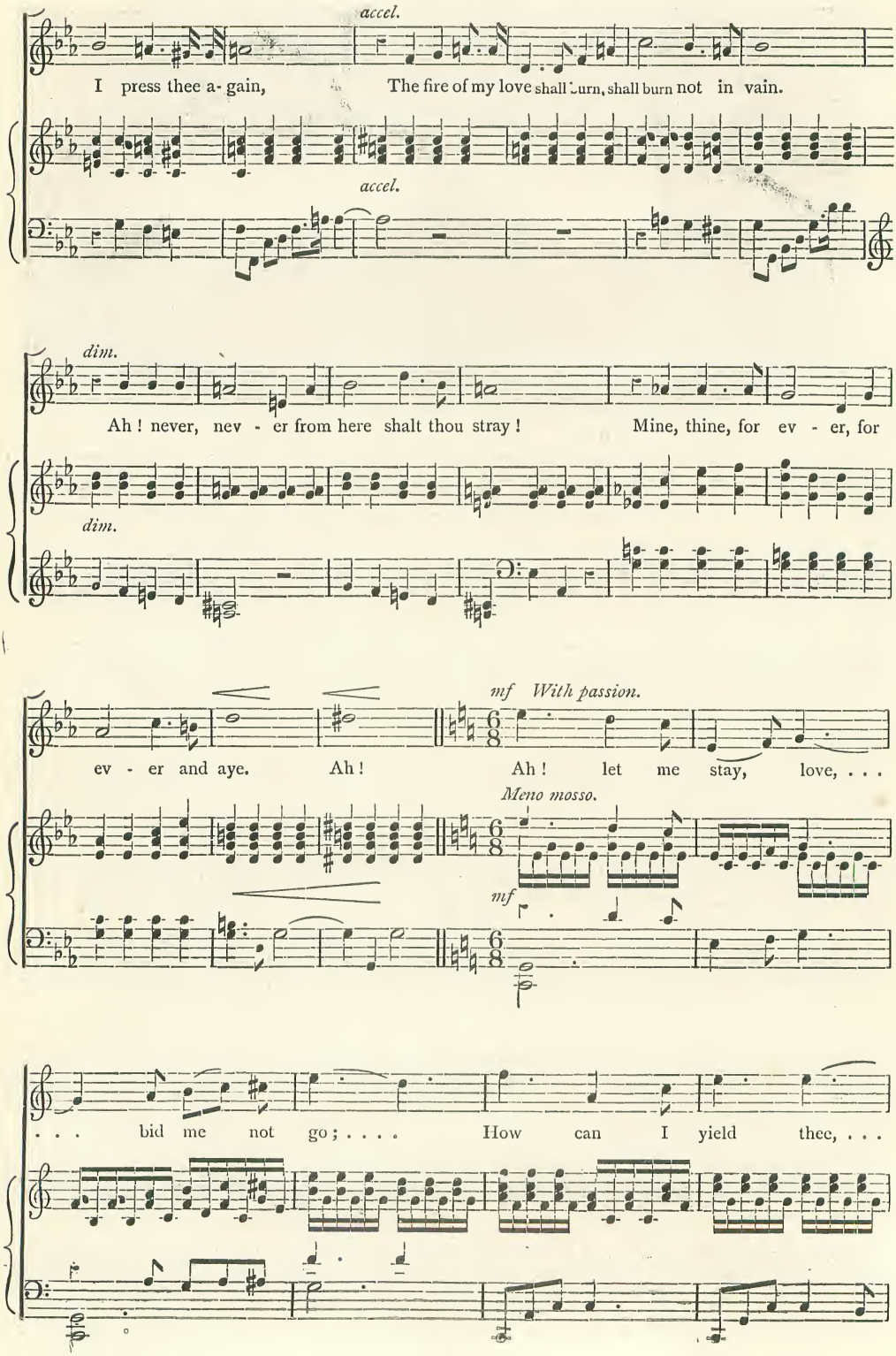
p

Let me draw clos - er, love, here to your side; . . . . Close to those

dim.

lips that so an - gri-ly chide; 'Tis now love or hate, 'tis now death or

bliss! . . The touchstone of fate . . I'll tempt with this kiss. Here to my heart as I, as


accel.
I press thee a- gain, The fire of my love shall burn, shall burn not in vain.
accel.
dim.
Ah! never, nev - er from here shalt thou stray! Mine, thine, for ev - er, for
dim.
ev - er and aye. Ah! mf With passion.
Ah! let me stay, love, . . .
Meno mosso.
mf
. . . bid me not go; . . . . How can I yield thee, . . .

riten.

. . . lov - ing thee so? Leave thee! for - get . . thee! . . .

riten.

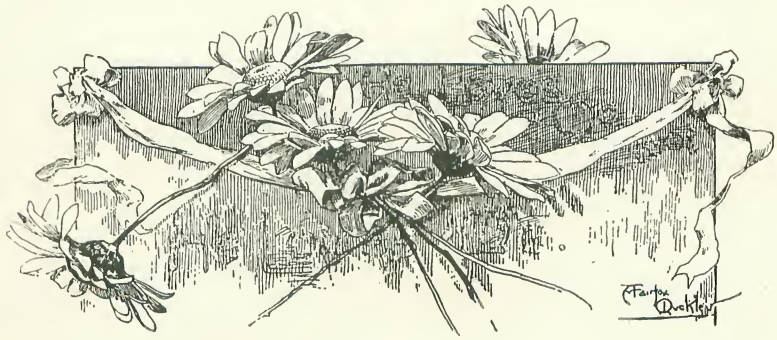
cres. cres. f ten.

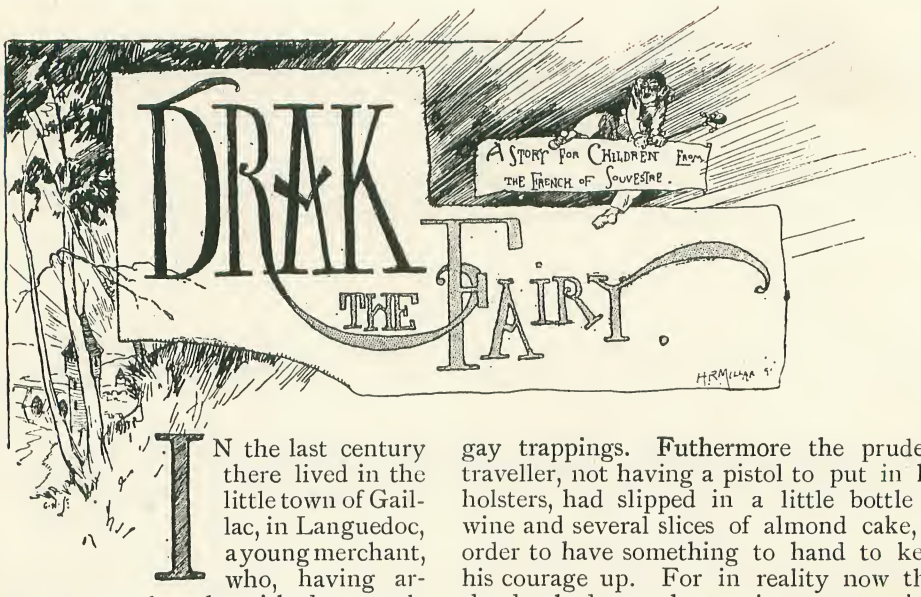
. . . ah, nev - er! ah, nev - - - er! . . . . . Still must I love thee, must

cres. cres. f

love thee for ev- er and ev - - - - - er. . . . . .

ff ff Stentate.



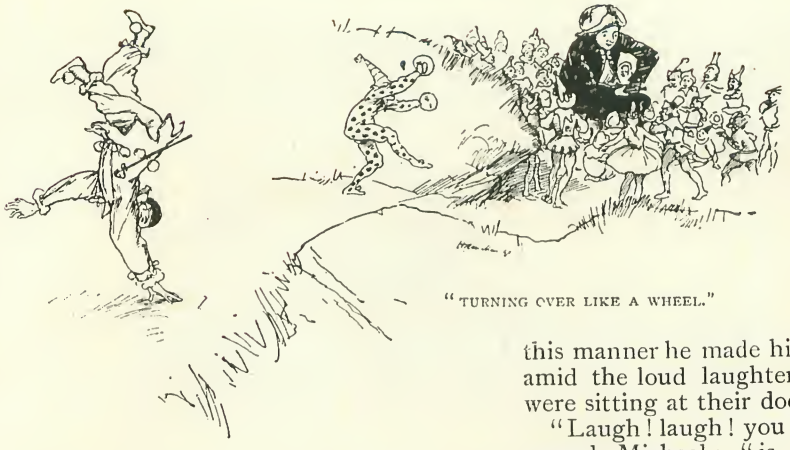


IN the last century there lived in the little town of Gaillac, in Languedoc, a young merchant, who, having arrived at an age when he wished to settle down in life, sought a wife. Providing she was sweet-tempered, witty, rich, pretty, and of good family, he was not particular about the rest; for Michael knew that he must be moderate in his desires. Unhappily he could not see in Gaillac one who appeared worthy of his choice. All the young girls had some known fault, not to mention those which were not known. At length he was told of a young lady of Lavaur endowed with innumerable good qualities, and a dowry of twenty thousand crowns. This sum was exactly that required by Michael to establish himself in business; so he instantly fell in love with the young lady of Lavaur. He obtained an introduction to the family, who liked his appearance, and gave him a good reception. But the young heiress had many suitors, from whom she hesitated to make a definite choice. After several discussions it was decided by her parents that the contending lovers should be brought together at a ball, and after having compared them a choice should be made.

On the appointed day Michael set out for Lavaur. His portmanteau was packed with his finest clothes, an apple-green coat, a lavender vest, breeches of black velvet, silk stockings with silver trees, buckle shoes, powder-box, and a satin ribbon for his *queue*. His horse was harnessed with gay trappings. Futhermore the prudent traveller, not having a pistol to put in his holsters, had slipped in a little bottle of wine and several slices of almond cake, in order to have something to hand to keep his courage up. For in reality now that the day had come he was in a very anxious state, and when he saw in the distance the church of Lavaur he felt quite taken aback. He slackened the pace of his horse, then dismounted, and in order to reflect upon what he should do at the ball he entered a little wood and sat down on the turf. He drew from his holsters, to keep him company, the almond cake and the bottle; the latter he placed between his knees, so that without thinking of it he varied his reflections by sips of wine and mouthfuls of cake. These distractions somewhat enlivened him and gave him confidence, so much so, that he began to discover in himself a number of virtues and excellences which could not fail to ensure him the victory.

The sun having disappeared from the horizon he was about to pursue his journey, when he heard a sound behind him amongst the leaves as of a multitude of little footsteps trampling the grass in tune to the music of a flute and cymbals. Astonished, he turned round, and by the light of the first stars, he perceived a troop of fairies, who were running headed by the king, Tambourinet. In their rear, turning over and over like a wheel, was the buffoon of the little people, Drak, the fairy.

The fairies surrounded the traveller, and gave him a thousand welcomes and good wishes. Michael, who had drank too freely not to be brave, welcomed them as old



"TURNING OVER LIKE A WHEEL."

acquaintances, and seeing their little eyes fixed upon the cake, he began to crumble and throw it to them as one would to the birds. In spite of their numbers, each one had his crumb with the exception of Drak, who arrived when everyone had finished. Tambourinet next asked what was in the bottle, and passed it from hand to hand till it reached the buffoon, who, finding it empty, threw it away.

Michael burst out laughing.

"That is justice, my little man," said he to the fairy. "For those who arrive late there remains nothing but regret."

"I will make you remember what you have just said," cried Drak, in anger.

"And how?" asked the traveller, ironically. "Do you think, now, you are big enough to revenge yourself?"

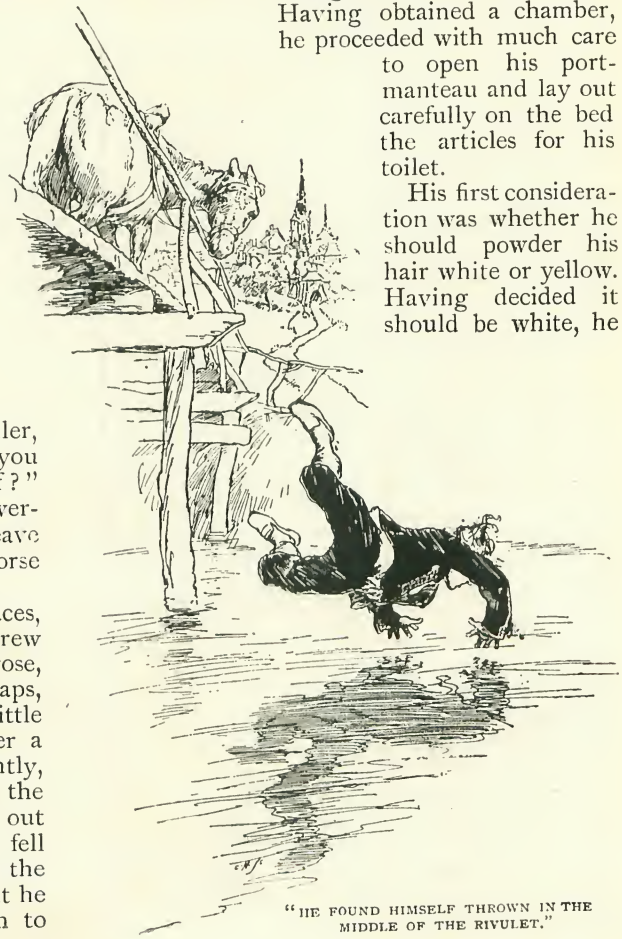
Drak disappeared without answering; and Michael, after taking leave of Tambourinet, mounted his horse again.

He had not gone a hundred paces, when the saddle turned and threw him roughly to the ground. He arose, a little stunned, rebuckled the straps, and mounted his horse again. A little further on, as he was going over a bridge, the right stirrup bent slightly, and he found himself thrown in the middle of the rivulet. He got out again in a very bad humour, and fell the third time over the pebbles in the road, hurting himself so much that he could hardly proceed. He began to think if he persisted in riding in the saddle he would be unable to present himself at all to the family of the young lady, so he decided to ride his horse bare-backed, and take the saddle upon his shoulder. In this manner he made his entry into Lavaur, amid the loud laughter of the people who were sitting at their doors.

"Laugh! laugh! you great stupids," murmured Michael; "is it very marvellous that a man should carry his saddle when it will not carry him?"

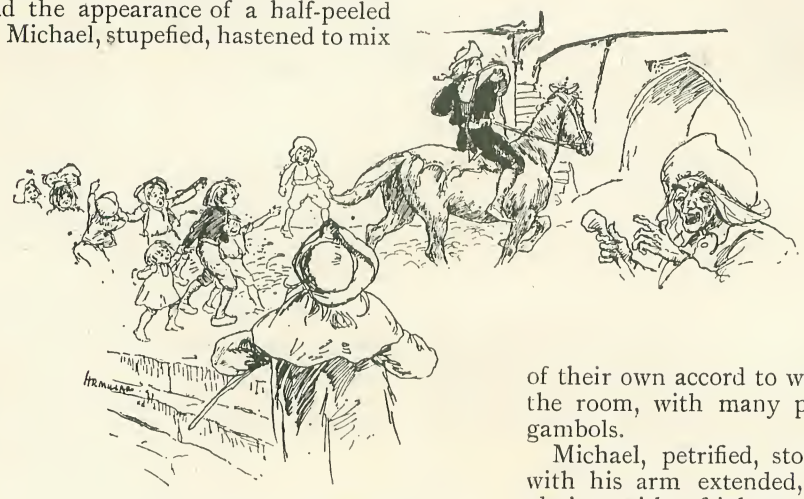
At length he reached the inn, where he alighted, and asked for a room in which to change his travelling clothes. Having obtained a chamber, he proceeded with much care to open his portmanteau and lay out carefully on the bed the articles for his toilet.

His first consideration was whether he should powder his hair white or yellow. Having decided it should be white, he



"HE FOUND HIMSELF THROWN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RIVULET."

seized the swansdown powder-puff, and commenced the operation on the right side. But at the moment when he had finished that side, he saw that an invisible hand had powdered the other side yellow, so that his head had the appearance of a half-peeled lemon. Michael, stupefied, hastened to mix



"LAUGH, LAUGH, YOU GREAT STUPIDS!"

the powder with the comb, and finding himself too pressed for time to seek to think out the reason of the mischance (he was always a slow thinker), stretched out his hand towards the reel on which the satin for his *queue* was wound. The reel escaped from his fingers and fell to the ground.

Michael went to pick it up, but it seemed to roll before him. Twenty times he was about to seize it, and twenty times his impatient hands missed it. One would have said he looked like a kitten playing with a reel. At length, seeing that time was going, he lost patience and resigned himself to wear his old ribbon.

He now hastened to put on his morocco shoes. He buckled the right, then having finished the left, he stooped to admire them, but as he did so the right buckle fell to the ground. He replaced it, but no sooner had he done so than the left followed suit. He had hardly put that right before the other one claimed his attention again in the same manner as before. He proceeded thus for some time, without being able to get both buckles fastened together.

Furious, he finished by putting on his travelling boots, and was about to take his velvet breeches, when immediately he approached the bed, lo! the breeches began of their own accord to walk about the room, with many provoking gambols.

Michael, petrified, stood mute, with his arm extended, contemplating with a frightened air this incongruous dance. But you may guess how he looked when he saw the vest, coat, and hat join the breeches at their respective places, and form a sort of counterfeit of himself, which commenced to walk about and parody his attitudes.

"IT SEEMED TO ROLL BEFORE HIM."

Pale with fear, he drew back to the window, but at this moment the Michael-esque figure turned towards him, and he saw under the cocked hat the grimacing face of Drak, the fairy.

Michael uttered a cry.

"It is you, you villain, is it? I'll make you repent of your insolence if you don't instantly give me back my clothes."

"PALE WITH FEAR, HE DREW BACK."

So saying, he rushed to take them, but the fairy, turning sharply round, ran to the other side of the room. Michael was beside himself with anger and impatience, and rushed again towards the fairy, who this time passed between his legs and rushed out on to the staircase. Michael pursued him angrily up four flights of stairs till they arrived at the garret, where the fairy dodged him round and round, and then skipped out of the window. Michael, exasperated, took the same route. The malicious fairy led him from roof to roof, dragging the velvet breeches, the vest and coat in all the gutters, to Michael's despair. At length, after a peregrination of an hour or two across this Pyrenees of the cats and swallows, Drak gained a high chimney, at the foot of which his pursuer was forced to stop.

Drak, leaning over towards Michael, who was out of breath and discouraged, said:

"You see, my good friend, you have forced me to spoil your ball-dress, but, happily, I see underneath me the copper of a laundress, where everything can be put right for you."

With these words Drak shook the velvet breeches over the chimney-pot.

"What are you doing, rascal?" cried Michael.

"I am sending your dress to the wash!" said the fairy.

And so saying, the vest, coat, and hat followed the breeches into the smoking gulf.

The young gallant sat down upon the roof with a cry of despair. But rising immediately said, with resolution:—

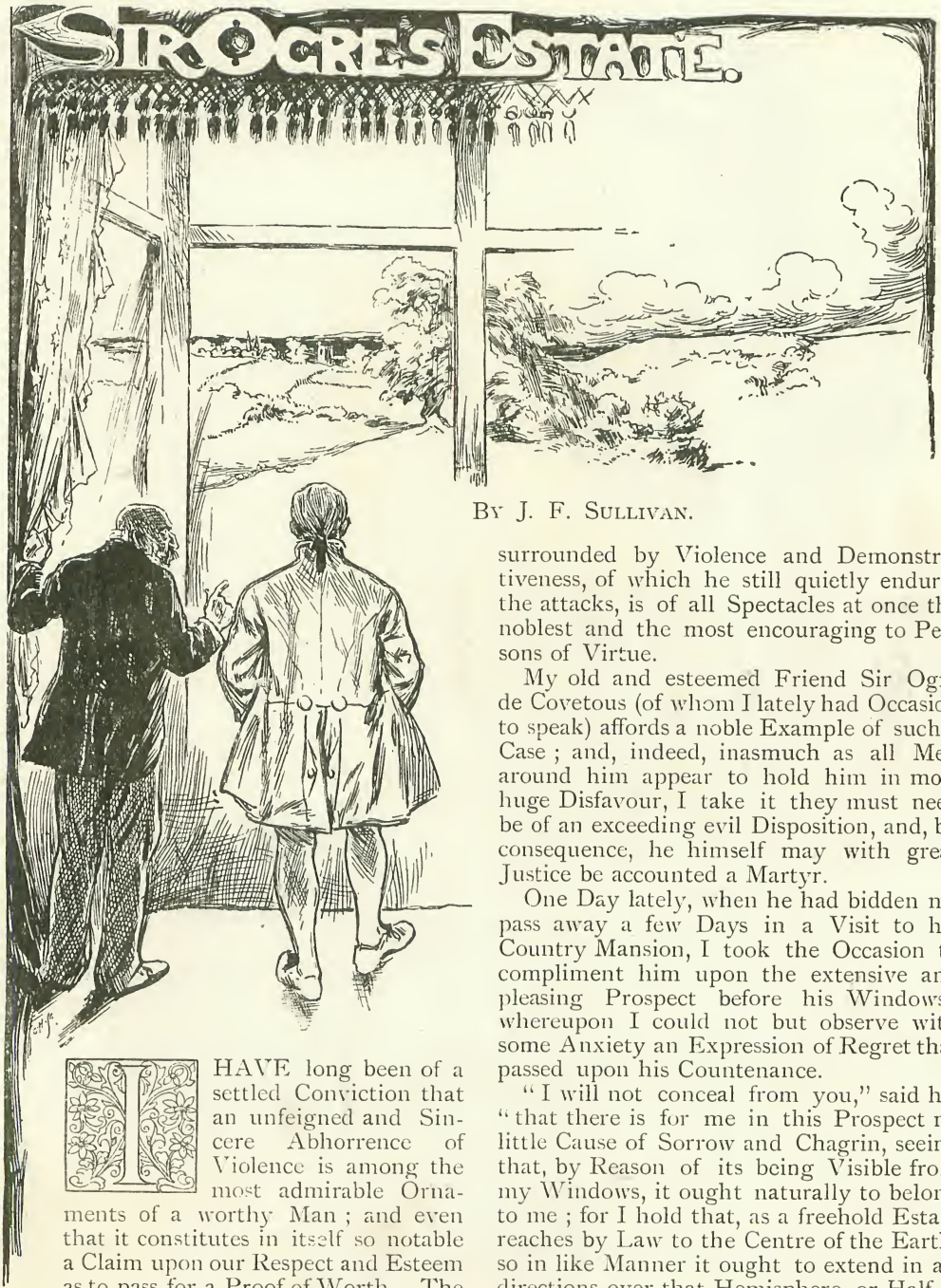
"Well, I'll go to the ball in my travelling dress."

"Hark!" interrupted the fairy.

The sound of a bell rang out from a neighbouring steeple. Midnight struck! Michael counted the twelve strokes, and could not restrain a cry. It was the hour designated by the parents when they would proclaim to the suitors who had presented themselves at the ball their daughter's choice for a husband. He wrung his hands in despair.

"Unhappy man that I am!" he cried. "When I arrive all will be over; she and her parents will laugh at me."

"And that would be justice, my big man!" replied Drak, with a pointed sneer. "For you have said yourself, *For those who arrive late there remains nothing but regret.* This will serve you, I hope, as a lesson, and prevent you another time from laughing at the feeble, for from henceforth you will know that *The smallest are big enough to avenge themselves.*"



By J. F. Sullivan.

I HAVE long been of a settled Conviction that an unfeigned and Sincere Abhorrence of Violence is among the most admirable Ornaments of a worthy Man; and even that it constitutes in itself so notable a Claim upon our Respect and Esteem as to pass for a Proof of Worth. The Spectacle of a peaceful and moderate Man surrounded by Violence and Demonstrativeness, of which he still quietly endures the attacks, is of all Spectacles at once the noblest and the most encouraging to Persons of Virtue.

My old and esteemed Friend Sir Ogre de Covetous (of whom I lately had Occasion to speak) affords a noble Example of such a Case; and, indeed, inasmuch as all Men around him appear to hold him in most huge Disfavour, I take it they must need be of an exceeding evil Disposition, and, by consequence, he himself may with great Justice be accounted a Martyr.

One Day lately, when he had bidden me pass away a few Days in a Visit to his Country Mansion, I took the Occasion to compliment him upon the extensive and pleasing Prospect before his Windows; whereupon I could not but observe with some Anxiety an Expression of Regret that passed upon his Countenance.

"I will not conceal from you," said he, "that there is for me in this Prospect no little Cause of Sorrow and Chagrin, seeing that, by Reason of its being Visible from my Windows, it ought naturally to belong to me; for I hold that, as a freehold Estate reaches by Law to the Centre of the Earth, so in like Manner it ought to extend in all directions over that Hemisphere, or Half of the Earth, of which it is the Central Point."

Upon my bringing to his Notice that this System would permit the whole Earth to accommodate but two Landed Proprietors, "Zounds!" quoth the good Knight, "and

"A TITLE."

a most just and equitable Arrangement surely, save that the other Proprietor might not be found so worthy as myself to own so large a Parcel of Land. And herein," said he, reflectively, "I confess to you that I perceive a possible Difficulty.

"Yonder Field," continued my friend, "is held by a pestilent Baggage of a Fellow who must forsooth refuse to yield it up to me (and that in despite of it bordering upon a Field of mine) for the pitiful Excuse that he hath a Title to it which is hardly to be upset; and this for all I have repeatedly striven to drive him away by this and that underhand Means."

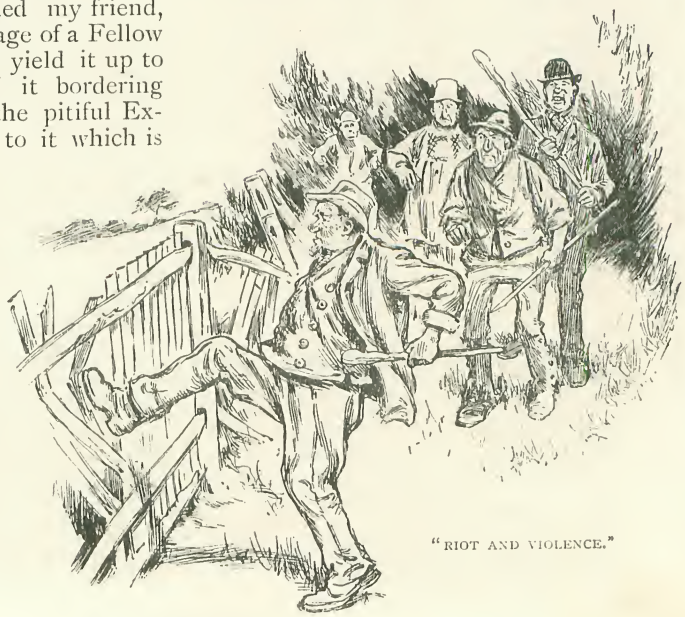
At this sorrowful Recollection my old Friend let fall so bitter a Tear that I was myself hardly put to it but I should weep in Concert; but at this Moment Sir Ogre continued:—

"But you must know that I am the most grievously put about by a set of knavish low Fellows that are called 'Commoners' and 'The Public,' that will ever be trying to hinder me appropriating such Parcels of unenclosed Land as I may have a Fancy for; and this under the lame Pretext that these Parcels are theirs by Law!

"As if, forsooth, the Law had been designed to protect the rights of Fellows that have no Money to spend on Lawsuits!" And at this the worthy Knight was moved to so severe a Taking-on that I feared he was like to be seized with an Apoplexy: but he presently continued:—

"I am myself a Man of a most Peaceable Disposition (having indeed been selected as a Justice of the Peace on that account), and have no Desire but to live quietly in Harmony with my Neighbours, appropriating such of their Land as I may desire, from Time to Time, to possess myself of; yet—so pestilent a Perverseness is there in the Nature of others—my Neighbours will in no Wise be favouring this Plan; but must be for ever striving to resist me, and that with open Violence and Destruction! As it is my earnest Desire to compass the Enclosure of their Lands after a quiet Fashion, to the avoiding of all unseemly Riot and Violence, so they of their part may by no means be persuaded to a like Temperateness of Demeanour, but will be destroying the Fences I have put up; and this with a most unseemly noise of Breaking of Timber, which is to me of all Noises the most abhorrent."

At this Discourse of the good old Man I



"RIOT AND VIOLENCE."

fell into a profound, curious Speculation upon the Difference between him that constructs, and him that destroys; and very hugely to the Disadvantage of this Latter; seeing that Construction (that is, the Devoting of our human Skill to the Formation of useful Products from those Materials with which the Beneficence of Nature has provided us), is at all Times a laudable Work; while the Undoing of these Products

"SIR OGRE'S ANCESTOR."

is but a deplorable Retrogression toward Savagery. Thus I hold that he who constructs is ever more worthy than is he who destroys; and by Consequence the Encloser (or Constructor of Fences), than the rightful Owner (or Destroyer of Fences).

Sir Ogre himself has frequently shown me in the Parish Church a stained Window that is believed to represent an Ancestor of his in the Act of slaying a Fence Destroyer; which seems to put me in the Right.

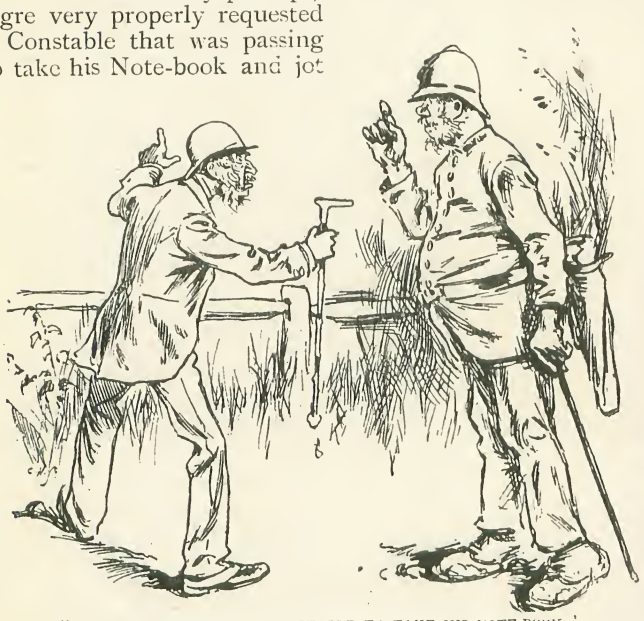
I was aroused from this Speculation by Sir Ogre's inviting me to take a Walk with him upon the Pieces of Land which he had lately added to his Property; and I was filled with Admiration at the Ingenuity with which his Operations were carried on. "For," said he, with that humorous Twinkle in his Eye which is the Sign or Patent of a good Man in those Moments when he feels that he has done his Duty to himself, "you must know that I will often be sending one of my Fellows on an obscure Night to fix a low Wire along the Ground where I propose to afterward erect a Fence; and this for the Reason, that I hold it wiser to carry on the Work which I have set myself with as little Fuss and Ostentation as may be possible; being unwilling to provoke in the Commoners that deplorable Resentment and Anger which the Sight of my Operations in actual Progress would be calling forth."

I here fell into a profound and improving Speculation upon the evident Worth of a Man who displays so delicate a Consideration for others, that he is of a Mind to avoid the setting before them any Temptation to an Outbreak of those violent Passions which must always be so harmful to Themselves. I was awakened from this Reverie by falling suddenly into a deep Ditch full of Mire, by reason of having tripped over one of Sir Ogre's Wires; the good old Man being at this so mightily diverted that he was fain to leave me with

"ONE OF SIR OGRE'S WIRES."

but my Heels sticking up out of the Mud for some ten Minutes while he enjoyed his Laugh.

My Attention was now called to a Company of rough Fellows that had fallen to upon a new Fence near at Hand which my old Friend had lately put up; whereat Sir Ogre very properly requested a Constable that was passing to take his Note-book and jot down upon it the Names of these Fellows; and, upon my inquiring of the Course which he purposed to take in regard to them, he addressed to me the following Words:—



"SIR OGRE REQUESTED A CONSTABLE TO TAKE HIS NOTE-BOOK."

"It's my Purpose to carry these pestilent Knaves and most impudent Ruffians before the Bench of Justices at Brentford: for you must know that these Fellows are within their legal Rights in what they now do: but these good Justices of Brentford have so nice and subtile a Sense of Logic, that they will, for all they must needs acquit the Defendants of all Offence, yet put upon them a fine for the Offence which they have not committed; by which means these Brentford Justices have acquired a very favourable high Reputation among all Men of Sense."

At this I fell into a most deep pleasing Speculation upon the Wisdom of these Brentford Justices, who indeed—however it may seem to the ignorant and thoughtless—carry out the very Spirit of our Laws: for the Purpose of all our Laws is that Men shall put an Action the one on the other, and pay the Costs of it; he that shall be able to pay more Costs than his Fellows being adjudged in the Right: wherefore it is reasonable and fitting that One who hath broken a Fence, and is adjudged in the Right in so doing, shall pay for it by way of a Testimony or Sign that he *is* in the Right. For as a Man cannot be adjudged in the Right except he pay; so he that pays not must surely be in the Wrong; which no Man would desire to be.

We now began to come at every Turn upon this or that Company of lewd Fellows that would be engaged either in tearing up a Wire that Sir Ogre had planted; or in breaking down a Fence; or in pulling down some Notice-Board of his that warned all and sundry from passing by that Way, or advertised a Piece of Land to be let on building Leases: and all this at Times with no little Stir and Clamour and cracking of Woodwork. Nay, I marked a certain Group that had made a Bonfire of some Notice-Boards; and these Fellows had the Effrontery to invite the good Knight to warm himself by it, with unfitting Sarcasm: all of which I could perceive caused

"A BONFIRE OF NOTICE-BOARDS."

my old Friend no slight Dudgeon. "But it will go hard," said he, "but they shall smart for it properly!"

I could not but admire the Industry of this worthy Man, that had gotten together so large an Estate at so small Outlay; for Sir Ogre assured me that he had inherited from his Father but a Field of ten Acres in those Parts, having acquired the other ten thousand Acres by a sedulous and unflagging Pursuit of the Plan I have described, without so much as purchasing a Foot of it.

I was much interested in watching the Result of a Charge that had been preferred against a certain Fellow that was notorious in the Neighbourhood for unseemly Resistance at Law against those that possessed more Money than himself, and so were in the Right.

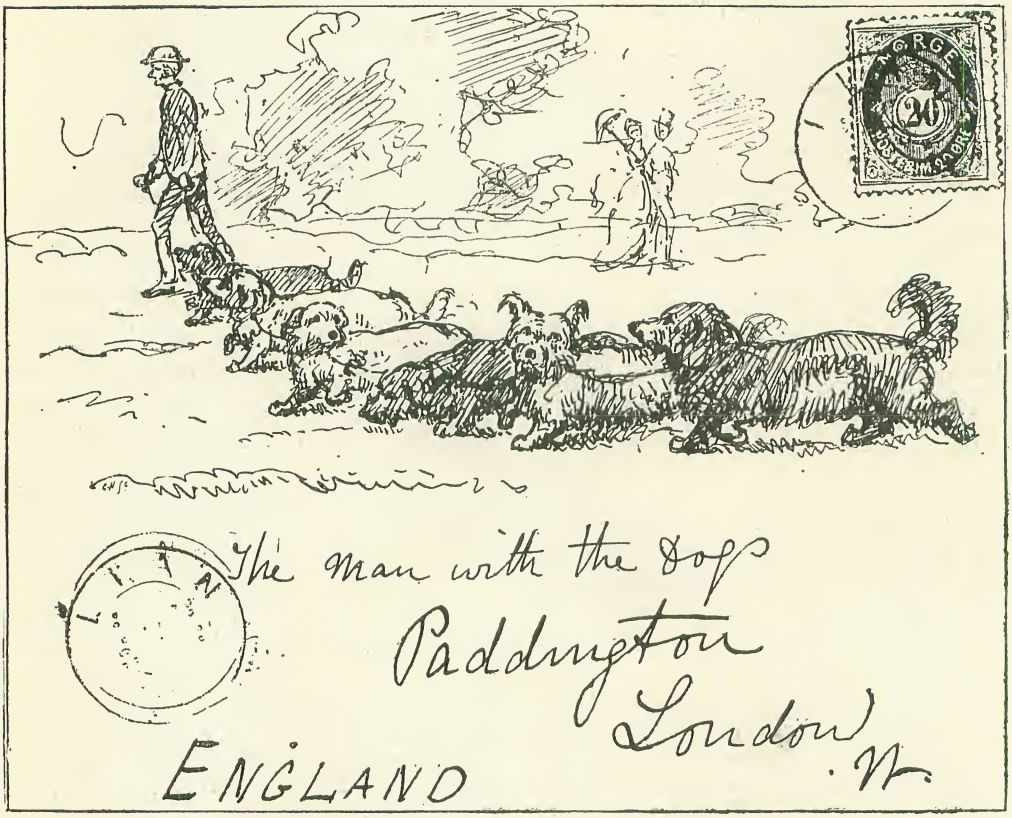
"THIS FELLOW HAD TAKEN A RABBIT."

It seemed that this Fellow had taken a Rabbit upon a Piece of public Land but lately enclosed by Sir Ogre. On this Fellow being brought up before Sir Ogre and charged with this Offence, I was taken with a great Admiration for my Friend's Freedom from Bias, and great Desire to do Justice; for he would by no Means hear a Word of what the Defendant had to say, fearing that in the Flurry of the Position he might haply incriminate himself still more deeply, but dealt with the Case summarily, passing upon the Fellow no harder Sentence than one Year with hard Labour; which, I take it, was but a slight Punishment to undergo, for a low Fellow that had no means.

That Night there was a great To-Do in the Village hard by; for there was to be a Burning of an Image or *Effigies* of the good Knight, upon the Pretext that he had put up a Barrier upon a Path that had been a public Way for Centuries; whereupon Sir Ogre lost no time in having the Fellows locked up for Causing an Obstruction: "For," says he, "the Roads and Ways are intended for the Public to pass along them; and this proper Use of them is not to be hindered by this or that Rascal that hath a mind to turn them to his own Devices."

Such is ever the Modesty of Sir Ogre, that he is by no Means of a Mind to make a Figure in his neighbourhood; and, indeed, he protested to me when on the Subject of the burning of the *Effigies*, that the making of a Figure is to him a Matter of Abhorrence.

I am now content to leave the Reputation of the good old Knight in the hands of the Public; being of a most certain Conviction that, whatever the Voice of Slander may be inclined to speak of it, it can in no way suffer Deterioration.



"THE MAN WITH THE DOGS."

THE articles entitled "Humours of the Post Office," which appeared in our numbers for last May and June, went far to prove that the ingenuity and resource of our Post Office authorities are matter for national pride and gratification. But the instance which we are now in a position to present, and which is, perhaps, the most extraordinary of all, was not then in our hands.

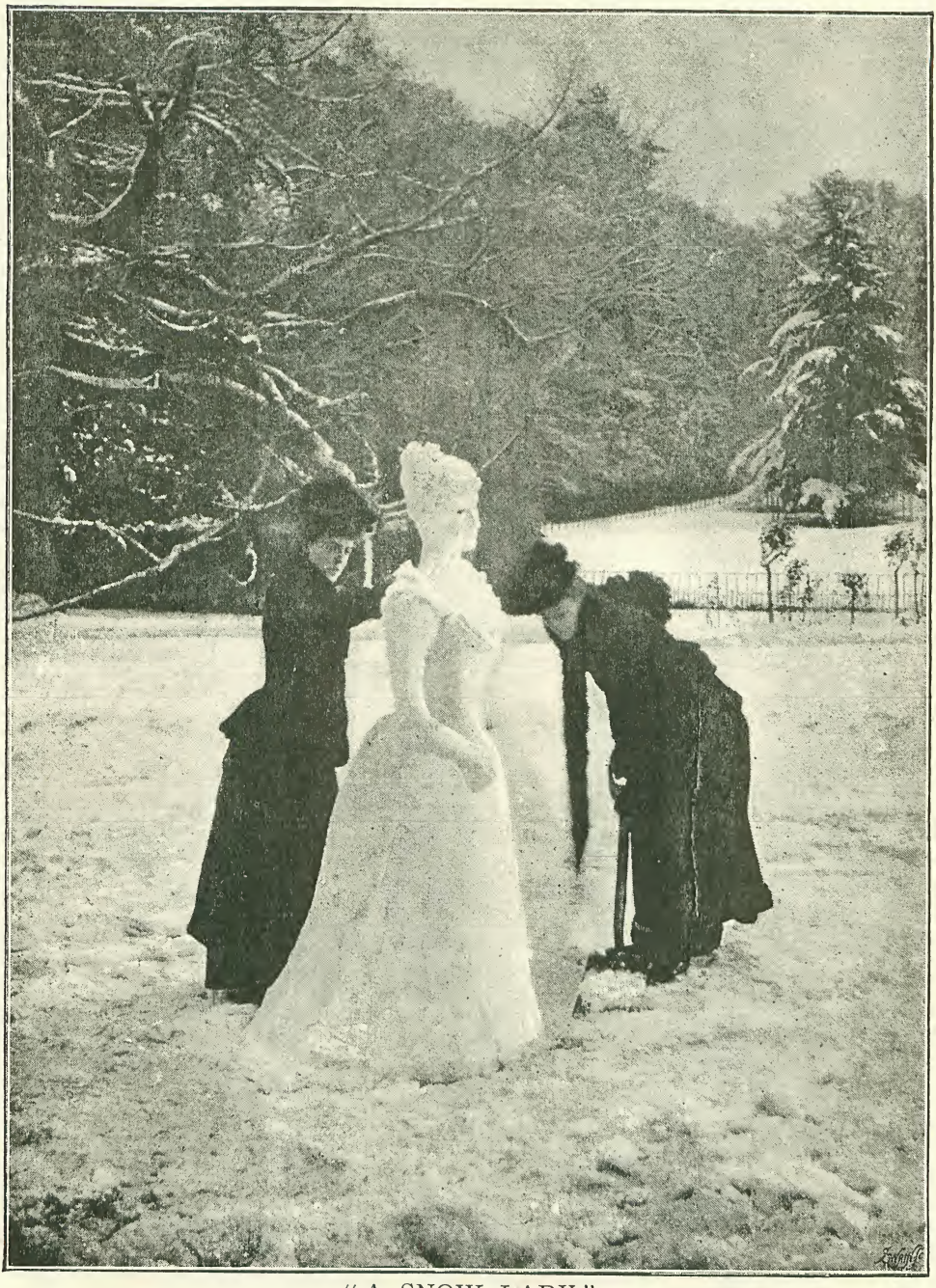
A Norwegian artist, during his stay in London, was one morning passing through Hyde Park, when his attention was attracted by a spectacle with which many Londoners are perfectly familiar—Mr. J. Pratt, the well-known dog-fancier, taking his string of Skye terriers abroad for air and exercise. The artist, after his return to Norway, called the scene to mind, and was anxious to acquire a specimen of the breed. He knew neither the owner's name or address, but, with an implicit trust in the ingenuity of the Post Office, which the result thoroughly justified, he took up his pen and despatched a letter in an envelope, of which the above is a reproduction in fac-simile. The letter was delivered in due course to Mr. J. Pratt, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park. The contents of the letter were as follows :—

"Norway, Aug. 25, 1885.

"SIR,—When in London a short time ago I saw a very fine team of Skye terriers in Hyde Park. I inquired of a policeman if he knew the owner. He said the owner lived near Paddington Station, and so I send this to that district. Should this find you, will you please inform me if such dogs can be purchased, and where? Please communicate to me here at once, and I will call on you on my return to London shortly.

"I am, yours truly,

"ALFRED STENTHULZ."



"A SNOW LADY."

The accompanying picture shows what can be done with snow, by those who care to exercise their powers of modelling, and produce something more natural in appearance than the familiar old "Snow Man," built up after the figure of a Lowther Arcade Noah. During a lull in the severe frosts of last winter, two ladies (amateurs, who had never had a lesson in modelling), with the assistance of only a shovel and pair of scissors, erected and modelled the "Snow Lady" in a garden near Pangbourne. No foundation of any kind was used, and no sticks or wires were concealed under the figure for the purpose of supporting head, body, or arms. An enlargement of the original photograph was shown at the Photographic Exhibition during last autumn, and gave rise to many remarks, sage and otherwise. A large number of those who looked at it pronounced it as "No doubt very cleverly got up—but all humbug!" "Real snow? Not a bit of it! Quite impossible!"

URIOSITIES
1891

OF A CENTURY
1791
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SOME PUGGIE EXPRESSIONS
INTERESTED IN OUR MENU
UNDER TREATMENT.
OBJECTS TO THE CAT.
IS OBJECTED TO BY THE CAT.
THE CARRIAGE WAITS.
GOOD OLD DOGGIE!
BAD DOG!!
OLD AND INFIRM.

"PUG."

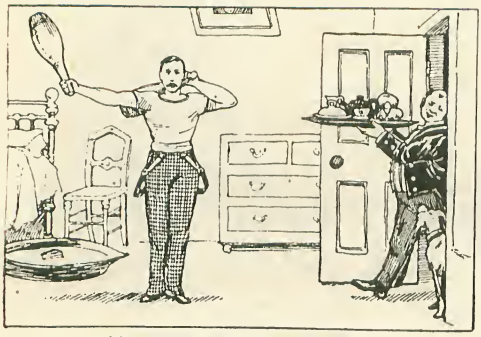
A SNAKE STORY.

ENTERPRISING YOUNG GLAZIER DISTRIBUTES A FEW BALLS.

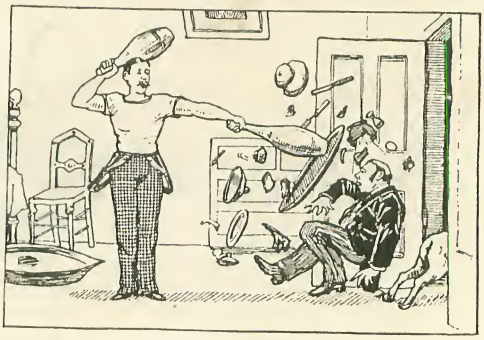
GOOD BUSINESS!

GRANDPAPA: "SNOW ON THE GROUND AND THE THERMOMETER AT 80°! BLESS ME! I MUST WRITE TO 'THE TIMES.'"

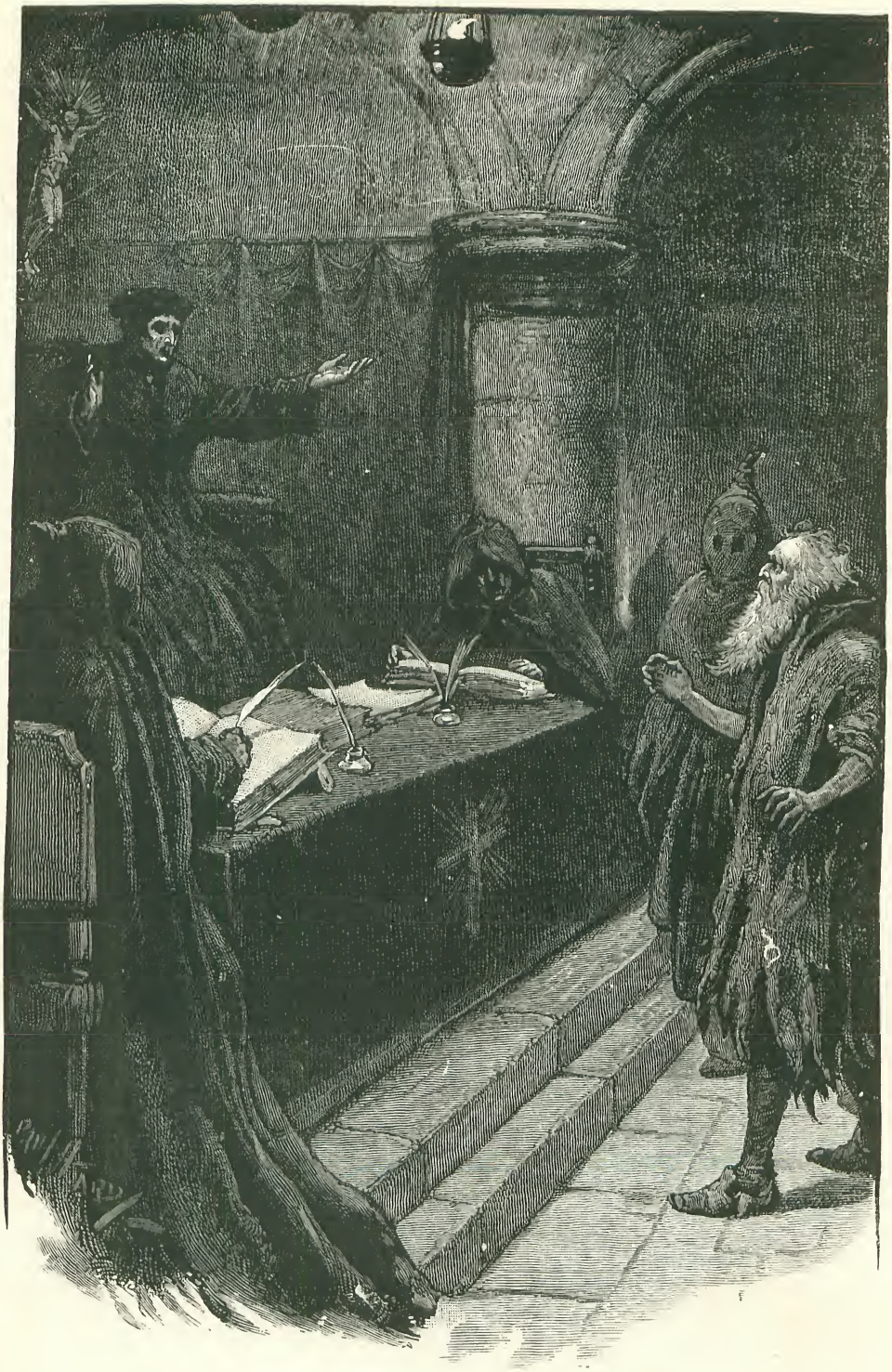
LANDLADY: "IT'S ONLY THE WINDER A BIT LOOSE, SIR. I'LL SOON FISH YER THINGS OUT OF THE SNOW."



(1) GETTING UP AN APPETITE.



(2) LOSING A BREAKFAST.



BEFORE THE INQUISITOR.

The Saving of Karl Reichenberg.

By Arthur Page.

"SUDDENLY A HAND WAS LAID UPON HIS SHOULDER."

THE streets of Seville were almost deserted; here and there a solitary human being hurried as fast as the heat would allow to his home, for the sultry air of the evening gave warning of the approach of a storm. Only Dr. Karl Reichenberg felt neither the loneliness of the streets, nor the hush before the tempest; his wild eyes gleamed with excitement, and his steps were now hurried, now slow and uncertain.

Science is to her children as the apple of their eye, and they pursue her even when she hides herself and baffles their long researches. But science has her rewards also, and Dr. Karl had seen a great reality growing out of the deep obscurity in which he had groped so long. He who had toiled through sleepless nights, burning the midnight oil, earning from his neighbours the name of wizard, had triumphed at last, he had made a glorious discovery, and had seen the Unseen. Wherefore his heart was glad within him, his brain was mad with a whirling ecstasy of joy, his limbs trembled, and his feet could scarce bear him. Was not he, the poor German Jew, a stranger in the tents of the proud Spaniard, who despised him or else feared, was not he now exalted and his name great among the nations?

Suddenly a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a deep sepulchral voice uttered these words, "The Holy Mother Church hath need of thee!" Turning, he saw two sinister figures clothed in sombre-hued robes which, reaching down to the ground, rose to a point above the head, entirely concealing form and face, except for

the eyelet holes. A strong fit of shuddering seized the poor man, he saw in those two weird forms the familiars of the Holy Inquisition. His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and at a sign from one of them, unable to resist, he silently followed with tottering feet. All round the high walls of the houses rose menacingly, not a light in any window; above, the clouds hung low and lurid, while a deep muttering of distant thunder filled the still air. Onward his ghostly attendants bore him, seeming to glide without perceptible effort over the rough flagged pavement, his own heavy feet giving forth a muttered resonance on the pathway. In the distance he heard a sound of heavy tramping and loud talking; it was the watch patrolling the streets. Nearer and nearer they came, till he saw the gleam of the lantern at the further end of the street, and a sudden hope of escape rushed to his head, leaving him breathless and half stunned. He would call upon them as they passed, and offer them much money, all he possessed, to release him from these devils. Now the watch was close upon them, was passing, he could plainly hear one telling some coarse joke and the rude laughter it drew forth from his comrades; he strove to call out, but his parched lips refused to form the words, and in a moment they had turned a corner. All was silent again.

On they sped, this strange company, through the inky pall that overspread the city, always passing on, till it seemed to the wretched prisoner that he and his voiceless companions had travelled from the beginning of time, and would do so till the crack of doom, when, on a sudden, his guards stopped before a low doorway set in a vast dead wall, which reached upwards to the clouds. On this door one of the familiars beat a stealthy knock, it swung open inwards and closed behind them; the darkness of without was changed for the gloom of within. They had now entered a long corridor, at the further end of which a lamp hung, shedding a tiny twinkling light; through the whole length of this passage the familiars led Reichenberg, down a long flight of steps; down into deeper and clammier passages, where he could feel the icy moisture dripping from the walls, till at last a door was opened, he was pushed into the darkness, and the door swung to heavily. He listened in a dull unhearing way to the grating sound of heavy bolts drawn to, and he heard the footsteps of the two familiars die away in the distance. Then his voice and strength returned to him, and he rose and threw himself against the door of his cell, screeching and foaming at the mouth. For an hour he raved on, and then, overcome by exhaustion, he sank down on the dark, cold floor of his cell. Hours, days, months passed, he knew not how long; time had no more an existence to him, for no light of day could pierce the solid masonry which surrounded him. But ever there came at intervals footsteps that approached, a grating opened, a loaf of

"HE WAS PUSHED INTO THE DARKNESS."

bread and a jar of water were thrust in, and the footsteps died away in the distance. Sometimes he would sleep and dream wild, fitful dreams of unclouded sky and green fields ; once he dreamed of his discovery, and awoke trembling, with great drops of sweat upon him. Then the madness of despair seized him, and again he engaged in hopeless strife with the cold and passive dungeon walls. But this fit lasted but a short time ; day by day he grew weaker, and the power of speech went from him, and he lay down to die.

One day he heard more footsteps. They approached, and stopped before his door. It was opened, and the yellow light of a lantern filled the cell. Reichenberg did not move, only he raised his sunken eyes as a voice, soft and low, addressed him :—

" Son, thy presence is required elsewhere. Rise and follow me ! "

The wretched man raised himself with difficulty, and two familiars assisted him tenderly up the interminable steps and along the endless corridor, while ever the lantern preceded them ; and the soft voice spoke again :—

" Be of good cheer, my son, thy trials are almost ended ! "

Another door was reached and opened. The Jew stood in a lofty, vaulted chamber, dimly lighted by three silver lamps hanging from the roof. At a table on the further side sat two men clothed in the black garb of the Inquisition, the table before them being covered with large manuscript volumes, and between them was a raised throne, unoccupied as yet. In a dark corner stood a brazier of burning coals, and over it crouched a wizened, bent figure, its face hidden by a hideous mask, occupied in twisting and turning in the flames some curious steel instruments. The whole place seemed to be filled with the echo of the last victim's groans.

He who had spoken in the gentle voice now took his place on the raised throne behind the table, and lifted a pair of wistful, brown eyes full of suffering and pity. Then Reichenberg perceived that he was in the presence of the Inquisitor-General, Don Philippo del Alguarez, and for very fear had almost fallen. Don Alguarez addressed him in a smooth, even voice :—

" Reverend Doctor Karl Reichenberg, thou art a Jew and a heretic. Is it not so ? "

The poor wretch tried to speak, but could not, and simply moved his head, while the Inquisitor proceeded :—

" Thou hast had dealings with the evil one in divers manners and places, and wouldst have sold thyself body and soul to him. But the Holy Mother Church lets not her sons thus lose their immortal souls ; wherefore hath she imposed punishment upon the carnal flesh, thereby to snatch their spiritual being from destruction. Satan hath desired thee, my son, but thy sufferings, which have endured but a little time, have freed thee from the meshes of thy wickedness, and now thou art free," and at the words a tender smile illumined his face.

Reichenberg had listened without hearing ; but at the word " free " he started, stood upright, and stumbled towards the door. But Don Philippo raised his arm, and gently waved him back.

" One other word have I yet to speak to thee. Seeing how great a mercy the Holy Church hath extended to thee, she requireth but a slight service at thy hands before thou goest forth ; surely thou wilt not refuse to render thanks for thy great deliverance."

Rising from his seat he slowly made his way to the door, and, with the words, " Follow me," passed from the chamber and into the corridor.

With a strange joy in his eyes, the Jew followed him, stumbling again and again in his eagerness, till they came to a high-roofed, spacious chapel, through whose stained windows the glorious sunlight streamed in. The prisoner drew a long breath ; this was the living world ; he had been raised from the grave.

The chapel was filled with a crowd of monks and priests, all waiting for the service to begin. Through these the Inquisitor led him, right up to the organ, where, taking him by the hand, he spoke again, still in the sweet mournful tones.

" Son, 'tis required of thee to take upon thyself a menial office, yet one that will show thy gratitude to Heaven ; for thou must needs work the bellows of this organ. But," and here he led the Jew to a small cell, lit by a single lamp, " thou must not let the wind fail, or surely a terrible doom will be thine ; for yon great block " (pointing to a black mass which seemed to hang from the roof) " will descend and crush out thy life. But fear not, thy task is light, and soon shalt thou be free in the light of day."

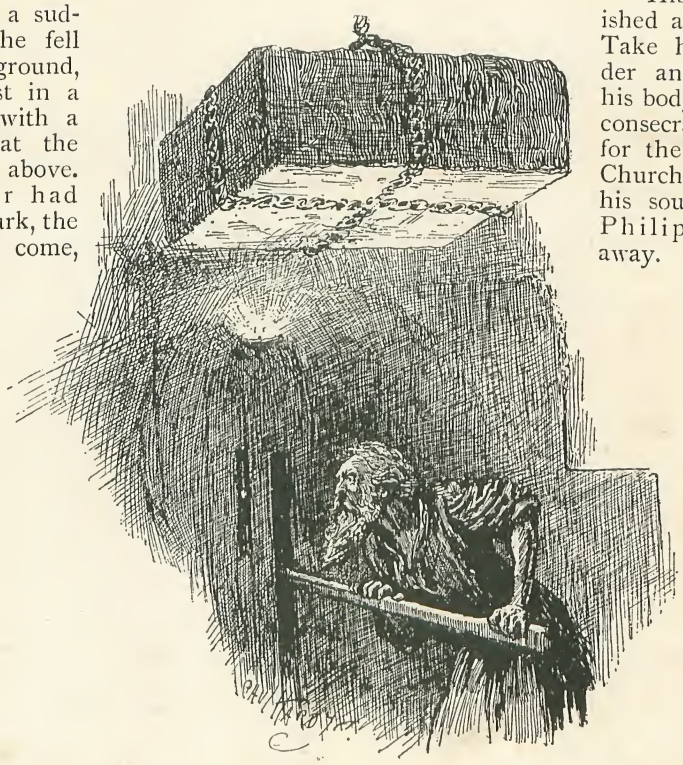
With these words, he closed the massive cage-like door upon the Jew, bolting and

barring it securely. Reichenberg seized the wooden lever, and with a convulsive energy depressed and raised it. From without there came the sweet, deep tones of the voluntary; then this ceased, and the whole congregation joined in the triumphant notes of the *Gloria in excelsis*. Gradually, to his horror, Reichenberg found that his frame, never physically strong, had been so wasted by the horrors of confinement that he could hardly keep the little leaden register below the mark that showed the wind in the bellows was exhausted. To his fevered brain the cell was peopled with devils taunting him, pulling up that little piece of lead on which his life hung, till it seemed to fly up towards the mark, and pointing with mocking gestures to the overhanging mass; and, strangest of all, they every one had the same face, a countenance grave and melancholy, lit up by a sad, sweet smile, the face of the Grand Inquisitor.

Seized with a sudden despair, he fell down on the ground, and lay almost in a faint, gazing with a horrid stare at the great weight above. The register had reached the mark, the moment had come, when, with a spring, the Jew hurled himself on the wooden arm, and, with redoubled strength, again filled the bellows with air. Then the triumphal chant changed to the soft tones of the *Nunc dimittis;* the leaden register moved but slowly up the wall, and Reichenberg knew his task was almost ended. But the lever seemed to have grown heavier, he could hardly move it; he could not, his arm was weaker than a child's, and he sank back on the ground. With his eye fixed on the register he saw it mount slowly up to the mark, while the sweet chords rose and fell outside in the chapel. It had almost reached the top. He strove to rise, fell back, and the notes of the last chord ended in a despairing shriek, drowned by the fall of a heavy mass.

The door opened, and the Inquisitor entered with four familiars.

"His task is finished and he is free. Take him from under and carry forth his body, and lay it in consecrated ground, for the Holy Mother Church hath saved his soul;" and Don Philippo turned away.



Illustrated Interviews.

No. VIII.—SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D.

From a Photo. by] THE CORRIDOR. *[Elliott & Fry.*

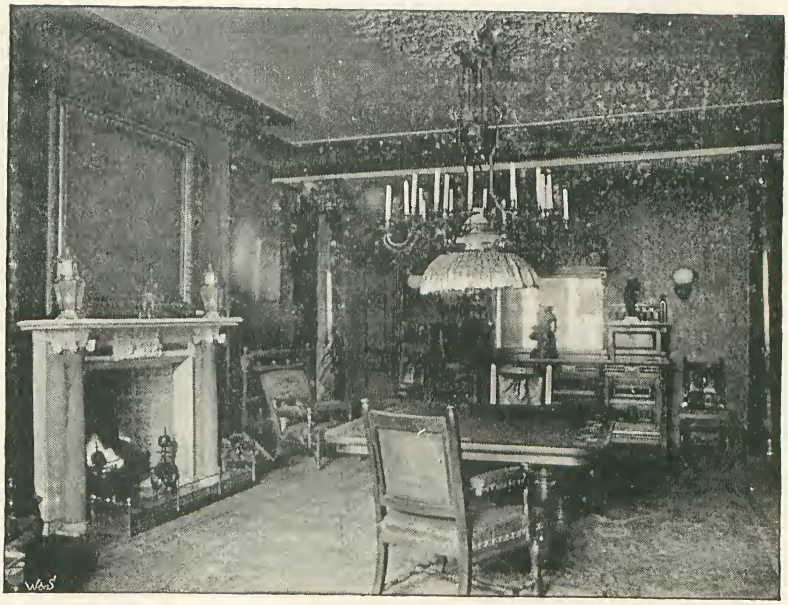
YOU could not readily escape noticing the residence of the famous specialist in Harley-street, Cavendish-square. Irrespective of the brass plate on the door, the somewhat gloomy appearance of the exterior is relieved by trailing ivy round the windows, the clinging tendrils of which hang over the balcony. But the distinctly dismal impression created by "outside appearances" disappears when once the door has been opened, and opportunities are afforded of exploring the "interior." Interest is gathered round every object one meets. Sir Morell's whole life has been a veritable run of professional adventure, and, much of his work being really historical, one expects to find about the place many reminiscences of his brilliant career—a career rendered more striking from the indisputable fact that incessant work, and purpose not to be turned aside, has had as much to do in winning him the position he now holds in the world of medicine as the marvellous skill he has shown in the diagnosis of the various forms of disease to which he has given his particular attention.

Immediately on entering, just opposite a convenient weather-dial, is a portrait of the Empress Frederick. She has written an inscription on it in pencil—"To Sir Morell Mackenzie, the faithful and devoted friend and medical attendant of the Emperor, Frederick III. of Germany. Victoria. Charlottenburg, May, 1888." The portrait is an excellent photograph of the oil painting by Angeli which hangs in the Royal Academy at Berlin. It was taken soon after our Princess Royal first went to Germany; but, though painted so many years ago, it is still thought to give the expression of the august personage better than any modern portrait. On passing through another door a long corridor is entered. From this corridor access is obtained to the library, to the dining-room, and two consulting-rooms. In a corner of this vestibule is a fine specimen of carving in oak; the exterior presents a grand cabinet dated 1647, within is a lift communicating with the kitchen. At intervals along the corridor are fine vases and a number

of works of art of importance—an etching, by Herkomer, of the Earl of Londesborough, a full-length oil painting of the master of the house, whilst the companion picture to this is an admirable likeness of Sir Morell's father in old-time black cravat and cut-away coat. A portrait group of the Laryngological Section of the "International Medical Congress, Copenhagen, 1884," shows Sir Morell in the centre, having on either side of him Dr. W. Meyer, of Copenhagen, and Professor Schnitzler, of Wein. Close by is Leslie Ward's famous cartoon of Mr. George Grossmith and Mr. Corney Grain—and near this is a painting by a Royal brush—a group of fruit and antique flagon. The inscription reads: "Her Majesty the Empress Frederick of Germany, Princess Royal of England. Presented by Her Majesty to Sir Morell Mackenzie."

Painted by the] FRUIT-PIECE [*Empress Frederick of Germany.*

Just as I am entering the dining-room a fine dachshund of rich brown colour comes dashing along the passage. It answers to the name of "Moritz," and follows us into the room, where it perches on its hind legs on one of the chairs as soon as the repast is brought in. "Moritz" is a twin. "Max" was its birth-mate. They both belonged to the late Emperor Frederick. "Moritz" was sent as a present from the late Emperor to Sir Morell, whilst "Max" found a home on the Royal hearthrug of the Princess Victoria of Prussia. The dining-room is very spacious, and at one end the ceiling is supported by two massive red granite pillars. The mantelpiece is of marble exquisitely carved, over which is an oil painting by the late George Chapman of one of Sir Morell's daughters—Mrs. McKenna—as a child in a white frock tied up with



From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM. ['*Elliott & Fry.*

From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

a great red sash, romping with a black retriever. Excellent pictures are also here of Sir Morell and Lady Mackenzie. The furniture is of oak, and there are some grand cabinets on which are many beautiful bronzes. The outlook from the dining-room is not calculated to inspire one with rural thoughts—chimney-pots and ugly, far-from-interesting brick walls abound; for which reason the glass in the window is embossed and the view is lost.

Ascending the staircase—which is decorated in Pompeian style, the centre of each plaque containing beautifully drawn and delicately coloured figures—the drawing-room is reached. This is really two apartments thrown into one. Immense vases of everlasting grass, with ivy playing about the wall, are everywhere—bowls and baskets, dishes and trays, are full of flowers, for Sir Morell is fond of this form of natural decoration. The cabinets are filled with Chinese ware. On one is a case of curios—silver daggers, crosses, Japanese wings, snuff-boxes, goblets, and, if I mistake not, a tiny model in silver of "Moritz." Just by stands an equally tiny silver chariot drawn by diminutive oxen. Many tokens of Royal favour are here in the form of portraits. Pictures of members of Sir Morell's family are scattered about. The hoof of a horse used as a match-box has an engraved plate upon it which reads, "Beauty—January, 1878." "Beauty" was a great favourite of its master, and a family pet. His memory is thus preserved. I am reminded that Sir Morell breaks-in all his own harness horses, and that he never drives animals under six years of age.

From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM (FROM THE CONSERVATORY). *[Elliott & Fry.*

From a Photo. by] THE CONSULTING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

At the far end of the drawing-room is a rockery, where the greenest of ferns and indoor plants are thriving in abundance. A heavy Sèvres vase is pointed out to me near the windows which overlook Harley-street. "It was a present," said Sir Morell, "from a lady who was suffering from cancer. I only saw her once. When she died I received a note from her executors saying that she had bequeathed me a vase, and if I would send down to Sydenham I might have it. I sent down a man for this purpose. He returned empty-handed—he could not move it. Finally I despatched three men, who brought it up."

Curiosity is inseparable from an eminent doctor's consulting-room, and, seeing that Sir Morell has two such apartments, it is probable that my curiosity was twofold as I hurried down the stairs into the long corridor again. Both of these

From a Photo. by] THE CONSULTING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

rooms are as distinctly different as possible.

The first one I entered is probably the more frequently used. It was in this room that the late Emperor Frederick used to sit when engaged with Sir Morell. Although a remarkably foggy day, the room was fragrant with the perfume of roses; blossoms from Nice were in vases on the writing-table, and in many an odd corner; flowers were even mingled with the shiny instruments neatly set out on another table. By this table I stood for a moment, and looked at a high-backed oaken chair upholstered in brown leather. It was the chair in which the Emperor Frederick used to sit.

The portraits are countless. On the mantel-board—where, by the fireplace, a pair of fine young foxes are ingeniously utilised for the purpose of supporting a wastepaper basket—are autographed pictures of Her Majesty the Queen, the Empress Frederick, and the Marchioness of Lorne. Hanging on the walls and on various supports are etchings of Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry as *Marguerite* and *Portia*, Mr. George Lewis, Mr. Edmund Yates, M. Jean de Reske, Madame Patti, Madame Albani, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in "The Ironmaster," Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and Lady Monckton, all of whom at some time or another have entered this room. On a single shelf running round the apartment are books. Many are the curios to be seen—quaint old watches, old-fashioned china, and other much-sought-after knick-knacks. Here is a silent clock, of which never a single tick is heard, and which requires winding but once a year. The inscription on an immense silver bowl mounted on an oak pedestal, says: "To Sir Morell Mackenzie, M.D., a grateful tribute of admiration and

From a Photo. by] THE ACTORS' TESTIMONIAL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

regard from those whose names are inscribed in this bowl. July 6, 1869." Inside the bowl are exact fac-simile signatures of the subscribers, and amongst those which glisten I notice those of Ellen Terry, Henry Irving, John Hare, Tom Thorne, Henry Neville, W. H. Kendal, Wilson Barrett, Brandon Thomas, John Billington, and Edward Terry. Inside this case are a number of presents from patients, whilst a portrait of one of Sir Morell's daughters finds a place on the glass top.

Possibly, however, the most interesting part of the room is that nearest the historical chair already referred to. Just beneath a large picture of Madame Pauline Lucca is a crimson plush frame, containing a portrait of the late Emperor Frederick in the same uniform as he wore on the occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee. Another portrait of him bears date of 1863, and shows him in Highland dress, whilst close by are portraits, taken some years ago, of his three daughters, dressed in plain white muslin dresses.

From a Photo. by] THE GOTHIC ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Two important letters are framed here in gilt supports, surmounted with Royal coronets. One is in German, written on buff notepaper, with a deep black edging. It was from the Queen to her late son-in-law. Although I am not permitted to give the contents of it, I may say that it is to the purport that Her Majesty intends conferring a knighthood upon Sir Morell, whilst the other matter impressively shows the love Her Majesty had for the late Emperor. The other letter—part of which only is shown—is from the Emperor to Sir Morell. The Emperor used very large-sized note, edged with black, and wrote a remarkably bold, clear hand. It reads :—

"Charlottenburg, April 10, 1888.

"My Dear Sir Morell,—You were called to me by the unanimous wish of my German medical attendants. Not knowing you myself, I had confidence in you in consequence of their recommendation. But I soon learnt to appreciate you from personal experience."

The second consulting-room is reached by passing through a small dispensary. On the white walls of this substantial medicine cabinet are rough notes by Sir Morell—pencil reminders to see such and such patients. This second apartment is known as "The Gothic Room"—every article of furniture in it is of that period. It is almost like entering a small chapel—there is an air of quietude about the place almost approaching sanctity which is most impressive. The pictures on the walls are Scriptural, principally of the Italian school. At the far end is a stained glass window, at the foot of which is a lappet with embroidered lace hangings. Gilt vases and candles are set out on the various shelves. By the side of the bookcase is a huge wrought iron cross, an excellent specimen of sixteenth century work. In the centre of the cross is a little cabinet containing a statue of the Virgin Mary, before which a light is kept continually burning. This cross was "picked up" with several others in the Austrian Tyrol by the Empress Frederick, who gave it to Sir Morell in 1888. She has also one hanging over her bed in her palace in Berlin. This apartment is lit with the electric light—as indeed are all the rooms—

and it may be interesting to many to know that the picture of The Gothic Room in these pages was obtained with this artificial light.

It was in the first-mentioned consulting-room that Sir Morell and I sat down by the fire and talked together. The eminent physician is of medium height, clean shaven, and has an expression of great kindness and sympathy. He talks in measured tones, and in many ways our conversation resembled a consultation—every word was uttered with remarkable discretion and care. A patient puts as much trust in his doctor as a client in his lawyer. The medical world and the legal community do not betray confidences — hence the demeanour of Sir Morell on some points displays the utmost caution. At other times he talked with freedom and gaiety — there was not a tinge of "the profession" about him.

From a Photo. by] SIR MORELL MACKENZIE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Sir Morell was born at Leytonstone in 1837, and comes of a distinguished medical family. He was educated at a private school at Walthamstow, under the care of Dr. Greig, where he remained until he was sixteen years of age. He was always passionately fond of natural history, and this possibly had something to do with turning his thoughts towards medicine. He always wanted to enter the medical profession, but the cost of the necessary education was too great for his mother—his father being dead at this time—so that it seemed probable that a commercial career was to fall to his lot. Whilst the majority of his schoolfellows went to India, he, on saying "good-bye" to Dr. Greig, started life as a junior clerk in the Union Assurance Company, where he remained for two years. However, in 1856 a relation came forward, and the young clerk was sent to the London Hospital. Here he greatly distinguished himself, winning the senior gold medal for surgery, and the senior gold medal for clinical medicine.

"In 1858 I went to Paris—after passing my exams.—where I spent a useful year," said Sir Morell, "and from there to Vienna and Pesth. It was at the latter city that I met Professor Czermak, who was just then devoting much time and labour to the laryngoscope. I really went to see the city, but I came across an instrument which at once claimed my every thought. I saw what a future there was for it, and a great friendship sprang up between Czermak and myself. On my return to England, I brought the instrument back with me, and directed my whole attention to it. I was then appointed resident medical officer at the London Hospital. Immediately cases came pouring in from all parts, and we would publish those of the deepest interest which had been examined with the aid of the laryngoscope. Let me describe this instrument in a few simple words. It consists of a mirror put at the back of the throat which conveys a light into the windpipe, at the same time receiving the image of the illuminated part upon the surface. An ordinary optician could make one. It is very difficult to use on young children, though really I have succeeded in operating on little ones of three and four years of age.

"I look back on those days at the London Hospital with infinite pleasure. Many, many poor people were seen, and often I would visit some of the most wretched abodes. But the poorer class are impressively appreciative. Their appreciation runs the length of their pockets, and some of the little tokens of thankfulness I received, though small in value, bore much

"EARLY DAYS IN THE EAST END."

meaning. Apples, oranges, packets of sweets, and small bags of nuts would come, accompanied by a letter." And then I learnt of a very happy custom of Sir Morell's, of assuring his smaller East-end patients that it was "all right," and they "would soon be well." He would take toys into these squalid dwellings, and, putting a horse and cart, or a doll, at the foot of the bedside, so that the little sufferer could see it easily, and look upon it as something worth winning, he would promise it to the child as soon as its throat had been examined. In many ways he became a friend to dwellers in the East. It meant hard work for the young doctor. In the daytime he was seeing patients, whilst every moment of leisure was devoted to inventing all sorts of instruments to be used in conjunction with the laryngoscope. On his leaving the Hospital as resident medical officer, he was appointed visiting physician, which meant he had to visit there twice a week to see out-patients.

His course was now fully decided—he would make a speciality of throat diseases. In 1863 he established the Throat Hospital in Golden-square. It began as a small dispensary, with a couple of rooms, but it grew and grew until it assumed the proportions of a great building, affording relief to thousands of people, and Sir Morell still remains its consulting physician.

"About this time," resumed Sir Morell, "I was lecturing very frequently on Physiology. I soon got into a large private practice. I took a house in George-street, Hanover-square, thence removed to Weymouth-street, and finally, in 1870, to my present abode. You ask me for a typical day's work. From 9 a.m. to 10 a.m. I visit bad cases. From 10 to 2 I am being consulted here. In the afternoon I am out again. In the evening I take notes of my cases, and when a spare hour for recreation comes to me, I find relief in a game of chess—my favourite amusement. I can get through fifty or sixty cases in a day. Old patients can be seen very quickly—five minutes; new cases—twenty minutes or half an hour. They come from all parts of the world—New Zealand, Australia, India. It was from America—Milwaukee—that I received the offer of my largest fee. I was offered £5,000 to go out and see one individual case, but I was unable to accept it, for at that time I was attending the late Emperor.

"One very curious fee I once received

"HERE IT IS, AND THANK YOU VERY MUCH."

came about as follows. An old man came to see me here. I examined his throat, and at once saw it was in a terribly bad state. I asked him why he had not come to see me sooner. His reply amused me very much.

"'You see, sir,' he said, 'I hadn't got a guinea. I always thought a physician wouldn't see anybody without a spade guinea, and at last I've got one. Here it is, and thank you very much.'"

It is as interesting as it is gratifying to hear Sir Morell give favourable accounts of the throats of some famous actors and singers. He is often called upon to restore the voices of vocalists just for the night—a medical feat which he performs with the utmost skill. For years Madame Albani never consulted any doctor about her throat. She was always afraid of being made worse. Finally she went to Sir Morell. Madame Albani has a fine, well-developed throat. Sir Morell assured me that an examination of Madame Patti's throat gave him the secret of the creation of her beautiful notes. The great singer cares for it so well that to-day it absolutely shows no sign of wear, and resembles the throat of a young girl. Madame Pauline Lucca has a grand throat, and one is not surprised to hear that Sims Reeves takes more care of his throat than any vocalist living. Mr. Irving has a very sound throat.

As his intimates know, the eminent actor's stage voice is entirely different from his natural voice, but the constant employment of his theatrical tones has done no harm. Referring to Mr. Toole, Sir Morell simply said in a very happy way, "I had great difficulty in examining him." Those who know the comedian will readily understand this.

"The great thing," prescribed Sir Morell, "is to try and harden the throat; do not wrap it up too much. Endeavour to make the neck as capable of exposure as the face. We do not cover up our faces, and they are practically the hardiest part of our bodies. Of course, when a person gets to a certain age it is too late for this. Keep the throat free from wrappings. The throat is the entrance to the lungs—a very vital part, narrow and tender. The great feather boas and Medici collars which ladies wear round the neck, and the stifling mufflers which men put on, are calculated to do harm. I recommend turn-down collars. Gargling with cold salt water in the morning is a very excellent thing, also bathing the throat, first with very hot water, and then with very cold. The throat gets the effect of a sudden shock."

Then our conversation briefly reverted to Sir Morell's memorable connection with the late Emperor of Germany.

"It was in the May of 1887," the physician said, "that I received a summons to go immediately to Berlin. The telegram came at nine o'clock one evening, and I was away by the first train next morning. On my arrival, I at once saw the Crown Prince. My examination only lasted a few minutes. I felt it was a very doubtful case, and I told all the Crown Prince's regular doctors, who were in the room, frankly what I thought. The Crown Prince seemed to be possessed of much *sang froid;* he was quite happy. His extreme courtesy impressed me most. He thanked

me most heartily for coming. I saw him again the next day, and was more than ever convinced of my previous impressions."

All the world knows the course of events which followed. Sir Morell assured me that his illustrious patient never once asked what he (the physician) thought of his case; never once said, "Do you think I shall recover?" The Royal personage was very fond of talking about England, and particularly Scotland. When Sir Morell was out walking or driving with him, the late Emperor was never happier than when telling stories of Frederick the Great. He pointed out the mill at Potsdam—famous for the historical dispute between the miller and his noble ancestor.

"There's the mill," he cried to Sir Morell. "It was a great eyesore to the Great Frederick, and he wanted the miller to give it up. The miller was immovable, so the ruler of a kingdom and the owner of a mill went into court. The millowner won, and when the King found his cause was hopeless, he became good friends with the miller by way of atonement."

From a Photo. by] "MORITZ." *[Elliott & Fry.*

Sir Morell was by the Emperor's bedside during the last hours. Writing materials were laid out on the bed, and the Emperor used to write on these to Sir Morell when he required moving from one bed to another, on slips of paper about five inches long by three inches wide, written on in pencil. Sir Morell prolonged one of the most precious lives in Europe for over a year.

It is of no small moment to learn what Sir Morell Mackenzie considers the effects of oversmoking on the throat. In reply to my question on this highly interesting subject, he referred me to an article he wrote in *The New Review*. His remedy for getting rid of the same is a very simple one, namely, the discontinuing of the practice which engenders them.

He strongly objects to a cigarette "as being the worst form of indulgence, from the fact that the very mildness of its action tempts people to smoke nearly all day long, and by inhaling the fumes into their lungs, saturate their blood with the poison. It should be borne in mind that there are two bad qualities contained in the fumes of tobacco. One is poisonous nicotine, the other the high temperature of the burning tobacco. Most people, however, can smoke in moderation without injury; to many tobacco acts as a useful nerve sedative, but, on the other hand, an excessive indulgence in the habit is always injurious, many persons wilfully overstepping the boundary line which separates moderation from abuse. The condition of the throat as well as that of the general health varies greatly at times, and an amount of smoking, which at one time would be attended with no bad effect, might at another produce serious harm. Every smoker knows that when the stomach is out of order the pipe or cigar loses its charm; but it is not so generally known that at such times the tongue (which to the experienced eye is a mirror of the invisible stomach) and the throat are more vulnerable than usual to tobacco. If nature's warnings on these points are disregarded, as they generally are, the smoker will bring on himself much unnecessary discomfort, and even suffering. In connection with the variation in susceptibility just referred to, it may be mentioned that persons leading an out-door life can, as a rule, smoke with much greater impunity than those who spend most of their time indoors. It is further worthy of remark that the inhabitants of warm climates suffer less than the dwellers in what is, probably on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, called the *temperate* climate of England. This is doubtless due to the greater resisting power of throats less harassed by fogs and

east winds, and partly, perhaps, to the use of milder tobacco.

"To conclude with a little practical advice," says Sir Morell, "I would say to anyone who finds total abstinence too heroic a stretch of virtue, let him smoke only after a substantial meal, and, if he be a singer or a speaker, let him do so after, and never before using his voice. Let him smoke a mild Havannah, or a long-stemmed pipe charged with some cool smoking tobacco. If the charms of the cigarette are irresistible, let it be smoked through a mouthpiece which is kept clean with ultra-Mohammedan strictness. Let him refrain from smoking pipe, cigar, or cigarette to the bitter, and, it may be added, rank and oily end. Your Turk, who is very choice in his smoking, and thoroughly understands the art, always throws away the near half of his cigarette. Let the singer who wishes to keep in the 'perfect way' refrain from inhaling the smoke, and let him take it as an axiom that the man in whom tobacco increases the flow of saliva to any marked degree is not intended by nature to smoke. Let him be strictly moderate in indulgence—the precise limits each man must settle for himself—and he will get all the good effect of the soothing plant without the bane which lurks in it when used to excess."

HARRY HOW.

THE OPERATING CHAIR.
[*From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.*]

After the Crime.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CONSTANT GUÉROULT.

[CONSTANT GUÉROULT was born at Elbeuf, on the 11th of February, 1814, and passed the first thirty years of his life in commerce. He then came to Paris, and began to write stories in various journals. The power and interest of these, which are mostly sensational in type, soon made his name widely known. The little story which follows is a good specimen of his style, and is additionally interesting as teaching the same moral which Dickens enforced in his description of the crime of Bill Sykes and of Jonas Chuzzlewit—that murder carries with it its own punishment.]

IT was at the extremity of a village : a window was hurriedly thrown open, and a man appeared at it, his features livid, his eyes haggard, his lips agitated by a convulsive tremor ; his right hand grasped a knife from which blood was dripping, drop by drop. He cast a look into the silent country, then sprang to the ground, and set off running away through the fields.

At the end of a quarter of an hour he stopped exhausted, breathless, at the edge of a wood, twenty paces from a highway. He searched for the most closely grown, the most impenetrable spot to be found, and pressed his way into it, regardless of the thorns that were tearing him ; then he began to dig up the earth with his knife. When he had made a hole a foot deep, he placed the weapon in it, and covered it with the soil he had dug out, re-covered it with a grass sod, which he trampled down solidly, after which he sat down upon the wet grass.

He listened, and appeared terrified by the silence which hung upon the country.

It was the hour when the darkness of night is replaced by that grey and uniform tint which is neither day nor night, and through which objects look like phantoms.

It seemed to him that he was alone in this funereal immensity, in the midst of this dumb and dim nature. Suddenly a sound made him start ; it was the axle of a waggon creaking on the road, a league away perhaps ; but in the silence this strange and discordant noise made itself heard with singular distinctness.

Then Nature awoke little by little. The lark took flight towards the blue sky, pouring out his notes, at once timid and charming, overflowing with life and happiness ; a winged tribe began to sing and flutter amid the leaves glittering with dew ; on all sides —in the moss on which the golden insect was crawling, to the branch of the highest oak, where the bird voluptuously plumed herself in the ether—arose a morning concert, so harmonious in its confusion, so potent in its

"HE RE-COVERED THE HOLE WITH A GRASS SOD."

delirium, so full of greeting to the first rays coming from the east, that it might well be called a hymn to the sun.

Nature expanded herself, radiant and virginal; all was grace, freshness, sparkle in the forest, where a blue mist still floated; all was calm and hushed in the plain, the great lines of which undulated to infinity, the grey tones of which grew light under the reflection of the blue sky.

The murderer rose; his limbs trembled, and his teeth clattered one against the other.

He cast furtive glances around him, then parted the branches with precaution, stopping, starting, drawing back his head hastily at the least sound; then, at length, he quitted the densely grown thicket in which he had buried his knife.

He pressed forward deeper into the forest, choosing always the most shaded portions and avoiding the open parts and the beaten paths, making frequent stoppages to listen or to examine the ground before him ere he advanced. In this way he walked all day without being conscious of fatigue—so great was the agony which dominated him.

He paused at the entrance to a grove of beeches, whose imposing trunks stood white and smooth, like thousands of columns, crowned with foliage. A calm day, a harmonious silence, added to the impression of grandeur and retirement made by this beautiful spot; something animate seemed to throb amid the luminous shade of the motionless boughs, as if a soul were there amid the shadows, murmuring mysterious syllables.

The fugitive felt ill at ease, and, creeping like a reptile, forced his way under a clump of thorn bushes, the density of which completely hid him.

When he was in safety, he first raised his hand to his head and then to his stomach, and muttered, "I am hungry!"

The sound of his voice made him shudder; it was the first time he had heard it since the murder, and it resounded in his ears like a knell and a menace. For some moments he remained motionless and held his breath, as if in fear of having been heard.

When he had become a little calmer, he felt in his pockets one after the other; they contained a few *sous*.

"That will be enough," he said in a low tone; "in six hours I shall have crossed the frontier; then I can show myself; I can work, and shall be saved."

At the end of an hour he felt the cold begin to stiffen his limbs, for with the coming of night the dew fell, and his only clothes were a linen blouse and trousers of the same material. He rose, and, cautiously quitting his thorn bushes, continued his march. He halted at the first signs of dawn. He had reached the limits of the forest, and must now enter upon the open country, must show himself in the full light of day; and, struck with terror by this thought, he dared not advance a step further.

While he was standing hidden in a thicket the sound of horses' hoofs was heard. He turned pale.

"Gendarmes!" he gasped, crouching down upon the ground.

It was a farm-labourer going to the fields, with two horses harnessed to a waggon; he was whistling a country air while re-tying the lash of his whip.

"Jacques!" a voice cried to him.

The peasant turned round.

"Hallo! is that you Françoise? Where are you going so early?"

"Oh! I'm going to wash this bundle of linen at the spring close by."

"I'm going within two steps of it; put your bundle on one of my beasts."

"Thanks!—that's not to be refused. How's the wife and the little ones—all of them?"

"I'm the weakest of the family," replied Jacques, laughing loudly; "all goes well—work, joy, and health."

He tied his lash, and the sharp crack was repeated by echo after echo.

The murderer followed him with his eyes as far as he could see him; then a deep sigh escaped from his lips, and his gaze turned to the open country spreading before him.

"I must get on," he murmured, "it is twenty-four hours since I——. All is discovered, I am being sought, an hour's delay may ruin me."

He made up his mind resolutely, and quitted the forest.

At the end of ten minutes he came within sight of a church tower. Then he slackened his pace, a prey to a thousand conflicting feelings, drawn towards the village by hunger, restrained by the fear which counselled him to avoid habitations.

However, after a long struggle, during which he had advanced as much as possible under the screen of outhouses and bushes, he was about to enter the village, when he

saw something glitter about a hundred paces from him.

It was the brass badge and the pommel of a rural policeman's sabre.

"He may have my description," he murmured with a shudder.

And, shrinking back quickly, he ran to a little wood which extended on his left and hid himself in it, pushing further and further into its depths, forgetting his hunger, and thinking only of flying from the village and the rural policeman.

But he speedily reached the end of the wood, which was of very small extent: beyond, the plain began again.

On peering from between the branches, he saw a man seated on the grass eating his breakfast. It was Jacques, the farm labourer.

Nothing could be more pleasant than the corner he had chosen for his breakfast-room. It was a sort of little stony ravine, through which ran two deep wheel-ruts, but carpeted with grass and moss and bordered with creepers, green-leaved, yellow, or purple, according to the caprices of that powerful colourist called Autumn. The wheel-ruts were full of limpid water, at the bottom of which glittered little white stones, smooth and transparent as onyx. Finally, this pretty nest was shaded by a cluster of birch-trees with reddish silvery trunks and foliage light and trembling.

Above this oasis spread ploughed fields on which hung, white and closely woven, the "Virgin-threads," floating and sparkling like an immense silver net.

"PEERING BETWEEN THE BRANCHES, HE SAW A MAN SEATED ON THE GRASS."

Jacques' breakfast consisted of a hunch of bread and a piece of cheese, washed down with big draughts of cider claret, which he drank out of a stone pitcher, cooled in the water of the wheel ruts.

The peasant's strong white teeth buried themselves in the bread with an appetite which might have made a capitalist desire to share his frugal meal, which he only interrupted now and then to give a friendly word to his two horses, which, a few paces off, were feeding in brotherly fashion from the same wisp of hay.

"He's happy—he is!" murmured the murderer. Then, from the depths of his conscience he added: "Yes! work!—love of family!—peace and happiness are there!"

He was tempted to accost Jacques and ask him for a piece of bread; but a glance at his tattered dress forbade him showing himself; and then it seemed to him that his features bore the stamp of his crime, and must denounce him to whoever looked upon him.

A sound made him turn his head, and through the branches he saw an old man covered with rags. He walked bent double, a stick in his hand and a canvas bag slung to his neck by a cord. It was a beggar.

The murderer watched him with envious eyes, and again he murmured:

"What would I not give to be in his place! He begs, but he is free; he goes where he pleases in the wide air, in the broad sunlight, with a calm heart, with a tranquil conscience, eating without fear and agony the bread given to him in charity;

able to look behind him without seeing a dead body, beside him without dreading to find a gendarme at his elbow, before him without seeing a vision of the scaffold. Yes, he is happy, that old mendicant, and I may well envy him his lot."

Suddenly he turned pale, a nervous trembling agitated all his limbs, and his features were drawn up like those of an epileptic.

"There they are!" he stammered, his eyes fixed upon a point on the road.

With haggard eye, bewildered, mad with terror, he looked on all sides, seeking to find a place of concealment; but so strangely was he overcome by fear that his eyes saw nothing, and his mind was incapable of thought.

During this time the gendarmes approached rapidly.

The gallop of the horses and the clanking of arms suddenly brought back to him his presence of mind, and, seeing before him an elm, the foliage of which was dense enough to hide him from sight, he climbed up it with the agility of a squirrel.

He was in safety when the two gendarmes halted on the road a few paces from him.

He listened, motionless, terrified, a prey to emotion so violent that he could hear the beating of the heart within him.

"What if we search this wood!" said one of the gendarmes.

"It's too small," said the other; "it's not there that our man would take refuge —rather in a forest."

"Anyhow, it will be prudent to beat it up."

"No," replied his comrade, "it would be time lost, and the assassin has already a ten hours' start of us."

And they went on at a trot.

The murderer breathed again; he felt a renewed life. But, this agony passed, a suffering, for a moment forgotten, made itself felt anew, and he cried:

"My God, how hungry I am!"

He had not eaten for forty-eight hours.

His legs gave way under him; he was seized with giddiness and a humming in the ears. And yet, he no more thought of going to the village for bread. The gendarmes! the scaffold! Those two phantoms ceaselessly rose before him, and over-mastered even the pangs of famine.

While his restless ears were on the watch for all sounds in the country, the dreary tolling of a bell made him start: it was the bell of the village church sounding the funeral knell. The murderer listened, pale, downcast, shuddering at every stroke, as if the clapper of the bell had struck upon his heart. Then big tears fell slowly from his eyes, and streamed down his cheeks unobserved by him, without his making any attempt to stop their flow.

It was because these funeral sounds evoked in his imagination a picture at once terrible and heartrending. At that same hour the bell of another village church was tolling like this for another death.

"Oh, wretch, wretch that I am!" sighed the murderer, covering his face with both his hands.

He listened again to the strokes of the church bell, which sounded to him like the sobs of the poor victim, and he murmured:

"Oh, idleness! it led me to the tavern —and the tavern, this is what has come of it!—three orphans, a poor wife in the ground, and I!—a monster, hateful to all, hunted like a wild beast, pursued without rest or truce, until the hour when they shall have driven me to the scaffold. Horrible, horrible destiny!—and yet too mild a punishment."

He remained in the tree until night had come. When he saw the stars shine in the sky, when, in the vast solitude around him, he heard nothing but that vague breathing which seems like the respiration of the sleeping earth, then only he ventured to descend to rest himself.

He stretched himself at the foot of the tree, and closed his eyes; but fear which would not quit him, hunger which gnawed at his vitals, kept him constantly awake, and he rose at the first sign of dawn, overwhelmed, bowed down at once by alarm, fatigue, and the fasting of nearly three days.

At the end of a few hours his hunger, sharpened by the exciting air of the wood, ended by overcoming all his terror; and, feeling that his reason was beginning to reel in his brain, he decided to go into the village in search of bread.

He shook off the blades of grass which hung to his clothes, retied his neckerchief, passed his fingers through his tangled hair, then resolutely went out into the plain. Five minutes afterwards he entered the village, walking slowly, his head bent down, like a man overcome by fatigue, but casting a furtive and suspicious glance right and left, and ready to take flight at the first appearance of danger.

Not far from the church—that is to say, in the centre of the place—he perceived a tavern, the patriarchal aspect of which seemed to him to be reassuring. After convincing himself that neither cries nor disputes were coming from it—evidence that it was almost empty—he made up his mind to enter.

"What can I give you, my good man?" asked the landlord, a solidly built peasant, with broad shoulders, and a frank and open countenance.

"Bread and wine," replied the murderer, going and seating himself at a table near a window opening on to a garden.

He was speedily served.

"Here you are!" said the landlord, "bread, wine, and cheese."

The murderer felt himself becoming faint. He was tempted to rush out of the house; but a moment's reflection convinced him that such a course would ensure his certain destruction, and that prudence itself called on him to remain where he was.

He had hardly come to this decision when drinkers flocked into the tavern, which presently became full. The murderer began to eat and drink, taking care to keep his face turned towards the window, so as to hide his features as much as possible.

A quarter of an hour passed, an age of torment and anxiety for the fugitive, whom the most insignificant word caused to turn pale and to shudder. At length he was going to rise and leave the tavern, when one of the drinkers cried:

"HERE YOU ARE," SAID THE LANDLORD.

"I only asked for bread and wine," said the murderer, abruptly, hiding his face in his hands.

"Oh! the cheese is of no consequence to me, nor the bread either, for—no offence to you—you don't look too well off, my poor man, and it seems to me that you need to get up your strength; so eat and drink without worrying yourself about the rest."

"Thanks, thanks!"

At that moment the church bells began to ring loudly.

"What is that?" asked the murderer. "Why are the bells ringing in that way?"

"Why! Because the mass is over."

"The mass! What is to-day, then?"

"Sunday. You are not a Christian, then? Oh! you'll have companions presently."

"Hallo! here comes Daddy Faucheux, our brigadier of gendarmerie!"

The murderer started frightfully, and his right hand flew to his head; all his blood had rushed to his heart, and from his heart to his brain, as if he had been stricken with apoplexy.

He came to himself little by little, but without recovering his powers; from the shock he had sustained there remained a weakness and nervous tremor which rendered him wholly incapable of effort.

On seeing the brigadier enter, he leaned his head upon the table, and pretended to fall asleep.

The welcome given to the gendarme attested the esteem in which he was held in the country; everyone was eager to offer him a place at his table.

"Thanks, friends," replied Daddy Faucheux, "a glass is not to be refused ; but, as to sitting down, and taking it easy with you —the service forbids."

"The service! that's a good one. To-day is Sunday, and thieves require a day of rest as well as other folks."

"Thieves, possibly ; but it's different with assassins."

"Assassins! What do you mean by that, Daddy Faucheux ?"

"Haven't you heard about the affair at Saint Didier ?"

"No ; tell us about it."

"The more willingly, because I came in here to give you all a description of the scoundrel we are hunting."

The heart of the murderer throbbed heavily enough to burst his chest.

"He's a stone-mason, named Pierre Picard," the brigadier continued.

"And who has he murdered ?"

"His wife."

"The beggar! What had she done to him ?"

"Cried without complaining when he beat her ; only sometimes she went to the tavern to ask him to give her some money to buy food for her little ones, whom she could not bear to see dying of starvation. That was the whole of her crime, poor creature! It was for that he killed her on Thursday night last. She was only five-and-twenty. He ought to have kissed the ground she walked on, the wretch! She spent her life in working and caring for him and the children, and she had never received any other reward save blows and misery."

"The infernal villain!" cried a young man, striking his fist violently on the table before him ; "I'd think it a pleasure to go and see his head chopped off."

"That's why you all ought to know his description, so as to be able to arrest him if you come upon him ; for we know that he is skulking somewhere hereabouts."

There was a deep silence.

The murderer, he too listened, mastering by a superhuman effort the fever raging in his blood and bewildering his brain.

"This is the description of Pierre Picard," said the brigadier, unfolding a paper: "Middle height, short neck, broad shoulders, high cheek bones, large nose, black eyes, sandy beard, thin lips, a brown mole on the forehead."

Folding up the paper, he added :

"Now you'll be sure to recognise him if you meet him !"

"With such a description, it would be impossible to mistake him."

"Then, as the song says, 'good night, my friends' ; I leave you to go and hunt my game."

The murderer ceased to breathe. While listening to the brigadier's departure, he calculated that a few hours only separated him from the frontier, and already he saw himself in safety.

He was about raising his head, when the heavy boots of the gendarme, taking a new direction, resounded suddenly in his ears.

The gendarme stopped, two paces from the table at which he was seated ; and the murderer *felt* his look turned upon him.

His blood seemed to freeze in his veins. A cold perspiration burst from all his pores, and his heart appeared to him to cease beating.

"By the way," cried the brigadier, "here's a party who is sleeping pretty soundly."

And he struck him on the shoulder.

"Hallo, my friend, hold your head up a little ; I want to see your phiz."

Pierre Picard raised his head sharply ; the expression of his face was frightful. His livid features were horribly contracted, his blood-shot eyes darted flames, and a nervous trembling agitated his thin and close-pressed lips.

"It's he!" cried ten voices at once.

The brigadier put out his hand to seize him by the collar, but before he could touch him, the murderer struck him two heavy blows with his fist in the eyes and blinded him ; then, springing through the window into the garden, he disappeared.

Recovered from the surprise which had at first paralysed them, twenty young men dashed off in pursuit of him. At a bound he cleared the garden hedge, gained the fields, and in less than ten minutes was half a league away from the village.

After making sure that the unevenness of the ground prevented him from being seen, he paused for a moment to take breath, for he was quite exhausted and would have sunk down senseless if this furious flight had continued twenty seconds longer.

But he had hardly seated himself, before confused cries struck upon his ears. He rose and listened.

It was his pursuers.

What was he to do? Exhausted, breathless, he could run no further—and they

"THE MURDERER STRUCK HIM TWO HEAVY BLOWS."

were there, on his heels. He cast a desperate glance around him. Everywhere he saw the level plain—without a rock, without a hollow, without a clump of trees, in which he could hide himself. Suddenly his eyes fell upon a shining pool of standing water, on the margin of which there was a growth of tall reeds, and he gasped :

"Let's try it."

He dragged himself to the pool, in which he hid himself up to the neck, drawing over his head the reeds and water-plants, then remained as motionless as if he had taken root in the mud.

The water had become still and smooth as a mirror when the twenty peasants arrived at the edge of the pool, preceded by the brigadier, who, thanks to the care of the landlord of the tavern, had speedily recovered from the stunning effects of the blows he had received.

"Now," cried Daddy Faucheux, from the back of his horse, and examining the country in all directions, "where in the name of wonder can that scoundrel have got to!"

"It's odd," said a young peasant; "five minutes ago I saw him plainly—and, now, not a glimpse of him! and yet the ground's flat and green for three leagues round, without so much as a mole's hole in which he could hide his nose."

"He can't be far off," said the brigadier. "Let us divide and spread over the plain, searching every bit of it, and coming back here last."

Pierre Picard heard the party disperse, uttering threats against him.

Still standing motionless in the pool, he trembled in every limb, and dared not change his position for fear of betraying his presence by agitating the water about him, or by deranging the reeds and water-plants with which he had covered his head.

He passed an hour in this position, studying the sound of the steps crossing each other on the plain, of which his ears, eagerly strained, caught the least perceptible echoes.

At the end of that time the whole of the party were again collected about the pool.

"Thunder and lightning!" cried the brigadier, furiously; "the brigand has escaped us, but how the plague could he have done it?"

"He must be a sorcerer!" said a peasant.

"Sorcerer or not, I'll not give him up," replied Daddy Faucheux. "I'll just give Sapajou time to swallow a mouthful of water at this pool, and we'll both slip off to the edge of the frontier, towards which the beggar is sure to make his way."

And turning his horse towards the pool, he reined him up just at the spot where the fugitive was hidden amid the tuft of reeds. The animal stretched forward his neck, sniffed the air strongly, then quickly

drew back his head and refused to advance. Pierre Picard felt the beast's warm breath upon his cheek.

The brigadier gently flipped Sapajou's ears to force him to enter the pool, but the animal backed a couple of paces, and his master was unable, either by blows or pattings, to induce him to obey.

"Oh! we are in our tantrums!" cried the brigadier, furious at a resistance to which he was wholly unused; "we'll see which of us is going to give in to the other."

And he was preparing to flog poor Sapajou severely, when, as if understanding the impending danger, the animal wheeled suddenly to the left and entered the pool some paces further off.

"That's all the better for you," said the brigadier. Then, while his horse was drinking, he said to the peasants:

"Now, my good fellows, you can go back to the village; I and Sapajou will see to the rest."

The peasants moved off, wishing him good luck. Then the horse, having sufficiently satisfied his thirst, left the water and set off across the fields, stimulated by the voice of his master.

"THE ANIMAL QUICKLY DREW BACK HIS HEAD."

The murderer was left alone.

But, though he was benumbed with cold, he allowed more than a quarter of an hour to pass before venturing to quit his retreat. At length he came from the pool, dripping with water, his head and shoulders covered with water-grass and plants which clung to his skin and clothes, his body shivering, his face cadaverous. He cast a long glance over the deserted plain, and tried to speak, but his teeth clattered together so violently that it was some moments before he could articulate a word.

"Saved!" he gasped at length.

Then he continued, with profound dejection:

"Yes, saved—for the hour! But the brigadier waits for me on the frontier; the gendarmerie are warned, the whole population are on foot; the hunt is going to begin again against the common enemy—against the mad dog. The struggle—for ever the struggle—without cessation, without pity! All men against me, and God as well! It is too much—it is beyond my strength!"

While speaking he mechanically freed himself from the slimy weeds with which he was covered.

He gazed upon the solitude by which he was surrounded, and it appeared to terrify him: he seemed to feel in his heart the same cold, sullen, desolate solitude.

Then he took his head between his hands, and for five minutes remained plunged in his reflections.

"So be it," he said at length, in a resolute tone.

And he set off in the direction of the village from which he had fled.

An hour afterwards he entered the tavern where the brigadier had been so near capturing him.

All the peasants who had pursued him were there.

"The assassin!" they cried in bewilderment.

"Yes," replied the murderer, calmly,

" it is Pierre Picard, the assassin, who has come to give himself up. Go and find the gendarmes."

He seated himself in the middle of the tavern, calm and unmoved.

Two gendarmes speedily arrived. Pierre Picard recognised them as those who, the evening before, had passed close by the elm in which he had taken refuge. He held out his hands to them silently. They placed handcuffs upon his wrists, and led him to a room at the *Mairie*, which was to serve provisionally as his dungeon, before he was transferred to the neighbouring city.

When he found himself alone, shut up securely in this prison, the door of which was guarded by two gendarmes, the murderer sank upon his camp bed, and cried with a sort of fierce enjoyment :

"At last I can rest !"

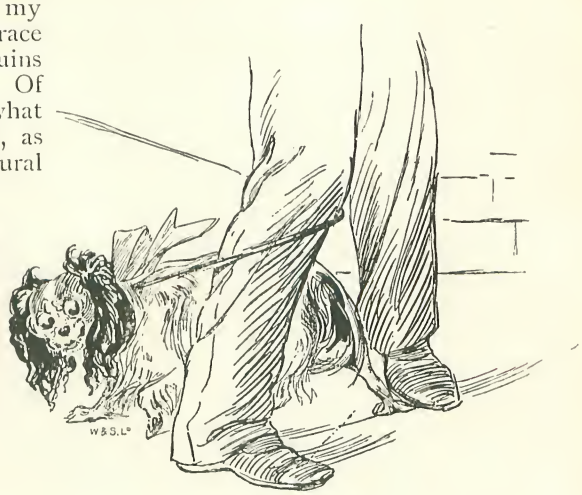
My Neighbours' Dogs.

By Arthur Morrison.

THE dog is the friend of man. That is what I used to read in my spelling-book. I do not wish to impeach the authority of the spelling book, but I wish my neighbours hadn't so many friends.

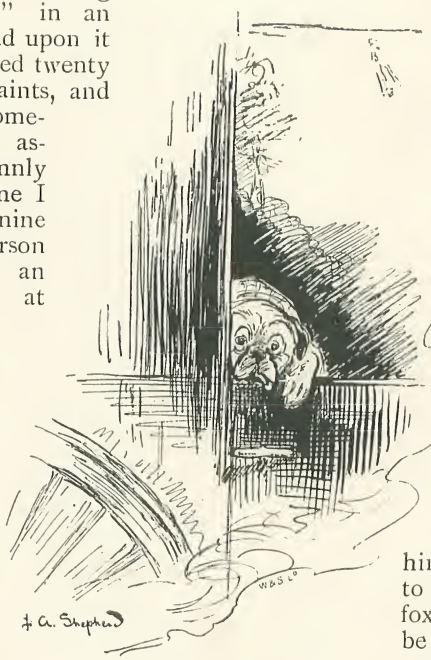
All my neighbours have friends of this sort; some miscreants have several. It is obviously a conspiracy. I am a quiet man, as a rule, but some day my neighbours will find that they have carried their persecution a little too far. I have made a careful calculation, taking into consideration all the dogs at present hereabout, and allowing a fair percentage for occasional visits; and as nearly as I can determine I find that the reinforcement of one mastiff, two retrievers, and a terrier, or their equivalent in lap-dogs, to the ranks of my neighbours' "friends," will just carry me past my limit of endurance. Then this terrace will be found reduced to a heap of ruins by the agency of nitro-glycerine. Of my own life I am reckless. Judge what it is worth to me when I describe, as calmly and dispassionately as my natural feelings will allow, the behaviour of some of my neighbours' dogs.

In speaking of my recent calculation, I expressed the result in mastiffs, terriers, and retrievers, simply alluding to their equivalent in lap-dogs, without stating that one lap-dog, as a weapon of offence, is the equal of two mastiffs and a very dirty mongrel. This is a mathematical equation which cost me some little trouble in the preparation, but I regard it with pride as trustworthy to the last decimal. In estimating the factors I had to consider the fact that what I may be pardoned for calling the entire cussedness of the lap-dog infects in a high degree its mistress and all about it. The Misses Pegram, next door on the right, keep two lap-dogs, a toy spaniel and a pug, which cause in me a constant change of opinion which in a mathematician is disagreeable. I always consider the spaniel absolutely the vilest creature in the animal kingdom until I meet the pug, than which I then decide nothing could be worse—until I see—or hear—the spaniel again; and so on. The Miss Pegram who owns the spaniel is one of the most implacable of my enemies. I deliberately assert that she *chases* me with that monkey-headed dog. I never venture out of doors but she bears down upon me—often from behind, so that I have no time to escape. She and the dog are connected by a length of ribbon, and it is their practice to manœuvre that ribbon between my legs if possible, and then wind it about me until I am upset, or until, in my efforts to escape, I tread upon



"MISS PEGRAM'S SPANIEL."

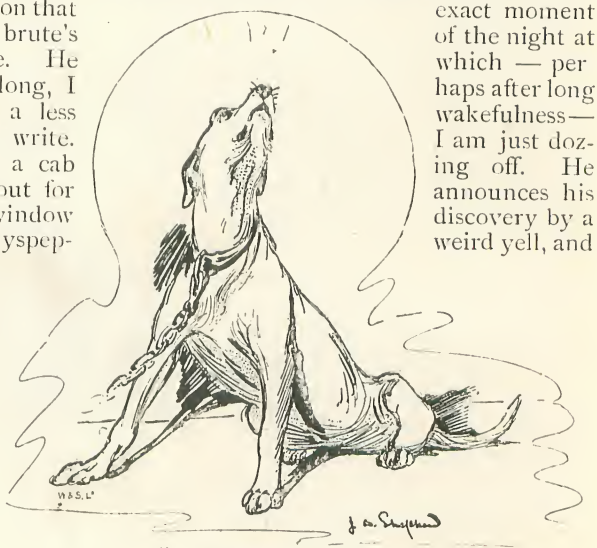
the little beast sufficiently to afford it a pretext for howling and snapping at my calf. If I am only upset, the woman contents herself with glaring at me murderously, and perhaps muttering the word "Brute!" in an undertone. If I tread upon it (I often wish I weighed twenty stone) she screams, faints, and calls a policeman. Sometimes she personally assaults me. I solemnly aver that the last time I trod upon that canine imp, that—that Person (I will not call her an Old Frump)—struck at me with her parasol.



"MISS PEGRAM'S PUG."

The pug is perhaps, on the whole, a little less irritating, because he is an invalid, with a chronic snuffle, and consequently takes only carriage exercise, wherefore his opportunities of mingling with and snapping at my legs are necessarily restricted. Personally I believe that what he chiefly suffers from is overfeeding; nevertheless I never see him in the company of the Miss Pegram who overfeeds him but that unattractive person scowls malignantly at me, plainly expressing her conviction that *I* am somehow responsible for the brute's ailments. I really wish I were. He shouldn't suffer from *that* ailment long, I promise him; I'd change it for a less pleasant one. There he goes as I write. The "brougham" (which is really a cab with no number) has been ordered out for him, and he is being held up to the window to enjoy the scenery. His bloated, dyspeptic face occupies a corner of the aperture, and his goggle eyes stand out from his head in a way that induces a momentary gleam of hope that he is being choked. Some day, in the course of the overfeeding, he may be, and the reflection gives me some comfort. Meantime I speculate upon the origin of the black mark on each of the cur's cheeks. These are called "kissing-spots," I am told. If that is really where Miss Pegram kisses him, I don't wonder at the existence of those black spots.

Next door, on the other side, Blenkinsop keeps a different sort of dog. The exact species of this dog it would be difficult to name, although personally I believe he is like a man of fashion with his clubs, and enjoys the distinction of belonging to several. Blenkinsop himself labours under a vague delusion that he is possessed of some sort of dog of the chase, although, whether a fox-hound, a pointer, or a staghound, he never gives a definite opinion. My housekeeper's son (who is a vulgar lad) calls it a tripe-hound, conveying in this name a delicate hint at an object of chase more to the animal's taste than either foxes or stags. Whatever may be its correct classification, it is certain that it embodies a very strong cross of some species of dog which never goes to sleep, and conscientiously objects to any other creature doing so. It is, in one respect at any rate, a really wonderful dog. By some mystic operation of instinct he divines the exact moment of the night at which — perhaps after long wakefulness — I am just dozing off. He announces his discovery by a weird yell, and



"BLENKINSOP'S TRIPE HOUND."

promptly settles down to make a night of it. He makes a night of it. So do all my other neighbours' dogs, once this brute has reminded them that they have another means of annoying me beside those they are especially kept to inflict. Finally, in the morning, when I give up the game and wearily begin to dress, the fiend leaves off, by way of mockery ; for well I know that if I get into bed again he will recommence. This dog, I am convinced, is kept not only as a tribulation to me, but as a source of profit to Blenkinsop. The hair-brushes, boot-jacks, shaving-pots, and lumps of coal which the creature attracts to himself during the nights of one month must constitute a very desirable income. It's all a part of the conspiracy against my peace, and if some of the other conspirators are driven to contribute boot-jacks and lumps of coal as well as I, why, it serves them right. Blenkinsop never seems to mind the din himself ; it rather pleases him. He calls it "giving tongue." Personally I don't like tongue, and often myself give Blenkinsop some of it, consequently we are not good friends. Blenkinsop chains up this thing of evil out of reach of my garden wall, possibly fearing that I may poison it. He flatters my humanity ; if I could get hold of the beast I would not poison it—I would drop it into a barrel of nitric acid and nail down the lid.

"EXTRAVAGANT FRIENDSHIP."

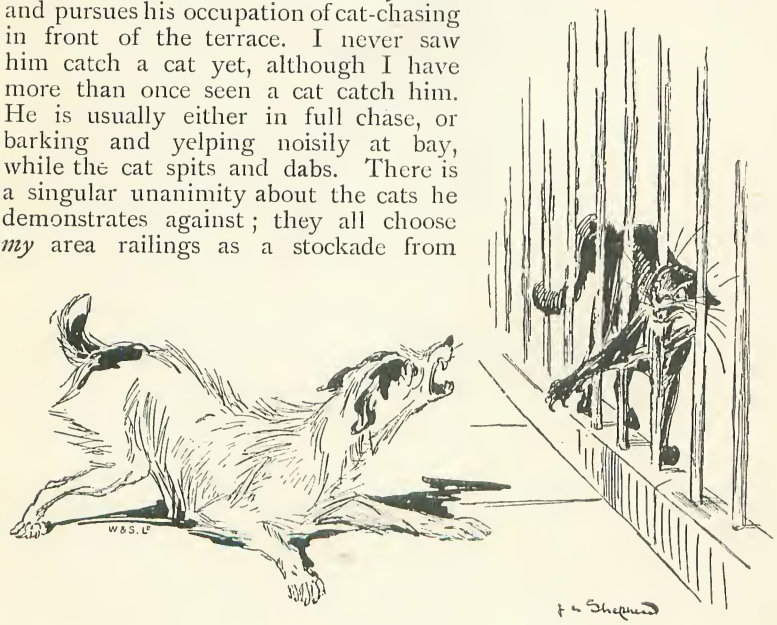
A man some little way off, a perfect stranger, keeps a Danish boarhound of about the size of an ordinary donkey. This is a fine animal to look at—a long way off—but I do not like her muddy paws on my chest and her very large tongue in my face. She does this sort of thing under pretence of extravagant friendship. I don't want her friendship : I don't want her master's friendship—I don't know him, and it is a gross liberty for his dog to lick my spectacles off my nose. I don't want anybody's friendship ; I only want to be left alone. In my troubles with this dog, it is some consolation to know that I am not the only sufferer. A mild Eastern gentleman, with a dark complexion and a fez cap, lives further up the terrace. He is somewhat of an enigma among the neighbours, and, except that he has had some Mohammedan tracts printed in extraordinary English, which he furtively drops down areas to the scandalisation of the orthodox, there is no precise indication of his nationality. The Misses Pegram call him a "native"—as though he were an oyster. He is a small man, and is almost as much a victim of that boarhound's unwelcome attentions as I myself ; not quite so much, of course, because, as I say, it is all a conspiracy. Five times out of six, when this gentle Oriental passes my window, I observe as he approaches two (or more) immense muddy paw-marks on his otherwise well-brushed coat—it is a singular property of this dog that her paws are always muddy, in any weather. When I see these paw-marks I know at once that I have only to wait until he passes to see an immense muddy or dusty patch in the rear of that respectable "native"; he always goes down before the boarhound's onslaught. He told me so, once, himself. I had observed the dog approaching in an adjoining square, and retired up a secluded turning ; and the "native," from another side of the square, did the same. He understood our common motive, and said, "That canine tyke too much cheek got it ; he put feets on shoulder, you sit down on thoroughfare."

There are other dogs whose annoyances

I chiefly feel in my goings forth. The latest additions to these are a Skye terrier and two dachshunds. Perhaps, on second thoughts, I ought to feel thankful that all this length of material is only cut up into three dogs instead of making a dozen, as it easily might. Yes, on the whole, I think I will be thankful, and say nothing more about these just yet, although their caterpillar appearance offends my eye to the extent of outrage, and they cause me delay in the street, each dog being a procession in itself. Still they have not been here for long; no doubt they will find some new way of annoying me soon.

"I HAVE SEEN HIM ENDEAVOUR TO DEVOUR A PRIVATE OMNIBUS."

There is a raggy, nondescript sort of terrier about here which disturbs my nerves by futile attacks on cats. He is not a short-haired terrier, neither is he long-haired—his skin is not unanimous on the question. I believe he belongs to somebody in the mews at the back; but he chiefly lives and pursues his occupation of cat-chasing in front of the terrace. I never saw him catch a cat yet, although I have more than once seen a cat catch him. He is usually either in full chase, or barking and yelping noisily at bay, while the cat spits and dabs. There is a singular unanimity about the cats he demonstrates against; they all choose *my* area railings as a stockade from behind which to breathe defiance, and reach for that terrier's eyes, what time he barks and yells agonisingly. Of course, *I* must suffer in particular; but that's part of the conspiracy.



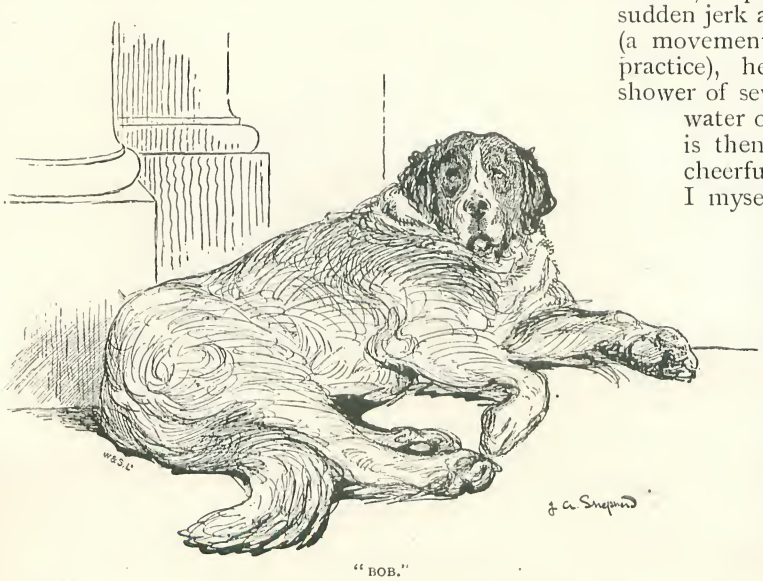
"CAT CHASING."

A man a few doors off keeps a collie—a mad, untamed sort of thing, which has a constitutional antagonism to all motion on the part of his surroundings, living or dead. He has a conviction amounting to a sort of religious belief that his mission in this world is to arrest and punish in the full of its career anything whatever that moves with any rapidity. If a hansom passes he flies like a thunderbolt at the horse, missing which, he bites the wheel savagely. Similarly he hurls himself at a cart, a bicycle, a horse, a running cat, or a bit of paper in the wind; I have even seen him endeavour to devour a private omnibus. When Blenkinsop's chimney was on fire, and several fire-engines came, his fury was indescribable, so that I quite hoped he would be run over; but he wasn't. I begin to fear he

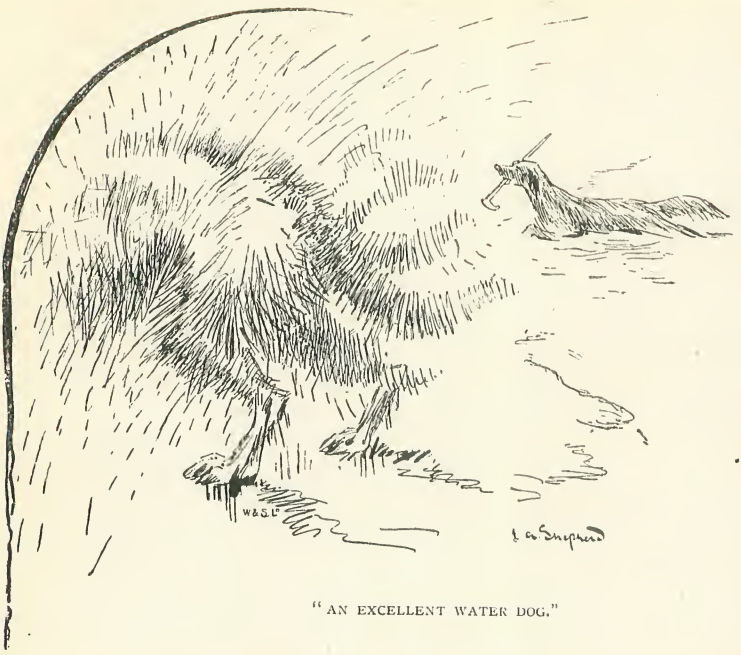
never will be. Again and again I have calculated from the table of probabilities how long an ordinary dog might expect to live, making an average of only twenty-seven such rushes at vehicles a day, and the period has passed many times over without an accident. Men who push barrows know this dog, and slacken their pace as they near him. I myself daren't run to catch a train ; he would take a piece out of my calf if I did ; he growls menacingly at a sharp walk. And if I walk slowly he is apt to observe something else on the move, and take a short cut to it between my legs. He terrifies Miss Pegram and her pug in their brougham, which is a redeeming feature ; and I will say that I never yet saw him rush at a boy on an errand, or a telegraph messenger.

I confess I was surprised and pained to find that my family solicitor had entered into the dog conspiracy. But, after all, he lets me off comparatively lightly. His dog is an immense St. Bernard, whose antagonism is chiefly of a passive kind, and is only offered when I visit the house. He has a habit of lying at full length across doorways, and pretends, in a sleepy sort of way, not to understand that he is causing an obstruction. If compelled to get up and make way, he first gives one a look of sorrowful reproach, and then slowly and resignedly gets upon his feet, all with an air of long-suffering martyrdom. Beyond this, and knocking me down two or three times, as well as shouldering a light table with loose china and scalding tea bodily on to my knees, I have really very little to complain of in this dog. Perhaps I am prejudiced in his favour because of an encounter of his with Miss Pegram's toy spaniel. That wretched insect, secure in the presence of its mistress, made a furious snapping and yelping attack directed to the big dog's face, which it couldn't reach. This attack the majestic Bob (his name is Bob) loftily ignored, until it became an intolerable nuisance, whereupon he calmly *lay down* on the vile body of his tormentor, and suppressed it utterly. For this I feel grateful to Bob, although he was guilty of the weakness of allowing the cur to be rescued from under him with no broken bones.

Several of my neighbours' dogs add to their other persecutions the outrage peculiar to the swimming dog. I can never take a walk near a pond, lake, canal, or any other body of water larger than a puddle without suffering from some brute which is called an "excellent water dog." They are usually long-haired dogs with coats which hold plenty of water ; that is part of the scheme. A dog of this sort will swim about in a muddy pond after sticks and stones thrown in by malevolent idiots on the banks, and, when his coat is thoroughly and completely saturated, will crawl out carefully, taking pains to drop as little of the water as possible until the proper time. He will then look about him and select the best dressed person within easy reach ; he will quietly sidle up to this person—from behind, if possible—and, with a sudden jerk and shake of his hide (a movement acquired by long practice), he will discharge a shower of several quarts of dirty water over his victim, who is then expected to smile cheerfully, and pat him. I myself am not usually a particularly well-dressed person, so that if *I* happen to be present this condition of the performance is varied—he always comes to me. No matter how many better dressed people may be temptingly within range, he invariably disregards them and comes to *me*.



"BOB."



"AN EXCELLENT WATER DOG."

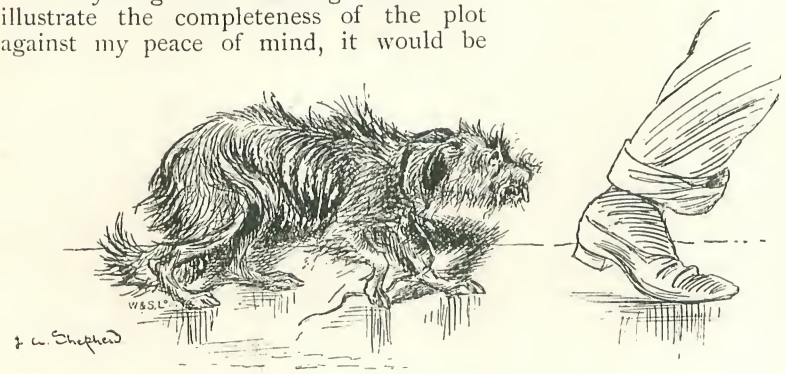
It's part of the conspiracy. Now I ask, for whose benefit do the ponds of Highgate exist? For that of the British public. And am I not one of the British public? Of course I am. Then, I ask, sir, what about Magna Charta? What about my trousers? Are they a carpet, sir, or a flower bed, or a gravestone, that they should be drenched with the muddy tears of Highgate Ponds? Are my coat-tails the coat-tails of a free-born Englishman or not? Very well, then, sir——

Now there goes a dog which is a nuisance and terror to the whole neighbourhood. If he were an equal nuisance all round I wouldn't mind; I might extract satisfaction from the annoyance of the neighbours. But he isn't. Of course, it is invariably *my* doorstep upon which he sits to scratch himself, *my* housemaid or *my* visitors whom he snaps at when they attempt to pass, *my* area whence he steals food while the cook talks to the butcher, and *my* area in which he turns at bay when chased by indignant but dirty boys. He is a good-sized black dog, and attempts to pass himself off as a retriever on the strength of some very distant connection with the retriever family on the part of a remote ancestor. He gets his living chiefly by stealing, but largely by deluding boys. He possesses them with the idea that he is a retriever, and will prove a useful acquisition on a sporting expedition—when they buy an old pistol for half-a-crown, for instance, and go out to shoot larks. He sponges on those boys and steals their lunch. He gets them into all sorts of scrapes, and finally turns and rends their trousers; for ever after which those boys pursue him with execrations and brickbats. I should not object to this, if none of the brickbats came into my area and broke my windows, but they do. He tells other boys that he can swim, and they form a small party to witness his performance. He can't and won't swim, but he kills a fowl or steals something off a butcher's bench, and the boys have to cut and run. This sort of thing has gone on until almost every boy has found him out, and his enemies consequently are many. Every boy's hand, boot, stick, or tin kettle is against him, and every boy's corduroys are familiar in his mouth

"A NUISANCE."

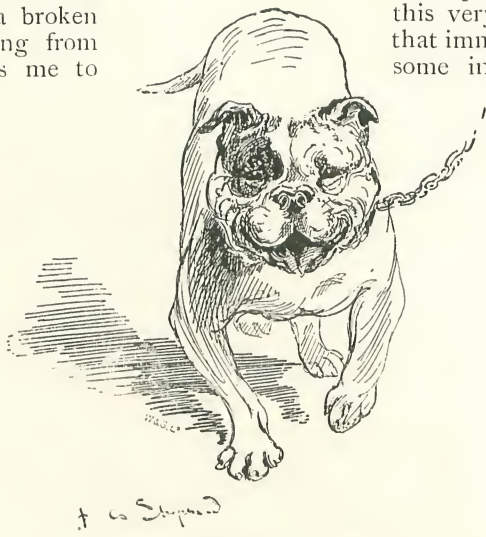
as household scraps. Still he manages to find a few guileless boys now and again—new to London, I expect—who at first take him at his own valuation before passing over to the ranks of the bitten and hostile. They even take the vicious beast with them when they go fishing, with a bent pin and a tin can. I wonder why.

If anything were wanting further to illustrate the completeness of the plot against my peace of mind, it would be found in the stray mongrel machination. There is a kind of dog whom nobody ever owns—whom no reasonable person ever would think of owning; but all the dogs of this kind insist upon being owned by me. I scarcely go out but one of these miserable creatures follows me. He avoids attracting my attention at first, but trots quietly at my heels, probably being of the opinion that if only he keeps by me long enough I shall begin to believe after all that he really does belong to me, and has all his life. He always has a broken piece of string hanging from his neck, which leads me to believe that somebody has been trying to drown him, with a brick, and has failed. Nothing will shake him off. If I go into a house, he tries to follow me; and, if prevented, sits on the doorstep and waits till I come out. When at last I seek refuge in my own house, he sits on my doorstep all night and howls in response to Blenkinsop's tripe-hound. Finally, I have to bribe a boy to steal him from me.



"THE STRAY MONGREL."

But there is one dog about here which, I verily believe, has nothing to do with the conspiracy. He is a bull-dog, and I think comes from the mews. I never heard this dog bark or howl, and never heard of his hurting a soul. Nevertheless many ladies—including, I am glad to say, the Misses Pegram—fall into fits of terror at his approach. He lumbers along at a stable-boy's heels, with the broadest and most amiable of grins, and other dogs keep out his way—the black dog vanishes entirely. It is just possible that that black dog snapped at him once, or perhaps attempted to take a sample of the stable-boy's trousers, and consequently feels an awkwardness about meeting him again. But who shall know the ways of dogs? Perhaps, while I am praising this very bull-dog, he is filling that immense mouth of his from some inoffensive person's leg. But, as the leg isn't mine, and I hate unreasonable grumbling, I won't grumble about that.



"THE MOST AMIABLE OF GRINS."

Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

VIII.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE SPECKLED BAND.

By A. Conan Doyle.

IN glancing over my notes of the seventy odd cases in which I have during the last eight years studied the methods of my friend Sherlock Holmes, I find many tragic, some comic, a large number merely strange, but none commonplace ; for, working as he did rather for the love of his art than for the acquirement of wealth, he refused to associate himself with any investigation which did not tend towards the unusual, and even the fantastic. Of all these varied cases, however, I cannot recall any which presented more singular features than that which was associated with the well-known Surrey family of the Roylotts of Stoke Moran. The events in question occurred in the early days of my association with Holmes, when we were sharing rooms as bachelors, in Baker-street. It is possible that I might have placed them upon record before, but a promise of secrecy was made at the time, from which I have only been freed during the last month by the untimely death of the lady to whom the pledge was given. It is perhaps as well that the facts should now come to light, for I have reasons to know that there are widespread rumours as to the death of Dr. Grimesby Roylott which tend to make the matter even more terrible than the truth.

It was early in April in the year '83 that I woke one morning to find Sherlock Holmes standing, fully dressed, by the side of my bed. He was a late riser as a rule, and, as the clock on the mantelpiece showed me that it was only a quarter past seven, I blinked up at him in some surprise, and perhaps just a little resentment, for I was myself regular in my habits.

"Very sorry to knock you up, Watson," said he, "but it's the common lot this morning. Mrs. Hudson has been knocked up, she retorted upon me, and I on you."

"What is it, then? A fire?"

"No, a client. It seems that a young lady has arrived in a considerable state of excitement, who insists upon seeing me. She is waiting now in the sitting-room. Now, when young ladies wander about the Metropolis at this hour of the morning, and knock sleepy people up out of their beds, I presume that it is something very pressing which they have to communicate. Should it prove to be an interesting case, you would, I am sure, wish to follow it from the outset. I thought at any rate that I should call you, and give you the chance."

"My dear fellow, I would not miss it for anything."

I had no keener pleasure than in following Holmes in his professional investigations, and in admiring the rapid deductions, as swift as intuitions, and yet always founded on a logical basis, with which he unravelled the problems which were submitted to him. I rapidly threw on my clothes, and was ready in a few minutes to accompany my friend down to the sitting-room. A lady dressed in black and heavily veiled, who had been sitting in the window, rose as we entered.

"Good morning, madam," said Holmes, cheerily. "My name is Sherlock Holmes. This is my intimate friend and associate, Dr. Watson, before whom you can speak as freely as before myself. Ha, I am glad to see that Mrs. Hudson has had the good sense to light the fire. Pray draw up to it, and I shall order you a cup of hot coffee, for I observe that you are shivering."

"It is not cold which makes me shiver," said the woman in a low voice, changing her seat as requested.

"What then?"

"It is fear, Mr. Holmes. It is terror." She raised her veil as she spoke, and we could see that she was indeed in a pitiable state of agitation, her face all drawn and grey, with restless, frightened eyes, like those of some hunted animal. Her features and figure were those of a woman of thirty,

"SHE RAISED HER VEIL."

but her hair was shot with premature grey, and her expression was weary and haggard. Sherlock Holmes ran her over with one of his quick, all-comprehensive glances.

"You must not fear," said he, soothingly, bending forward and patting her forearm. "We shall soon set matters right, I have no doubt. You have come in by train this morning, I see."

"You know me, then?"

"No, but I observe the second half of a return ticket in the palm of your left glove. You must have started early, and yet you had a good drive in a dog-cart, along heavy roads, before you reached the station."

The lady gave a violent start, and stared in bewilderment at my companion.

"There is no mystery, my dear madam," said he, smiling. "The left arm of your jacket is spattered with mud in no less than seven places. The marks are perfectly fresh. There is no vehicle save a dog-cart which throws up mud in that way, and then only when you sit on the left hand side of the driver."

"Whatever your reasons may be, you are perfectly correct," said she. "I started from home before six, reached Leatherhead at twenty past, and came in by the first train to Waterloo. Sir, I can stand this strain no longer, I shall go mad if it continues. I have no one to turn to—none, save only one, who cares for me, and he, poor fellow, can be of little aid. I have heard of you, Mr. Holmes; I have heard of you from Mrs. Farintosh, whom you helped in the hour of her sore need. It was from her that I had your address. Oh, sir, do you not think that you could help me too, and at least throw a little light through the dense darkness which surrounds me? At present it is out of my power to reward you for your services, but in a month or six weeks I shall be married, with the control of my own income, and then at least you shall not find me ungrateful."

Holmes turned to his desk, and unlocking it, drew out a small case-book which he consulted.

"Farintosh," said he. "Ah, yes, I recall the case; it was concerned with an opal tiara. I think it was before your time, Watson. I can only say, madam, that I shall be happy to devote the same care to your case as I did to that of your friend. As to reward, my profession is its own reward; but you are at liberty to defray whatever expenses I may be put to, at the time which suits you best. And now I beg that you will lay before us everything that may help us in forming an opinion upon the matter."

"Alas!" replied our visitor. "The very horror of my situation lies in the fact that my fears are so vague, and my suspicions depend so entirely upon small points, which might seem trivial to another, that even he to whom of all others I have a right to look for help and advice looks upon all that I tell him about it as the fancies of a nervous woman. He does not say so, but I can read it from his soothing answers and averted eyes. But I have heard, Mr. Holmes, that you can see deeply into the manifold wickedness of the human heart.

You may advise me how to walk amid the dangers which encompass me."

"I am all attention, madam."

"My name is Helen Stoner, and I am living with my stepfather, who is the last survivor of one of the oldest Saxon families in England, the Roylotts of Stoke Moran, on the western border of Surrey."

Holmes nodded his head. "The name is familiar to me," said he.

"The family was at one time among the richest in England, and the estates extended over the borders into Berkshire in the north, and Hampshire in the west. In the last century, however, four successive heirs were of a dissolute and wasteful disposition, and the family ruin was eventually completed by a gambler in the days of the Regency. Nothing was left save a few acres of ground, and the two-hundred-year-old house, which is itself crushed under a heavy mortgage. The last squire dragged out his existence there, living the horrible life of an aristocratic pauper; but his only son, my stepfather, seeing that he must adapt himself to the new conditions, obtained an advance from a relative, which enabled him to take a medical degree, and went out to Calcutta, where, by his professional skill and his force of character, he established a large practice. In a fit of anger, however, caused by some robberies which had been perpetrated in the house, he beat his native butler to death, and narrowly escaped a capital sentence. As it was, he suffered a long term of imprisonment, and afterwards returned to England a morose and disappointed man.

"When Dr. Roylott was in India he married my mother, Mrs. Stoner, the young widow of Major-General Stoner, of the Bengal Artillery. My sister Julia and I were twins, and we were only two years old at the time of my mother's remarriage. She had a considerable sum of money, not less than a thousand a year, and this she bequeathed to Dr. Roylott entirely whilst we resided with him, with a provision that a certain annual sum should be allowed to each of us in the event of our marriage. Shortly after our return to England my mother died—she was killed eight years ago in a railway accident near Crewe. Dr. Roylott then abandoned his attempts to establish himself in practice in London, and took us to live with him in the old ancestral house at Stoke Moran. The money which my mother had left was enough for all our wants, and there seemed to be no obstacle to our happiness.

"But a terrible change came over our stepfather about this time. Instead of making friends and exchanging visits with our neighbours, who had at first been overjoyed to see a Roylott of Stoke Moran back in the old family seat, he shut himself up in his house, and seldom came out save to indulge in ferocious quarrels with whoever might cross his path. Violence of temper approaching to mania has been hereditary in the men of the family, and in my stepfather's case it had, I believe, been intensified by his long residence in the tropics. A series of disgraceful brawls took place, two of which ended in the police-court, until at last he became the terror of the village, and the folks would fly at his approach, for he is a man of immense strength, and absolutely uncontrollable in his anger.

"Last week he hurled the local blacksmith over a parapet into a stream, and it was only by paying over all the money which I could gather together that I was able to avert another public exposure. He had no friends at all save the wandering gipsies, and he would give these vagabonds leave to encamp upon the few acres of

"HE HURLED THE BLACKSMITH OVER A PARAPET."

bramble-covered land which represent the family estate, and would accept in return the hospitality of their tents, wandering away with them sometimes for weeks on end. He has a passion also for Indian animals, which are sent over to him by a correspondent, and he has at this moment a cheetah and a baboon, which wander freely over his grounds, and are feared by the villagers almost as much as their master.

"You can imagine from what I say that my poor sister Julia and I had no great pleasure in our lives. No servant would stay with us, and for a long time we did all the work of the house. She was but thirty at the time of her death, and yet her hair had already begun to whiten, even as mine has."

"Your sister is dead, then?"

"She died just two years ago, and it is of her death that I wish to speak to you. You can understand that, living the life which I have described, we were little likely to see anyone of our own age and position. We had, however, an aunt, my mother's maiden sister, Miss Honoria Westphail, who lives near Harrow, and we were occasionally allowed to pay short visits at this lady's house. Julia went there at Christmas two years ago, and met there a half-pay Major of Marines, to whom she became engaged. My stepfather learned of the engagement when my sister returned, and offered no objection to the marriage; but within a fortnight of the day which had been fixed for the wedding, the terrible event occurred which has deprived me of my only companion."

Sherlock Holmes had been leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed, and his head sunk in a cushion, but he half opened his lids now, and glanced across at his visitor.

"Pray be precise as to details," said he.

"It is easy for me to be so, for every event of that dreadful time is seared into my memory. The manor house is, as I have already said, very old, and only one wing is now inhabited. The bedrooms in this wing are on the ground floor, the sitting-rooms being in the central block of the buildings. Of these bedrooms the first is Dr. Roylott's, the second my sister's, and the third my own. There is no communication between them, but they all open out into the same corridor. Do I make myself plain?"

"Perfectly so."

"The windows of the three rooms open out upon the lawn. That fatal night Dr. Roylott had gone to his room early, though we knew that he had not retired to rest, for my sister was troubled by the smell of the strong Indian cigars which it was his custom to smoke. She left her room, therefore, and came into mine, where she sat for some time, chatting about her approaching wedding. At eleven o'clock she rose to leave me, but she paused at the door and looked back.

"'Tell me, Helen,' said she, 'have you ever heard anyone whistle in the dead of the night?'

"'Never,' said I.

"'I suppose that you could not possibly whistle yourself in your sleep?'

"'Certainly not. But why?'

"'Because during the last few nights I have always, about three in the morning, heard a low clear whistle. I am a light sleeper, and it has awakened me. I cannot tell where it came from—perhaps from the next room, perhaps from the lawn. I thought that I would just ask you whether you had heard it.'

"'No, I have not. It must be those wretched gipsies in the plantation.'

"'Very likely. And yet if it were on the lawn I wonder that you did not hear it also.'

"'Ah, but I sleep more heavily than you.'

"'Well, it is of no great consequence at any rate,' she smiled back at me, closed my door, and a few moments later I heard her key turn in the lock."

"Indeed," said Holmes. "Was it your custom always to lock yourselves in at night?"

"Always."

"And why?"

"I think that I mentioned to you that the Doctor kept a cheetah and a baboon. We had no feeling of security unless our doors were locked."

"Quite so. Pray proceed with your statement."

"I could not sleep that night. A vague feeling of impending misfortune impressed me. My sister and I, you will recollect, were twins, and you know how subtle are the links which bind two souls which are so closely allied. It was a wild night. The wind was howling outside, and the rain was beating and splashing against the windows. Suddenly, amidst all the hubbub of the gale, there burst forth the wild scream of a terrified woman. I knew that it was my sister's voice. I sprang from my bed, wrapped a shawl round me, and rushed into the corridor. As I opened my door I

seemed to hear a low whistle, such as my sister described, and a few moments later a clanging sound, as if a mass of metal had fallen. As I ran down the passage my sister's door was unlocked, and revolved slowly upon its hinges. I stared at it horror-stricken, not knowing what was about to issue from it. By the light of the corridor lamp I saw my sister appear at the opening, her face blanched with terror, her hands groping for help, her whole figure swaying to and fro like that of a drunkard. I ran to her and threw my arms round her, but at that moment her knees seemed to give way and she fell to the ground. She writhed as one who is in terrible pain, and her limbs were dreadfully convulsed. At first I thought that she had not recognised me, but as I bent over her she suddenly

"HER FACE BLANCHED WITH TERROR."

shrieked out in a voice which I shall never forget, 'Oh, my God! Helen! It was the band! The speckled band!' There was something else which she would fain have said, and she stabbed with her finger into the air in the direction of the Doctor's room, but a fresh convulsion seized her and choked her words. I rushed out, calling loudly for my stepfather, and I met him hastening from his room in his dressing-gown. When he reached my sister's side she was unconscious, and though he poured brandy down her throat, and sent for medical aid from the village, all efforts were in vain, for she slowly sank and died without having recovered her consciousness. Such was the dreadful end of my beloved sister."

"One moment," said Holmes; "are you sure about this whistle and metallic sound? Could you swear to it?"

"That was what the county coroner asked me at the inquiry. It is my strong impression that I heard it, and yet among the crash of the gale, and the creaking of an old house, I may possibly have been deceived."

"Was your sister dressed?"

"No, she was in her nightdress. In her right hand was found the charred stump of a match, and in her left a matchbox."

"Showing that she had struck a light and looked about her when the alarm took place. That is important. And what conclusions did the coroner come to?"

"He investigated the case with great care, for Dr. Roylott's conduct had long been notorious in the county, but he was unable to find any satisfactory cause of death. My evidence showed that the door had been fastened upon the inner side, and the windows were blocked by old-fashioned

shutters with broad iron bars, which were secured every night. The walls were carefully sounded, and were shown to be quite solid all round, and the flooring was also thoroughly examined, with the same result. The chimney is wide, but is barred up by four large staples. It is certain, therefore, that my sister was quite alone when she met her end. Besides, there were no marks of any violence upon her."

"How about poison?"

"The doctors examined her for it, but without success."

"What do you think that this unfortunate lady died of, then?"

"It is my belief that she died of pure fear and nervous shock, though what it was which frightened her I cannot imagine."

"Were there gipsies in the plantation at the time?"

"Yes, there are nearly always some there."

"Ah, and what did you gather from this allusion to a band—a speckled band?"

"Sometimes I have thought that it was merely the wild talk of delirium, sometimes that it may have referred to some band of people, perhaps to these very gipsies in the plantation. I do not know whether the spotted handkerchiefs which so many of them wear over their heads might have suggested the strange adjective which she used."

Holmes shook his head like a man who is far from being satisfied.

"These are very deep waters," said he; "pray go on with your narrative."

"Two years have passed since then, and my life has been until lately lonelier than ever. A month ago, however, a dear friend, whom I have known for many years, has done me the honour to ask my hand in marriage. His name is Armitage—Percy Armitage—the second son of Mr. Armitage, of Crane Water, near Reading. My stepfather has offered no opposition to the match, and we are to be married in the course of the spring. Two days ago some repairs were started in the west wing of the building, and my bedroom wall has been pierced, so that I have had to move into the chamber in which my sister died, and to sleep in the very bed in which she slept. Imagine, then, my thrill of terror when last night, as I lay awake, thinking over her terrible fate, I suddenly heard in the silence of the night the low whistle which had been the herald of her own death. I sprang up and lit the lamp, but nothing was to be seen in the room. I was too shaken to go to bed again, however, so I dressed, and as soon as it was daylight I slipped down, got a dog-cart at the 'Crown' inn, which is opposite, and drove to Leatherhead, from whence I have come on this morning with the one object of seeing you and asking your advice."

"You have done wisely," said my friend. "But have you told me all?"

"Yes, all."

"Miss Roylott, you have not. You are screening your stepfather."

"Why, what do you mean?"

For answer Holmes pushed back the frill of black lace which fringed the hand that lay upon our visitor's knee. Five little livid spots, the marks of four fingers and a thumb, were printed upon the white wrist.

"You have been cruelly used," said Holmes.

The lady coloured deeply, and covered over her injured wrist. "He is a hard man," she said, "and perhaps he hardly knows his own strength."

There was a long silence, during which Holmes leaned his chin upon his hands and stared into the crackling fire.

"This is a very deep business," he said at last. "There are a thousand details which I should desire to know before I decide upon our course of action. Yet we have not a moment to lose. If we were to come to Stoke Moran to-day, would it be possible for us to see over these rooms without the knowledge of your stepfather?"

"As it happens, he spoke of coming into town to-day upon some most important business. It is probable that he will be away all day, and that there would be nothing to disturb you. We have a housekeeper now, but she is old and foolish, and I could easily get her out of the way."

"Excellent. You are not averse to this trip, Watson?"

"By no means."

"Then we shall both come. What are you going to do yourself?"

"I have one or two things which I would wish to do now that I am in town. But I shall return by the twelve o'clock train, so as to be there in time for your coming."

"And you may expect us early in the afternoon. I have myself some small business matters to attend to. Will you not wait and breakfast?"

"No, I must go. My heart is lightened already since I have confided my trouble to you. I shall look forward to seeing you

again this afternoon." She dropped her thick black veil over her face, and glided from the room.

"And what do you think of it all, Watson?" asked Sherlock Holmes, leaning back in his chair.

"It seems to me to be a most dark and sinister business."

"Dark enough, and sinister enough."

"Yet if the lady is correct in saying that the flooring and walls are sound, and that the door, window, and chimney are impassable, then her sister must have been undoubtedly alone when she met her mysterious end."

"What becomes, then, of these nocturnal whistles, and what of the very peculiar words of the dying woman?"

"I cannot think."

"When you combine the ideas of whistles at night, the presence of a band of gipsies who are on intimate terms with this old Doctor, the fact that we have every reason to believe that the Doctor has an interest in preventing his stepdaughter's marriage, the dying allusion to a band, and finally, the fact that Miss Helen Stoner heard a metallic clang, which might have been caused by one of those metal bars which secured the shutters falling back into their place, I think that there is good ground to think that the mystery may be cleared along those lines."

"But what, then, did the gipsies do?"

"I cannot imagine."

"I see many objections to any such theory."

"And so do I. It is precisely for that reason that we are going to Stoke Moran this day. I want to see whether the objections are fatal, or if they may be explained away. But what, in the name of the devil!"

The ejaculation had been drawn from my companion by the fact that our door had been suddenly dashed open, and that a huge man had framed himself in the aperture. His costume was a peculiar mixture of the professional and of the agricultural, having a black top hat, a long frock coat, and a pair of high gaiters, with a hunting crop swinging in his hand. So tall was he that his hat actually brushed the cross bar of the doorway, and his breadth seemed to span it across from side to side. A large face, seared with a thousand wrinkles, burned yellow with the sun, and marked with every evil passion, was turned from one to the other of us, while his deep-set, bile-shot eyes, and his high thin fleshless nose, gave him somewhat the resemblance to a fierce old bird of prey.

"WHICH OF YOU IS HOLMES?"

"Which of you is Holmes?" asked this apparition.

"My name, sir, but you have the advantage of me," said my companion, quietly.

"I am Dr. Grimesby Roylott, of Stoke Moran."

"Indeed, Doctor," said Holmes, blandly. "Pray take a seat."

"I will do nothing of the kind. My stepdaughter has been here. I have traced her. What has she been saying to you?"

"It is a little cold for the time of the year," said Holmes.

"What has she been saying to you?" screamed the old man furiously.

"But I have heard that the crocuses promise well," continued my companion imperturbably.

"Ha! You put me off, do you?" said our new visitor, taking a step forward, and shaking his hunting crop. "I know you, you scoundrel! I have heard of you before. You are Holmes the meddler."

My friend smiled.

"Holmes the busybody!"

His smile broadened.

"Holmes the Scotland-yard Jack-in-office!"

Holmes chuckled heartily. "Your conversation is most entertaining," said he. "When you go out close the door, for there is a decided draught."

"I will go when I have said my say. Don't you dare to meddle with my affairs. I know that Miss Stoner has been here—I traced her! I am a dangerous man to fall foul of! See here." He stepped swiftly forward, seized the poker, and bent it into a curve with his huge brown hands.

"See that you keep yourself out of my grip," he snarled, and hurling the twisted poker into the fireplace, he strode out of the room.

"He seems a very amiable person," said Holmes, laughing. "I am not quite so bulky, but if he had remained I might have shown him that my grip was not much more feeble than his own." As he spoke he picked up the steel poker, and with a sudden effort straightened it out again.

"Fancy his having the insolence to confound me with the official detective force! This incident gives zest to our investigation, however, and I only trust that our little friend will not suffer from her imprudence in allowing this brute to trace her. And now, Watson, we shall order breakfast, and afterwards I shall walk down to Doctors' Commons, where I hope to get some data which may help us in this matter."

It was nearly one o'clock when Sherlock Holmes returned from his excursion. He held in his hand a sheet of blue paper, scrawled over with notes and figures.

"I have seen the will of the deceased wife," said he. "To determine its exact meaning I have been obliged to work out the present prices of the investments with which it is concerned. The total income, which at the time of the wife's death was little short of £1,100, is now through the fall in agricultural prices not more than £750. Each daughter can claim an income of £250, in case of marriage. It is evident, therefore, that if both girls had married this beauty would have had a mere pittance, while even one of them would cripple him to a very serious extent. My morning's work has not been wasted, since it has proved that he has the very strongest motives for standing in the way of anything of the sort. And now, Watson, this is too serious for dawdling, especially as the old man is aware that we are interesting ourselves in his affairs, so if you are ready we shall call a cab and drive to Waterloo. I should be very much obliged if you would slip your revolver into your pocket. An Eley's No. 2 is an excellent argument with gentlemen who can twist steel pokers into knots. That and a tooth-brush are, I think, all that we need."

At Waterloo we were fortunate in catching a train for Leatherhead, where we hired a trap at the station inn, and drove for four or five miles through the lovely Surrey lanes. It was a perfect day, with a bright sun and a few fleecy clouds in the heavens. The trees and wayside hedges were just throwing out their first green shoots, and the air was full of the pleasant smell of the moist earth. To me at least there was a strange contrast between the sweet promise of the spring and this sinister quest upon which we were engaged. My companion sat in the front of the trap, his arms folded, his hat pulled down over his eyes, and his chin sunk upon his breast, buried in the deepest thought. Suddenly, however, he started, tapped me on the shoulder, and pointed over the meadows.

"Look there!" said he.

A heavily-timbered park stretched up in a gentle slope, thickening into a grove at the highest point. From amidst the branches there jutted out the grey gables and high roof-tree of a very old mansion.

"Stoke Moran?" said he.

"Yes, sir, that be the house of Dr. Grimesby Roylott," remarked the driver.

"There is some building going on there," said Holmes; "that is where we are going."

"There's the village," said the driver, pointing to a cluster of roofs some distance to the left; "but if you want to get to the house, you'll find it shorter to get over this stile, and so by the footpath over the fields. There it is, where the lady is walking."

"And the lady, I fancy, is Miss Stoner," observed Holmes, shading his eyes. "Yes, I think we had better do as you suggest."

We got off, paid our fare, and the trap rattled back on its way to Leatherhead.

"WE GOT OFF, PAID OUR FARE."

"I thought it as well," said Holmes, as we climbed the stile, "that this fellow should think we had come here as architects, or on some definite business. It may stop his gossip. Good afternoon, Miss Stoner. You see that we have been as good as our word."

Our client of the morning had hurried forward to meet us with a face which spoke her joy. "I have been waiting so eagerly for you," she cried, shaking hands with us warmly. "All has turned out splendidly. Dr. Roylott has gone to town, and it is unlikely that he will be back before evening."

"We have had the pleasure of making the Doctor's acquaintance," said Holmes, and in a few words he sketched out what had occurred. Miss Stoner turned white to the lips as she listened.

"Good heavens!" she cried, "he has followed me, then."

"So it appears."

"He is so cunning that I never know when I am safe from him. What will he say when he returns?"

"He must guard himself, for he may find that there is someone more cunning than himself upon his track. You must lock yourself up from him to-night. If he is violent, we shall take you away to your aunt's at Harrow. Now, we must make the best use of our time, so kindly take us at once to the rooms which we are to examine."

The building was of grey, lichen-blotched stone, with a high central portion, and two curving wings, like the claws of a crab, thrown out on each side. In one of these wings the windows were broken, and blocked with wooden boards, while the roof was partly caved in, a picture of ruin. The central portion was in little better repair, but the right-hand block was comparatively modern, and the blinds in the windows, with the blue smoke curling up from the chimneys, showed that this was where the family resided. Some scaffolding had been erected against the end wall, and the stonework had been broken into; but there were no signs of any workmen at the moment of our visit. Holmes walked slowly up and down the ill-trimmed lawn, and examined with deep attention the outsides of the windows.

"This, I take it, belongs to the room in which you used to sleep, the centre one to your sister's, and the one next to the main building to Dr. Roylott's chamber?"

"Exactly so. But I am now sleeping in the middle one."

"Pending the alterations, as I understand. By the way, there does not seem to be any very pressing need for repairs at that end wall."

"There were none. I believe that it was an excuse to move me from my room."

"Ah! that is suggestive. Now, on the other side of this narrow wing runs the corridor from which these three rooms open. There are windows in it, of course?"

"Yes, but very small ones. Too narrow for anyone to pass through."

"As you both locked your doors at night your rooms were unapproachable from that side. Now, would you have the kindness to go into your room, and to bar your shutters."

Miss Stoner did so, and Holmes, after a careful examination through the open window, endeavoured in every way to force

the shutter open, but without success. There was no slit through which a knife could be passed to raise the bar. Then with his lens he tested the hinges, but they were of solid iron, built firmly into the massive masonry. "Hum!" said he, scratching his chin in some perplexity, "my theory certainly presents some difficulties. No one could pass these shutters if they were bolted. Well, we shall see if the inside throws any light upon the matter."

A small side door led into the white-washed corridor from which the three bedrooms opened. Holmes refused to examine the third chamber, so we passed at once to the second, that in which Miss Stoner was now sleeping, and in which her sister had met with her fate. It was a homely little room, with a low ceiling and a gaping fireplace, after the fashion of old country houses. A brown chest of drawers stood in one corner, a narrow white-counterpaned bed in another, and a dressing-table on the left-hand side of the window. These articles, with two small wickerwork chairs, made up all the furniture in the room, save for a square of Wilton carpet in the centre. The boards round and the panelling of the walls were of brown, worm-eaten oak, so old and discoloured that it may have dated from the original building of the house. Holmes drew one of the chairs into a corner and sat silent, while his eyes travelled round and round and up and down, taking in every detail of the apartment.

"Where does that bell communicate with?" he asked at last, pointing to a thick bell-rope which hung down beside the bed, the tassel actually lying upon the pillow.

"It goes to the housekeeper's room."

"It looks newer than the other things?"

"Yes, it was only put there a couple of years ago."

"Your sister asked for it, I suppose?"

"No, I never heard of her using it. We used always to get what we wanted for ourselves."

"Indeed, it seemed unnecessary to put so nice a bell-pull there. You will excuse me for a few minutes while I satisfy myself as to this floor." He threw himself down upon his face with his lens in his hand, and crawled swiftly backwards and forwards, examining minutely the cracks between the boards. Then he did the same with the woodwork with which the chamber was panelled. Finally he walked over to the bed and spent some time in staring at it, and in running his eye up and down the wall. Finally he took the bell-rope in his hand and gave it a brisk tug.

"Why, it's a dummy," said he.

"Won't it ring?"

"No, it is not even attached to a wire. This is very interesting. You can see now that it is fastened to a hook just above where the little opening for the ventilator is."

"How very absurd! I never noticed that before."

"Very strange!" muttered Holmes, pulling at the rope. "There are one or two very singular points about this room. For example, what a fool a builder must be to open a ventilator into another room, when, with the same trouble, he might have communicated with the outside air!"

"That is also quite modern," said the lady.

"Done about the same time as the bell-rope?" remarked Holmes.

"Yes, there were several little changes carried out about that time."

"They seem to have been of a most interesting character—dummy bell-ropes, and ventilators which do not ventilate. With your permission, Miss Stoner, we shall now carry our researches into the inner apartment."

Dr. Grimesby Roylott's chamber was larger than that of his step-daughter, but was as plainly furnished. A camp bed, a small wooden shelf full of books, mostly of a technical character, an armchair beside the bed, a plain wooden chair against the wall, a round table, and a large iron safe were the principal things which met the eye. Holmes walked slowly round and examined each and all of them with the keenest interest.

"What's in here?" he asked, tapping the safe.

"My stepfather's business papers."

"Oh! you have seen inside, then?"

"Only once, some years ago. I remember that it was full of papers."

"There isn't a cat in it, for example?"

"No. What a strange idea!"

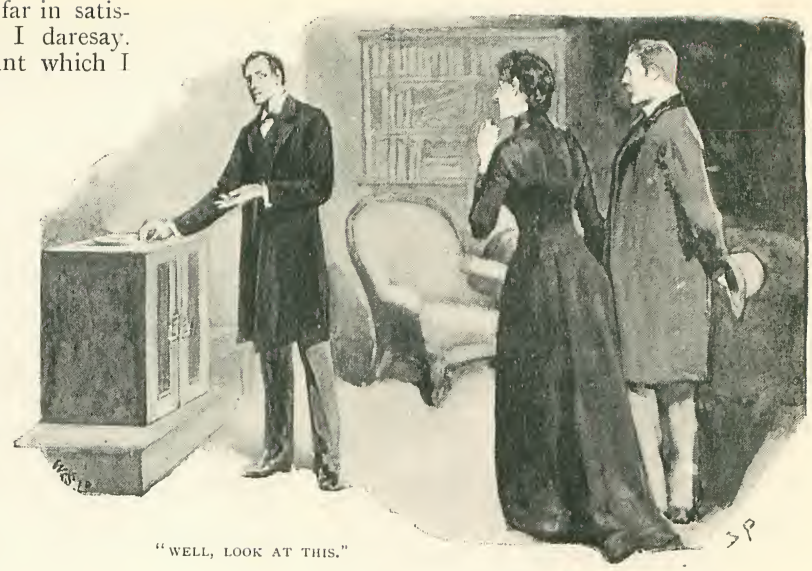
"Well, look at this!" He took up a small saucer of milk which stood on the top of it.

"No; we don't keep a cat. But there is a cheetah and a baboon."

"Ah, yes, of course! Well, a cheetah is just a big cat, and yet a saucer of milk

does not go very far in satisfying its wants, I daresay. There is one point which I should wish to determine." He squatted down in front of the wooden chair, and examined the seat of it with the greatest attention.

"Thank you. That is quite settled," said he, rising and putting his lens in his pocket. "Hullo! here is something interesting!"



"WELL, LOOK AT THIS."

The object which had caught his eye was a small dog lash hung on one corner of the bed. The lash, however, was curled upon itself, and tied so as to make a loop of whipcord.

"What do you make of that, Watson?"

"It's a common enough lash. But I don't know why it should be tied."

"That is not quite so common, is it? Ah, me! it's a wicked world, and when a clever man turns his brains to crime it is the worst of all. I think that I have seen enough now, Miss Stoner, and, with your permission, we shall walk out upon the lawn."

I had never seen my friend's face so grim, or his brow so dark, as it was when we turned from the scene of this investigation. We had walked several times up and down the lawn, neither Miss Stoner nor myself liking to break in upon his thoughts, before he roused himself from his reverie.

"It is very essential, Miss Stoner," said he, "that you should absolutely follow my advice in every respect."

"I shall most certainly do so."

"The matter is too serious for any hesitation. Your life may depend upon your compliance."

"I assure that I am in your hands."

"In the first place, both my friend and I must spend the night in your room."

Both Miss Stoner and I gazed at him in astonishment.

"Yes, it must be so. Let me explain. I believe that that is the village inn over there?"

"Yes, that is the 'Crown.'"

"Very good. Your windows would be visible from there?"

"Certainly."

"You must confine yourself to your room, on pretence of a headache, when your stepfather comes back. Then when you hear him retire for the night, you must open the shutters of your window, undo the hasp, put your lamp there as a signal to us, and then withdraw quietly with everything which you are likely to want into the room which you used to occupy. I have no doubt that, in spite of the repairs, you could manage there for one night."

"Oh, yes, easily."

"The rest you will leave in our hands."

"But what will you do?"

"We shall spend the night in your room, and we shall investigate the cause of this noise which has disturbed you."

"I believe, Mr. Holmes, that you have already made up your mind," said Miss Stoner, laying her hand upon my companion's sleeve.

"Perhaps I have."

"Then for pity's sake tell me what was the cause of my sister's death."

"I should prefer to have clearer proofs before I speak."

"You can at least tell me whether my own thought is correct, and if she died from some sudden fright."

"No, I do not think so. I think that there was probably some more tangible cause. And now, Miss Stoner, we must leave you, for if Dr. Roylott returned and

"GOOD-BYE, AND BE BRAVE."

saw us, our journey would be in vain. Good-bye, and be brave, for if you will do what I have told you, you may rest assured that we shall soon drive away the dangers that threaten you."

Sherlock Holmes and I had no difficulty in engaging a bedroom and sitting-room at the "Crown" Inn. They were on the upper floor, and from our window we could command a view of the avenue gate, and of the inhabited wing of Stoke Moran Manor House. At dusk we saw Dr. Grimesby Roylott drive past, his huge form looming up beside the little figure of the lad who drove him. The boy had some slight difficulty in undoing the heavy iron gates, and we heard the hoarse roar of the doctor's voice, and saw the fury with which he shook his clenched fists at him. The trap drove on, and a few minutes later we saw a sudden light spring up among the trees as the lamp was lit in one of the sitting-rooms.

"Do you know, Watson," said Holmes, as we sat together in the gathering darkness, "I have really some scruples as to taking you to-night. There is a distinct element of danger."

"Can I be of assistance?"

"Your presence might be invaluable."

"Then I shall certainly come."

"It is very kind of you."

"You speak of danger. You have evidently seen more in these rooms than was visible to me."

"No, but I fancy that I may have deduced a little more. I imagine that you saw all that I did."

"I saw nothing remarkable save the bell rope, and what purpose that could answer I confess is more than I can imagine."

"You saw the ventilator, too?"

"Yes, but I do not think that it is such a very unusual thing to have a small opening between two rooms. It was so small that a rat could hardly pass through."

"I knew that we should find a ventilator before ever we came to Stoke Moran."

"My dear Holmes!"

"Oh, yes, I did. You remember in her statement she said that her sister could smell Dr. Roylott's cigar. Now, of course that suggested at once that there must be a communication between the two rooms. It could only be a small one, or it would have been remarked upon at the Coroner's inquiry. I deduced a ventilator."

"But what harm can there be in that?"

"Well, there is at least a curious coincidence of dates. A ventilator is made, a cord is hung, and a lady who sleeps in the bed dies. Does not that strike you?"

"I cannot as yet see any connection."

"Did you observe anything very peculiar about that bed?"

"No."

"It was clamped to the floor. Did you ever see a bed fastened like that before?"

"I cannot say that I have."

"The lady could not move her bed. It must always be in the same relative position to the ventilator and to the rope—for so we may call it, since it was clearly never meant for a bell-pull."

"Holmes," I cried, "I seem to see dimly what you are hinting at. We are only just in time to prevent some subtle and horrible crime."

"Subtle enough, and horrible enough. When a doctor does go wrong, he is the first of criminals. He has nerve and he has knowledge. Palmer and Pritchard were among the heads of their profession. This man strikes even deeper, but I think, Watson, that we shall be able to strike deeper still. But we shall have horrors enough before the night is over; for goodness' sake let us have a quiet pipe, and turn our minds for a few hours to something more cheerful."

About nine o'clock the light among the trees was extinguished, and all was dark in the direction of the Manor House. Two hours passed slowly away, and then, suddenly, just at the stroke of eleven, a single bright light shone out right in front of us.

"That is our signal," said Holmes, springing to his feet; "it comes from the middle window."

As we passed out he exchanged a few words with the landlord, explaining that we were going on a late visit to an acquaintance, and that it was possible that we might spend the night there. A moment later we were out on the dark road, a chill wind blowing in our faces, and one yellow light twinkling in front of us through the gloom to guide us on our sombre errand.

There was little difficulty in entering the grounds, for unrepaired breaches gaped in the old park wall. Making our way among the trees, we reached the lawn, crossed it, and were about to enter through the window, when out from a clump of laurel bushes there darted what seemed to be a hideous and distorted child, who threw itself upon the grass with writhing limbs, and then ran swiftly across the lawn into the darkness.

"My God!" I whispered; "did you see it?"

Holmes was for the moment as startled as I. His hand closed like a vice upon my wrist in his agitation. Then he broke into a low laugh, and put his lips to my ear.

"It is a nice household," he murmured. "That is the baboon."

I had forgotten the strange pets which the Doctor affected. There was a cheetah, too; perhaps we might find it upon our shoulders at any moment. I confess that I felt easier in my mind when, after following Holmes' example and slipping off my shoes, I found myself inside the bedroom. My companion noiselessly closed the shutters, moved the lamp on to the table, and cast his eyes round the room. All was as we had seen it in the day-time. Then creeping up to me and making a trumpet of his hand, he whispered into my ear again so gently that it was all that I could do to distinguish the words.

"The least sound would be fatal to our plans."

I nodded to show that I had heard.

"We must sit without light. He would see it through the ventilator.

I nodded again.

"Do not go asleep; your very life may depend upon it. Have your pistol ready in case we should need it. I will sit on the side of the bed, and you in that chair."

I took out my revolver and laid it on the corner of the table.

Holmes had brought up a long thin cane, and this he placed upon the bed beside him. By it he laid the box of matches and the stump of a candle. Then he turned down the lamp, and we were left in darkness.

How shall I ever forget that dreadful vigil? I could not hear a sound, not even the drawing of a breath, and yet I knew that my companion sat open-eyed, within a few feet of me, in the same state of nervous tension in which I was myself. The shutters cut off the least ray of light, and we waited in absolute darkness. From outside came the occasional cry of a night bird, and once at our very window a long drawn, cat-like whine, which told us that the cheetah was indeed at liberty. Far away we could hear the deep tones of the parish clock, which boomed out every quarter of an hour. How long they seemed, those quarters! Twelve struck, and one, and two, and three, and still we sat waiting silently for whatever might befall.

Suddenly there was the momentary gleam of a light up in the direction of the ventilator, which vanished immediately, but was succeeded by a strong smell of burning oil and heated metal. Someone in the next room had lit a dark lantern. I heard a gentle sound of movement, and then all was silent once more, though the

"HOLMES LASHED FURIOUSLY."

smell grew stronger. For half an hour I sat with straining ears. Then suddenly another sound became audible—a very gentle, soothing sound, like that of a small jet of steam escaping continually from a kettle. The instant that we heard it, Holmes sprang from the bed, struck a match, and lashed furiously with his cane at the bell-pull.

"You see it, Watson?" he yelled. "You see it?"

But I saw nothing. At the moment when Holmes struck the light I heard a low, clear whistle, but the sudden glare flashing into my weary eyes made it impossible for me to tell what it was at which my friend lashed so savagely. I could, however, see that his face was deadly pale, and filled with horror and loathing.

He had ceased to strike, and was gazing up at the ventilator, when suddenly there broke from the silence of the night the most horrible cry to which I have ever listened. It swelled up louder and louder, a hoarse yell of pain and fear and anger all mingled in the one dreadful shriek. They say that away down in the village, and even in the distant parsonage, that cry raised the sleepers from their beds. It struck cold to our hearts, and I stood gazing at Holmes, and he at me, until the last echoes of it had died away into the silence from which it rose.

"What can it mean?" I gasped.

"It means that it is all over," Holmes answered. "And perhaps, after all, it is for the best. Take your pistol, and we shall enter Dr. Roylott's room."

With a grave face he lit the lamp, and led the way down the corridor. Twice he struck at the chamber door without any reply from within. Then he turned the handle and entered, I at his heels, with the cocked pistol in my hand.

It was a singular sight which met our eyes. On the table stood a dark lantern with the shutter half open, throwing a brilliant beam of light upon the iron safe, the door of which was ajar. Beside this table, on the wooden chair, sat Dr. Grimesby Roylott, clad in a long grey dressing-gown, his bare ankles protruding beneath, and his feet thrust into red heelless Turkish slippers. Across his lap lay the short stock with the long lash which we had noticed during the day. His chin was cocked upwards, and his eyes were fixed in a dreadful rigid stare at the corner of the ceiling. Round his brow he had a peculiar yellow band, with brownish

speckles, which seemed to be bound tightly round his head. As we entered he made neither sound nor motion.

"The band! the speckled band!" whispered Holmes.

I took a step forward. In an instant his strange headgear began to move, and there reared itself from among his hair the squat diamond-shaped head and puffed neck of a loathsome serpent.

"HE MADE NEITHER SOUND NOR MOTION."

"It is a swamp adder!" cried Holmes—"the deadliest snake in India. He has died within ten seconds of being bitten. Violence does, in truth, recoil upon the violent, and the schemer falls into the pit which he digs for another. Let us thrust this creature back into its den, and we can then remove Miss Stoner to some place of shelter, and let the county police know what has happened."

As he spoke he drew the dog whip swiftly from the dead man's lap, and throwing the noose round the reptile's neck, he drew it from its horrid perch, and, carrying it at arm's length threw it into the iron safe, which he closed upon it.

Such are the true facts of the death of Dr. Grimesby Roylott, of Stoke Moran. It is not necessary that I should prolong a narrative which has already run to too great a length, by telling how we broke the sad news to the terrified girl, how we conveyed her by the morning train to the care of her good aunt at Harrow, of how the slow process of official inquiry came to the conclusion that the Doctor met his fate while indiscreetly playing with a dangerous pet. The little which I had yet to learn of the case was told me by Sherlock Holmes as we travelled back next day.

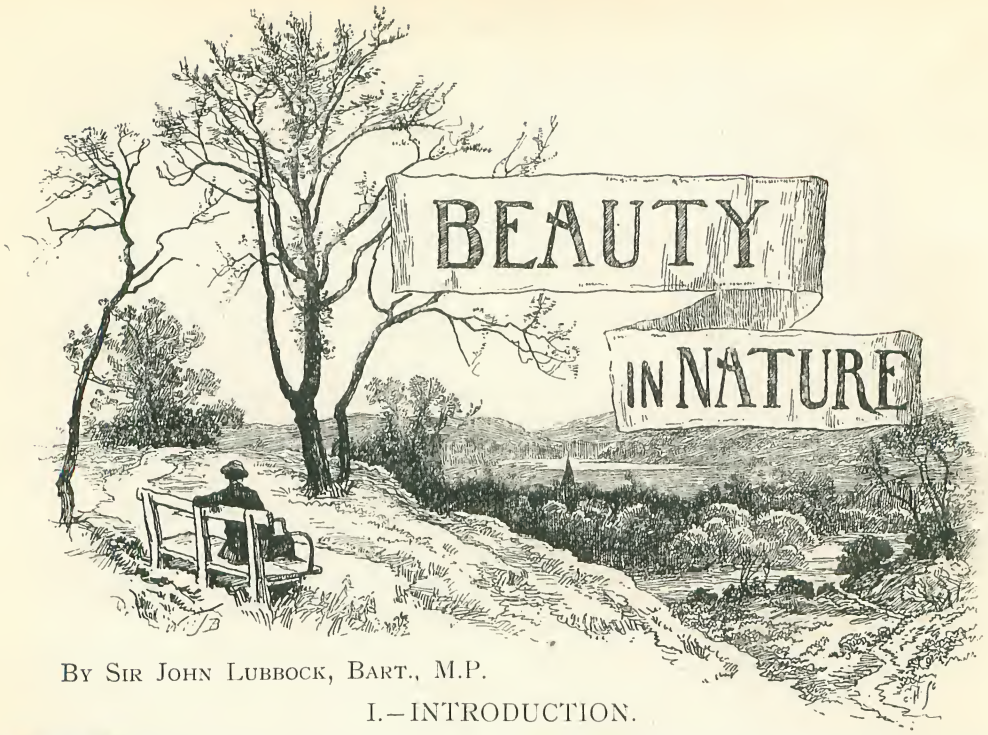
"I had," said he, "come to an entirely erroneous conclusion, which shows, my dear Watson, how dangerous it always is to reason from insufficient data. The presence of the gipsies, and the use of the word 'band,' which was used by the poor girl, no doubt, to explain the appearance which she had caught a hurried glimpse of by the light of her match, were sufficient to put me upon an entirely wrong scent. I can only claim the merit that I instantly reconsidered my position when, however, it became clear to me that whatever danger threatened an occupant of the room could not come either from the window or the

door. My attention was speedily drawn, as I have already remarked to you, to this ventilator, and to the bell rope which hung down to the bed. The discovery that this was a dummy, and that the bed was clamped to the floor, instantly gave rise to the suspicion that the rope was there as a bridge for something passing through the hole, and coming to the bed. The idea of a snake instantly occurred to me, and when I coupled it with my knowledge that the Doctor was furnished with a supply of creatures from India, I felt that I was probably on the right track. The idea of using a form of poison which could not possibly be discovered by any chemical test was just such a one as would occur to a clever and ruthless man who had had an Eastern training. The rapidity with which such a poison would take effect would also, from his point of view, be an advantage. It would be a sharp-eyed coroner indeed who could distinguish the two little dark punctures which would show where the poison fangs had done their work. Then I thought of the whistle. Of course, he must recall the snake before the morning light revealed it to the victim. He had trained it, probably by the use of the milk which we saw, to return to him when summoned. He would put it through this ventilator at the hour that he thought best, with the certainty that it would crawl down the rope, and land on the bed. It might or might not bite the occupant, perhaps she might escape every night for a week, but sooner or later she must fall a victim.

"I had come to these conclusions before ever I had entered his room. An inspection of his chair showed me that he had been in the habit of standing on it, which, of course, would be necessary in order that he should reach the ventilator. The sight of the safe, the saucer of milk, and the loop of whipcord were enough to finally dispel any doubts which may have remained. The metallic clang heard by Miss Stoner was obviously caused by her father hastily closing the door of his safe upon its terrible occupant. Having once made up my mind, you know the steps which I took in order to put the matter to the proof. I heard the creature hiss, as I have no doubt that you did also, and I instantly lit the light and attacked it."

"With the result of driving it through the ventilator."

"And also with the result of causing it to turn upon its master at the other side. Some of the blows of my cane came home, and roused its snakish temper, so that it flew upon the first person it saw. In this way I am no doubt indirectly responsible for Dr. Grimesby Roylott's death, and I cannot say that it is likely to weigh very heavily upon my conscience."



By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P.

I.—INTRODUCTION.

THE world we live in is a fairy land of exquisite beauty; our very existence is a miracle in itself; and yet few of us enjoy as we might, and none can as yet fully appreciate the beauties and wonders which surround us.

The greatest traveller cannot hope, even in a long life, to visit more than a very small part of our earth; and even of that which is under our very eyes how little we see! What we *do* see depends mainly on what we *look for*.

In the same field the farmer will see the crop, sportsmen the cover for game, geologists the fossils, botanists the flowers, the artist the colouring. When we look at the sky it is, in most cases, merely to see whether it is likely to rain. How slight an appreciation of colour most people have is shown by the fact that they often talk of "stone colour," just as if all stones were alike in this respect. "It is good," says Keble, "to have our thoughts lift up to that world where all is beautiful and glorious"; but it is well also to realise how beautiful this world is also.

It has, I know, been maintained—as, for instance, by Victor Hugo—that the general effect of beauty is to sadden:—"Comme la vie de l'homme, même la plus prospère, est toujours au fond plus triste que gaie, le ciel sombre nous est harmonieux. Le ciel éclatant et joyeux nous est ironique. La nature triste nous ressemble et nous console; la nature rayonnante, magnifique, superbe . . . a quelque chose d'accablant."*

This seems to me, I confess, a morbid view. On the other hand, there are, no doubt, many on whom the effect of natural beauty is to intensify feeling, to deepen melancholy, as well as to raise the spirits. As Mrs. Greg, in her interesting memoir of her husband, tells us:—

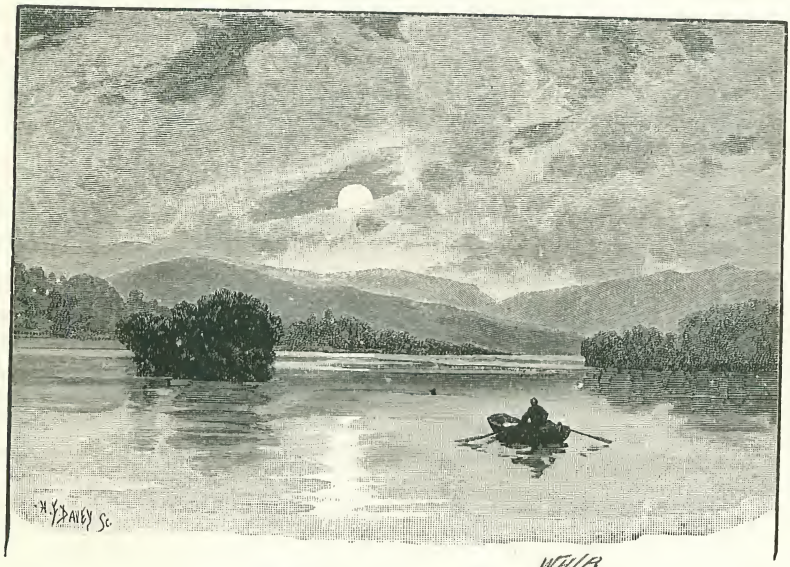
"His passionate love for nature, so amply fed by the beauty of the scenes around him, intensified the emotions, as all keen perception of beauty does, but it did not add to their joyousness. We speak of the pleasure which nature and art and music give us; what we really mean is that our whole being is quickened by the uplifting of the veil. Something passes into us which makes our sorrows more sorrowful, our joys more joyful,—our whole life more vivid. So it was with him. The long, solitary wanderings over the hills, and the beautiful moonlight nights on the lake, served to make the shadows seem darker that were brooding over his home."

But surely to most of us Nature, when sombre or even gloomy, is soothing and consoling; when bright and beautiful, not

* "Choses Vues"

only raises the spirits, but inspires and elevates our whole being.

Those who love Nature can never be dull. They may have other temptations, but at least they will run no risk of being beguiled by *ennui*, idleness, or want of occupation,



"MOONLIGHT ON THE LAKE."

"to buy the merry madness of an hour with the long penitence of after time." The love of Nature, again, helps us greatly to keep ourselves free from those mean and petty cares which interfere so much with calm and peace of mind; it turns "every ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice," and brightens life until it becomes almost like a fairy tale.

In the romances of the Middle Ages we read of knights who loved, and were loved by, Nature spirits—of Sir Launfal and the Fairy Tryamour, who furnished him with many good things, including a magic purse in which

> As oft as thou puttest thy hand therein,
> A mark of gold thou shalt iwinne,

as well as protection from the main dangers of life. Such times have passed away, but better ones have come. It is not now merely the few who are so favoured. All those who love Nature, she loves in return, and will richly reward, not perhaps with the good things, as they are commonly called, but with the best things of this world; not with money and titles, horses and carriages, but with bright and happy thoughts, contentment and peace of mind.

Happy indeed is the Naturalist; to him the seasons come round like old friends, to him the birds sing, and as he walks along, the flowers stretch out from the hedges and look up from the ground. "Year after year, as the flowers die away and the earth is once more bare, he looks back delighted on the pleasant months along which he has walked hand-in-hand with Nature; for he feels that his intelligence has been strengthened, his temper sweetened, his love of God increased, by fellowship with her changes, study of her secrets, reverence for her works."*

Though we can never "remount the river of our years," he who loves Nature is always young."

But what is the love of Nature? Some people seem to think they show a love of flowers by gathering them. How often one finds a bunch of withered blossoms on the roadside, plucked only to be thrown away! Is this love of Nature? It is, on the contrary, a wicked waste, for a waste of beauty is almost the worst waste of all.

If we could imagine a day prolonged for a lifetime, or nearly so, and that sunrise and sunset were rare events which happened but a few times to each of us, we should certainly be entranced by the beauty of the morning and evening tints. The golden rays of the morning are a fortune in themselves; but we overlook, in fact, the loveliness of Nature, because it is constantly before us. For "the senseless folk," says King Arthur, "is far more struck at things it seldom sees."

Well says Cicero: "Well did Aristotle observe: If there were men whose habitations had been always underground, in great and commodious houses, adorned with statues and pictures, furnished with everything which they who are reputed

* Tuckwell.

happy abound with; and if, without stirring from thence, they should be informed of a certain Divine power and majesty, and, after some time, the earth should open, and they should quit their dark abode to come to us; where they should immediately behold the earth, the seas, the heavens; should consider the vast extent of the clouds and force of the winds; should see the sun, and observe his grandeur and beauty, and also his generative power, inasmuch as day is occasioned by the diffusion of his light through the sky; and when night has obscured the earth, they should contemplate the heavens bespangled and adorned with stars; the surprising variety of the moon, in her increase and wane; the rising and setting of all the stars, and the inviolable regularity of their courses; when," says he, "they should see these things, they would undoubtedly conclude that there are Gods, and that these are their mighty works."*

We may well ask, with Thoreau—

"Is my life vulgar, my fate mean,
Which on such golden memories can lean?"

At the same time the change which has taken place in the character of our religion, has in one respect weakened the hold which nature has upon our feelings. To the Greeks—to our own ancestors, every river or mountain or forest had not only its own deity, but in some sense was itself alive. They were not only peopled by nymphs and oreads, fauns and hamadryads, were not only the favourite abodes of Water, Forest, or Mountain spirits, but they had a conscious existence of their own.

In the Middle Ages, indeed, these spirits were regarded as often mischievous, and apt to take offence, sometimes essentially malevolent—even the most beautiful, like the Venus of Tannhaüser, being often on that very account all the more dangerous; while the mountains and forests, the lakes and seas were the abodes of hideous ghosts and horrible monsters, of giants and ogres, sorcerers and demons. These fears, though vague, were none the less extreme, and the judicial records of the Middle Ages furnish only too conclusive evidence that they were indeed a terrible reality.

The light of science has now happily dispelled these fearful nightmares. Unfortunately, however, as men have multiplied, their energies have hitherto tended not to beautify, but to mar. Forests have been cut down, and replaced by flat fields in geometrical squares, or on the Continent in narrow strips.

Here and there, indeed, we meet with cases in which beauty has not been sacrificed to wealth; and, happily, it is found that not only is there no incompatibility, but the earth seems to reward even more richly those who have treated her with love and respect.

Scarcely any part of the world affords such a variety in so small an area as our own island. Commencing in the south, we have first the blue sea itself, the pebbly beaches and white chalk cliffs of Kent, the painted sands of Alum Bay, the red sandstone of Devonshire, granite and gneiss in Cornwall. In the south-east, again, we have the chalk downs and the well-wooded weald, and the rich hop gardens; further westwards the undulating gravelly hills, and, still further, the granite tors. In the centre of England we have, to the east, the Norfolk Broads and the Fens: then the fertile Midlands, the cornfields, rich meadows, and large oxen; and, to the west, the Welsh mountains. Further north, the Yorkshire Wolds, the Lancashire hills, the lakes of Westmoreland; lastly, the swelling hills and bleak moors, the trap dykes, and picturesque castles of Northumberland and Cumberland.

Scotland is considered by many even more beautiful.

Every month, again, has its own charms and beauty, and yet too many of us see nothing in the fields but sacks of wheat, in the meadows but trusses of hay, and in woods but planks for houses or cover for game. Even from this more prosaic point of view, how much there is to wonder at and admire in the wonderful chemistry which changes grass and leaves, flowers and seeds, into bread and milk, eggs and cream, butter and honey.

"Almost everything," says Hamerton, "that the peasant does, is lifted above vulgarity by ancient, and often sacred, associations." There is, indeed, hardly any business or occupation with reference to which the same might not be said. The triviality or vulgarity does not depend on what we do, but on the spirit in which *it is done*. Not only the regular professions, but every useful occupation in life, however humble, is honourable in itself, and may be pursued with dignity and peace.

Working in this spirit we have also the satisfaction of feeling that, as in some

* Cicero, De Natura Deorum.

mountain track, every one who takes the right path seems to make the way clearer for those who follow; so may we also raise the profession we adopt, and smooth the way for those who come after us. Even for those who are not agriculturists, it must be admitted that the country has special charms. One, perhaps, is the continual change. Every week brings some fresh leaf or flower, bird or insect. We sit quietly at home and Nature decks herself for us.

In truth we all love change. Some think they do not care for it, but I doubt if they know themselves.

"Not," said Jefferies, "for many years was I able to see why I went the same round and did not care for change. I do not want change; I want the same old and loved things, the same wild flowers, the same trees and soft ash-green; the turtle-doves, the blackbirds, the coloured yellow-hammer sing, sing, singing so long as there is light to cast a shadow on the dial, for such is the measure of his song, and I want them in the same place. Let me find them morning after morning, the starry-white petals radiating, striving upwards up to their ideal. Let me see the idle shadows resting on the white dust; let me hear the humble-bees, and stay to look down on the yellow dandelion disk. Let me see the very thistles opening their great crowns—I should miss the thistles; the reed grasses hiding the moor-hen; the bryony bine, at first crudely ambitious and lifted by force of youthful sap straight above the hedgerow, to sink of its weight presently, and progress with crafty tendrils; swifts shot through the air with outstretched wings like crescent-headed, shaftless arrows darted from the clouds; the chaffinch, with a feather in her bill; all the living staircase of the spring, step by step, upwards to the great gallery of the summer, let me watch the same succession year by year."

"I WENT THE SAME ROUND."

After all, then, he did enjoy the change and the succession.

Kingsley, again, in his charming prose idyll, "My Winter Garden," tries to persuade himself that he was glad he had never travelled, "having never yet actually got to Paris." "Monotony," he says, "is pleasant in itself; morally pleasant, and morally useful. Marriage is monotonous, but there is much, I trust, to be said in favour of holy wedlock. Living in the same house is monotonous; but three removes, say the wise, are as bad as a fire. Locomotion is regarded as an evil by our Litany. The Litany, as usual, is right. 'Those who travel by land or sea' are to be objects of our pity and our prayers, and I do pity them. I delight in that same monotony. It saves curiosity, anxiety, excitement, disappointment, and a host of bad passions."

But even as he writes one can see that he does not convince himself. Possibly, he admits, "after all, the grapes are sour;" and when some years later he did travel, how happy he was! At last, he says, triumphantly, "at last we, too, are crossing the Atlantic. At last the dream of forty years, please God, would be fulfilled, and I should see (and happily not alone) the West Indies and the Spanish Main. From

childhood I had studied their natural history, their charts, their romances; and now, at last, I was about to compare books with facts, and judge for myself of the reported wonders of the earthly paradise."

No doubt there is much to see everywhere. The poet and the naturalist will find "tropical forests in every square foot of turf." It may even be better, and especially for the most sensitive natures, to live mostly in quiet scenery, among fields and hedgerows, woods and downs; but it is surely good for everyone, from time to time, to refresh and strengthen both body and mind by a spell of sea air or mountain scenery.

On the other hand we are told, and told of course with truth, that though mountains may be the cathedrals of Nature, they are especially remote from centres of population; that our great cities are grimy, dark, and ugly; that manufactures are creeping over several of our counties, blighting them into building ground, replacing trees by chimneys, and destroying every vestige of natural beauty.

But if this be true, is it not all the more desirable that our people should have access to pictures and books, which may in some small degree, at any rate, replace what they have thus unfortunately lost. Another reason why books may help us is because we cannot all travel; and even those who can, are able after all to see but a small part of the world. Moreover, though no one who has once seen them can ever forget the Alps, the Swiss Lakes, or the Riviera, still the recollection becomes less vivid as years roll on, and it is pleasant, from time to time, to be reminded of their beauties. There is one other advantage not less important. We sometimes speak as if to visit a country and to see it were the same thing. But this is not so. It is not everyone who can see Switzerland like Ruskin or Tyndall. Their beautiful description of mountain scenery depends less on their mastery of the English language, great as that is, than on their power of seeing what is before them.

It has then been to me a matter of much interest to see which aspects of Nature have given the greatest pleasure, or have most impressed those who, either from wide experience, or from their love of Nature, may be considered best able to judge.

Humboldt tells us* that—"If I might be allowed to abandon myself to the recollection of my own distant travels, I would instance, amongst the most striking scenes of Nature, the calm sublimity of a tropical night, when the stars, not sparkling, as in our northern skies, shed their soft and planetary light over the gently heaving ocean; or I would recall the deep valleys of the Cordilleras, where the tall and slender palms pierce the leafy veil around them, and waving on high their feathery and arrow-like branches, form, as it were, 'a

"A FOREST ABOVE A FOREST."

forest above a forest'; or I would describe the summit of the Peak of Teneriffe, when a horizon layer of clouds, dazzling in whiteness, has separated the cone of cinders from the plain below, and suddenly the ascending current pierces the cloudy veil, so that the

* Humboldt's "Cosmos."

eye of the traveller may range from the brink of the crater, along the vine-clad slopes of Orotava, to the orange gardens and banana groves that skirt the shore. In scenes like these, it is not the peaceful charm uniformly spread over the face of Nature that moves the heart, but rather the peculiar physiognomy and conformation of the land, the features of the landscape, the ever varying outline of the clouds, and their blending with the horizon of the sea, whether it lies spread before us like a smooth and shining mirror, or is dimly seen through the morning mist. All that the senses can but imperfectly comprehend, all that is most awful in such romantic scenes of Nature may become a source of enjoyment to man, by opening a wide field to the creative power of his imagination. Impressions change with the varying movements of the mind, and we are led by a happy illusion to believe that we receive from the external world that with which we have ourselves invested it."

Humboldt also singles out for especial praise the following description given of Tahiti by Darwin :*—

"The land capable of cultivation is scarcely in any part more than a fringe of low alluvial soil, accumulated round the base of mountains, and protected from the waves of the sea by a coral reef, which encircles at a distance the entire line of coast. The reef is broken in several parts, so that ships can pass through, and the lake of smooth water within thus affords a safe harbour as well as a channel for the native canoes. The low land, which comes down to the beach of coral sand, is covered by the most beautiful productions of the intertropical regions. In the midst of bananas, orange, cocoanut, and bread-fruit trees, spots are cleared, where yams, sweet potatoes, sugar-cane, and pine-apples are cultivated. Even the brushwood is a fruit-tree, namely, the guava, which from its abundance is as noxious as a weed. In Brazil I have often admired the contrast of varied beauty in the banana, palm, and orange tree ; here we have in addition the bread-fruit tree, conspicuous from its large, glossy, and deeply-digitated leaf. It is admirable to behold groves of a tree, sending forth its branches with the force of an English oak, loaded with large and most nutritious fruit. However little on most occasions utility explains the delight received from any fine prospect, in this case it cannot fail to enter as an element in the feeling. The little winding paths, cool from the surrounding shade, led to the scattered houses ; and the owners of these everywhere gave us a cheerful and most hospitable reception."

Darwin himself has told us, after going round the world, that "In calling up images of the past, I find the plains of Patagonia frequently cross before my eyes ; yet these plains are pronounced by all to be most wretched and useless. They are characterised only by negative possessions ; without habitations, without water, without trees, without mountains, they support only a few dwarf plants. Why then—and the case is not peculiar to myself—have these arid wastes taken so firm possession of my mind ? Why have not the still more level, the greener and more fertile pampas, which are serviceable to mankind, produced an equal impression ? I can scarcely analyse these feelings, but it must be partly owing to the free scope given to the imagination. The plains of Patagonia are boundless, for they are scarcely practicable, and hence unknown ; they bear the stamp of having thus lasted for ages, and there appears no limit to their duration through future time. If, as the ancients supposed, the flat earth was surrounded by an impassable breadth of water, or by deserts heated to an intolerable excess, who would not look at these last boundaries to man's knowledge with deep but ill-defined sensations ? "

Hamerton, whose wide experience and artistic power make his opinion especially important, says :—

"I know nothing in the visible world that combines splendour and purity so perfectly as a great mountain entirely covered with frozen snow, and reflected in the vast mirror of a lake. As the sun declines its thousand shadows lengthen, pure as the cold green-azure in the depth of a glacier's crevasse, and the illuminated snow takes first the tender colour of a white rose, and then the flush of a red one, and the sky turns to a pale malachite green till the rare, strange vision fades into ghastly grey, but leaves with you a permanent recollection of its too transient beauty."*

Wallace especially and very justly praises the following description of tropical forest scenery given by Belt in his charming "Naturalist in Nicaragua" :—

* Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle."

* Hamerton's "Landscape."

"On each side of the road great trees towered up, carrying their crowns out of sight amongst a canopy of foliage, and with lianas hanging from nearly every bough, and passing from tree to tree, entangling the giants in a great network of coiling cables. Sometimes a tree appears covered with beautiful flowers which do not belong to it, but to one of the lianas that twines through its branches and sends down great rope-like stems to the ground. Climbing ferns and vanilla cling to the trunks, and a thousand epiphytes perch themselves on the branches. Amongst these are large arums that send down long serial roots, tough and strong, and universally used instead of cordage by the natives. Amongst the undergrowth several small species of palms, varying in height from two to fifteen feet, are common; and now and then magnificent tree ferns send off their feathery crowns, twenty feet from the ground, to delight the sight by their graceful elegance. Great broad-leaved heliconias, leathery melastomæ, and succulent-stemmed, lop-sided leaved and fresh-coloured begonias are abundant, and typical of tropical American forests; but not less so are the cecropia trees, with their white stems and large palmated leaves standing up like great candelabra. Sometimes the ground is carpeted with large flowers, yellow, pink, or white, that have fallen from some invisible tree-top above; or the air is filled with a delicious perfume, the source of which one seeks around in vain, for the flowers that cause it are far overhead out of sight, lost in the great overshadowing crown of verdure."*

"THE SHADOWS LENGTHEN.

"But," he adds, "the uniformity of climate which has led to this rich luxuriance and endless variety of vegetation is also the cause of a monotony that in time becomes oppressive." To quote the words of Mr. Belt:—"Unknown are the autumn tints, the bright browns and yellows of

* Wallace's "Tropical Nature."

English woods: much less the crimsons, purples, and yellows of Canada, where the dying foliage rivals, nay, excels, the expiring dolphin in splendour. Unknown the cold sleep of winter; unknown the lovely awakening of vegetation at the first gentle touch of spring. A ceaseless round of ever-active life weaves the fairest scenery of the tropics into one monotonous whole, of which the component parts exhibit in detail untold variety of beauty."

Siberia is, no doubt, as a rule, somewhat severe and inhospitable, but M. Patrin mentions with enthusiasm how one day, descending from the frozen summits of the Altai, he came suddenly on a view of the plain of the Obi—the most beautiful spectacle, he says, which he had ever witnessed. Behind him were barren rocks and the snows of winter, in front a great plain—not entirely green, but only green in places, and for the rest covered by three flowers—the purple Siberian Iris, the golden Hemerocallis, and the silvery Narcissus — all gold and purple and white, as far as the eye could reach.

Wallace tells us that he himself has derived the keenest enjoyment from his sense of colour :—

"The heavenly blue of the firmament, the glowing tints of sunset, the exquisite purity of the snowy mountains, and the endless shades of green presented by the verdure-clad surface of the earth, are a never-failing source of pleasure to all who enjoy the inestimable gift of sight. Yet these constitute, as it were, but the frame and background of a marvellous and ever-changing picture. In contrast with these broad and soothing tints, we have presented to us in the vegetable and animal worlds an infinite variety of objects adorned with the most beautiful and most varied hues. Flowers, insects, and birds, are the organisms most generally ornamented in this way; and their symmetry of form, their variety of structure, and the lavish abundance with which they clothe and enliven the earth, cause them to be objects of universal admiration. The relation of this wealth of colour to our mental and moral nature is indisputable. The child and the savage alike admire the gay tints of flowers, birds, and insects; while to the many of us their contemplation brings a solace and enjoyment which is both intellectually and morally beneficial. It can then hardly excite surprise that this relation was long thought to afford a sufficient explanation of the phenomena of colour in nature, and although the fact that—

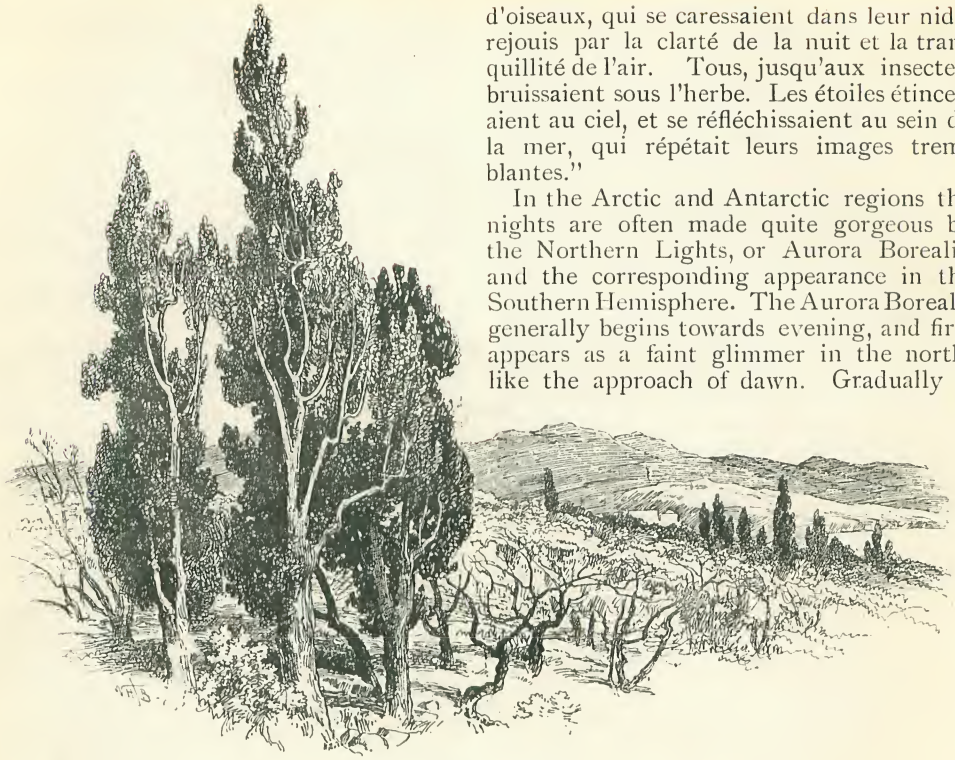
> 'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air,'

might seem to throw some doubt on the sufficiency of the explanation, the answer was easy—that in the progress of discovery, man would, sooner or later, find out and enjoy every beauty that the hidden recesses of the earth have in store for him."

Professor Colvin speaks with special admiration of Greek scenery :—

"In other climates, it is only in particular states of the weather that the remote ever seems so close, and then with an effect which is sharp and hard as well as clear; here the clearness is soft, nothing cuts or glitters, seen through that magic distance; the air has not only a new transparency so that you can see further into it than elsewhere, but a new quality, like some crystal of an unknown water, so that to see into it is greater glory." Speaking of the ranges and promontories of sterile limestone, the same writer observes that the colours of them are as austere and delicate as the forms. "If here the scar of some old quarry throws a stain, or there the clinging of some thin leafage spreads a bloom, the stain is of precious gold, and the bloom of silver. Between the blue of the sky and the ten-fold blue of the sea, these bare ranges seem, beneath that daylight, to present a whole system of noble colour flung abroad over perfect forms. And wherever, in the general sterility, you find a little moderate verdure, a little moist grass, a cluster of cypresses—or whenever your eye lights upon the one wood of the district, the long olive grove of the Cephissus, you are struck with a sudden sense of richness, and feel as if the splendours of the tropics would be nothing to this."

Though Jefferies was unfortunately never able to travel, few men have loved Nature more devotedly; and he tells us that: "Of all sweet things there is none so sweet as sweet air—one great flower it is, drawn round about, over, and enclosing us, like Aphrodite's arms, as if the dome of the sky were a bell-flower drooping down over us, and the magical essence of it filling all the room of the earth. Sweetest of all things is wild-flower air. Full of their ideal the starry flowers strained upwards on the bank, striving to keep above the rude grasses that push by them; genius has ever had such a struggle. The plain road was



"A CLUSTER OF CYPRESSES."

made beautiful by the many thoughts it gave. I came every morning to stay by the star-lit bank."

Most travellers have been fascinated by the beauty of night in the tropics. Our evenings no doubt are often delicious also, though the mild climate we enjoy is partly due to the sky being so often overcast. In parts of the tropics, however, the air is calm and cloudless throughout nearly the whole of the year. There is no dew, and the inhabitants sleep on the house-tops, in full view of the brightness of the stars, and the beauty of the sky, which is almost indescribable.

"Il faisait," says Bernardin de St. Pierre of such a scene, "une de ces nuits délicieuses, si communes entre les tropiques, et dont le plus habile pinceau ne rendrait pas la beauté. La lune paraissait au milieu du firmament, entourée d'un rideau de nuages, que ses rayons dissipaient par degrès. Sa lumière se répandait insensiblement sur les montagnes de l'île et sur leurs pitons, qui brillait d'un vert argenté. Les vents retenaient leurs haleines. On entendait dans les bois, au fond des vallées, au haut des rochers, de petits cris, de doux murmures d'oiseaux, qui se caressaient dans leur nids, rejouis par la clarté de la nuit et la tranquillité de l'air. Tous, jusqu'aux insectes, bruissaient sous l'herbe. Les étoiles étincelaient au ciel, et se réfléchissaient au sein de la mer, qui répétait leurs images tremblantes."

In the Arctic and Antarctic regions the nights are often made quite gorgeous by the Northern Lights, or Aurora Borealis, and the corresponding appearance in the Southern Hemisphere. The Aurora Borealis generally begins towards evening, and first appears as a faint glimmer in the north, like the approach of dawn. Gradually a curve of light spreads like an immense arch of yellowish white hue, which gains rapidly in brilliancy, flashes and vibrates like a flame in the wind. Often two or even three arches appear one over the other. After a while coloured rays flash upwards in divergent pencils, green below, yellow in the centre, and crimson above; while it is said that sometimes black or dark violet rays are interspersed among the rings of light, and heighten their effect by contrast. Sometimes the two ends of the arch seem to rise off the horizon, and the whole sheet of light throbs and undulates like an immense fringed curtain of light; sometimes the sheaves of rays unite into a gigantic cupola; while at others the separate rays seem alternately lit and extinguished. Gradually the light flickers and fades away, and has generally disappeared before the first glimpse of dawn.

The Southern Aurora is very similar, though said to be somewhat bluer and paler than that of the North.

We seldom see the Aurora in the south of England, but we must not complain; our winters are mild, and every month has its own charm and beauty.

In January we have the lengthening days.
In February, the first butterfly.
In March, the opening buds.
In April, the young leaves and spring flowers.
In May, the song of the birds.
In June, the sweet, new-mown hay.
In July, the golden grain.
In August, the ripening harvest.
In September, the fruit.
In October, the autumn tints.
In November, the hoar frost on trees and the pure snow.
In December, last, not least, the holidays of Christmas and the bright fireside.

Spring seems to revive us all. In the Song of Solomon—

"My beloved spoke, and said unto me,
Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away!
For lo! the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
The voice of the turtle is heard in our land,
And the vines with the tender grape give a good smell."

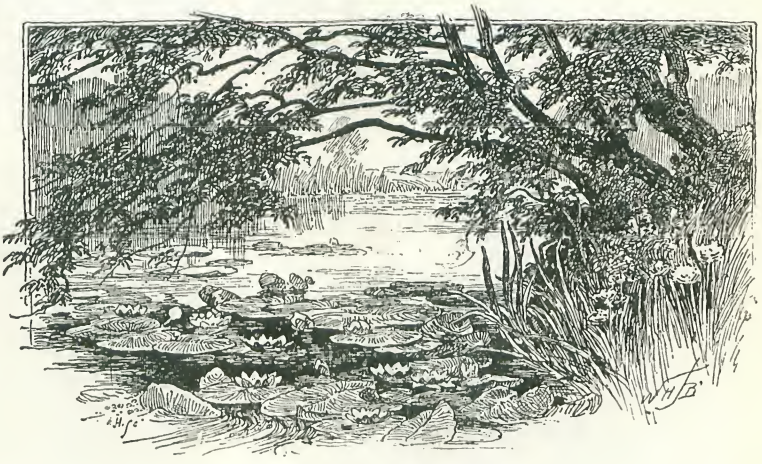
It is well to begin the year in January, for we have then before us all the hope of spring.

"Oh, wind!
If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" *

"But indeed there are days," says Emerson, "which occur in this climate at almost any season of the year, wherein the world reaches its perfection, when the air, the heavenly bodies, and the earth, make a harmony, as if Nature would indulge her offspring. . . . . "These halcyons may be looked for with a little more assurance in that pure October weather, which we distinguish by the name of the Indian summer. The day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm, wide fields. To have lived through all its sunny hours seems longevity enough. Yet does not the very name of Indian summer imply the superiority of the summer itself—the real, the true Summer, when the young corn is bursting into ear, the awned heads of rye, wheat, and barley, and the nodding panicles of oats, shoot from their green and glaucous stems in broad, level, and waving expanses of present beauty and future promise? The very waters are strewn with flowers; the buck-bean, the water-violet, the elegant flowering rush, and the queen of the waters, the pure and splendid white lily, invest every stream and lonely mere with grace." *

For our greater power of perceiving, and therefore of enjoying Nature, we are greatly indebted to science. Over and above what is visible to the unaided eye, the two magic tubes, the telescope and microscope, have revealed to us, at least partially, the infinitely great and the infinitely little.

I believe also that Science, our fairy godmother, will, unless we perversely reject her help and refuse her gifts, so richly endow us, that fewer hours of labour will serve to supply us with the material necessaries of life, leaving us more time to ourselves, more leisure to enjoy all that makes life best worth living.



THE WHITE LILY.

"If any one," says Seneca, "gave you a few acres, you would say that you had received a benefit; can you deny that the boundless extent of the earth is a benefit? If a house were given you, bright with marble, its roof beautifully painted with colours and gilding, you would call it no small benefit. God has built for you a mansion that fears no fire or ruin . . . . covered with a roof which glitters in one fashion by day, and in another by night." †

* Shelley.

* Howitt's "Book of the Seasons."
† Seneca, De Beneficiis.

Portraits of Celebrities at different times of their Lives.

AGE 4. *W. & D. Downey.*

From a Photo by] AGE 8. *[W. & D. Downey.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 12. *[W. & D. Downey.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 17. *[W. & D. Downey.*

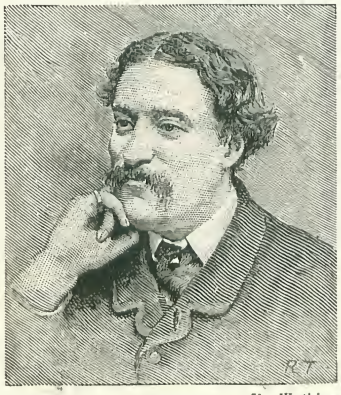
From a Photo. by] AGE 24. *[W. & D Downey.*

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF TECK.

THE present is a particularly appropriate moment to present our readers with the portraits of the Princess Victoria of Teck at different ages, when the heartfelt sympathy of all the world has been with her in the recent sad bereavement which, on the eve of her marriage, it has been her lot to bear.

[*Portraits of the Duke of Clarence, at different ages, appeared in the June number.*]

From a Water-colour] AGE 12. *[by F. J. Childe.*



From a Photo.] AGE 30. *[by Watkins.*

EDMUND YATES.

BORN 1831.

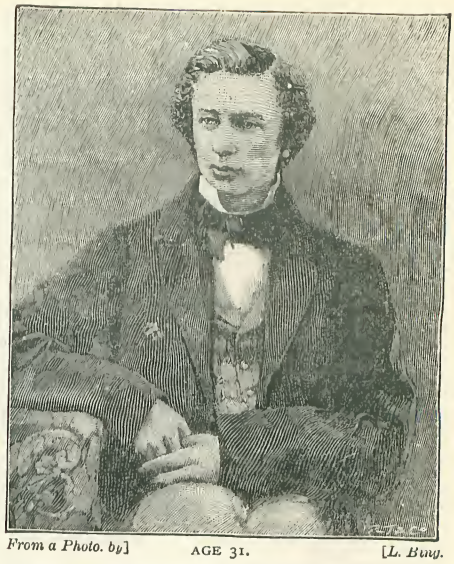
MR. EDMUND HODGSON YATES, who is the son of the well-known actor, was for many years Chief of the Missing Letter Department in the Post Office, and while in that position wrote several well-known novels, of which "Black Sheep" and "The Yellow Flag" have, perhaps, been the most popular. Mr. Yates, who had himself written successfully for the stage, was for six years the theatrical critic of *The Daily News*. He retired from the

From a Painting by] AGE 48. *[W. W. Ouless, R.A.*

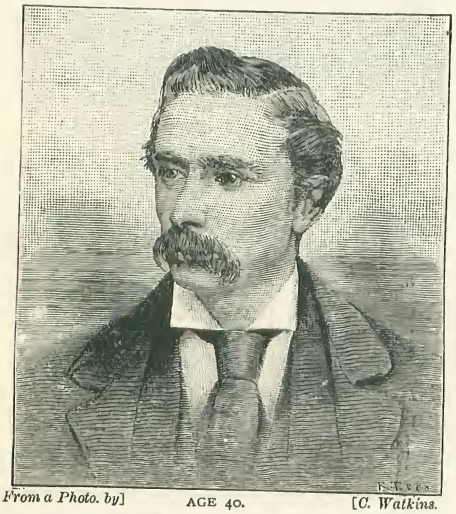
Post Office in 1872, in order to devote himself entirely to literary work, and during the same year went on a lecturing tour in the United States. Two years later he established *The World*, a paper which, at the time of its appearance, marked a new departure in journalism, and which continues successfully to hold its own against a host of younger rivals. A full account of his career appeared in 1884 in his extremely entertaining "Personal Reminiscences."

From a Photo.] AGE 60. *[by Barraud.*

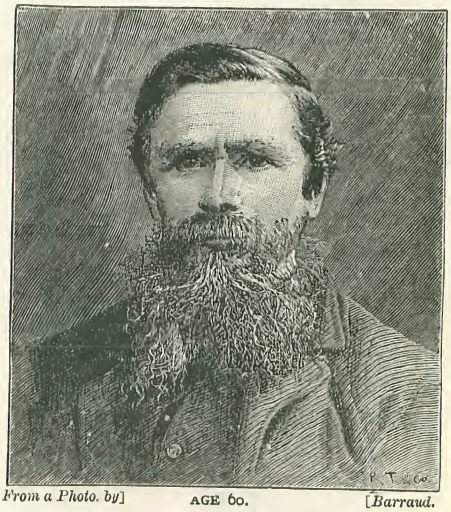
From a] AGE 19. *[Daguerreotype.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 31. *[L. Bing.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 40. *[C. Watkins.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 60. *[Barraud.*

GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BORN 1831.

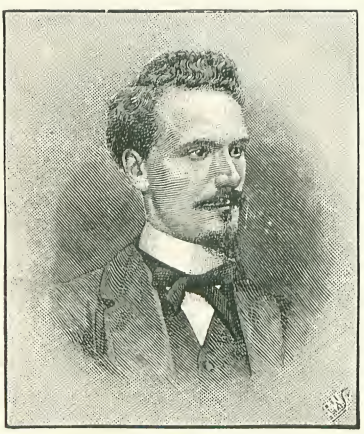
GEORGE MANVILLE FENN, who has been spoken of as one of the most voluminous writers of the day, was born at Westminster, and his first short stories appeared in *Once a Week*. These were followed by others in *All the Year Round*, *Chambers's Journal*, and by a considerable number of graphic working-class sketches in *The Evening Star*, under the comprehensive title of "Readings by Starlight." His pen soon began to take longer flights, and some twenty-five three-volume and fifty one-volume novels have appeared with more or less success, this author's works being even more widely read in Australia and the United States than in England. Among the best known works may be mentioned "The Parson o' Dumford," "This Man's Wife," and "The New Mistress." During the past ten years Mr. Fenn has devoted no little time to the production of boys' stories. These have been very popular, and have made for him a wide and ever-increasing circle of readers. As Mr. Fenn's works show, he is a great lover of out-door life and natural history, beside devoting a good deal of time to experimental gardening.

From a] AGE 28. *Photograph.*

VICTOR HENRI DE ROCHEFORT-LUÇAY.

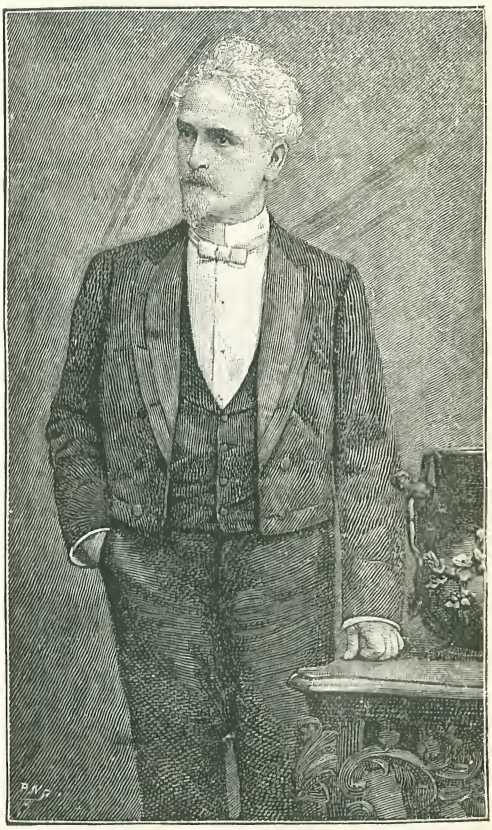
BORN 1831.

VICTOR HENRI DE ROCHEFORT-LUÇAY, known under the name of Henri Rochefort, is a celebrated French writer and politician, born in Paris, July 30, 1831. He is descended from an old and distinguished family, one of his ancestors having been Chancellor of France. M. Rochefort at an early period adopted the profession of journalist, to which he has adhered throughout his stormy and chequered career. After writing for various



From a Photo. by] AGE 37. *[Carjat.*

publications, and manifesting a determined and indomitable spirit of independence, M. Rochefort founded, on his own account, the famous weekly pamphlet called *La Lanterne*, the first issue of which appeared June 1, 1868, and produced a tremendous sensation in France. The writer was speedily compelled to leave France to avoid the imprisonment to which he was sentenced by the tribunals of the Empire. Since the fall of Napoleon III. and the establishment of the Republic in France, M. Rochefort's career has been one of continual agitation. Implicated in the events of the Paris Commune, he was condemned



From a Photo. by] AGE 60. *[Walery.*

to transportation to the French penal colony of New Caledonia, whence he made his escape ten months afterwards, in March, 1874, on board an English barque, which landed him safely in Australia, whence he made his way to London. Subsequently armisticed, he returned to Paris in 1880, where he founded *L'Intransigeant* the same year. Again obliged to take refuge abroad after the Boulangist trials of 1889, M. Rochefort returned to London, where he has since continued to reside.

From a Drawing by] AGE 6. *[Victor Dolter.*

From a] AGE 20. *[Photograph.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 36. *[Elliott & Fry.*

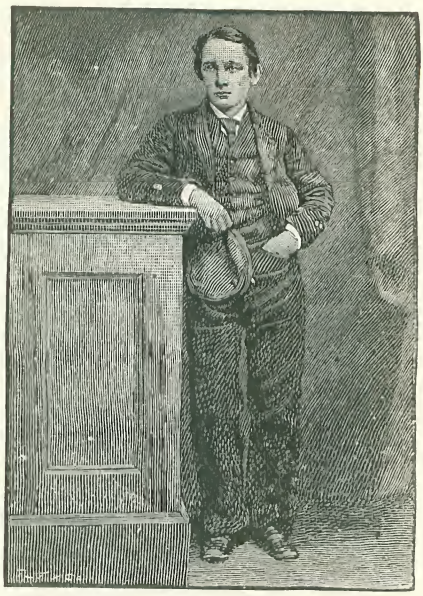
From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Lankester, Tunbridge Wells*

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.

THE greatest of English pianists was born at St. Servan, in Brittany, 1836. At four years old she played at a charitable concert in that town, having to stand on an improvised board, being too diminutive to play from an ordinary seat. After studying under Kalkbrenner in Paris and Thalberg, she appeared at the national concerts in London when fourteen, fairly astonishing the musical world by her extraordinary technical gifts, her exquisite refinement, and a delicacy of phrasing which in later years constituted her one of the most remarkable pianists of the time.

When the Monday Popular Concerts were founded in 1859, Madame Goddard was the particular attraction, and to her much of their subsequent success may be ascribed. All the later pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven, hitherto unfamiliar, were introduced by her, and numberless other works of classical importance, both at the Popular concerts and at her Recitals, doubtless advancing musical art in this country by fully twenty years. Since her tour round the world, from 1873 to 1876, she has retired from public playing; but, happily, her valuable advice as a teacher is a thing of the present. Madame Goddard resides at Tunbridge Wells.

From a] AGE 12. *[Photograph.*

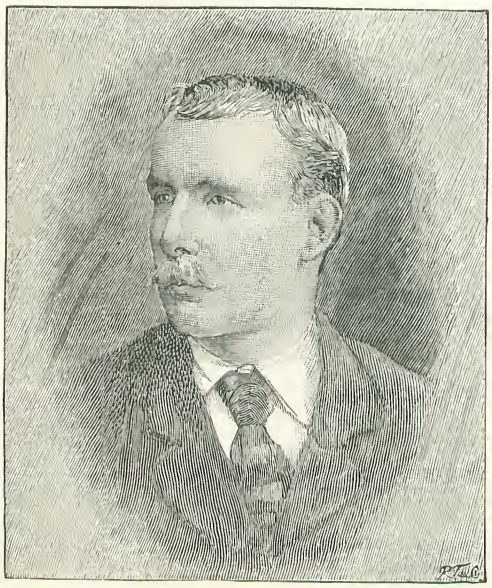


From a Photo. by] AGE 15. *[G. W. Fall, Trowbridge.*

CAPTAIN WEBB.

BORN 1848.

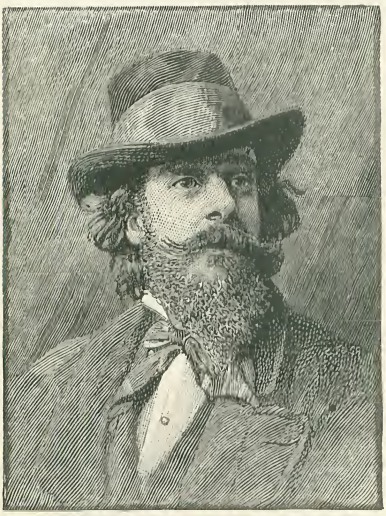
MATTHEW WEBB, whose great feats of swimming and untimely fate are still fresh in mind, was the son of a surgeon, and was born at Dawley. At twelve he was already a fine swimmer, and at fifteen, when on the *Conway* training ship, he had saved two lives from drowning. Our third portrait was taken just after his great swim from Dover to Calais, and our last portrait represents him just before his fatal attempt to swim the rapids of Niagara, which took place on July 24, 1883.



From a] AGE 27. *[Photograph.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 31. *[Elliott & Fry.*

From a] AGE 16. *[Daguerreotype.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 34. *[Rowland Taylor.*

SIR JAMES D. LINTON.

BORN 1840.

SIR JAMES DRUMGOLE LINTON, President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, was educated as a designer for stained glass, and was later engaged as a draughtsman for *The Graphic;* but it was in water-colour that he was destined to display the full extent of his ability. At twenty-seven he was elected a member of the Institute, not at that time in a very flourishing condition, and it is largely owing to his enterprise that the Society increased rapidly in importance, and the present fine building in Piccadilly was erected. He became President in 1884, and one year later—at the

From a Photo.] AGE 45. *[by Walery.*

age at which our third portrait represents him—he received the honour of knighthood. Sir James Linton's work is remarkable for its excellent draughtsmanship and for its richness and depth of colouring. His "Marriage of the Duke of Albany," painted

From a Photo.] PRESENT DAY. *[by Barraud.*

by command of the Queen, is one of the most successful subjects of the kind ever represented.

The Prince's Crime.

A TRUE ROMANCE OF INDIA.

By J. E. Muddock, F.R.G.S.

ON the banks of the Orsing River, which flows through Oodeypor, and finds its way into the Gulf of Cambay in the Arabian Sea, stands the old and magnificent palace of the Rajas of Chota. The present Raja, Jit Singh, the Chowan, or ruler, is the seventeenth in direct line from Peilab Singh, who long ago was the terror of his country, for the only law he recognised was the law of the sword. Jit Singh possesses many of the qualities of his famous ancestor, and, though an independent Prince, and known as "The Lion of Victories," he is tributary to his more powerful neighbour of Baroda. The palace of Jit Singh is noted for its magnificence. Some of the apartments are decorated with barbaric splendour. In the "Mirror Room" the ceiling is inlaid with real gold and jewels, while the walls are lined with mirrors of burnished silver. In the feudal times the Palace was often besieged; and often, too, there went forth from its grim precincts the Chowan with a powerful following to make war on some neighbouring State. There is a current tradition in connection with the House of Chota that a former Raja had a daughter of entrancing beauty whose hand was sought by two powerful princes. As the Raja did not wish to offend either of them, he bade them fight for the Princess. One was slain, and, when the survivor claimed the hand of the beauteous maiden, her father, being afraid of giving deadly offence to the relatives of the slain prince, put his daughter to death. This Spartan-like spirit has ever been conspicuous in the descendants of the redoubtable Peilab Singh, and it displayed itself a few years ago in Chundra Singh, the second son of the present ruler, whose subjects number between seventy and eighty thousand.

Some years ago Chundra Singh married a lady who was considerably his senior, and she resided in his zenana in part of the old palace. Three years later Chundra fell in love with the Princess Rajkooverbai, who was the only sister of a powerful noble in a neighbouring State. The Princess was but fifteen years old, but the fame of her beauty had spread throughout almost the whole of India. Her family had ever been noted for the courage of its men, and the beauty of its women; and in Rajkooverbai beauty and courage were blended, so that high-born Hindoos from far and wide sought —her hand. But Chundra's suit found favour with her brother, and he consented to the Princess allying herself with the powerful house of the Chota Rajas; for, though Chundra was the second son, there were probabilities that one day he would rule. But, whether or no, an alliance with such a family was not to be despised. So the wedding was celebrated with all the regal pomp and magnificence which mark Indian marriages in high life.

The name of Chundra's first wife was Naudba, and when her girlish rival, whose dazzling beauty so eclipsed her own, was brought to the zenana, she displayed a fierce hatred for her from the very first meeting. For some time poor little Rajkooverbai tried to propitiate the haughty Naudba, but without success, and the girl's life was made a burden to her. So unhappy did she become that her husband at last gave her private apartments in his palace, and here, with a few attendants, she led a lonely life, though it was preferable to the misery and wretchedness she had endured at the hands of Naudba.

It chanced, unhappily for the Princess, that amongst her husband's retainers was a handsome youth, a young Beluchi, whose name was Saadut. He was the son of a soldier, who was also in the Prince's service, and he had the reputation of being a musician and a poet. He had received an

education superior to most youths in his station of life ; and, being of a studious and observant nature, he had already made himself conspicuous for his knowledge. The result was he became a general favourite in the Palace, and his master allowed him many privileges. Moreover, being of an amorous disposition, he penned love-sonnets for his companions ; and, as he was able to play the cithar well, he set his sonnets to music, and sang them during the languid Indian nights, when, the labours of the day being over, the retainers were free to enjoy themselves after their bent.

"SAADUT."

Saadut's accomplishments and handsome appearance attracted the attention of the proud and cruel Naudba, to whom it suddenly occurred that she might make him an instrument for ridding herself of her hated rival, the Princess Rājkooverbai, who was the favourite of her husband. "If she were dead," argued Naudba, "I should have the undivided attention and affection of Chundra." Having brought herself to this frame of mind, she set herself to work to give effect to her desires ; and, by the aid of a trusty servant, she sent an artfully couched message to the handsome boy, in which it was hinted that the beautiful Princess Rajkooverbai had, while sitting behind her purda of pierced marble, and which commanded a view of the courtyard, frequently gazed with longing eyes upon him, and that he had only to play his cards well to win her favours and her love.

The designing and treacherous Naudba did not overestimate the material she had to work upon. The mind of Saadut was inflamed, and his vanity flattered. To have attracted the attention of so renowned a beauty as Princess Rajkooverbai was indeed a thing to be proud of, from his point of view. Now, it was true that the poor little Princess did sit daily behind her screen, where she could see without being seen ; and in her lonely captivity—for the wife of an Indian noble is little better than a captive—she had no doubt heard the laughter and the bustle that went on all day in the courtyard, and longed and sighed for the freedom enjoyed by the humble followers of her lord, but which—high born as she was—was denied to her. She must even have seen Saadut often enough, and heard him singing his love ditties at night as he accompanied himself on his cithar, while his admiring companions lounged about, and smoked their nilgherries, and bubble-bubbles. Probably, too, her woman's heart may have beat a trifle faster as she gazed on his handsome face, and heard his melodious voice, though it is doubtful whether she would have taken the initiative in making known to him that he had raised in her feelings of admiration. But Saadut, believing the message that had been sent to him, began to dream dreams, and often when the Princess was being carried to her bath in the morning he placed himself in such a position that he got glimpses of her as she reclined in her magnificent palanquin ; and, fancying that his amorous glances found favour, he grew bolder, and, composing love songs artfully framed to make known his passion, he sang them beneath her apartments when he knew that she was seated behind the carved marble purda with none but her women attendants about her.

"Love hath a special voice, and speaks only in one language," says an Indian proverb. And soon, Princess Rajkooverbai, pining in her lonely grandeur, and sighing for the liberty denied to her, but which was enjoyed by those of lowlier birth, awakened to a consciousness of the fact that the hand-

"HE BRIBED A WOMAN."

somest youth amongst all her husband's retainers was filled with love for her. No wonder that her head was turned, when all the circumstances of the case are considered, and, notwithstanding the terrible danger she must have known she ran, she began to give Saadut signs that she was not indifferent to his attentions.

Encouraged by this, Saadut grew still bolder, and he bribed a woman of the Palace to convey a love song he had specially written to the Princess.

For some days he waited in dread suspense, wondering what would be the fate of his missive. He knew perfectly well that his life would not be worth an hour's purchase if the great Chowan came to know that he, a servant, had dared to breathe love to the Princess. But at last his mind was relieved by the receipt of an answer from Rajkooverbai, which she had entrusted to a faithful slave.

For months a correspondence was thus kept up between the girl Princess and the boy retainer, until at last Saadut was moved to plead with the beautiful girl to grant him an interview. Unable to resist his prayer, she sent back word that on a certain night he might climb to her chamber window by means of a rope ladder she would throw out. The window of the chamber in which was the Princess's couch was little more than twelve feet from the ground, and faced a private garden that was at right angles with the courtyard, but which it was looked upon as all but sacrilege for the servants to enter, as it was sacred to the ladies of the zenana. But what will love not dare! The night chosen for the meeting was one when the lovers knew there would be no moon, and the hour when the Chowan and his sons had sat down to their evening meal. As in most Indian chambers of the kind, the couch was so arranged that it could be turned into a swinging cot, if desired, by means of hooks in the ceiling, to which cords were attached. The Princess, who had dismissed all her attendants but the faithful slave, caused the slave to knot one of the cords, and lower it from the window. Such a means of ascent presented no difficulties to an Indian youth, and Saadut—who having surreptitiously obtained entrance into the garden, was lying in wait—seized the cord, and in a few moments he and the Princess were clasped in each other's arms. The meeting was necessarily of short duration, but when the lovers parted they vowed to meet again.

Let it not be supposed that during the time Saadut had been making known his passion for Rajkooverbai the jealous and wicked Naudba had remained indifferent. She had lighted the fire, and eagerly she watched its progress, for she had spies all over the Palace; and that first meeting at the window was made known to her. But, with devilish artfulness, she determined that the time was not yet ripe for bringing the matter under the notice of

Chundra. He was greatly attached to the Princess, and Naudba feared that, unless he was aroused to a pitch of fury by jealousy, he would overlook Rajkooverbai's indiscretion, and forgive her. So Naudba waited, like a tigress waiting for her prey. She knew that if she was patient her prey would be secured.

All unaware of their danger, the lovers were emboldened by that first meeting, and three or four letters a day passed between them. At last they resolved to meet again, and an assignation was made. This time the Princess arranged to leave her chamber by means of the knotted cord, and go to a bower in the garden.

The night came, and, as it seemed to the lovers, the very elements favoured them; for not only was it intensely dark, but rain was falling. At the appointed hour, and while her lord feasted, Rajkooverbai silently threw open her casement, and, with the aid of her devoted slave, slid down the cord and fled to the bower where Saadut was waiting for her.

All was silent, save for the whirring and chirping of the thousand and one insects that make an Indian night melodious. The soft rain pattered on the great palm leaves, and drove the fireflies to seek shelter; but the odours of many flowers made the air languid and dreamy. External influences, however, affected not the lovers. Clasped in each other's arms they forgot everything save the passion of love, and on each other's lips they sealed their devotion. But suddenly sounds arose to which they could not be deaf. They became aware of some extraordinary commotion in the Palace. There was the scuffling of many feet, the clanking of arms, the flashing of torches, the *hubbub* of men's voices.

"FLY—FLY, SAADUT."

"Allah save us! We are discovered!" whispered the Princess. "Fly—fly, Saadut, as you love me!"

"No," he answered, firmly; "as you are in danger I will share it with you."

"Saadut, Saadut!" she moaned, "pain me not. I may be able to appease my lord's anger; but, should he discover us together, he will slay us both."

"I cannot go and leave you to his wrath," replied Saadut, who was a brave youth. "Fly with me; we may easily gain the river, where we can obtain a boat, and before the day breaks we will be far away."

Rajkooverbai was more practical than he was, and assured him that flight was impossible. Her husband's mounted retainers would scour the country, and leave no road open. Their only chance of escape was by relying on her woman's wit, and trusting to her influence over her husband. In spite of this argument, Saadut seemed reluctant to go. But the commotion was increasing. It was evident the whole Palace was aroused, and Chundra's deep voice could be heard as in angry tones he called his followers to surround the garden; and already the glare of the torches shone upon the dripping foliage.

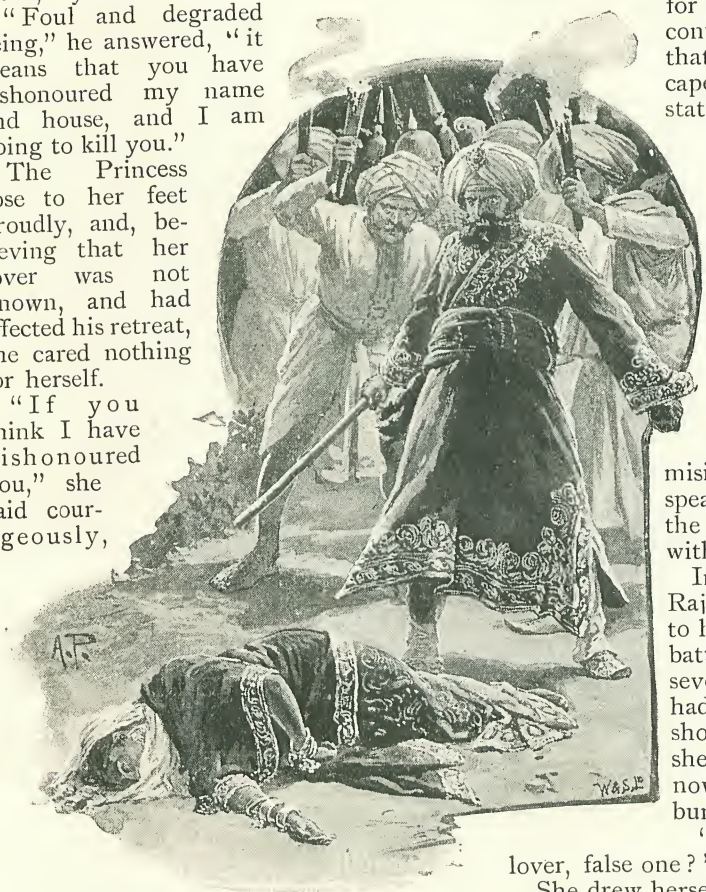
"Go—go, in the name of Brama, I beseech you," pleaded the poor Princess, in terrible distress. And, unable to resist her pleadings, Saadut hastily embraced her, and had scarcely time to disappear amongst the thick bushes and clustering palm trees, and climb over a high wall, before the garden was filled with armed men, with Chundra leading them. Swathing her face in her veil, Rajkooverbai slowly approached her enraged husband, and, restraining her

excitement as best she could, she asked, as she knelt to him, "What does all this mean, my lord?"

"Foul and degraded being," he answered, "it means that you have dishonoured my name and house, and I am going to kill you."

The Princess rose to her feet proudly, and, believing that her lover was not known, and had effected his retreat, she cared nothing for herself.

"If you think I have dishonoured you," she said courageously,



"SHE FELL QUIVERING TO THE GROUND."

"kill me, but not here. Make not our trouble public. Let me go in, and I will kill myself quietly, and you can say I have died of some sudden illness."

To this her husband's only reply was a terrific blow with a staff he carried. And he beat her until she fell quivering to the ground. But in a few moments she sprang up by a desperate effort, and exclaimed with fiery energy:

"My lord, I am not a bullock, that you should beat me thus. I am of royal blood, and demand such treatment as is due to a Princess."

Again her husband's only reply was a savage blow that once more felled her to the ground. Then, ordering some of the servants to convey her to her chamber, he told others to follow him. And he made his way to the courtyard, and to the quarters occupied by the guard of the Palace. His object was to see Saadut's father, and compel him to produce his son; for Naudba's spies, who had conveyed the information that the Princess had escaped from her room, also stated that Saadut was the lover. But what was Chundra's surprise, when he reached the guardhouse, to find the youth calmly seated, surrounded by companions, to whom he was singing. For the moment the Prince's suspicions were allayed, so far as the lad was concerned. He thought that he must have been misinformed; and, without speaking, he strode back to the Palace, still maddened with jealous rage.

In the meantime Princess Rajkooverbai had been taken to her apartments. She was battered and bruised by the severe beating her husband had given her. But she showed no signs of fear; she uttered no moan. And now the savage Chundra burst into the room.

"What is the name of thy lover, false one?" he cried menacingly.

She drew herself up with all the pride of her race, and made answer:

"Think you, my lord, that even if I had a lover I should betray him?"

"Do not seek to deceive me," roared Chundra, "or I'll hack you to pieces."

"Kill me," she answered calmly, "as it so pleases you. But forget not that I am your wife, and of birth as noble as your own. And if you kill me there are those who will avenge my death."

This answer seemed to enrage him more, and he ordered the cowering servants to seize her, and make the cord by which she had lowered herself from the window fast to her ankles. This being done, she was drawn up by means of the hook in the ceiling, and, while she hung in this terrible position, head downwards, her brutal husband belaboured her with a staff until it broke. Then he called for a tulwar, and beat her with the flat part until her dainty

"'DO NOT SEEK TO DECEIVE ME,' ROARED CHUNDRA."

flesh was hacked and bleeding. At last his passion appeared to exhaust itself, and he gave orders that the suffering girl should be released and laid upon her couch.

While this terrible scene was being enacted in the palace, Saadut, yielding to the urgent entreaties of his father, was flying through the darkness of the night to his native village, where he hoped to be safe for a time. But when Chundra left his wife's room, he went straight to Naudba and demanded angrily if she was sure that Saadut was the lover. In reply Naudba produced her spies, who stated positively that it was Saadut. Then the Prince told some of his retainers to arrest the youth, and bring him to the vaults beneath the Palace. And a huge Arab slave was ordered to have ready a large crucible of boiling lead. In a very short time, however, word was brought to the Prince that Saadut was nowhere to be found. This seemed confirmatory of the lad's guilt, and Chundra offered a reward of a thousand rupees for his capture.

The next day Chundra visited his wife again. She was in a terrible state, and unable to move, nevertheless, on her firmly refusing to name her lover, he once more beat her; though, in spite of the torture and agony she suffered, not a sound of murmuring escaped her lips. When the night came and there was no word of Saadut having been captured, the brutal Prince repaired once more to Rajkooverbai's chamber. But she was now in a condition that his brutality could no longer affect her, for she was quite unconscious, and such a pitiable spectacle from the wounds he had inflicted that few men could have looked upon her without being moved. But Chundra was a Rajput Prince, and pity was unknown to him, when he considered that the honour of his house was at stake, and that wrongs were to be avenged, so, all unconscious as she was, he beat her again and again.

A few hours later, when the Indian dawn was breaking with a dazzling splendour of crimson and gold, poor Princess Rajkooverbai heaved a deep sigh, and, with a smile upon her beautiful face, passed away to one of the seven heavens, where man's brutal passions avail not.

When the Prince was informed of her death, he ordered a report to be spread that she had died of snake-bite, for he knew that, though he was the son of Raja Jit Singh—the Lion of Victories—he might have to answer to the all-powerful Kaisar-i-Hind, the Empress of India, who would tolerate no murder in her dominions if she could help it. Time had been when an Indian Prince could have beaten a dozen of his wives to death, and all that it would have led to would have been a feud, perhaps, between himself and some of his

dead wives' relatives. But those days had gone by; the fierce arbitrament of the sword had given place to the scales of Justice, and Chundra was fully aware that his brutal deed would be called murder in the more enlightened age in which he lived.

By a strange coincidence, on the very day of Princess Rajkooverbai's death, Saadut was captured by some of Chundra's retainers, who had been stimulated in their endeavours by the promised reward of a thousand rupees. They found him in his native village, about thirty miles away; he was kidnapped by a ruse and borne swiftly on horseback to the Palace, where he arrived as the sun was going down.

Women had already laid out the Princess's mangled body, which was now borne secretly through the Palace grounds to the burning ghat, on the banks of the Orsing, where a funeral pyre had already been prepared. No time was lost. The body of the beautiful girl was laid on the pyre, which was immediately fired, and, as the flames mounted high towards the darkening sky, two powerful Hindoos—looking stern and grim as avenging gods—came from the Palace grounds, leading between them the ill-starred Saadut, whose hands were bound close to his body. They led him to the burning pyre, and one of them said sternly:

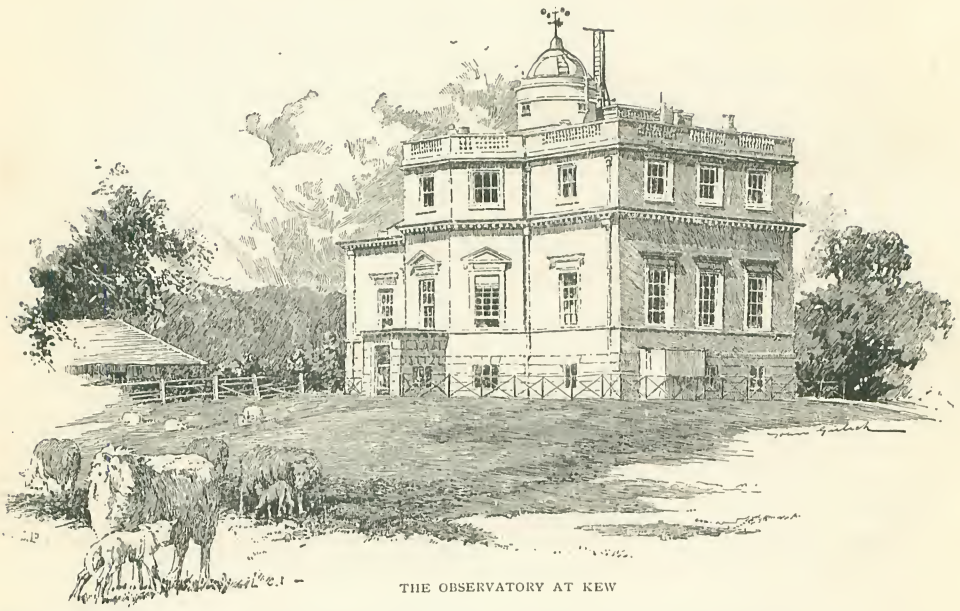
"Behold thy handiwork. She who through you dishonoured her lord is being consumed there, and the dark waters of the river that roll on to Cambay's Gulf will bear your accursed soul to the place of the damned, whither she has gone."

Before the youth could make any reply, a silken cord was dextrously twisted round his neck, and he was quickly strangled to death. Then the cords that bound him were cut, and his body was tossed into the rapidly flowing stream and quickly disappeared from sight.

Two hours later the funeral pyre had done its work, and a heap of white ashes alone remained. Then Prince Chundra, of the House of Singh, came from his Palace, and the ashes were collected into a brass bowl and given to him. And standing on the banks of the river he muttered a malediction, and tossed the ashes of his murdered wife to the winds. And all fear of any medical evidence of the cause of her death being obtained was now past. Thus was consummated one of the cruelest and most romantic crimes that even the annals of India can furnish.

"A SILKEN CORD WAS TWISTED ROUND HIS NECK."

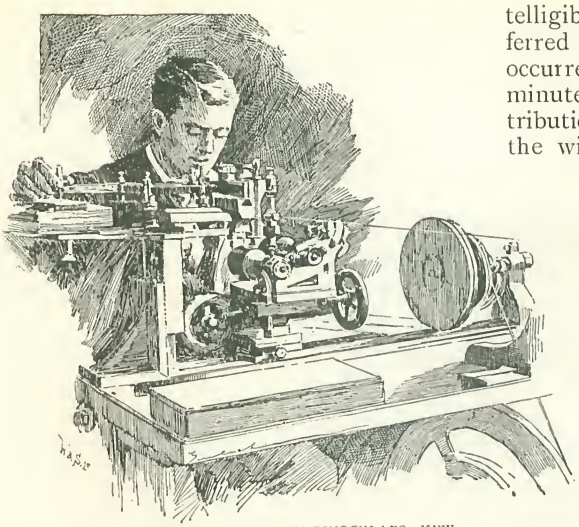
Weather Watchers and their Work.



THE OBSERVATORY AT KEW

TO old and young, to rich and poor, to the invalid and to the most robust, to the worker and to the pleasure-seeker, the weather is a source of perennial interest. It means so much to every one of us: to our spirits, our tempers, our energies. In some way or other ninety-nine out of every hundred individuals are personally concerned in the response which nature will give to the daily query, "Will it rain?" In the stately entrance halls of the houses of the wealthy, and in the humble abode of the peasant, we shall usually find some proof of the ever-present desire to know what is going to happen meteorologically. In the first case, the rise or fall of the barometer is looked to; in the second, the relative positions of the man and woman in the old Dutch weather-gauge, or the dryness or dampness of the seaweed brought home after some recent holiday, afford an indication of the disposition of the Clerk of the Weather. As a rule, one of the first items turned to in the morning newspaper is the report and forecast issued by the Meteorological Office. One can imagine, for instance, how eagerly the unfortunate agriculturist in the dreary summer months of 1891 has sought to know the best or worst likely to befall his crops. Farmers are said to be especially fond of forecasts, and one of their number is credited with the assertion that they are a good thing, because if they promise fine weather, although they turn out to be wrong, they at least keep up one's spirits, and give one hopes of better times.

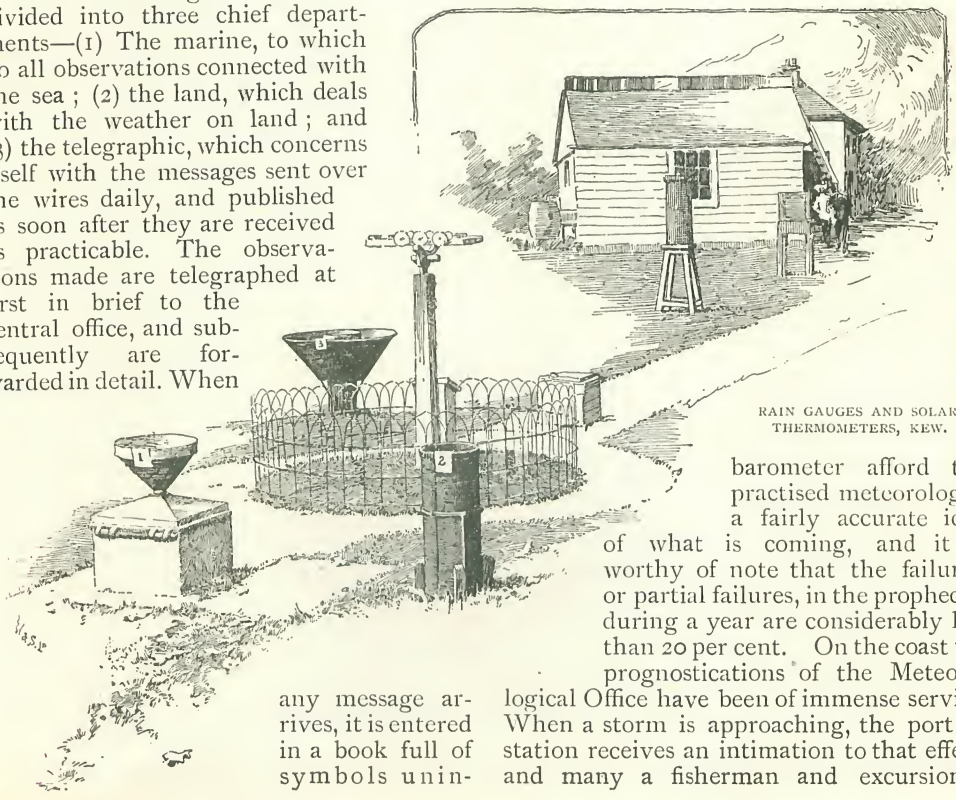
The Clerk of the Weather, as Mr. R. H. Scott, the Chief of the Meteorological Office, is often called, is to be found in Victoria-street, S.W. The Meteorological Office is the centre to which observations taken at some eighty different stations throughout the country come three times daily. In the doorway charts containing the latest observations are posted at 9 a.m., 11 a.m., and 3 p.m., whilst beneath the windows on the first floor the casual passer-by will notice boards which describe the state of the wind and weather at various places on the coasts of Ireland and England. The duty of the office is to secure for the benefit of the public a more or less complete record of the vagaries of nature. Whatever the mood of the great goddess, the meteorologist notes it down. He watches her at peace and at war, and enters up the number of her smiles and the intensity of her



MARKING ADMIRALTY BINOCULARS, KEW.

passion. If she bursts into uncontrollable fury, say at Dublin, or Valentia, or Yarmouth, the information reaches the office, and is despatched broadcast to all whom it may concern. Both calm and storm are registered with extreme care.

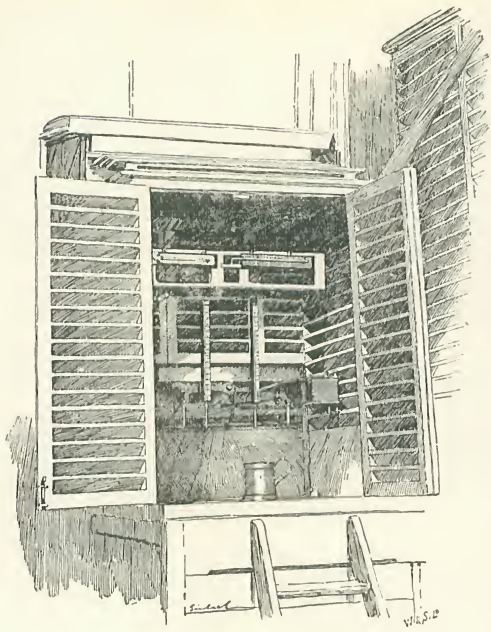
The Meteorological Office is divided into three chief departments—(1) The marine, to which go all observations connected with the sea ; (2) the land, which deals with the weather on land ; and (3) the telegraphic, which concerns itself with the messages sent over the wires daily, and published as soon after they are received as practicable. The observations made are telegraphed at first in brief to the central office, and subsequently are forwarded in detail. When any message arrives, it is entered in a book full of symbols unintelligible to the outsider, and is then transferred to a map, all changes which have occurred since the last report being studied minutely. Charts are then prepared for distribution, showing the direction and force of the wind, the barometrical pressure, the temperature, and the atmospheric conditions generally. The comprehensive idea which the Office thus acquires of what Nature is doing over a considerable portion of the earth's surface, enables it to accomplish two useful pieces of work—to forecast the weather for the next twenty-four hours, and, if necessary, to warn particular localities to look out for squalls. Each London newspaper, and many provincial ones, are supplied with the information, whilst the reports are despatched to 400 different people anxious to have the earliest weather intelligence daily. Some people are disposed to laugh at the forecasts made, but in the main they are very trustworthy. It is never possible to be quite sure what will happen at any one spot, but over a district the readings of the barometer afford the practised meteorologist a fairly accurate idea of what is coming, and it is worthy of note that the failures, or partial failures, in the prophecies during a year are considerably less than 20 per cent. On the coast the prognostications of the Meteorological Office have been of immense service. When a storm is approaching, the port or station receives an intimation to that effect, and many a fisherman and excursionist



RAIN GAUGES AND SOLAR THERMOMETERS, KEW.

owes his comfort, if not his life, to the friendly storm-cone hoisted to warn him either not to go out or to come in immediately. The belief of some good people in the Meteorological Office is so great that Mr. Scott has frequently received letters asking that certain weather may be arranged for a day on which a flower-show or some other event in which the writers are concerned, takes place. One letter which he preserves came from Southend, and was addressed to—

THE CLERK OF
THE WEATHER,
Meteorological
Society,
Sun-court,
London.

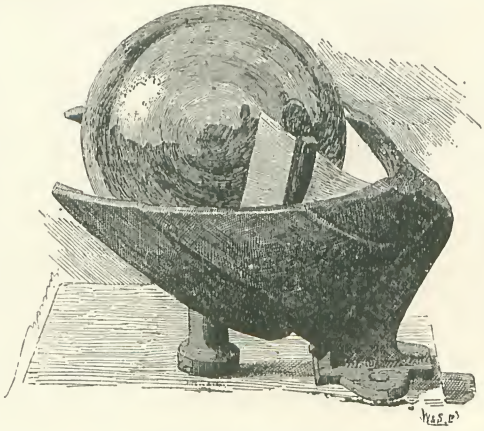


A THERMOMETER SCREEN.

It was dated February 15, 1889, and ran:—

"My dear Clerk,—I must tell you I am very tired of this weather. We had some rain and snow. I supose (*sic*) you know all about it. Mamma told me to write. Please will you send us some fine weather. —(Signed) CONNIE."

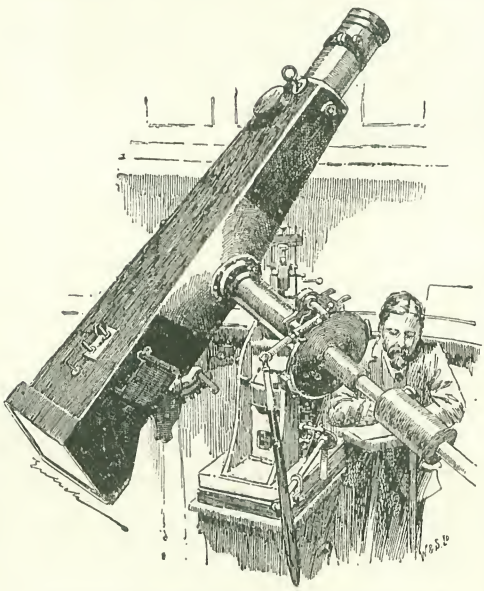
The Marine Department of the Office, presided over by Lieutenant Baillie, R.N., is performing the most valuable work of collecting data referring to every current and every wind, and every temperature in every accessible sea. In this work the assistance of ships' captains is enlisted. The Office lends them instruments of the best and most reliable character, comprising one barometer, six thermometers, and four hydrometers. A rough book and a form of meteorological log are presented to the captain, who, on his return, sends the latter to Victoria-street. Some 200 captains are thus taking notes over various seas, and the logs stored up at the Office already number about 6,000. When the logs come in they are very carefully examined, characters are given them — "good," "very good," or whatever it may be—they are then registered, and become part of the permanent records of the Office. The importance of the observations taken by ships' captains cannot be over-estimated, and ready testimony is paid to the value of their services by the experts who deal with the reports. For some time past, for instance, the Office has been engaged in the study of the currents of the seas over the whole globe, and these, together with cyclone tracks, and every other meteorological eccentricity, are all becoming known as a result of the labours of volunteer observers. Charts of currents for every month of the year are now being produced, and all prove of incalculable use to the mariner in charge of precious cargo, and more precious lives. They tell him what the normal conditions should be, and if the conditions are not normal, he knows that extra precautions against mishaps must be taken. On the charts the direction of the currents is shown by myriads of tiny arrows of all lengths, an arrow an inch long indicating a current of a hundred miles in the twenty-four hours.



A SUNSHINE RECORDER.

As with the Marine, so with the Land Department. There are any number of volunteer workers

who take observations daily at 9 a.m. and 9 p.m. Throughout the Empire observations are being made by officers of the Royal Engineers and of the Army Medical Department, among them being Sir Charles Warren, whose pictures of the phases of the moon taken at Gibraltar, are religiously preserved. For the convenience of observers of all nations, an international code exists, so that when the observations are entered up they are as intelligible to a Russian or a Frenchman as to an Englishman. The chief work of the Land Department, however, naturally lies within England itself, where it has been very thorough. For years back they can tell one what happened at any particular place near one of their observatories on any particular day. In Victoria-street there is a continuous record of barometrical pressure, of how fast the wind blew, of how much rain fell, and of how much sunshine we enjoyed.

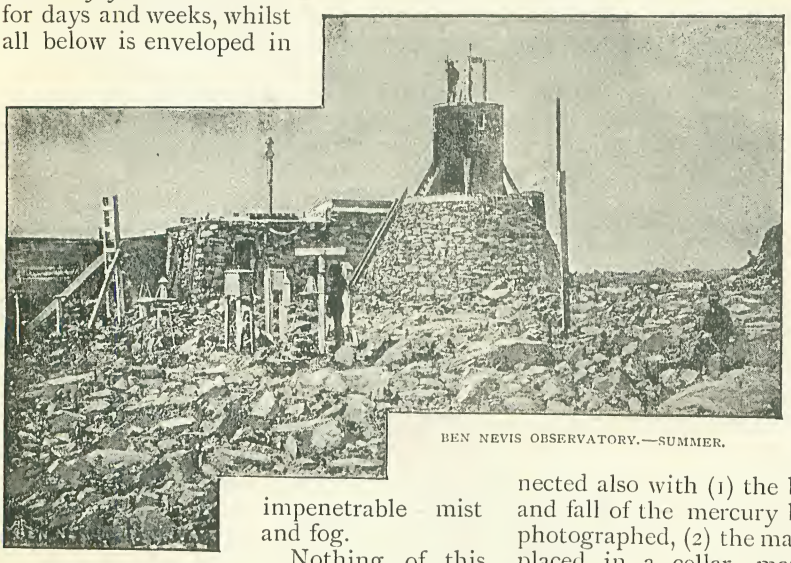


SOLAR OBSERVATIONS WITH THE PHOTOHELIOGRAPH.

Having now gleaned some idea of the Central Office and its work, we will take a trip to Richmond, and make a hurried inspection of the Kew Observatory. It is convenient to take Kew, because here is to be seen all that is to be seen elsewhere and much more. Kew Observatory does several things besides take notes of the atmosphere. It tests watches, chronometers, telescopes, binoculars, &c., and issues certificates with them. One of our pictures shows a man at work engraving the Kew Observatory monogram on Admiralty binoculars, which have successfully stood the tests applied. Kew Observatory also has a history. It is built on the ruins of a monastery, and is really a Royal Palace, devoted to its present purpose during the Sovereign's pleasure. George III. had a laboratory here, and always took great interest in the observations made from this spot. Before he lost his reason he himself often made observations of the sun passing the meridian, by which the clocks at the Houses of Parliament and the Horse Guards in Whitehall used to be regulated. The present Observatory was erected by his command in order that the transit of Venus in 1769 might be watched.

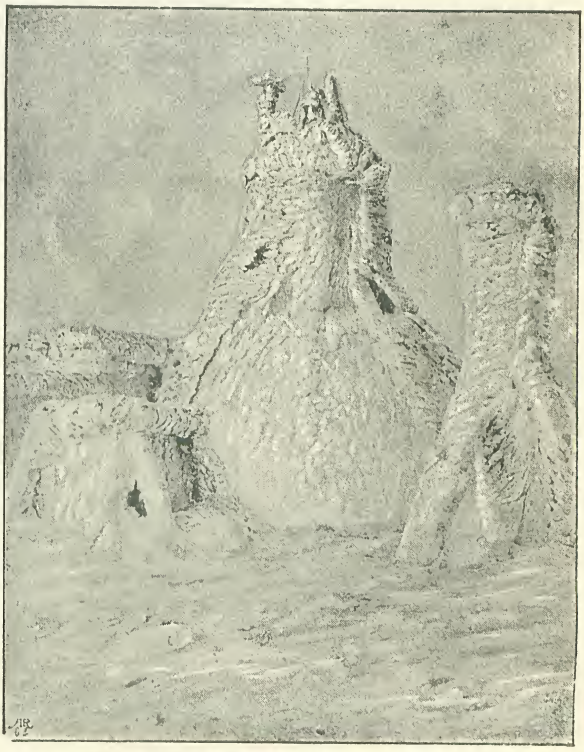
Of the thousands of people who go to Kew and Richmond every week, few probably know of the existence of the Observatory, and, when they see it for the first time, either from the river or across a park three-quarters of a mile long, are surprised to find that it does not stand on an elevation. Ben Nevis seems to the ordinary mind a much more appropriate spot for an observatory than a flat field by the river side. Ben Nevis, among British observatories, is an exceptionally interesting and suggestive place. The mountain itself is the highest in the British Isles. The Observatory, of which, through the courtesy of Mr. R. T. Omond, the superintendent, we are able to give two excellent pictures, is, it should be said, not under the Meteorological Office, but copies of its observations are sent to London regularly in return for an annual grant. When, a few years ago, it was decided to build the Observatory, a public appeal was made for subscriptions, and the widespread interest taken in meteorology is shown by the fact that the sums sent in ranged from 1d. up to £200. Our illustrations afford some idea of the sort of duty the observer on Ben Nevis has to face. For several months of the year the Observatory is, except for the electric wire, entirely cut off from the outer world, and has to be provisioned against the long siege maintained by the elements. One winter, the road up to the top was for six weeks absolutely impassable. In February, 1884, the weather was so bad that the outside instruments had to be studied by two observers lashed together, whilst storms have been so severe at times that observations have been quite out of the question. At other times, Nature seems anxious to compensate the watchers

for these trials, by transferring her demonstrations lower down. The Observatory then enjoys clear sunshine for days and weeks, whilst all below is enveloped in impenetrable mist and fog.

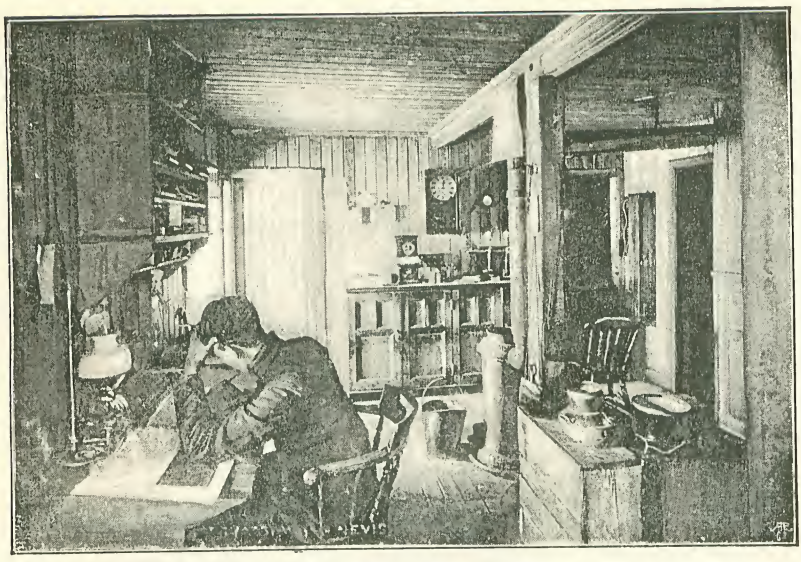


BEN NEVIS OBSERVATORY.—SUMMER.

Nothing of this sort, bitter though the weather may be in all parts of the British Isles, is ever seen at the Kew Observatory, to which we are about to pay our hasty visit, under the kindly guidance of Mr. G. M. Whipple, the superintendent. As you approach the Observatory, the first thing you notice and want to know all about, is the anemometer on the top. Four cups at the end of short iron rods are whirling more or less rapidly, according as there is much or little wind. These, you learn, are in connection with an instrument inside the building, which records the rate at which they turn, and consequently the rate at which the wind is travelling. Sometimes Master Boreas takes it in his head to fly over the earth's surface at the not very moderate rate of ninety miles an hour ; at others he is content with a few miles in that time. Whatever he does, his pace is infallibly noted. A cylinder revolves by clockwork. When there is little wind, a pencil which touches the paper on the cylinder travels along it horizontally, but when there is much wind it travels across it more or less perpendicularly, as it were. Thus the inclination at which the pencil line runs round or along the paper indicates the rate at which the wind has passed over the earth's surface. Sometimes it will go for a day right along the cylinder — that will show calm ; sometimes it will go a little way along, then suddenly begin to move across it, or at any rate to incline downwards : that would indicate that from a calm there had suddenly sprung up a considerable breeze. Self-recorders are connected also with (1) the barometer, the rise and fall of the mercury being continuously photographed, (2) the magnetometer which, placed in a cellar, marks any magnetic disturbance underground, the movements of the needles being photographically recorded by an ingenious arrangement of



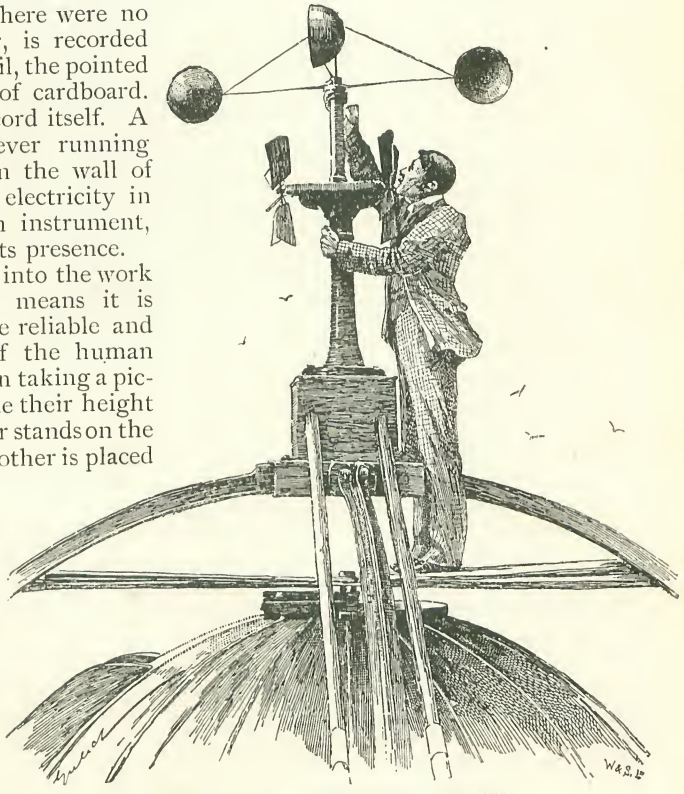
BEN NEVIS OBSERVATORY.—WINTER.



BEN NEVIS OBSERVATORY.—INTERIOR.

lights and mirrors, and (3) a temperature and moisture indicator. The rain gauge in the garden is a receptacle provided with a funnel through which the water runs, and the depth to which the earth would be covered if it were flat and there were no means of escape for the water, is recorded by a lever, which moves a pencil, the pointed end of which touches a piece of cardboard. Even lightning is made to record itself. A little stream of water for ever running through a pipe projecting from the wall of the observatory picks up any electricity in the air, and carries it into an instrument, which automatically notifies its presence.

Photography enters largely into the work of the Observatory. By its means it is possible to secure records more reliable and more complete than those of the human hand and eye could ever be. In taking a picture of the clouds, to determine their height and rate of motion, one operator stands on the roof of the Observatory and another is placed half a mile away across the park. The two positions are connected by the telephone, and both men expose their plates at the same instant, so that the cloud is caught from the two points simultaneously. Photography has also, as Professor Huggins in his fascinating address before the British Association in August last showed, been of incalculable service in enabling the astronomer to learn more and more of the marvels of the heavens. Innumerable stars which are invisible to the eye of man through however powerful a glass, are caught by the sensitive dry plate, and, as will be seen from our picture of the sky at night (for which we are indebted to the Editor of *Knowledge*), their number is very great. The large, diamond-like star is one of those which are visible to man's naked orb. At Kew, however, astronomical photography has been limited to investigations of the



OUTSIDE THE DOME, KEW.—THE ANEMOMETER.

changes taking place in the solar surface. The labours of the Observatory in connection with the sun have been so persistent that photographs taken by the large telescope in the dome of the Observatory exist from 1859 to quite recently. Placed on the roofs so that they may catch any ray of sunshine there may be, are two sunshine recorders. One is a bowl of wood, over which is placed a spherical glass three or four inches in diameter; the other is a brass bowl, inside which is a specially prepared piece of blue cardboard. When the sun shines on the first it burns the wood away, and as the bowl remains there for six months, the amount of wood charred shows what "bright Phœbus" has been doing to gladden this earth of ours during that time; the second records his appearance through one day only. When the sun shines it burns a line on the cardboard, and his disappearance for any length of time is notified by the absence of the charred line. The notion here turned to scientific account is precisely that of the smoker whose matches have failed him. If the sun be shining he takes a spectacle glass, and holding it between the sun and his pipe, secures a light.

Rapid as has been our glance at the operations of both the Meteorological Office and one of the principal observatories associated with it, we have said enough to show their importance. When one thinks of the accumulation of meteorological minutiæ which is resulting from the preservation of the reports from so many places as to the wind, rain, sunshine, and all the rest of it, one may be tempted to ask whether it is worth the trouble it involves? If the observations are of use to those who want to know the probable state of the weather during the next twenty-four hours, where can be the utility of tabulating them year after year with as much care as is exercised in the registering of births, marriages, and deaths? Well, many an agriculturist would give a satisfactory reply to this question. Suppose he wishes to ascertain the amount of moisture his land is likely to require. The Meteorological Office can inform him precisely as to the average quantity of rain which has fallen in his district for years past. Or, supposing one is particularly anxious to ascertain the climatic character of a place where one is thinking of living, or to which one wishes to send an invalid friend. To learn whether the place is dry or damp, windy or quiet, one has only to go to the Meteorological Office, and the chances are its pigeon-holes will supply the very information wanted. Or, say, a civil engineer is about to build sewers in some new locality. One of the things he has to guard against is making them too small

CLOUD PHOTOGRAPHY.

to carry off the rain water which is likely to fall. But how is he to tell whether the normal amount is little or much? He applies to the Meteorological Office, and they can inform him not only how much rain fell on an average every hour of every day in the last twenty years, but exactly how often there had been exceptional downpours, which would make great demands on the drains. The civil engineer thus learns precisely what it is of the utmost importance he should know. Or, to look at the matter from another point of

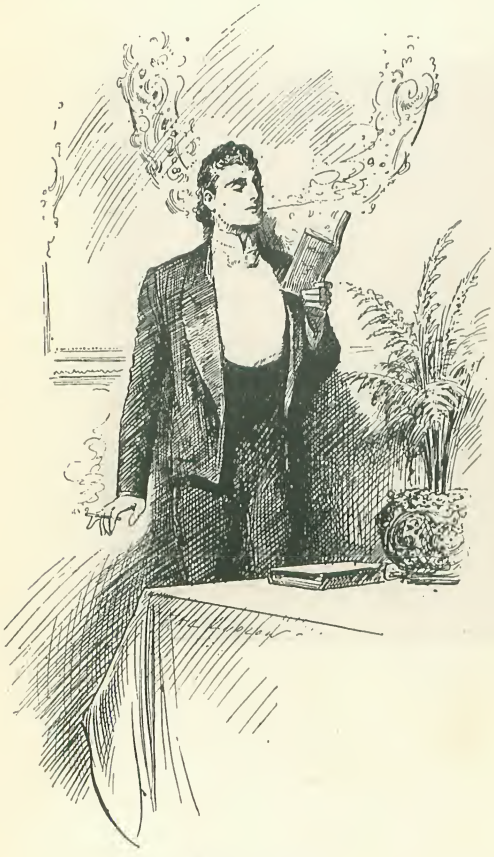
view, take the question of bridge building. The bursting of a sewer is undoubtedly a serious matter, but the overflowing of a river is more serious still. During last year, it will be remembered both in Australia and in Spain terrible floods occurred. Hundreds of lives were lost, thousands of men and women were rendered homeless, and thousands of pounds' worth of property was destroyed. In both cases—and the coincidence is one which, so far as we know, has never been pointed out—the disaster was attributed to the presence of bridges which were so built that they practically formed dams. In ordinary conditions they did no harm, but when there came an exceptional volume of water, the structures prevented it from getting away down the proper channel, and the country was inundated, with consequences of the most tragic character. In the future, no bridge not already built ought to be responsible for such a catastrophe. Weather watchers and recorders will be able to tell the engineer what is possible, if not probable, and he will construct his bridge accordingly. However much, therefore, we may laugh at the meteorological prognosticator, we cannot deny that the work of meteorology is of the very highest utility.

A STAR PHOTOGRAPH.

His Chance at Last.

By Harry How.

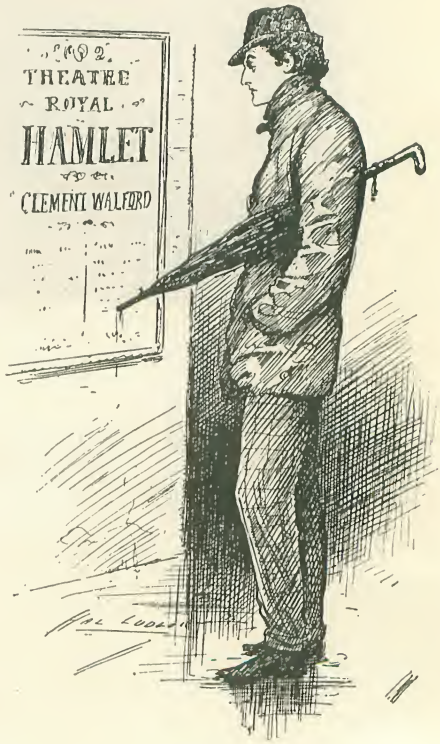
CLEMENT and Henry Walford were twin brothers—how like and yet how unlike. In appearance there was everything to lead one to see that they could both lay claim to the same birthday; their faces were



CLEMENT WALFORD.

identical, their figures the same. Fortune, however, had placed them in totally distinct channels. Their mother, in her day (for she had been dead these twenty years), was an actress of rare ability, and people had crowded the theatres night after night to follow her impressive acting. Both her sons had inherited her talents in no small measure, and, two years previous to her death, they had launched out in their first struggle to win fresh laurels for the name around which all that was gifted had gathered. Talents, alas! may live and shine, yet they may live and scarcely flicker. To-day, these two men were brothers only in name. The gifts of the one had been recognised by a fickle public, the abilities of the other never even had a thought.

Clement Walford! His name was on everybody's lips. The critics gave him columns in the papers, theatrical managers almost knelt at his feet, and paid eagerly the money he demanded to secure his services; society held open its doors, and the great actor entered at his ease. And Henry? A struggler—nothing more; a disappointed struggler. Clever, but unknown;



HENRY WALFORD.

gifted, but unheard of. His brother's success may have cut him, but it never discouraged him. He laboured on, still hopeful. Whilst the popular man was rich in London, the other was hovering on the very edges of poverty. There were times when he had been forced to write to his brother a letter asking for help, but no reply ever came. The poor man's wife had even knocked at the great actor's door; but the response from a servant's lips was that "Mr. Walford was engaged." And so the brothers lived. The one utterly oblivious to the ties of relationship, the other hoping for recognition and reconciliation at last.

Clement Walford's triumph was at hand. Hitherto Shakespeare's characters had with him remained untouched, but paragraphs in the newspapers had just appeared, announcing the fact that it was his intention to appear at an early date as *Hamlet*. Everybody, from manager to public, was sanguine of a great success; it was the topic of the clubs, the conversation of the critics. Clement Walford himself felt inwardly comfortable and satisfied that failure with him could never be. Success! Success! Success! He harped on that word at night, saw the dream of his life realised as he walked the streets to rehearsal, and heard the enthusiasm of the people, and watched them clamouring there, even in the empty theatre, as scene by scene was gone through at rehearsal on the stage. In all this he was alone with himself. He thought of Clement Walford and of him alone. A brother! He had none. The other had had the same chances —why did he not take them? If a man, even his own flesh and blood, snapped his fingers at his opportunities, was it for him to put them in his grasp?

The night drew near. The day before the performance had arrived and the last rehearsal had been held. Clement Walford returned to his rooms. He stood before the gilded mantelpiece and looked into the glass. He started back! He felt giddy. Again he looked into the mirror with straining eye. He had never seen such a deathly pallor on his face before. He smiled at his foolishness. He attempted to reach a chair, but found his feet would scarcely carry him. Make what effort he might his head was dropping on to his breast, he felt his hands trembling and looked at them to see if it was true.

"HE STARTED BACK."

"Excitement—strain—anxiety—nervous-

ness—overdoing it," he cried; "a drink of water—brandy—will set me right. Where's the bell-rope? Ah! there it is," and crawling towards the cord, across the room, he just managed to reach it when he fell to the ground.

When he awoke he lay in bed, the doctor standing by. He lifted his eyes towards those of the doctor.

"Why—why am I here? How long have I been here? Is this—is this the first night?" he asked.

"You have been here a few hours, that is all," was the doctor's reply. "Lie quite still—keep your hands in bed, now."

"Thank God! Thank God!" the man said, "I was afraid it was the first night. What's the matter with me? What's the matter with me? Why don't you answer? Don't look at me like that; answer me!"

"You have been doing too much lately—you are not strong."

"Not strong!"

"And nothing but perfect rest will bring you round again," the doctor said. "You have——"

"What? what? Tell me quickly!"

"You have broken a blood-vessel."

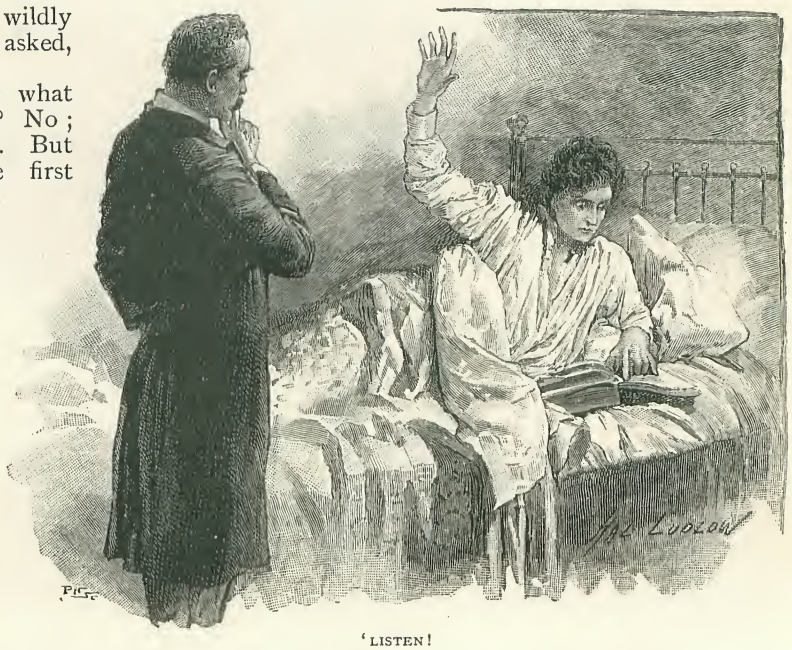
The man looked at the doctor for a moment. Then he rose in his bed. His voice was scarcely discernible; it was cold and harsh: it was not the voice of the man whose tone had fascinated all its hearers. He looked the medical man wildly in the face. He asked, quietly at first:

"Do you know what to-morrow night is? No; of course you don't. But I do. It is the first night of 'Hamlet,' and I shall be there—there, with the house before me, hanging on every word I utter. Do you think this bed will hold me from my triumph, do you think you, or the warning of any man, will prevent me from welcoming the hour of my success? Not strong! You don't know me. You are a stranger to my strength. Don't speak a word. I shall only ridicule your warning. I tell you, you don't know me. Take your hand away—take it away. What do you say? Rest—rest here, or I must—what! Die? Die! You talk madly. No, no, I shall live! Live in myself for years, live in the memory of all for ever. After to-morrow night! After to-morrow night! Give me a drink of water!"

With trembling hands the man refused the aid of the doctor, but lifted the glass to his lips and gulped down the contents. Hour after hour passed; the night had gone, and with the first signs of the approaching day the doctor—who had remained a faithful watcher all through the night—drew aside the window-curtains, and the light streamed in upon the man as he lay in his bed. It lit up the face of a man whose life was fast going. He looked almost pitifully towards the doctor.

"I shall be there to-night, eh?" he asked. "I mustn't disappoint them, doctor. Let me run through my lines with you. Do! There is my Shakespeare—there, on that table by the window. It was my mother's gift. Bring it to me carefully."

The doctor silently did as he was bid. He knew that he was obeying the wishes of one for whom he could not do much more. When he turned his head he saw



'LISTEN!

that the dying man had raised himself in the bed.

"Turn to the Third Act—the First Scene. I enter. Listen now, and tell me what effect this has upon you. Listen!

"To be, or not to be, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? To die,—to sleep,—
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream; ay,—there's the rub—
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come.

"Why do you stare at me? Keep your eyes on the book and not on me.

"For in that sleep of death what dreams may come."

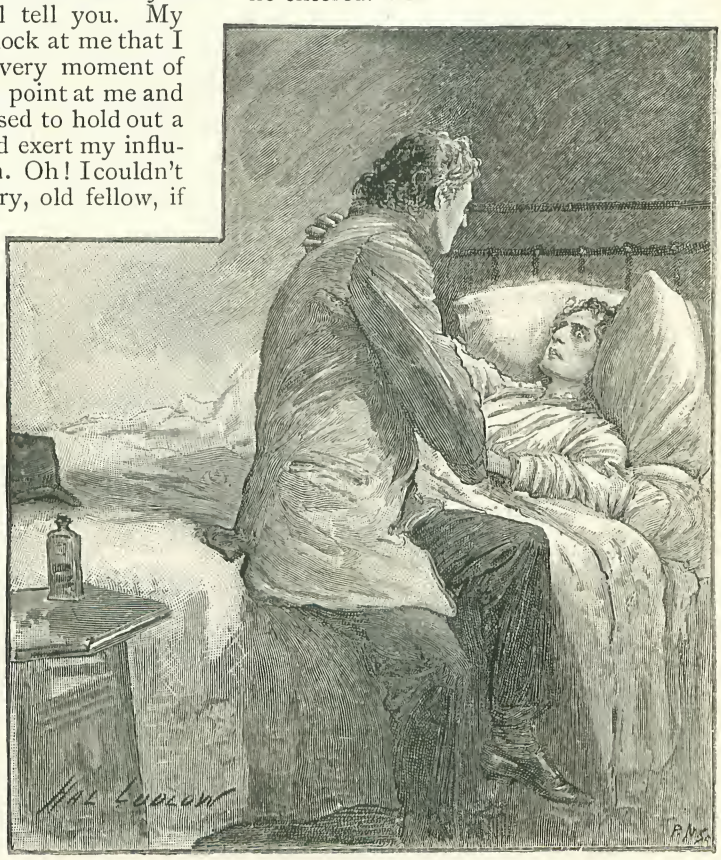
Then the man stopped. He murmured these words yet again and again; then, turning to the doctor, he told him what he well knew—that he was dying.

"Do you know what would be my dream in that long sleep?" he asked wildly and yet plaintively. "I will tell you. My brother! He would mock at me that I was snapped off in the very moment of my triumph. He would point at me and laugh. I, who had refused to hold out a helping hand to him and exert my influence to better his position. Oh! I couldn't bear that! Harry, Harry, old fellow, if I could only see you again, if I could only ask you to forgive me before it is too late; if I—Doctor," he cried suddenly "I must see my brother Harry! I must see him! You'll find his address in that desk—send for him. Tell him his brother Clem wants to speak to him, and do at last what he has always refused. There, in that desk."

The doctor quietly laid the patient's head upon the pillow. Then he told him that which brought a wild smile of gladness to his pallid face. He laughed at the news. His brother Harry was below waiting even then. When the doctor saw that the man was dying, he had asked the servants if their master had any relations living. They only knew of one—a brother he never saw, a brother who only a few days before had knocked at the door, and had gone away unseen. They knew his address, for he had left it. He had come up to London, hoping against hope that still the great actor would endeavour to get him an engagement. So the doctor telegraphed to him, and he had only just that moment come.

"Send him to me—now—at once," the dying man said in a voice now weak. "Tell him, before he comes up, that his brother Clem is longing to see him."

The doctor went to the door and called; and when he saw Henry Walford ascending the stairs, he started in surprise. How like these two men were; how wonderfully like! But one, though poverty had lined her story upon his face, looked strong and well, the other man was dying fast. Quietly he entered.



"HARRY, OLD BOY, I'M DYING."

"Harry, old fellow," one said, lifting a hand out of bed with a last strength.

"Clem! Clem!" the other cried, taking the proffered hand, and putting the other arm around his neck, and lifting his head up. Then the two men kissed each other.

"Harry, old boy! I'm dying; I know it. I shall have missed to-night, shan't I? but I've found you. Come nearer to me and listen! Harry, I've been cruel to you—you forgive me?"

The other clasped his hand.

"No, no; say it! Say, 'I forgive you!'"

"Clem, my brother; I forgive you, Clem," Henry Walford said, through his tears.

"I shan't be able to talk much, so I must say it quickly. A little water—just wet my lips. Thank you—thank you, old fellow. Now, listen earnestly to me. Come very near. Harry, your chance has come at last—and to-night. You can take it in my stead, for I shan't be here. You know the part? Ah! I thought so—you have played it many times. But mine—mine is a daring plot. There is my fur coat on the back of that chair—put it on. Yes; never mind about letting go my hand—put it on, Harry."

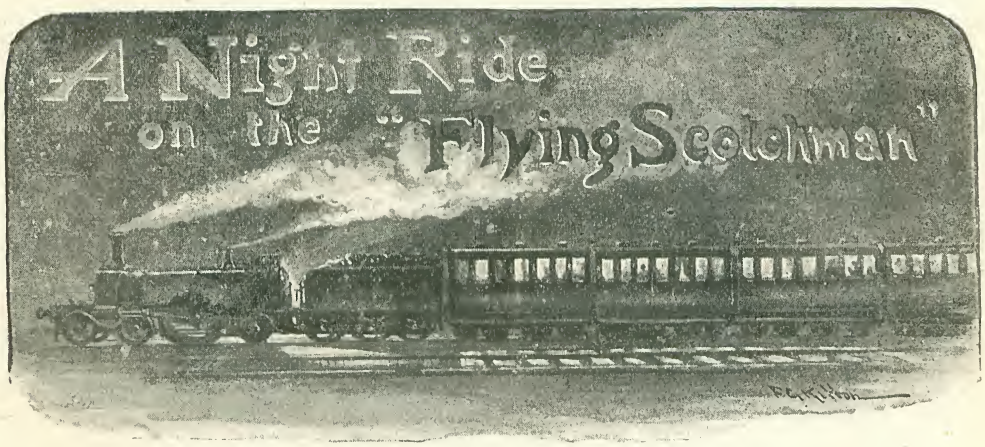
Henry Walford did so.

"Yes—yes—it is myself. Go down to the theatre to-night. Walk in at the stage door without saying a word. They will touch their hats to you and let you pass. Go to my room—it is the first on the left. Make-up—dress—everything is there. Be in readiness—the orchestra will commence, the curtain will rise, and—and—as—you—step on to the stage, the house will ring with applause. Your chance—has—come—at—last. Thank God—I—your brother, Clem—can give it to you. Harry—Harry, old fellow—Harry—hold my hand—I'm—good-bye—put your arms—round me—Harry—Harry—"

The man fell back in his brother's arms—dead!

That night the theatre was packed. The stage-door keeper touched his hat to the great actor as he passed through without a word. The prompter's bell rang and the curtain rose. *Hamlet* entered, and the noise was deafening, and when the curtain fell, he who played the Prince was called again and again. On the morrow the newspapers devoted column after column in eulogising a remarkable performance, "one that would live in the memory of all who had seen it." Then, when the truth came out, the excitement and curiosity were increased twofold. Clement Walford was ever remembered, Henry Walford from that night was never forgotten. His chance had come at last.

"THE STAGE-DOOR KEEPER TOUCHED HIS HAT."



By F. G. Kitton.

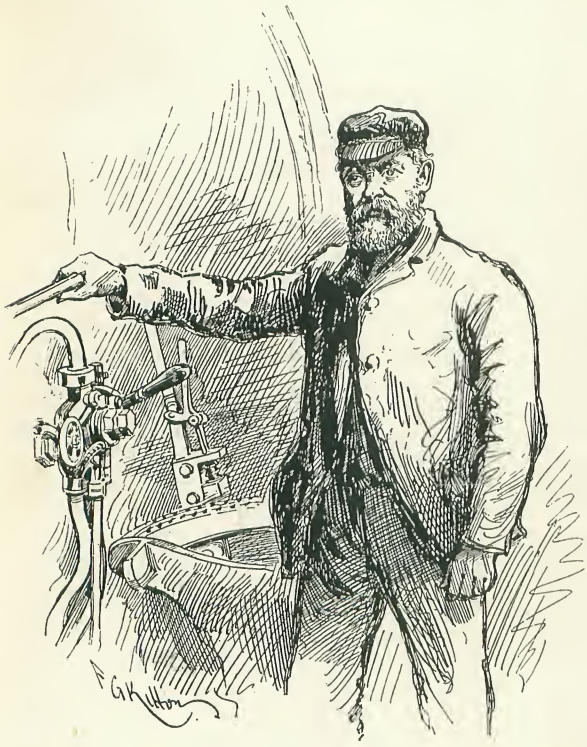
OF the millions who are wont to travel by rail, how many are cognisant of the heavy and serious responsibility which rests upon those in charge of the train? Even those who understand it do not give the subject a passing thought; familiarity begets indifference, and the tired traveller arrives at his destination unmindful of possible dangers that have been averted by the skill and cool judgment of the driver, the watchfulness of the guard, and by the signalman's strict attention to duty. These indispensable qualifications have brought him safely to his journey's end, after, perchance, a cruel battle with the elements and other conflicting conditions; but, unconscious of all this, he alights from the train, secures his belongings, and looks upon the whole transaction as a matter of course. Only those who have experienced what I am about to describe can fully realise the nature and extent of this responsibility for the safety of human lives, or conceive how great is the continued mental strain to which those in charge of an "Express" are subjected.

Having always entertained a strong desire to indulge in the novel sensation of travelling on the footplate of a locomotive, it may readily be imagined with what feelings of pleasurable anticipation I awaited the realisation of my wish. One fine October morning I left King's Cross by the 11.45 train as an ordinary passenger to Grantham, armed with an "Engine Pass" for the return journey by the 4.27 p.m. Special Scotch Express. I had selected this particular train and route for two reasons—first, because this Scotch Express (significantly named "The Flying Scotchman") is believed to be the fastest train in the world; and secondly, because this portion of its long journey from the North is performed at the greatest speed, the distance of 105¼ miles being accomplished without stopping.

The engine that conveys me to Grantham will return with the Scotchman to London. It is known by the Company's servants as "No. 774," and was specially attached to this train in order that I might see what could be accomplished in the matter of speed by this particular class of locomotive. It is technically described as an 8-ft. wheel express passenger engine, and was designed by Mr. Patrick Stirling, the engineer of the Great Northern Railway Company. The first of its class was made in 1869, when there was a prospect of very keen competition for the Scotch traffic, and when speed had to play an important part in the contest. In 1880 one of these engines took a special train with the Lord Mayor from King's Cross to York (a distance of 188¼ miles) in a little more than 3½ hours, the average speed being nearly 55 miles an hour; and during the so-called "Race

to Edinburgh," in the summer of 1888, these engines did very good work, averaging 55½ miles per hour. Therefore, engines of this class are principally used for "express" work, the drivers preferring them to any other.

We are timed to reach Grantham at 2.25 p.m., and arrive there punctually to the minute. Here our engine is taken off and shunted into a siding, to await the arrival of the "up" express, the Flying Scotchman, due at 4.22 p.m.; but the two hours' interval does not mean a period of entire rest for the men, for both driver and fireman have important duties to carry out. The former must thoroughly overhaul the engine, examine and lubricate the working parts, while the latter lays in a fresh supply of fuel and water, sufficient for the home journey. When this is satisfactorily accomplished, I introduce myself to the driver as his fellow-traveller to London. A hale,



SAMUEL WATSON—DRIVER

genial man is Samuel Watson—of medium stature, with iron-grey whiskers, whose ruddy complexion sufficiently indicates that he is none the worse for years of constant exposure to our variable climate. He and his cheerful mate, Harry Collarbone, the fireman, welcome me as, for the first time, I step on the footplate. Here the apparently complicated array of levers, gauges, and pipes attracts my attention, and an explanation of their various uses renders clear what had hitherto been unintelligible to me; then I ask Watson to tell me something about himself, for we learn that the Scotchman will be twenty minutes late, so there is time for a chat.

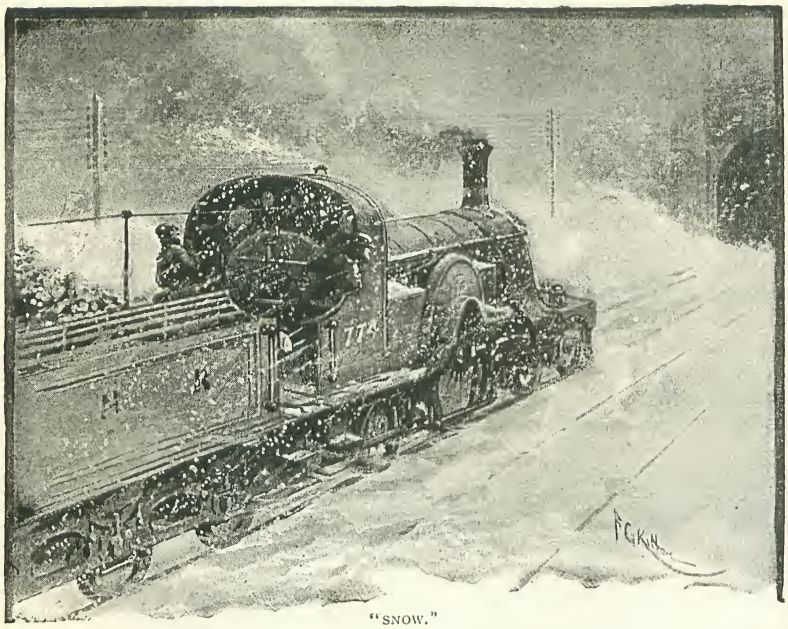
"You want some particulars of my career? Well, sir, I don't know that I have anything important to tell you, for the experience of all engine-drivers is much about the same, although some are unfortunate enough to meet with more accidents than others. I began life as a boy in the lamp-room at Hitchin; then I went into the cleaning-shed at King's Cross, to clean engines at 2s. 6d. a day. After three years I became fireman on a main line passenger train to Peterboro', and in another five years was promoted to the position of driver of a shunting engine in the 'goods' yard at King's Cross. I was then appointed as driver of local traffic trains, and in due time became driver of the Cambridge express. During the last five years (on and off) I have worked express trains on the Great Northern main line; but it was my ambition to be driver of the special Scotch express, the fastest train in the world; and during the last twelve months I have been regularly employed in running this very train from London to Grantham and back, three Sundays in four excepted. Only four drivers are engaged for this particular journey. Some drivers don't care for fast running, because they get so much shaking, and the journeys are longer without a stop."

I ask Watson whether he has felt any ill effects from so much oscillation.

"Well, sir," he replies, with a smile, "during my thirty-one years in the Company's service I have only been three weeks on the sick list. I consider it a healthy occupation, providing the constitution is strong and able to stand exposure to all weathers."

"What is the worst kind of weather you have to contend with?" I inquire.

"Fog, sir, is the worst of all. Snow is bad enough, which blocks up the weather-



"SNOW."

glasses, and to see the signals you must face the blinding storm; but in foggy weather we can't see them until we are on them. We don't depend entirely upon the fog-signals or detonators."

In reply to my inquiry whether he had ever been the unfortunate cause of an accident, or ever experienced anything unusually exciting during his twenty-four years' career as driver, Watson says:—

"I have never been in any accident, such as collisions or running off the track, but I regret to say that it has been my misfortune to be present at seven inquests held over the bodies of persons whom I had unavoidably run over. Some of these were negligent servants of the Company, while others were strangers unlawfully straying on the line. At night it is impossible to see anybody in danger, but in the daytime we keep a sharp look-out, and give a warning whistle when necessary. Only last week I noticed in the distance ahead a small boy mischievously throwing stones at a 'goods' train. He stood in my road, unconscious of danger; I blew the whistle as the train rushed towards him, but he couldn't get away, and fell back on the metals. I knew it was all up with him; and, having quickly stopped the train, I went back to look for the body. I was first on the spot, but only to find that the poor little chap was literally cut to pieces—a horrible sight. We were travelling full speed when the accident occurred, and couldn't pull up in time to save the lad."

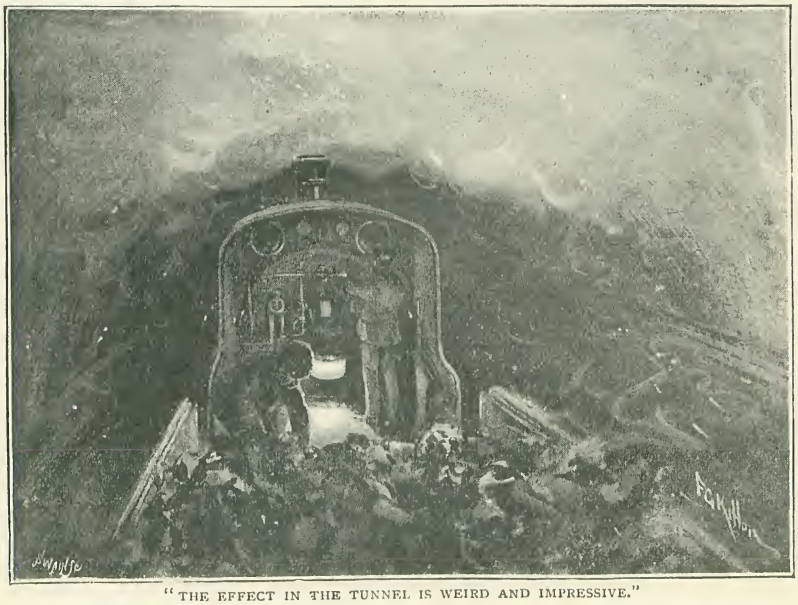
"Besides these sad cases, have you experienced any sensation of fright from narrow escapes?"

"No, sir, except that on thick nights it does give you a bit of a start when you find yourself running with express speed past signals set against you. Then your heart leaps into your mouth, and you put on the brake as quickly as possible. This sort of thing makes you feel queer at the time."

Such is the simple record of Watson's life. But a brave heart beats beneath the rugged exterior of such men as he, who are ever ready to do their duty to the public in times of accident, and often risk their very lives for the public good by remaining at their posts when danger is imminent, thereby hoping to avert it. While the train is running the driver's whole soul is in his work, his attention being entirely concentrated upon the engine and the signals ahead. This constant strain upon his faculties during a long journey is excessively great, and he feels acutely the serious responsibility of his position, well knowing that an oversight on his part may cause a terrible disaster.

By this time the arrival of the Scotchman is announced, and we steam into the station to be hooked on to the train. With a "Right you are!" from the guard, and a sharp whistle from the engine, off we go on our momentous journey. At Watson's suggestion, I find a convenient post for observation in the corner by the left-hand weather-glass; and, although the view is certainly very much circumscribed, the position is fairly comfortable, being sheltered from wind and smoke, besides which I am out of the way of the men. We are not travelling fast yet, as there is a steady climb of five miles up a steep gradient (or

"bank," as the driver calls it) to Stoke Box, and gradients make all the difference in the running of the train. The stoker shovels coal into the furnace, and everything is done to assist the engine in performing the extra work which is now called for. Our speed gradually increases. The graceful spire of Grantham Church—a conspicuous landmark—is soon lost in the rear, as we bowl along at thirty-five miles an hour, now through a cutting, now under a viaduct, and now with a straight road before us. The tiny aperture in the distance is the entrance to a tunnel, which appears so ludicrously small that it seems as though the funnel of the engine could not escape collision with the arch ; but this delusion is



"THE EFFECT IN THE TUNNEL IS WEIRD AND IMPRESSIVE."

quickly dispelled, for now we are rushing into the darkness of the subterranean passage, and can already see a glimpse of daylight at the other end.

The effect in the tunnel is weird and impressive, as the glare of the furnace, increased by the surrounding darkness, lights up the features of the fireman as he replenishes the flames, and illumines the cloud of steam and smoke that rushes over the train behind us. Out in the open once more we quickly reach Stoke Box, the summit of the Great Northern route, and directly we get over the brow of the hill, the train gathers fresh impetus, and away we go with a roar and a rattle, past signals and telegraph posts with a speed increasing at every mile. Corby (eight miles from Grantham) is reached in something like twelve minutes, and with a short whistle we fly through the little station with a velocity that hardly permits us to read its name on the board. Still descending the incline, our speed increases until Watson (desirous, no doubt, of exhibiting the best paces of his favourite engine) shouts in my ear, "You are now travelling as fast as anyone ever did travel, I think ! *Seventy-five miles an hour !!*" This is really exciting ; one feels exhilarated by such rapid motion, the engine leaping along as though endowed with life. Oscillation increases with speed, and, in order to preserve my balance, I find a friendly hook near the weather-glass convenient to hold on by. Away, with a roar and a rattle ! No sooner are distant signals seen than we are upon them ; no sooner do we realise that an object half-a-mile away is a wayside cottage than we reach it, rush by, and leave it far behind. Another whistle announces our approach to Little Bytham, and down the hill at a fearful pace to Essendine, near which is Crowland Abbey, immortalised in Kingsley's "Hereward the Wake." Although I find some difficulty in preserving my equilibrium, I endeavour to take notes, but under such circumstances even the late Anthony Trollope would have despaired, accustomed as he was to writing in the train. I watch the driver and fireman as they perform their respective duties ;

Watson, with his hand upon the brake in readiness for any emergency, looks earnestly for his signals, and the fireman shovels the damp coal upon the gleaming furnace below. Fresh fuel is frequently required—

"THE FIREMAN SHOVELS THE DAMP COAL UPON THE FLAMING FURNACE."

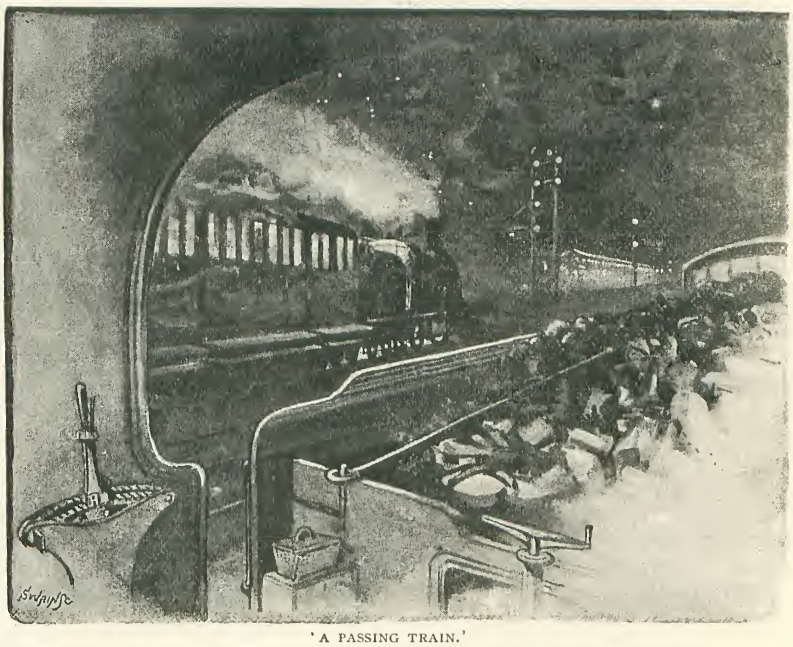
a dozen shovelfuls at a time, fairly distributed, in order to maintain equality of consumption and regularity of heat. The water-gauge must also be watched, and the boiler occasionally replenished by raising a lever connected with the supply in the tank.

Away, with a rattle and a roar! Signals are passed every three or four minutes, and those at Tallington (the next station) are seen by the practised eye of the driver long before my untrained vision detects them. Watson has excellent sight (an essential qualification), for he can distinguish day signals at a distance of nearly two miles, and the red light three or four miles away. Rushing past Tallington Station, we enter Northamptonshire and the level country of the Fen district; here we spin along to Werrington Junction, and soon observe on our left the stately towers of Peterboro' Cathedral, looming grey in the gloaming. As the shades of evening close in, the night signals are lighted, and the coloured illumination at Peterboro' Junction looks pretty in the distance, but to distinguish our particular signal among so many is an intricate problem to me. We slacken pace as we approach Peterboro', having accomplished the twenty-nine miles from Grantham in thirty-two minutes—rather less than a mile a minute. From the bridge spanning the river we notice the picturesque effect of the various lights reflected in the water, and, again increasing our speed, quickly leave the cathedral town behind us.

The sun has set, and, as the night grows darker, the signal-lights gleam more brightly. Now we are in the county of Huntingdon. The little station at Yaxley flashes by, and we have a level run to Holme—thirty-six miles in forty minutes. A steep climb of six miles to Abbots Ripton gives the engine extra work, but it is done gallantly, at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. At Abbots Ripton (where resides Lord de Ramsey, one of the directors of the Great Northern Railway) a terrible accident occurred in January, 1876. The weather was extremely boisterous and stormy, the snow falling in large flakes, and seriously obscuring the look-out of the driver and guards of the train, who declared they never before experienced a storm of such severity. The Scotch express, due at King's Cross at 8.10 p.m., started on its up-journey from Edinburgh, and proceeded in safety as far as Abbots Ripton, where a coal train was signalled to cross into a siding, to allow the express to go by. The greater portion of the trucks had passed into the siding, when the express came up at full speed, and struck the coal train in the rear of the engine. The effect was disastrous, the engine of the express being thrown over and completely disabled, and several carriages broken up. One of the drivers, accompanied by his guard and two or three others, was ordered to go to Huntingdon on his engine for assistance; but he had not proceeded far when the Leeds

express was discerned dashing onwards through the blinding storm. It was the work of a moment for the driver to sound his whistle, in token of danger ahead, the guard meanwhile waving his red lamp; but these signals were disregarded, and the engine of the Leeds express literally cut its way through the tender of the Scotch train. The increasing storm, the piteous cries of the wounded, and the shouts of others anxious to be released from the broken carriages were heartrending, while the lurid glare of burning wreckage, ignited by the furnace fire, produced a scene of painful interest never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Twelve persons were killed, among whom was the eldest son of the late Mr. Dion Boucicault, the well-known dramatic author and actor. In the Scotch express were Lord Colville, present chairman of the Great Northern Railway Company; Mr. Robert Tennant, then M.P. for Leeds; and Count Schouvaloff, Russian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, all of whom happily escaped injury. The accident is supposed to have been caused by a blocking of the signals with snow. Fortunately for us, no danger threatens to-night from such a cause, for the sky is cloudless, and the stars shine brightly. Another journey might afford a very different and much more unpleasant experience; as, for example, in foggy or snowy weather, or in blinding sleet, when exposure to the elements would not be enjoyable. A thunderstorm at any time has its disadvantages, but the effect as seen from an engine at full speed must be thrilling and impressive, when the lightning-flash suddenly illumines the country around, bringing instantaneously into view each feature of the landscape, only to plunge it the next moment into obscurity.

Away! With rattle and roar we speed down the bank to Huntingdon; there, a mile off, are the signals and station lights—a shrill whistle, and we are upon them, they flash by, and we are in the open country again. Here we notice a result of the recent heavy rains in the overflow of the Ouse and consequent submersion of the race-course; but, when bowling along at seventy miles an hour, it is not easy to take in every detail of this watery scene. In the distance ahead a curious light is seen, growing larger as it approaches, and looking uncommonly like a gigantic flaming squib, which presently resolves itself into a passing train, whose engine belches forth volumes of sparks—quite a brilliant display against the dark background. We make such a rattle ourselves that other trains rush by apparently without a sound, so this one disappears as mysteriously as it came, like a veritable fiery phantom. Now the station lights at Offord flash by, and we have accomplished half our journey in excellent time, the driver remarking that "we shall do it well to-night." We slacken speed as we ascend the slight incline to St. Neots, then entering level country in Bedfordshire we bowl along to Tempsford and Sandy (the residence of the Speaker of the House of

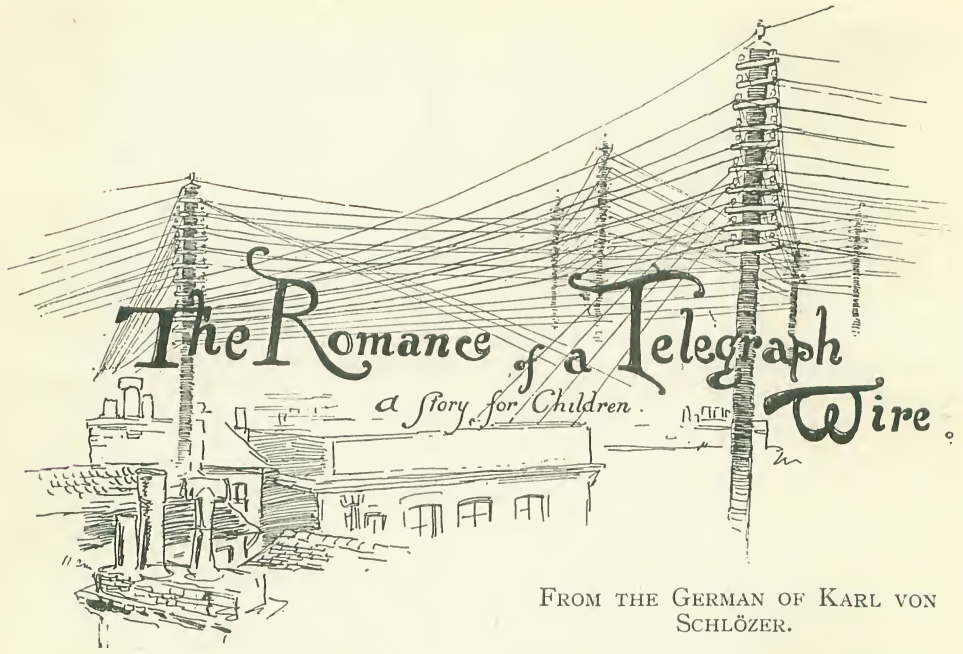


'A PASSING TRAIN.'

Commons)—sixty and a half miles in sixty-eight minutes. Owing to some repairs to the main line at Stratford Bridge Dyke, we are unfortunately compelled to shut off steam and diverge on to a siding, thus losing some five or six minutes, but this delay is quickly repaired as we put on an extra spurt to Biggleswade and Arlesey. Now we leave Bedfordshire for the county of Herts, and run up the bank to Hitchin, the signals at the junction being soon perceptible. As we rush through the station we find that we have reduced by four minutes the time lost at Stratford Bridge, and have a record of seventy-three miles in eighty-six minutes. After a stiff climb of four miles to Stevenage and Knebworth (the historic home of the Lyttons), away we go across fairly level country, through two tunnels, arriving at Welwyn Station (eighty-three and a half miles) in one hour forty minutes. Having climbed the bank over Welwyn Viaduct, we accelerate our pace, and quickly reach Hatfield, where, but for the darkness, we could readily discern the regal mansion of Lord Salisbury and the church surmounting the hill. We rush through Hatfield Station with terrific speed, pass Potter's Bar, and enter the county of Middlesex. As we are nearing the end of our journey, the fireman levels the fire to keep it low down, no further coaling being necessary. From Potter's Bar to Wood Green, a distance of eight miles, is a steep down-gradient, and we seem to fly through the intervening stations and the tunnels at Enfield. When the lamps of Hornsey Station are passed, we have completed rather more than a hundred miles—time, one hour fifty-five minutes.

The distant glare of London's innumerable lights is now visible, and frequent whistling announces our speedy approach to the metropolis. "It's all over, sir," shouts Watson—an intimation that our journey is practically finished, and his responsibility over for this occasion. In Copenhagen Tunnel we slacken speed, the signals being against us; presently all is clear, off we go through our last tunnel, and the fireman, whose task is now at an end, sweeps the coal dust from the footplate. With steam shut off and the brake in action, oscillation gradually ceases, and we glide into the brightness of King's Cross Station, having accomplished the entire distance in two hours and three minutes.

Thus ended my memorable trip. With a friendly "good-night" to Watson and his mate, I step on to the platform and out into the busy streets, feeling somewhat dazed and fatigued, but otherwise none the worse for my night ride on the "Flying Scotchman."



The Romance of a Telegraph Wire.

A Story for Children.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL VON SCHLÖZER.

HERE I am, in New York; and, as luck will have it, forced by circumstances over which I have no control to take up my abode close to the Union Telegraph Station; and worse still, in an attic, in front of which the telegraph wires of half the world seem to cross. In the daytime there is such a disturbance in the street that collecting one's thoughts is out of the question, and at night the wires moan and howl like souls in torment. Even as I write one of them is beginning to whistle. Ten to one it is the thick, fat wire just opposite my window, the most irrepressible of them all. Yes; I was not mistaken. Now the wretch is humming the refrain, "No rest for us by night or day." The other wires take up the tune, which seems to amuse the signal bell, for it is seized with such convulsions of laughter that it begins to ring aloud.

But this is more than I can stand, and, drawing up the blind, I fling open the window, muttering as I do so, and call out into the night:—

"Will you have the goodness to be quiet out there?"

A moment's pause, then the thick wire begins to speak:—

"Come now, that's rather hard lines! Pray, are we never to enjoy ourselves? The live-long day do we toil for you mortals—toil, I repeat, till I've actually got a stitch in my side with the effort, and then

"I FLUNG OPEN THE WINDOW."

in the evening you grudge us a little recreation!"

"Stitch in your side, forsooth!" cried I. "And do you think I can afford to be idle? Within an hour I must knock off an article for *The Morning Dispatch*—something new and thrilling; but while you make such a row my best ideas go."

"Ideas! ideas!" sneered my friend. "As if ideas were still needed in the nineteenth century! Nowadays, if you wish to write romances, you no longer invent, but experience them. I could write volumes from the facts that have come under my own notice. How many sighs, wishes, and hopes have I destroyed, accomplished, and buried! How many great and noble, how many small and mean transactions have I promoted and prevented!"

"Well, then, if you know so much," said I, mollified, "give me some of your experiences. I am all ears."

"All right," said the Wire. "I shall tell you the little history of Alice Parker and George Duff."

"What! George Duff? Dear, foolish old George, the friend with whom I travelled all through Italy, and with whom I made the bet in Sorrento that within a year he would be a happy husband! I heard afterwards that he had lost his heart in America, and, with his usual vagueness, only became aware of the fact when he was back in Europe."

"The same man," nodded the Wire, "and it is his story you are about to hear. I shall give you the seventeen telegrams relative to the affair, exactly as they passed through my hands. But if you are going to make use of my communications for your newspaper, you must mention no names. These are State secrets."

"Of course not," I promised, and so the Wire began its tale as follows:—

HE AND SHE.

A Novel of the Day in 17 Telegrams.

I.

To PARKER, Banker, Baltimore.
From GEORGE DUFF, London.

During stay in Baltimore, seized with fancy for your daughter Alice. Feel now I love her. Cannot live without her. Believe Alice reciprocates affection. Am independent. My mother consents. Beg for hand of your daughter. If no, answer unnecessary. If yes, wire. Shall start directly for Baltimore.

II.

To GEORGE DUFF, London.
From PARKER, Baltimore.

Alice loves you. Give my blessing. Come.

III.

To PARKER, Banker, Baltimore.
From GEORGE DUFF, London.

Start to-morrow, six o'clock, per passenger steamer *Britannia*. Much love, and many kisses.

IV.

Telegram of *The Times*.

Passenger steamer *Britannia*, bound for New York, during dense fog on Sunday came into collision with the packet-boat *Sultan* (Captain Johnston). *Sultan* severely damaged. Lies in Liverpool docks. *Britannia* sunk. No passengers saved.

"THE COLLISION."

V.

Telegram of *The New York Herald*.

The Times report of the sinking of the *Britannia* as usual exaggerated. Passengers mostly saved.

VI.

To PARKER, Banker, Baltimore.
From GEORGE DUFF, Funchal.

Wonderful escape. Just landed here. *Britannia* sunk through collision. Clung

"CLUNG TO MAST."

to mast, and drifted whole night on the sea. Following morning sailing-ship to Cape Town picked me up. Landed me at Madeira. Shall come first opportunity to Baltimore.

VII.

To GEORGE DUFF, Funchal.
From BLACKBURN, Manager of Bankruptcy Court, Baltimore.

Parker, Banker, no longer exists. Partner forged and absconded. Other houses with capital shaky. Parker committed suicide. Letter from daughter awaits you here.

VIII.

To BLACKBURN, Baltimore.
From GEORGE DUFF, Funchal.

Where is Alice Parker?

(Answer paid.)

IX.

To GEORGE DUFF, Funchal.
From BLACKBURN, Baltimore.

Vanished!

X.

To Mrs. DUFF, London.
From GEORGE, Baltimore.

Just arrived. No trace of Alice. Says in letter too proud to bind me under circumstances. Don't return till I find her.

XI.

To GEORGE DUFF, Baltimore.
From JOHNSTON, Captain of the *Sultan*, Liverpool.

Earnestly implored to return. On your evidence in *re* Britannia depend my honour and existence.

XII.

To Mrs. DUFF, London.
From GEORGE, Baltimore.

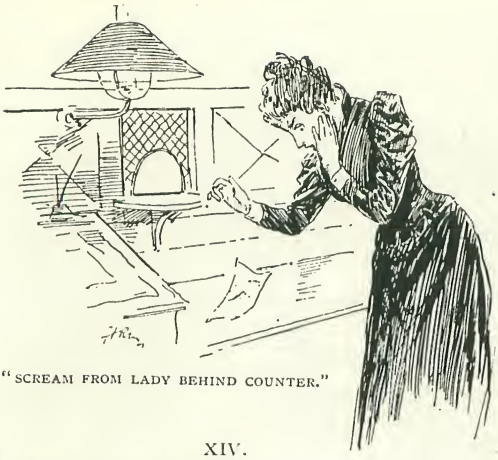
Duty recalls me. Can find Alice nowhere. Go to-day to New York. Next day to England, per passenger steamer *Victoria*. Am very miserable.

XIII.

To GEORGE DUFF, New York.
From BLACKBURN, Baltimore.

Miss Parker supposed to be in New York.

"VERY MISERABLE."



"SCREAM FROM LADY BEHIND COUNTER."

XIV.

To Mrs. DUFF, London.

From GEORGE, New York.

Found! Took advertisement about Alice to office. Scream from lady behind counter—Alice herself. Just going on steamer *Victoria* to Southampton, direct to London.

XV.

Telegram of *The Times*.

Fearful disaster! Incalculable consequences! Passenger ship *Victoria*, bound for Southampton from New York, arrived this morning. Shortly before landing an explosion took place on board. Four stokers wounded. Kitchenmaid missing. Origin supposed to be a Fenian dynamite plot. Two passengers—a gentleman and lady—suspected, and immediately arrested.

XVI.

Telegram of *The New York Herald*.

The Times report of the dynamite explosion on the steamer *Victoria* of course exaggerated. It appears that some samples of American tow had caught fire. The suspected passengers were, with many apologies, at once set free.

The telegraph-wire had spoken these last words rather faintly. Now he ceased entirely. "Not bad," said I; "the adventures of the worthy George have interested me deeply. Of course, the style of your story is a little abrupt, the development perhaps too rapid, and the matter does not seem to me quite original. All the same, your memory is marvellous. But now for the conclusion. We have landed safely in the harbour of old England, have sailed round the cliff of dynamite, but we are anxious to know if 'he and she' arrive happily in the haven of matrimony?"

A long pause ensued.

"What, you are going to leave me in the lurch at the critical moment? I wish to know if I have won my bet? You continue silent. Possibly the young people have left London, and your lines may not reach further. Am I right?" Instead of an answer there is a knock at the door.

"My worthy reporter," said I, stepping to the window, "now I can supply the last chapter to your novel. Listen." And I read in a loud voice:—

To ——, New York.

From GEORGE DUFF, Sorrento.

Blue sky. Sunshine. Sitting with my young wife on the terrace. Glorious honeymoon. Give us your blessing. You were right.

"Well, what do you think of that?" asked I, folding up the bit of paper.

But the Wire still said nothing, and when I looked more narrowly I understood his silence—he had fallen asleep.

"Come in." A telegraph boy appeared and handed me a telegram. I tear it open.

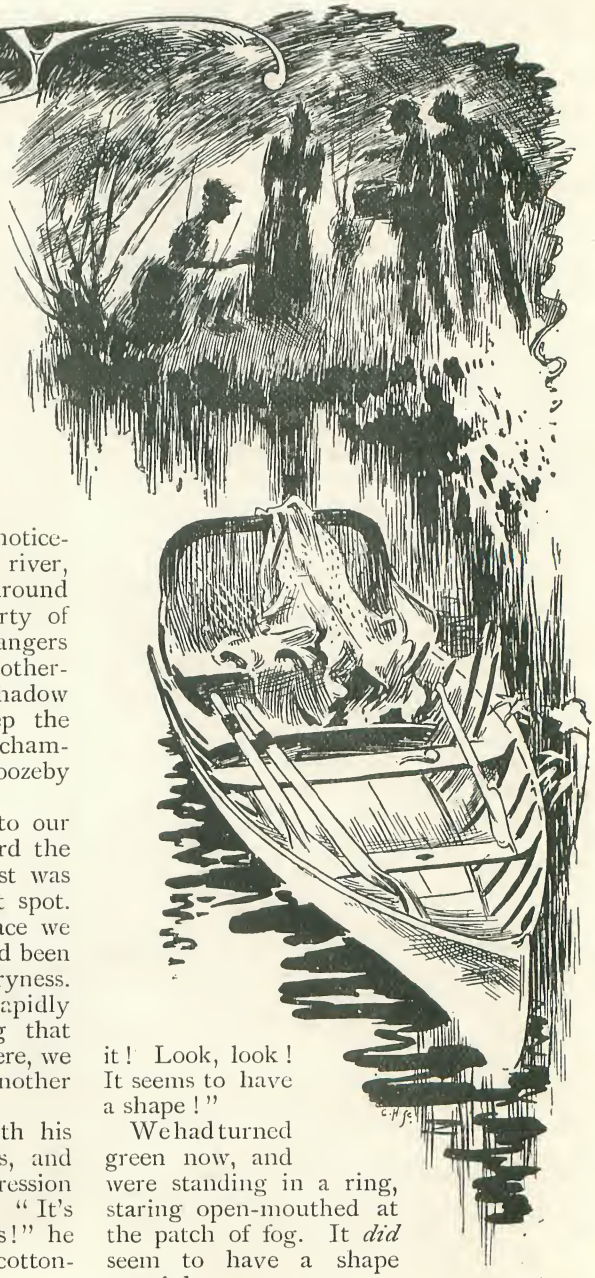
It is from—by Jove, it is——

"Stop. Hi!" The boy was already downstairs.

"A GLORIOUS HONEYMOON."

MOOZEBY

By J. F. Sullivan.



IT was just the day for a picnic, fine and balmy, and discounted by no probability of rain and hurricane; in fact, we had had a long spell of settled weather—nearly a day and a half—so we were all in good spirits.

We had selected a beautiful landing-place on the bank of the Thames, and had the additional advantage of the shadow of a large notice-board—a board declaring the land, river, air, sky, clouds, and other articles around and above, to be the private property of someone or other, and warning strangers not to land, fish, breathe, exist, or otherwise trespass near the spot. The shadow of this board served nicely to keep the rays of the sun from the butter and champagne. We only regretted that Moozeby had not been able to join us.

We were preparing to sit down to our repast, when Pinniger, looking toward the "table," expressed a fear that a mist was rising from the ground just at that spot. It really seemed so, although the place we had chosen for laying the cloth on had been selected on account of its apparent dryness. Yet there *was* a small patch of mist, rapidly increasing in density; so, deciding that there must be a small morass just there, we prepared to move the eatables to another place.

Pinniger thereupon stretched forth his hand to seize the dish of lobsters, and withdrew it with a strange expression of face; he examined his hand: "It's the densest mist *I* ever came across!" he muttered; "I can *feel* it—feels like cotton-wool!"

Then Maud Wimble—Pinniger's affianced—tried to reach the pie, and drew back *her* hand with a little shriek. "What is it?" she cried in a scared way; "I don't like it! I can hardly get my hand through it! Look, look! It seems to have a shape!"

We had turned green now, and were standing in a ring, staring open-mouthed at the patch of fog. It *did* seem to have a shape certainly.

Joe Button, who was a stolid, heavy fellow, without any nerves, had another try at it; he tried to get at the butter, and did succeed in getting the point of a finger some little way in, but drew it back hastily

and turned green like the rest of us; for he and we could have sworn that we heard a sort of far-off voice crying, from the midst of that fog: "Here, I say! A joke's a joke—that hurts!"

Utterly paralysed, we stood watching that lump of fog. It was momentarily becoming more opaque, and more and more of the form of a man; then the form became rapidly clearer and clearer—until at length there sat Moozeby, solid and alive, on the viands.

"It's all right—don't be alarmed, any of you," panted Moozeby, wiping his brow as if after some great exertion; "there's no-

"THERE SAT MOOZEBY—ON THE VIANDS."

thing supernatural—I've only precipitated myself—been taking lessons in it. But, by Jove, where *have* I landed—Why—oh, I say, I'm awfully sorry!"

With this he got up from the provisions, the greater part of which were ruined; he had been sitting on the pie, the butter, the salad, the coffee-cream, the salmon, and the tarts. We upbraided him wildly.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry!" he said, humbly, "*awfully* sorry. The fact is, it's very difficult to aim properly when you're a beginner. You see, it's this way—when you're distributed in the air in the form of elements, it affects the sight to a great extent; and you really cannot see exactly where you *are* focussing yourself. You know, I could distinguish the group of you here in a vague way, and recognise you by your voices; but I was under the impression that I was precipitating myself on that tree-stump there, see? I really hadn't the faintest idea I was among the eatables—wouldn't have played a trick like that for the world! You know me."

We did know him for a good fellow, with a mind above jokes of that sort; so we forgave him.

"But, now, what the dickens are we going to do for grub?" we said.

"I'll tell you what," said Moozeby, "I'll take the Canadian, and paddle to Sonning, and get something. Won't be ten min——"

"I say, Bob, if you can precipitate yourself, what's to prevent you trying your hand at other things—raised pies and things?"

"Gad, I never thought of that!" exclaimed Moozeby.

"*I* wouldn't eat such nasty, unwholesome, supernatural things, for one!" said Mrs. Wimbledon, shuddering; and we all had some such feeling.

"Well, anyhow, it won't do any harm to try. Tell you what, I'll try on a sandwich, and taste it myself," said Moozeby. "Just help me wish for it, all you fellows; it might be an assistance."

Fixing his eye steadfastly on the top of Wortleworth's head, so that his attention should not wander, Moozeby stood perfectly still, grunting at intervals, as if engaged in a tiring effort. In a few moments a little patch of mist appeared over Wortleworth's head, and, in another few moments, there lay a freshly-cut sandwich, right on the bald patch.

"A LITTLE PATCH OF MIST APPEARED OVER WORTLEWORTH'S HEAD."

"Oh, I beg pardon—didn't mean it to come there!" explained Moozeby. He took the sandwich; we all smelt it suspiciously, and Moozeby nibbled a little corner of it.

"Upon my word, it isn't half bad!" he said. "It's ham—not American, I'll swear. It's remarkably good. I'll finish it, and chance it."

"Precipitate a dish of 'em, Bob; it won't be any bigger effort to do a whole dish than a single one, will it?"

He did it. We each took one, very nervously and delicately—with the exception of Mrs. Wimbledon—and turned it over, and smelt it. Each sandwich was beautifully buttered and seasoned, and

"MRS. WIMBLEDON SHUDDERED."

looked most tempting. A notion occurred to us: we offered one to Tim, the Irish terrier, and *he* swallowed it, unhesitatingly, and did not die in a paroxysm, or catch fire; on the contrary, he licked his lips. We nibbled a corner; we ate those sandwiches, with the exception of Mrs. Wimbledon, who declared it was wicked, and a "tempting of Providence" (whatever that may be), and shuddered again.

"Go it, Bob, old man!" we cried in chorus. "Let's have some nice things—galantines, and so on."

"Well, I'll tell you what," said Moozeby, "let's make out a list—a race-hamper list—before I go to work. It'll be one effort for the lot."

"Yes, better order 'em all at once——"

"Ssh! Don't speak of it as 'ordering,' old chap. Mrs. Besant wouldn't like it if she heard; and there's no knowing if she does," said Moozeby.

The affair was a great success. We laid out a clean white cloth on the burdens of the boat, and Moozeby precipitated on to it a very choice and varied collation. There were minor blunders: he omitted to precipitate a dish for the mayonnaise. The wine was excellent—not at all like any one gets from a wine merchant; and the cigars had not that aroma of guano characterising those we obtain from Havana.

Beyond this, the new way of providing things was remarkably economical; and we all decided to lay in a large stock of wine for home use in that way. It is very strange to reflect that this useful power, exercised with so great facility by H. P. B. and our friend Moozeby, should have been so long neglected by civilised men! The more one thinks upon it the stranger it seems.

Presently it came on to rain, and Moozeby precipitated umbrellas and waterproofs. He was invaluable: no picnic is complete without a Moozeby. Nevertheless, these articles were not such a complete success as the viands; some of them hovered an unreasonable time in a nebulous condition, and one umbrella really only became solid in parts, and let the rain through the misty portions on to Pinniger and his young lady; but we arrived at the station in good spirits—to find our last train gone!

On inquiry, we discovered that we could, by waiting an hour and twenty minutes, get home towards morning by changing at Clapham-junction, Willes-

"THE LAST TRAIN GONE!"

den, and Loughborough-park. We were in dismay, when Pinniger was struck with a thought—

"Why couldn't you precipitate a special train, Bob?" he said to Moozeby.

Poor Moozeby looked fagged out, and said, "Fact is, I don't feel over fresh after precipitating all those other things. It's a bit of a strain; and a train's a big thing to undertake late in the day—the engine alone will take a lot out of me; but I'll do my best."

Accordingly, poor Moozeby, after a sip of brandy, went and fixed his eyes steadily on the line, while we all stood round, staring eagerly at the same point. The station-master, thinking something must be wrong, came up and asked if we had lost anything. "Sh!" whispered Pinniger hoarsely; "don't distract his attention—you'll spoil it."

So the station-master and the porters, and young W. H. Smith & Sons silently joined the group, and stared at the line too. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and then a grey vapour began to gather on the line, wavering uncertainly; for fully another twenty minutes it wavered and varied in density, and then the station-master began to grow anxious. "Beg pardon—don't want to spoil the experiment, whatever it may be," he whispered. "But it won't do to interfere with the line in any way—it's against all rules."

"MOOZEBY FIXED HIS EYES STEADILY ON THE LINE."

It became obvious that we must let the station-master into it; to attempt to work a thing on so large a scale without taking him into the affair seemed positively rude; besides which, he might be able to assist Moozeby with hints as to the proper construction of a train. So we explained the matter to him.

The station-master shook his head decisively, and said it was against rules for strangers to place trains on the line; it was obviously to the common danger, particularly as the up express was due in twelve minutes.

This was serious; we advised Moozeby to run his nebula on to a siding out of danger, and go on with it there—if we could persuade the station-master to sanction it.

But Moozeby was very tired, and got flurried over it; he found that the half-solid train would not move, the engine not yet having arrived at a working condition, so he hastily attempted to precipitate a horse to drag it into the siding; but the horse behaved in a foolish manner, too, and finally took form with only three legs, one of *them* being filmy. Our nervousness and excitement grew intense—the express was signalled as having passed a point three miles away, and would be upon us almost immediately; in our despair we jumped down on the line, and put our shoulders to such half-solid portions of Moozeby's train as we could find—but our exertions only made a jumbled mass of it, owing to the nebulous parts giving way; the rumble of the approaching express grew momentarily louder; the station-master and the porters and young W. H. Smith shrieked to us to come off the line; we scrambled madly on to the platform, yelling to Moozeby to dissolve his train as sharp as he could; Moozeby gasped and made one mighty effort; the express came thundering through the arch a hundred yards away; the station-master and porters and young Smith were nearly mad, and tried frantically to poke away the lumps of Moozeby's train with some poles.

The express dashed by, scattering the pieces of train in all directions, and whirled away out of sight.

Lumps of the scattered train were falling about us in every direction, some of them upon our heads; but they were so light that an umbrella easily kept them off: and we breathed again, for the express had escaped undamaged.

"THE EXPRESS DASHED BY."

The anger of the station-master was terrible, and he was at first about to give us all in charge; but we soothed him after a time, and Moozeby precipitated a diamond scarf-pin into his tie; and we shook hands with him, and trudged off towards the village to get beds.

Our path lay by the side of the line; and, when about a quarter of a mile from the station, we came upon a nice quiet siding, and Pinniger glanced at Moozeby.

"All right," said Moozeby, who had refreshed himself after his recent strain with half a bottle of champagne and the breast of a fowl; "I don't feel so tired as I did, and I fancy I might get on better now. I was flurried before."

This time he went to work more methodically. We all sat down on the waterproofs and the men smoked, while Moozeby commenced at the engine, to make sure of that at any rate. We had decided to limit ourselves to an engine and one carriage, to save Moozeby as much as possible.

But Moozeby wasted time and strength to begin with; for, knowing but little about engines, he half-precipitated a pumping engine, having, as Pinniger remarked, probably only ordered "an engine," without stating on the order-form the kind of engine required.

However, Moozeby tried again, and presently we had the consolation of seeing a magnificent compound, leading-bogie, four-coupled locomotive gradually assuming shape; Moozeby was a little irritated on seeing this, as such a powerful engine was a waste of his strength, but he went on with it; and at length he declared it finished.

Still it didn't look quite right—there were parts through which you could pass the hand, which we were all convinced was not the case in an ordinary manufactured engine—however, we were glad to get anything.

Then Moozeby went to work at the carriage, but that came very, very slowly, for he was getting exhausted; and when it did appear he did not seem able to consolidate it properly. It would not set. There it was, however, and Thripling stepped into it; but the next moment we heard angry words coming from underneath it, and it turned out that Thripling had fallen through a part of the floor which had not set, on to the permanent way.

Then Moozeby got in and finished the precipitation of the floor of one compartment, and we all crowded into that; but presently Maud Wimble felt the part she was on getting nebulous again, and *she* found herself standing on the ground with her head and shoulders in the carriage. However, Moozeby patched it up again for the time.

Then we remembered that none of us could drive an engine, and poor Moozeby had

"AN ENGINE-DRIVER AT LAST."

to collect himself once more to precipitate a driver ; and here again he forgot to describe the particular kind of driver, owing to which he found he had precipitated a pig-driver, who was helplessly intoxicated into the bargain ; but he did precipitate an engine-driver at last, who set fairly well, except part of one leg, which remained cloudy, so that the man had to move about by hopping.

Then we finally got in and waited breathlessly for the train to move. It *did* move ! Very slowly, strangely, and creakily, showing that there was *something* wrong ; however, that did not matter so long as we could get home somehow. We requested the driver not to drive fast and recklessly ; and he replied that he was not likely to, with parts of the boiler like flannel, and requiring to be tied round with string to prevent it bursting.

That train never set properly ; every two or three minutes some part or other of it would become nebulous again, the whole requiring incessant attention on the part of Moozeby who was getting thoroughly knocked up, and was losing his power.

Once the driver's body and legs became a cloud ; and he called out to us that he couldn't undertake to drive in that condition ; then the end of the carriage vanished suddenly into air, letting down a row of us on to the permanent way, and bruising us considerably. We were anything but comfortable, for we had to keep a very sharp look-out for trains which frequently came by ; and on these occasions Moozeby would have to make a wild effort and precipitate, in all haste, a siding for us to run on to, until the other train had passed.

At length Moozeby could be kept awake no longer, in spite of all we could do by pinching and running pins into him ; and the carriage, engine, and driver suddenly became soft—nebulous—air ; leaving us on the permanent way, many miles from London, at two in the morning.

We were dreadfully angry with poor Moozeby at the time—unreasonably so, when one considers how much he had done for us ; for after all said and done Moozeby is a very good fellow at heart, and his accomplishment remarkably useful at times; particularly when he is fresh and his precipitations will set properly.

It is foolish to attempt such a thing as a train, when one is tired ; and, besides, it brings discredit on theosophy, and makes the uninitiated incredulous about it.

HAIR & HEAD

URIOSITIES

THE DOLL AND THE RAVEN: OR, A FATAL SMILE.

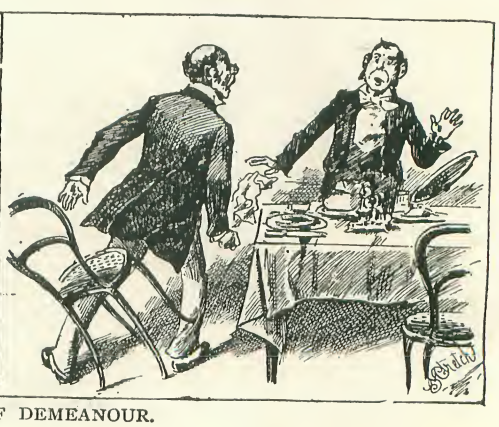
A MUSTARD PLASTER.

MAMMA—AT THE BAZAAR.

PAPA—AT HOME.

SOME CELEBRITIES IN SNOW.

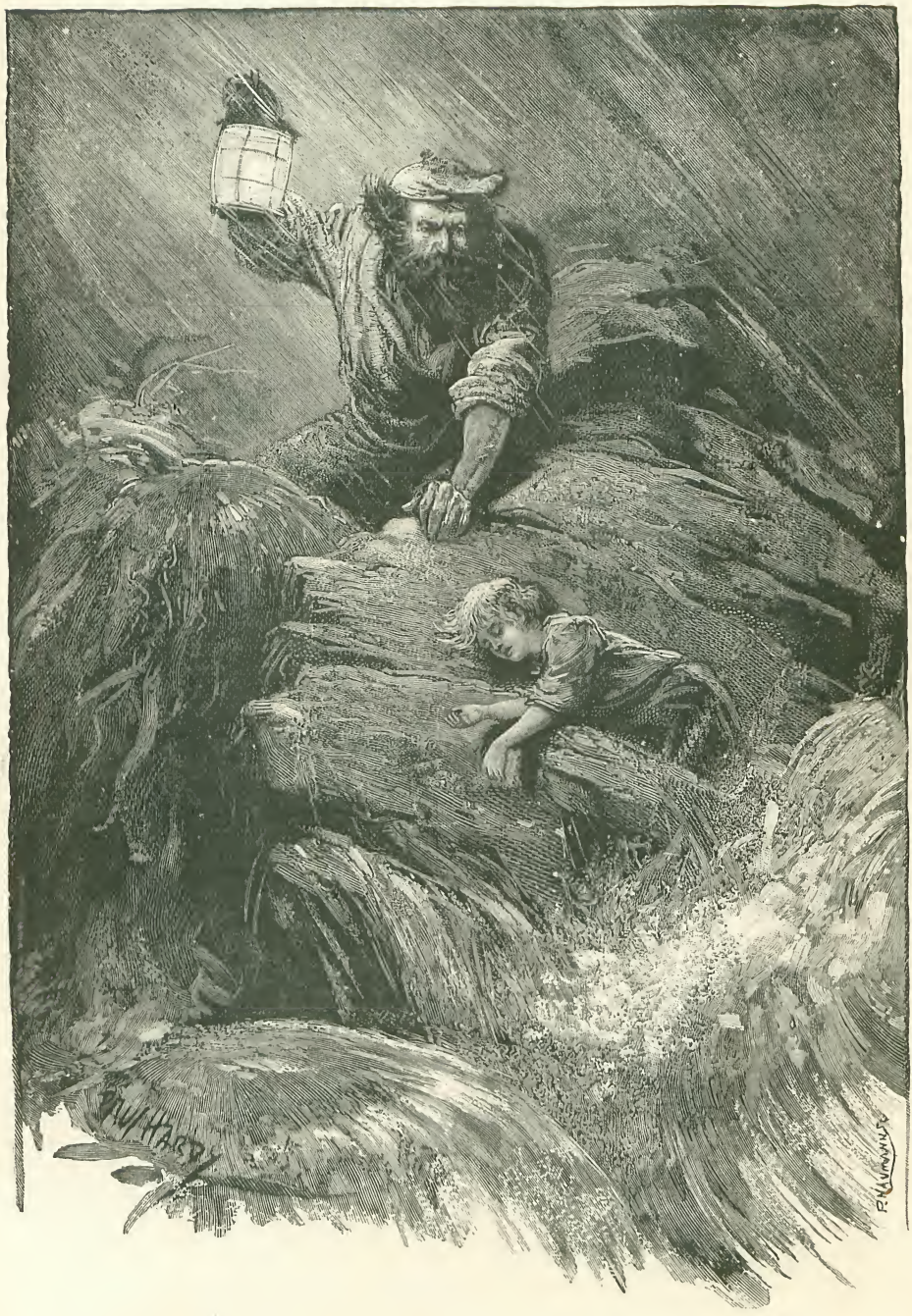
STREET BOY: "NEVER MIND YER 'AT. HOLD ON TO YER 'AIR."



A DIFFERENCE OF DEMEANOUR.

AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE.

AT THE CLUB.



IN THE MIDST OF THE SEA.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF THE COUNTESS BICE DE BENVENUTI.

I.

"WHAT can be the matter with Master Andrea?"

"Ah! he has not lighted the lamp!"

"Perhaps he has gone to sleep."

"Or been taken ill."

"Good heavens! What if he were to die out there all alone!"

"Oh, no! he can't be dead!"

"Let us hope not. It does not do to be always thinking of misfortune."

"True; but the light does not appear. We must go and find out what's the matter."

"It would be impossible to venture out now."

"We must go to-morrow. It is only right that some one should go."

This conversation was taking place between a group of fishermen on the coast of Roccamarina, their voices rendered almost inaudible by the roar of the tempest-tossed sea.

It was winter, and the night pitch dark. All eyes were turned from the seashore to the spot where rises the majestic lighthouse of Isolotto; for on that late hour of night not a gleam of light had been seen shining.

The lighthouse of Isolotto was not only a beacon to warn the mariner of certain dangerous rocks which lie beneath the waters around that spot; but it was almost a friend, a kind of star of hope to the residents of Roccamarina. Hence on that night their thoughts were of Master Andrea, the keeper of the lighthouse.

On the following morning although the sea was calmer and the sky less threatening, yet not a sail could be seen on the horizon, nor did a single fisherman venture out from the shore.

Two stalwart sailors silently unfastened a boat from the port of Roccamarina, launched it into the sea and pulled at the oars with might and main across the waves towards the rock of Isolotto. The distance was considerable, and they laboured hard, for the waves rose high, and the cold was intense. But these difficulties were not thought of; for their whole mind was centred on that man who, alone in the midst of the sea and perhaps in some dire trouble, might be wanting help and even wrestling with death.

A strange and unexpected reception awaited them.

"Who are you? What do you want? Where have you come from?"

Such were the questions, uttered in no gentle tones, with which the keeper of the lighthouse greeted the brave seamen.

"We have come for news of you," they

replied, "but, Heaven be praised, you are safe!"

"News of me!" cried Master Andrea in a voice of thunder. "News, indeed! Are you gone mad, to come out in such weather merely to ask how I am."

"Pardon us, but you did not light the lamps last night, and at Roccamarina people were beginning to fear something had gone wrong."

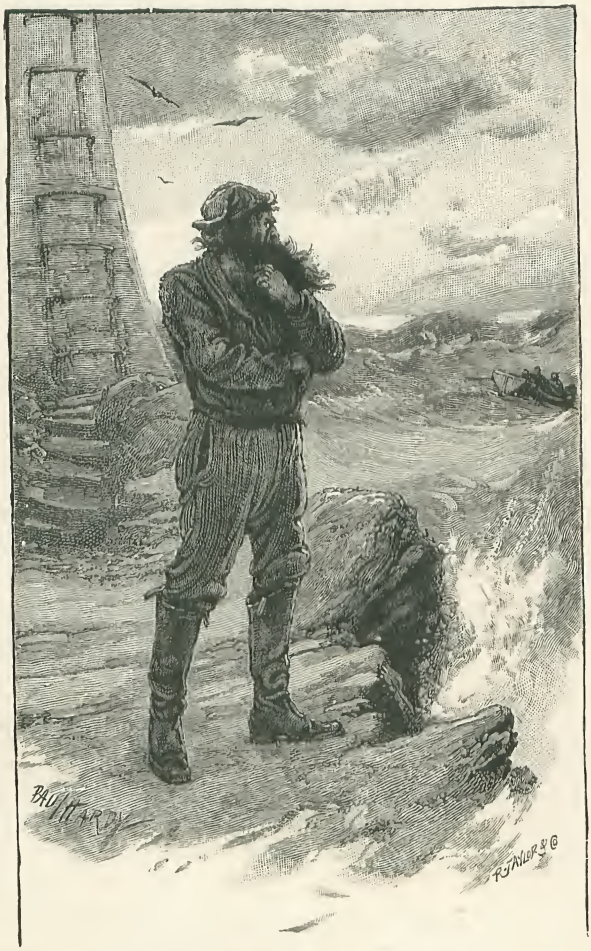
At this point Master Andrea, who had not moved, and was solely occupied in pulling his long, black beard, should have assisted his friends to come in; but he hesitated, and at length came slowly forward, and with very bad grace and undisguised ill-humour helped them to land.

"So I did not light the lamp!" he growled. "That is not true; but even if it were, is it not allowable to forget for once? Suppose that I were ill, for instance. As for the rest, you are welcome to think what you please; I won't be troubled with you."

The two good seamen of Roccamarina were perfectly dumbfounded at this welcome. However, from motives of prudence, they made no reply to Master Andrea. But when he added, "It will be better for you to return home; I have no need of you," they both resented his language.

"We shall not return at once," they said, in a loud voice. "If you are so determined to order us away, we prefer to rest a while and warm ourselves at a good fire, and drink a good draught of wine before we return."

So saying, they resolutely leaped on to the rock, fastened their boat, and entered the little room which served Master Andrea as a kitchen. The latter slowly began to light a small fire, then drew out a bottle of wine, uncorked it, and set it down on the table with two glasses, without uttering a word.



"HE FOLLOWED THE RETREATING BOAT WITH HIS EYES."

In silence the bottle was drank, the seamen warmed themselves as well as they could while the bits of fire lasted, and then, exchanging a few words in a low tone, they both rose to go, merely observing aloud that the sea had calmed down.

Whilst they withdrew, muttering that Master Andrea was the grumpiest being in the world, and that it was only losing their time to trouble about him, the keeper of the lighthouse stood on the farthest point of the rock, and followed the retreating boat with his eyes. He was well pleased with himself, and perfectly satisfied, and he pulled vigorously at his great black beard, whilst a malicious smile passed across his countenance.

"So, so!" he said to himself. "So they think I am incapable! But what do I care what they think? I have succeeded in my scheme, and that is enough."

When the boat was well out of sight he descended the stairs, quickly lifted the latch of his bedroom, gently opened the door, and stopped to listen attentively.

II.

MASTER ANDREA was one of those unfortunate beings whose life had known no smile. He had been brought up in idleness, yet without love, the child of a selfish, capricious mother, and a father who only knew how to grow rich, and was thoroughly heartless.

By the humble dwellers of Roccamarina, little Andrea was called from his childhood "Master Andrea," for he was the son of Master Antonio, who would, as an only son, come to inherit the busy blacksmith's forge on the shore, which yielded a good income with small trouble. In a word, he was a lad who was much envied, because it was known that, besides the forge, there was a good house and various farms which his father was purchasing in the neighbourhood, and that some day he would be the owner of some thousand *lire*.

How it happened is not known, but one day Master Andrea, who was in the city studying as a gentleman, was summoned in all haste to Roccamarina. It was two years since he had been home, and he now learnt for the first time that his mother had died some months previously, without remembering him, or even leaving him a message, and that his father had just been drowned in the sea. He also found that the vaunted wealth of his father had mysteriously dwindled away, and that nothing remained to him but the duty of paying off his debts. The forge was sold, the beautiful house fared the same fortune, and the farms one by one all passed into other hands.

Two years after this catastrophe, Master Andrea, who had been always reputed a gentleman of means, found himself merely the owner of a small vineyard.

Averse to taking a position less than that of a proprietor, it seemed to him hard to go and seek work. Hence when he made out his calculations and reckoned that out of this little plot of land he could obtain his daily bread, he said to himself: "Well, I am alone! I may have only dry bread and *minestra* to eat, but I shall be independent." And he proceeded to shut himself up in his small estate, fully intending to turn agriculturist.

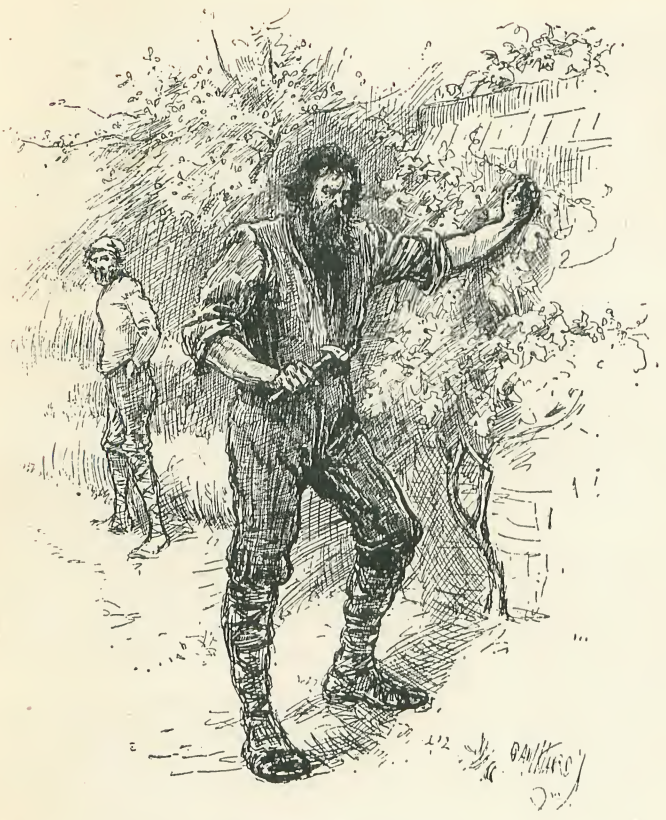
He was covetous, and of a naturally melancholy character. He saw all things in a dismal light, and though still youthful, yet had no affections, and no hopes, not even a loving remembrance of bygone days, to cheer him. His parents had spent their married life in quarrelling with one another, and had often made him the innocent victim of their ill-humour. They had rendered his home perfectly unbearable, and therefore when he found himself far from them, and alone, he experienced a sense of peace and rest. And when in course of time this enforced coldness of a desolate hearth seemed to weary him, he had only to evoke the memories of the sad scenes he had witnessed in his childhood for his empty hearth and desolate existence to appear to him not only tolerable, but even pleasant.

But he was truly lonely. Not a relative, not a friend of the family had he to care for him! His parents had formed no friendships; and he himself knew not how to win them. The fact of his being better educated and in easier circumstances than the miserable fishermen of Roccamarina seemed to place a barrier around him; that talkative, active population, engaged in fishing and in traffic, and always in good spirits, could not understand how a young man should not draw his fellow-beings around him, and wrestle with his evil fortunes.

Master Andrea, from a wish to be left at peace, repelled all social intercourse, without taking into account that a man who lives selfishly for himself may free himself of many sorrows and trials, but that he also deprives himself of sharing the joys of human existence. He would not marry, fearing to bring trouble upon himself, and because he judged all women undesirable companions.

"Ah! you will soon experience the joys of a family!" he would exclaim bitterly, whenever the bells of Roccamarina merrily announced a wedding; and he truly felt compassion for the pair, although he did not know them.

In this way, leading a colourless, monotonous existence, he reached his fortieth year. He tended his vineyard, and read the newspapers and books with which a fellow student regularly supplied him. But the vineyard responded badly to his assiduous care, and left him almost destitute; and books and newspapers no longer satisfied the cravings of his existence. The latter spoke to him of the needs of a social revolution, of the cruelty of the wealthy classes, of the inertness of the poor, and depicted the world in unreal colours; and while assuming to care for the good of the people, instilled into the masses hate and distrust, rather than peace and love.



"HE TENDED HIS VINEYARD."

He became weary of himself, of his vineyard, and more so of the world from which he lived removed. One day it was rumoured that the aged keeper of the lighthouse of Isolotto had died, and that a substitute was wanted. In his present frame of mind it seemed to him that it would be a desirable thing to go and live there in the midst of the sea, with his pipe, his books, and his papers. To those who said to him invariably, "Ah, Master Andrea, you'll soon see what a charming life that is!" he would reply, coldly, that it was a matter of indifference where he lived. Nevertheless, he felt vaguely that a change was coming in his life, if no more than the new sensation that he had a daily duty to perform—a lamp to light! He sought and obtained the post, and to Isolotto he went.

For several years he lived contentedly, speaking to no one save once a week, for a few minutes on Sunday mornings, when the sailors brought him his provisions; and during this long term he had never omitted to light the lamp, except on the night when the fishermen of Roccamarina had so anxiously watched the sea and asked one another, "Is Master Andrea dead or ill?"

None of these anxious watchers could have guessed what unaccustomed thing it was that had happened to the keeper of the lighthouse of Isolotto.

III.

Two days previously, whilst the furious waves lashed the rock of the lighthouse as though it would be dashed to pieces, Master Andrea had been awakened in the middle of the night by the unusual sound of a human voice—a weak cry, which seemed close to him.

He rose hurriedly, and listened with attention. He descended to the platform, but he could see nothing. For a moment he thought he must have been dreaming; but no, that was not possible. Some one must have cried for help, thinking to save himself upon that rock, to which the light had guided him.

Master Andrea grew anxious. "Who's there?" he shouted. He seemed to hear a sigh. Again he listened; and then determined to examine the rock. Lantern in hand, he hurried round it, and, to his surprise, discovered on a slant a child lying drenched to the skin, and to all appearance dead. He had been cast up by the storm.

"Was it indeed the storm?" he asked himself. "No," he thought, "some one must have placed him there for safety—his father or his mother; but whoever had done so had disappeared—had, no doubt, been drowned."

An hour later the little one was lying in the bed of Master Andrea, well warmed and wrapped in blankets, and was slowly recovering consciousness and vital heat. He turned round with a sigh, opened his eyes, and looked up, saying in a weak voice, "Papa!" A hand tenderly stroked his

brow, and mutely led him to believe that "papa" was really near him.

For the rest of the night and during the whole of the next day Master Andrea never quitted the child.

"He must be feverish," he cried, as he saw the little form toss and throw the clothes off his bed. "Oh, heavens! what if he were to die here amid the waves!"

This apprehension seemed to give him a strange discouragement. His heart beat anxiously, and he suffered acutely.

"No!" he cried, "I shall not let him be moved. I wish him to live and recover. I will save him!"

Wrapping the child up, he took him on his knee and nestled him to his breast as a tender mother would have done. A new sensation had come over him. That day he forgot the world, he forgot himself, and at night forgot to light the lamp!

In the morning the unusual noise of oars, announcing the approach of a boat, broke upon his abstraction. He stood up, sorely agitated. Might they not be coming to claim the child and take him away! A thousand voices seemed to be whispering within him—*Do not let him be taken away! he belongs to you—he is your treasure-trove!*

Hence, when he descended to meet his visitors he received them with the gruff reception already described. And scarcely had he freed himself of his unwelcome guests than he ran back hurriedly, as though he had escaped some danger.

The child slept soundly. On beholding that little, fair curly head pressing the pillow of his bed, Master Andrea experienced a sudden feeling of intense joy, and he smiled, perhaps for the first time in his life!

A few days later, the child, whom we shall call Carletto, had quite recovered, and formed a striking contrast, with his fair winsome face of a three-year-old infant, to the sombre, black-bearded man whom he so charmingly persisted in calling "Papa."

There had commenced a new life for Master Andrea. He ran up and down stairs with the nimble little trotter to show him how he lit the lamp, and cleaned it, and put it out. He took Carletto on his knee

"HE TOOK CARLETTO ON HIS KNEE AND TOLD HIM STORIES."

and told him stories. He went almost without food in order that his pet should have the best of his allowance. Yet all this afforded him a new pleasure. And what of his anxiety to keep him concealed at any sacrifice? Ah! had the sailors who every Sunday morning brought his weekly provisions, and who landed on the rock of Isolotto, so much as suspected the existence of a child? But this fact Master Andrea was resolved upon keeping a secret, and thus he preferred to suffer hunger rather than ask for an increase of provisions, lest the sailors should demand the reason why.

For many months all went well. Master Andrea fasted without any ill effects, and from being selfish and moody he became chatty and merry.

Only once a week was he inexorably severe with Carletto. On Sunday mornings he used to lock him up in the highest stage of the turret and refuse to release him until the boat from Roccamarina was well on its return. During the rest of the week Carletto was his tyrant, his idol, his

joy, his very life. And as the possession of a precious thing induces the conviction that the possessor has a right to it, so did Master Andrea after six months had elapsed live at peace, without misgivings.

But one Sunday his visitors thought they perceived a rosy little face flattened against the highest window of the tower.

"I fancy I see a child's face!" said one of the sailors.

"Yes," replied the other, "it *is* a child's face!"

"Aha! so Master Andrea has a child up there!"

"Won't we chaff him about it!"

Both the seamen, as soon as they saw the keeper, commenced to chaff him about the child. But Master Andrea turned deadly pale; he trembled from head to foot, and made incoherent replies, until at last he was forced to tell the whole truth. How gladly he would have strangled those two importunate gossips! Yet when they listened to the story, they became serious in their turn. Then they told him in reproachful tones that a poor lady from the neighbouring village passed day and night upon the shore stricken with grief, and awaiting the return of her husband and her child, who had gone to visit some relatives along the coast, and who had never returned. Carletto was, no doubt, the child of this sorrowing mother. Why had Master Andrea kept the affair so secret? Why? did he perchance think that the child had fallen from the clouds? Did he not think that it might have a mother? Or did he judge that it was nobody's child?

Master Andrea heard all these reproaches in mute dismay. He kept his eyes upon the ground, and seemed as though he had turned suddenly to stone.

At length he looked up.

"Take him away!" he said, in a low, husky voice. "I did not think he had a mother. I do not wish to keep him from her. I could not! Quick! return and tell the lady that her child is safe. No! stay!—take him to her at once!"

Slowly, sombrely, like to one who complies with a duty that entails an immense sacrifice, he went up to seek Carletto. For a few minutes he kept him in the room. He took him up in his arms, he smoothed his little head, he clasped him to his breast and kissed him passionately, and clipped a curl of his light hair. Then, somewhat consoled by the tears shed by the child on parting from him, he carefully placed him in the boat.

When the boat was quite lost to view, he went indoors, and resolved to forget the whole adventure. He gathered together his books and newspapers, which had been of late sorely neglected, and sat down to read. All to no purpose. They seemed to tell him of the march of society, they spoke to him of a future inevitable social revolution, and in alarm he cried, "What will become of Carletto?"

Unable to repress the yearning of his heart, he would daily stand for hours looking towards the shores of Roccamarina. On all sides he was surrounded by the immensity of the ocean.

He felt he could no longer live "in the midst of the sea."

IV.

Ten months have passed. Master Andrea is no longer the keeper of the lighthouse of Isolotto.

He affirmed that living in the midst of the sea did not agree with his health; but the fishermen of Roccamarina declared that he longed to have his dense black beard pulled by the chubby hands of little Carletto.

Master Andrea lives in his paternal house tending the vineyard; but he is not alone. He has taken in the sorrow-stricken widow and her child, and labours day and night to support them.

He is perfectly resigned to his lot when he hears himself called "Papa" by the darling little fellow who, "in the midst of the sea," taught him how sweet it is to follow the commands of love.

Illustrated Interviews.

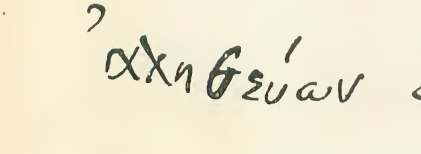
No. IX.—PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

THERE is probably no name better known in the world of literature and learning, and certainly no figure more familiar in the streets of the Scotch capital, than John Stuart Blackie. There is always much combined curiosity and speculation regarding the life and habits of the man who has won fame within the limits of his own room and the surroundings of his family circle. It is from a distinctly homely point of view that I would talk about Professor Blackie. I spent some time with him in Edinburgh, and the sum and total of his characteristics seemed to be the very personification of refined culture, hearty and honest opinion, and unadulterated merriment. He will quote Plato one moment, dilate on the severity of the Scottish Sabbath the next, and then with lightning rapidity burst forth into singing an old Scotch ballad that sets one's heart beating considerably above the regulation rate. He shook hands with me, and then commenced to sing. He told me of his career, and sandwiched between his anecdotes snatches of song and pithy quotations; and so it went on all through the day. If he is worried for a sentence, or troubled for a rhyme, he walks about the room humming. "I am a motive animal," he says. Sometimes he will sit down at the piano in the drawing-room at night, and the music tempts

From a Photo. by] PROFESSOR BLACKIE IN HIS STUDY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

the Muse. Again, when rhymes are rare, he will make an excursion into the heart of some glorious glen, or try the mountain path, and on his return he brings a poem with him, which is immediately transferred to paper. And this, be it remembered, is the doings of one of the fathers of Scotland, who will enter upon his eighty-third birthday in July.

I found him sitting at his table in one of his studies. The table is just by the window looking into the garden. He wore a long blue coat, picturesquely fastened round the waist with a red silk sash. He had on a very broad linen collar, with a long black cravat, loosely tied, negligently

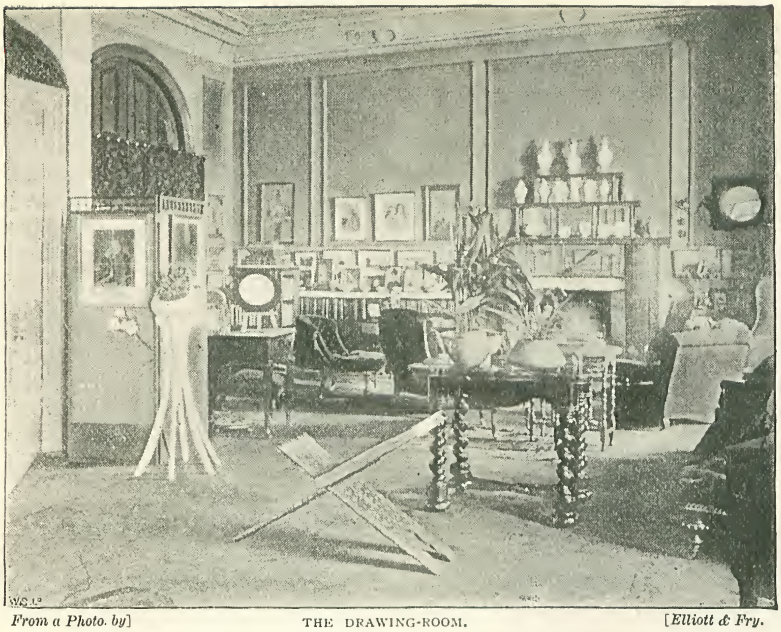


THE PROFESSOR'S MOTTO.

hanging down. On his head was a fine broad-brimmed Panama straw hat, an excellent assistance to the retention of good sight; he has never worn a pair of spectacles in his life. Strange to say, too, until the morning of my visit, he has needed no medical advice for over thirty years. He is patriarchal in appearance, with classical features, and long pure white hair which reaches to his shoulders. He has all the vitality of a young man. A trip alone to Constantinople at the age of eighty-two is a good record. He attributes his robust health to the fact that he has always worked and lived, read and thought, on a system. He rises at 7.30 and breakfasts. The morning is occupied in work and correspondence. The open air claims him every day for two hours before dinner, and Morpheus for an hour after the midday meal. No hard work after nine. Unless he has a lecture or other engagement, the evening finds him playing a game of backgammon with his wife, and he opens the door of his bed-room as the clock is chiming twelve. System governs every hour of the day, and two unapproachable mottoes guide every moment of his life. You cannot receive a letter from Professor Blackie without finding his motto penned in Greek characters in his own handwriting in the left-hand corner of the envelope. He puts it in the corner of every envelope he finds about the place, his servants' included. "Adopt it," he says, "and it will turn earth into heaven, it will revolutionise society in the twinkling of an eye." His motto is, "Speak the truth in love" (Ephes. iv. 15), and he points out that the Greek verb means *acting* as well as speaking. The second motto is, χαλεπὰ τὰ καλά, "All noble things are difficult to do."

We went from room to room. The drawing-room is a beautiful apartment. The walls are of quiet blue, picked out in gold, in harmony with the crimson plush curtains which hang at the windows, and the green plush furniture. The fireplace is massive and striking. It is of Indian workmanship, exquisitely carved—as, indeed, are all the fireplaces throughout the house, for it was formerly occupied by Sir William Hunter, an Indian magnate. The photos are countless, and are everywhere.

From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*



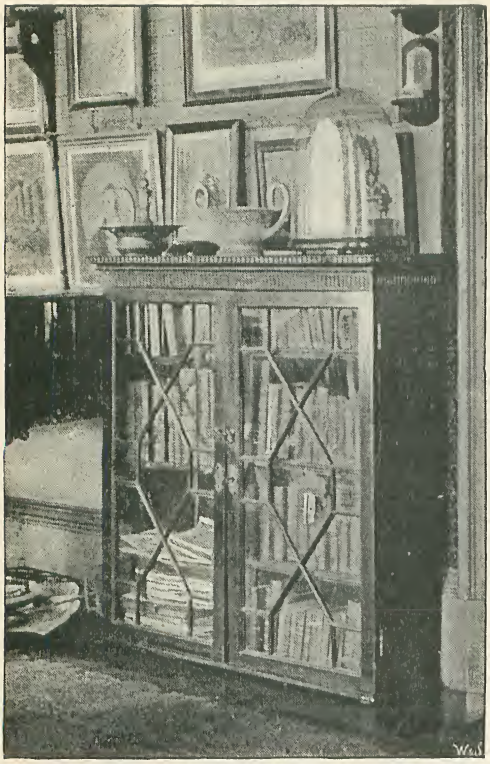
From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Here is the late Cardinal Newman—a precious reminiscence of the day when he was created Cardinal, at which ceremony Professor Blackie was present. Here again are Gladstone, John Morley, the late Count von Moltke, the German Emperor, Sir John Millais—every one autographed. Here, too, is an excellent portrait of Browning, with an inscription on the back—"This testifies that I have spent a delightful morning through the goodness of dear Blackie. May the pleasure be conferred on me at no distant time. May, 1885." Here is a portrait of Miss Mary Anderson. Fifteen years ago the Professor wrote to Miss Jennie Lee that "the stage had more influence than the pulpit"—hence many theatrical reminiscences are visible about the house. Look in this small volume, and you will find a couple of New Year's cards from Henry Irving. A small album on a table close at hand is highly valued by its owner. It contains simple *cartes de visite* of some of the most eminent men of the century. The first place is given to the late Cardinal Manning—he has penned his autograph—and then in quick succession come the features and signatures of such men as Sir David Brewster, Sir J. Noel Paton—with a child on his shoulders, a little one who is now Dr. Noel Paton, the physiologist—the late Dean Ramsay, Dr. Guthrie, Sir J. Y. Simpson—who discovered chloroform—Norman McLeod, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Shaftesbury, Professor Faraday, John Bright, and Charles Kingsley. There are a number of pictures of the Professor himself; two just at the far end of the room are productions of the old black-paper-and-scissors process, and very cleverly are they cut.

On a small easel stands a medallion, in a plush frame, by Mrs. D. O. Hill, a sister of Sir Noel Paton, who executed the Livingstone statue in Prince's-street. Many are the portraits of cats and dogs, for Mrs. Blackie is very fond of these domestic pets. An excellent picture of Goethe, at the age of thirty, is pointed out to me. The room, too, is rich in old china, some of which belonged to Wordsworth and Lord Byron.

A bowl, once the property of the late Dr. Chalmers, stands on a cabinet near the door. This little rosewood receptacle contains a wealth of interest. It has on its shelves a copy of every work which the Professor has written. As each new work is issued so it is added. The cabinet is called "The Shrine." Amongst the water-colour paintings is a small text painted in the midst of autumn leaves and blackberries. It is only a simple effort, and does not measure six inches square. Yet when Ruskin saw it he exclaimed, "That's the finest picture in Edinburgh."

"Yet," said Professor Blackie, as we crossed to the window and looked out upon the Corstorphine Hill, with its grand fir trees, and strained our eyes to catch a view of the distant hills of Fife—"yet Ruskin, who was a man of deep and intense feelings, would lift you up in delightful imagination as easily as he would drop you again to the ordinary level of life. Ruskin was a small edition of Carlyle—but he was a delicate and dainty edition. I will talk of Carlyle by and by. Well, some forty years ago, I was walking with Ruskin down Prince's-



From a Photo. by] "THE SHRINE." *[Elliott & Fry.*

street, and he was looking up at the old town which rises high before you.

"'When I walk along this grand street,' he said, 'I am always glad when I come to the cross streets, for then I look from the works of man to the works of God.'

"This remark no doubt was justified by the general tameness and monotony of the street architecture not only in Edinburgh, but in London, at the time when the new town of Edinburgh was built.

"'But,' said I, 'have you no eye for those palatial structures which are now rising all along the street to vary the monotony of the original three-storied houses?"

"'No,' said he, 'I hate high houses.'

"'Why?' said I.

"'Because,' said he, 'they are bad for people with rheumatic legs!'

"Either this was a joke, or it showed a certain confusion of the ethical and the æsthetical which sometimes seems to mar the soundness of his judgment in matters of art."

We were standing at the window, and for a moment, before going through the other rooms of the house, Professor Blackie remembered something regarding some of the men whose portraits we had just glanced at. There was Dr. Guthrie.

"He was an intimate friend of mine," said the kindly Professor; "a splendid humorist, and a true Scotchman. He overflowed with humour. One Sunday he had been up at Inverness assisting at the Sacrament. On the Monday there was a meeting, and the Doctor happened to be particularly merry. There was one man in the front seat who eyed the Doctor with great gravity, and as he gave out joke after joke, his face became graver still. When the meeting was all over, he went up to Guthrie with a fearfully solemn face, and said, 'Ah! Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Guthrie, if it hadn't been for the grace of God ye might have been a splendid comic actor!'"

I was now looking at John Bright.

"I lived at Oban in the summer season," continued Professor Blackie, "and John Bright lodged at Taynuilt. It was one day when sitting in John Bright's chair at the inn that I wrote the two sonnets to him." And he reads out with fine dramatic effect the two beautiful poems which are familiar to all students of his works.

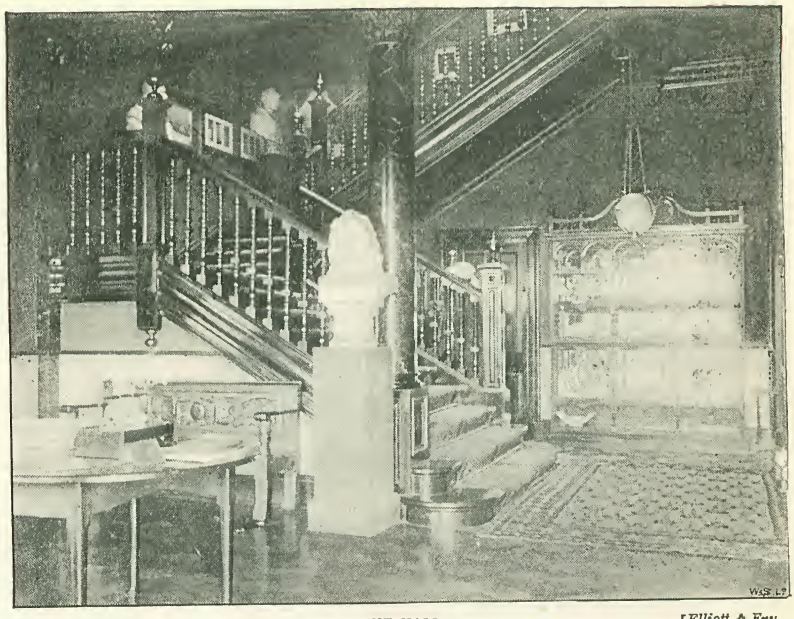
"Ah! that portrait is of Norman MacLeod. He told me a capital story once, which well illustrates the severity with which the Scotch people regard the Sabbath. The church in Skye is some fifteen or twenty miles from the parish, and one bright and glorious summer day a grave old elder and a young man of happier inclinations set out to walk this distance. As it was Sunday, they walked on for some miles either without speaking a word to each other. At last the younger man *had* to speak.

"'It's a verra fine day,' he observed quietly.

"The old elder looked at him, and with a gravity sufficient to silence anybody, replied, 'Yes, it *is* a fine day; but is this a day to be talking about days?'"

Professor Blackie leaves me for a moment, and as I sit down in a recess by the window I turn over in my mind his own ideas of the observance of the Scotch Sabbath. He says frankly that the good people of the Highlands are too strict—much too strict, though he does not question for a moment the sincerity of their convictions. He believes, as the ancient Greeks did, that the body, which is the temple of the soul, should have as much care bestowed upon its culture as is bestowed on the spiritual part of our

nature. He would have us love physical recreation more, but he would not have us love psychical recreation less. You will find him in his pew on a Sunday, but he has not hesitated to play croquet on the same day. His soul called for devotion, his body for recreation. Only half an hour ago, soon after I had shaken hands with him, he told me an anecdote of himself and the Sabbath. Some years ago he was lecturing in Glasgow on a Sunday. His subject was the "Philosophy of Love," and he directed the attention of his hearers to the love-songs of Scotland. In his fervour he burst out singing a Scotch ballad, "Let us go to Kelvin Grove, bonnie lassie oh!" It had an electrical effect upon his hearers, but oh! the shock, the terrible shock it occasioned on the morrow! A few days afterwards he received an anonymous caricature of himself. It represents a certain one—shall he be mildly be referred to as Mephistopheles?—carrying off the good Professor on his back at a high rate of speed. It is here reproduced for the first time.

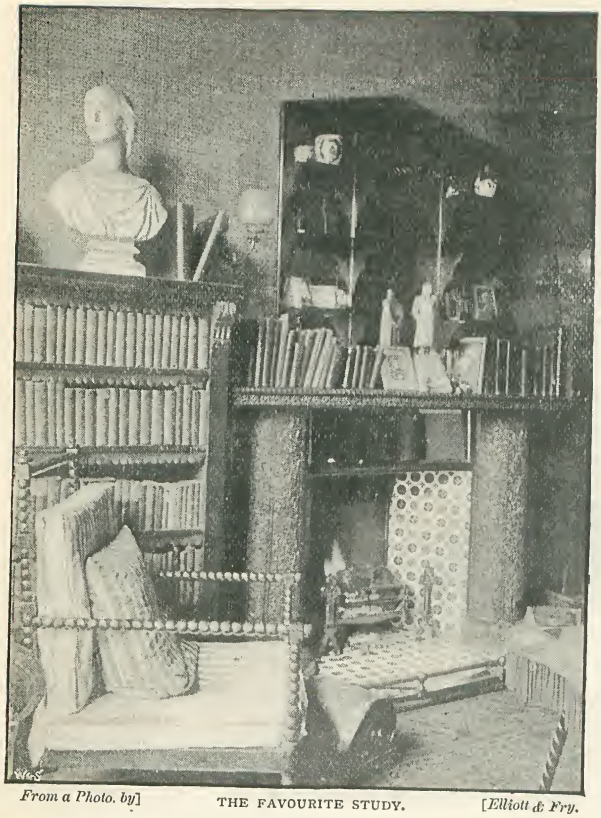


From a Photo. by] THE HALL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

MEPHISTOPHELES TAKES THE PROFESSOR.

"Come along," cries a kindly voice. "I just had to answer a letter. I always answer my own letters, and never use postcards. I always call the letters I receive the four B's — Business, Blethers, Bothers, and Beggary."

The hall is very fine. The balustrades are of polished oak. Near the fireplace is an old oak cabinet in which is cut "R. B., 1709." A companion cabinet is on the other side. These contain all the letters and papers of Professor Blackie—a biographical store. By the door is a fine oil painting of Mrs. Blackie's father—James Wyld, of Gilston, and here, again, a canvas which chronicles the face of Oliver Cromwell. One of the busts in the hall is that of John Wilson (Christopher North). A fine cabinet is loaded with china, and close by the entrance to the dining-room is a convenient receptacle for walking sticks. I counted them. Professor



From a Photo. by] THE FAVOURITE STUDY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Blackie has twenty such aids to pedestrianism.

The dining-room has some excellent reproductions of Van Dyck and Rubens. More old china is neatly set out on an oaken sideboard ; the ferns are fresh and green at the window ; and above a pair of vases on the mantelpiece—filled with peacocks' feathers, which tells that superstition is not part and parcel of the household—is a grand picture of Professor Blackie standing in a Highland glen with his plaid about his shoulders. It was painted by James Archer, R.S.A.

Leaving the dining-room, one passes on the stairs which lead to the trio of studies, reproductions of the old masters, pictures of Lady Martin, Sir Walter Scott, an old-time print of Burns in an Edinburgh drawing-room, and a portrait of Carlyle.

"Are the songs of Burns as popular as ever?" I asked.

"No, Scotch songs are not so popular," was the reply. "Burns is popular with the masses. I find it very difficult to get ladies in the upper circles to sing Scotch songs. The upper classes are corrupted in this direction. Corruption begins at the top—I say that as a philosopher. We are becoming less and less Scotch, and more and more Anglicised. Why, it is hard to get a servant girl to speak real Scotch. Scotch songs! Compare your English and German songs with the songs of the Highlands. The Scotch beat them hollow for variety and character. Every Scotch song is a picture and a drama, a dramatic scene with natural scenery."

We had reached the studies ; there are really three of them, and, together with other books about the place, they contain some seven thousand volumes, comprising the best modern Greek library in Britain. Each of these three corners is interesting. One of them is used by Dr. Stodart Walker, a nephew of Professor Blackie ; for Professor Blackie has no children, and Dr. Walker lives and learns with him. In this room are capital photos of Professor Grainger Stewart (the Queen's physician in Scotland), Professor Rutherford, and Dr. R. J. A. Berry, Mr. Morley, Mr. Ruskin, and others. The study which is more particularly used by the Professor is separated from the drawing-room by folding doors, from which hang great curtains. There is little in it save books, but one notes a bust of Mrs. Dobell, a great beauty, the wife of the poet ; a bust as a young man and a statuette of a later period of Professor Blackie ; and one of Goethe on the mantelboard, with portraits of Mr. Cunliffe Brooks, Mr. H. C. Reid, J.P., and Mrs. Blackie surrounding it, and a very successful painting of the Professor by Mr. J. H. Lorimer, R.S.A. Then a cosy chair was pointed out to me by the fire, and I sat down and listened.

"I was born at Glasgow in July, 1809," said Professor Blackie, walking about the room, "and at the age of three went to Aberdeen. My father was a Border man, a Kelso lad, and was the first agent for the Commercial Bank of Scotland in Aberdeen, where it started in 1811. I went to school at Aberdeen—Aberdonians have produced the best Latin scholars in Scotland. I have to admit to being twice flogged by my father. One chastising was for telling a lie. My aunt insisted on pouring down my throat some

From a Photo. by] THE LIBRARY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

broth which I did not like. I didn't go to school, but went and sulkily hid myself. I said that I had been to school. I was flogged. The second occasion was for calling a servant girl names. I was flogged for that, and quite right too.

"As a boy I was always antagonistic to school fights—pugilism had no fascination for me. I well remember a lad, over some small squabble, saying to me, 'Will you fight me?' 'No,' I replied; 'but I'll knock you down,' and immediately did it with great applause. I went to college at twelve. I won a scholarship there for Latin, but as the gift was intended for poor people I resigned it. My principal pastime in those days was golf, which we used to play on the Aberdeen links. I remained at college until I was fifteen, when I went to Edinburgh, where I was for two years attending a special class under Professor John Wilson;" and in those days, Professor Blackie told me, he was working out his moral life. This disturbed his studies, as he gave his whole thoughts to devotional meditation. When it came to the distribution of prizes John Wilson told him that he could not give him one, for he had only written a single essay, although it was a remarkably good one. On learning this young Blackie burst into tears.

"At the age of twenty," he continued, "I went to Germany and on to Rome, where I devoted myself to the study of the languages. Here, too, I met many of the world's greatest men. And so the days passed by until once more I returned to the old country, and in 1834 was called to the Scottish Bar. But I was not a success, and I really used to sing a song at my own expense when out at parties, which asked all benevolent people to give a poor starving lawyer a fee."

Crossing to a desk, Professor Blackie searched through a number of old papers, and at last came across a long sheet of foolscap, the ink on which was yellow with age. It was written fifty-eight years ago! It was the original manuscript of the song he wrote himself, and, save for the time occupied in learning it, that slip of paper had not seen the light of day for all these years. The words are reproduced for the first time in these pages. His favourite Scotch ballad to-day, and one he often sings, is "Jenny Geddes."

GIVE A FEE.

(A NEW SONG FOR YOUNG BARRISTERS.)

[Air: *Buy a Broom.*]

O LISTEN, of Scotch and of Civil Law Doctors all,
Solicitors, Agents, Accountants, to me!
O listen, of strifes and of law-suits concoctors all,
And give to a poor starving lawyer a fee!
Give a fee! give a fee! give a fee!
O give to a poor starving lawyer a fee!

Ei Du mein lieber first fee! mein first fee! mein first fee!
O when wilt thou tinkle so sweet to my ear?

From a] PROFESSOR BLACKIE AT THIRTY-FIVE. [*Photograph.*

Weeks I wait, months I wait, years all in vain I wait,
Ei Du mein lieber first fee, when wilt thou appear?

The soldier and sailor they dash on and splash on,
And, sure of their pay, scour the land and the sea;
But we peak and pine here,
and long, long years pass on
Before our eyes blink at our first guinea fee.
Give a fee, &c.

The Church is an Eden of violets and roses,
The Bishop its Adam from drudgery free;
The big burly priest on his soft down reposes,
While we still must fag on, and cry, "Give a fee!"
Give a fee, &c.

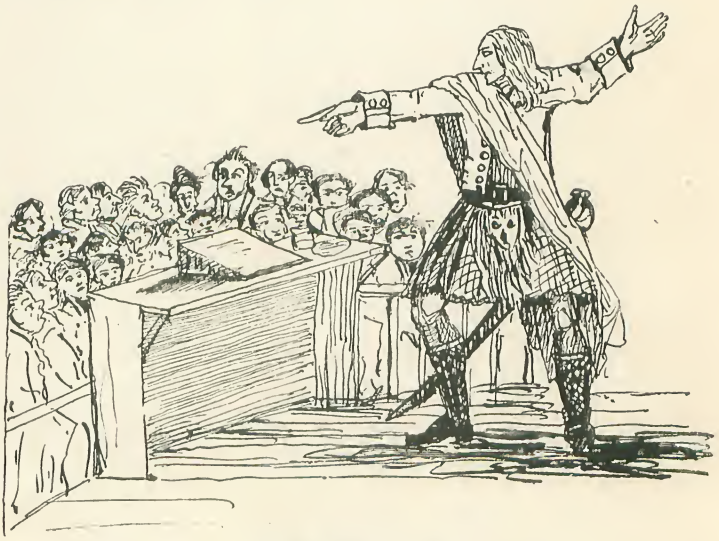
The quack he sells wholesale his pills universal,
And straight waxes richer than sagest M.D.,
But we still must con o'er the same dull rehearsal,
And leave one or two old stagers for to pocket the fee!
Give a fee, &c.

Some men who can worship the star that's ascendant,
One speech from the hustings whips up to the sky;
But I, who in all things am most independent—
Except in my purse—in the mud here I lie.
Give a fee, &c.

Here sit I, all frozen; my youth's glowing visions
See-saw, like a Chinese Joss, or a Turkish Cadi.
I seek for no learning beyond the Decisions,
And my soul's proud ideal is a bright guinea fee.
Give a fee, &c.

My cheeks they are yellow, my hair it is grey, sir;
Mine eyes are deep sunk in my head, as you see;
I feel life's sear Autumn when scarce past its May, sir,
And still I am waiting my first guinea fee!
Give a fee! give a fee! give a fee!
O force me no longer to cry, "Give a fee!"
1834.

"Finally," he said, "at the age of thirty, I found my talents for the bar were small, so I gave it up. In 1841 I was appointed to the newly-formed chair of Latin Literature in Marischal College, Aberdeen." The world knows his work and his successful efforts to better the condition of his fellow-creatures too well for the subject to call for lengthy remark here. His books are extensively read, the two which have had the largest sale being "Self-Culture" and "Life of Burns." His metrical translation of Goethe's "Faust" was done in four months; his "Homer and the Iliad," which occasioned much research, took altogether ten years to complete, but was only worked at as a summer recreation. One of the triumphs of his life was that of founding the Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh. Here is the story :—



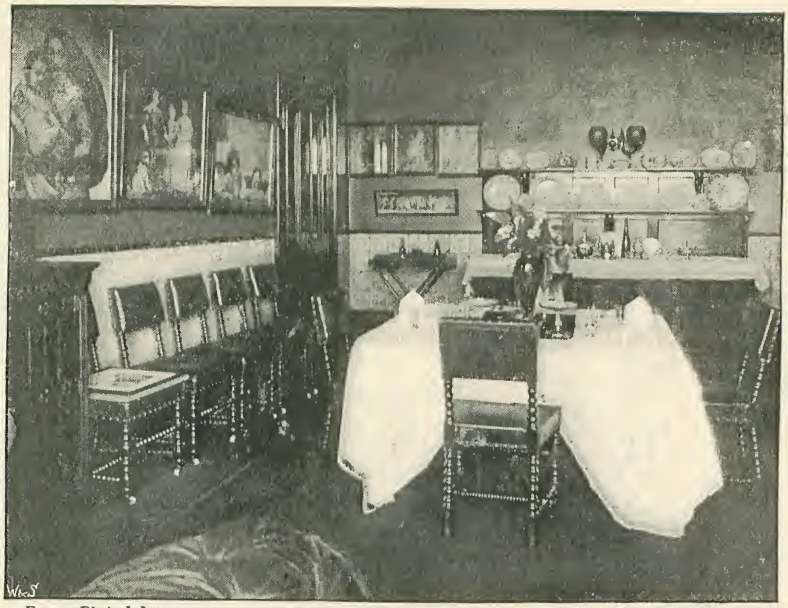
THE PROFESSOR IN A KILT.
From a Pen-and-ink Sketch by his Brother-in-law.

Men and what to think of them

Don't blame mankind; till Nature go to school,
And learn sometimes to think yourself a fool;
You'd have no birds but Eagles in your Sea,
And make all hills as high as Nevis Ben;
Be wise, nor hope nor fear great things from men.
What Plato says is true and very true!
We buy good and very bad or few.

J. S. Blackie

Lines written by PROFESSOR BLACKIE especially for "THE STRAND MAGAZINE."



From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

"The Highlanders wanted a Celtic Chair of Literature, and I was asked to undertake the task. Now, I am not accustomed to begging. I was told if I didn't beg the thing would go to the wall. Well, I said I would try. During that four years of begging I got a great insight into human nature. In a word, the art of begging is simply this—if you want the Duke you must first get the Duchess. There is more sympathy in women in these matters. When I had got about £5,000 Her Majesty at Inverary Castle subscribed £200. The Princess Louise said to me, 'How do you expect to get the rest of the money?'

"'Oh, some way or other, your Royal Highness,' I replied.

"'But how?' the Princess insisted.

"'Faith removes mountains,' I replied," and the enthusiastic Professor might have added "Scotch mountains," for it was no easy task to move the pockets of the people ere the £10,000 was obtained, and the Celtic Chair was an accomplished fact. His great fervour of Celtic enthusiasm led to the drawing of a caricature by his brother-in-law, which is shown in the adjoining cut.

Professor Blackie loves the Germans. All the books he has in his library, implying thought and learning, have the names of German writers on their backs. He doesn't care for the French, for the natural reason that he is so fond of the Germans. Neither does he like the French language—"It is too snippy," he says, "scrappy and polished. French is a polite corruption of Latin, whilst Italian, though a variation of Latin, has much dignity and sweetness about it." He regards the Baron Von Bunsen as the finest type of a human being he ever met, whilst Max Müller is the only German he knows who can write perfectly good English, and has the rare threefold gift of learning, piety, and common sense.

When I left the study, in response to the sound of the gong in the hall, it was not without a half-sheet of notepaper, on which were written a few lines specially for these pages, and entitled "Men, and What to Think of Them."

In the dining-room I met Mrs. Blackie, a woman of great culture and rare kindness. She has been a wifely help to her husband for nearly fifty years, for the morning of their golden wedding will dawn in April. Even to-day when her husband writes her a letter, he calls her "Oke," a Greek word which means "swift." It was a happy quartette at the luncheon table—Professor Blackie and his wife, Dr. Stodart Walker and myself. The Professor's milk was in a glass, keeping warm by the fire, but to-day,—to-day, owing to the presence of "visitors,"—port wine was substituted for the creamy fluid. Such was his repast, with a little Scotch home-made ginger-bread, Delicious!

A word is whispered across the table—"Carlyle!"

"I knew Carlyle intimately," Professor Blackie said, responding to the whispered name, "but I was not one of his out-and-out worshippers at all. His work was to rouse the world; but I was wide awake, and required no rousing. I thought him somewhat despotic and tyrannical; though, mark you, he possessed extraordinary pictorial power, and was a good Scotchman. I admired his genius, and perhaps his bark was worse than his bite. He was hard-hearted, and hated sinners. He called here once just when the great noise was going on about the convicts being underfed. He began talking about them. 'Puir fellows! puir fellows!' he said, 'give them brown soup and a footstool, and kick them to the devil!'

"Carlyle was a great talker, and he would talk, talk, talk, and never give one a chance to contradict his assertions. I have a habit—one of many years' standing—of going up to London once every year. I do it now. I always called on Carlyle at Chelsea, generally on Sunday evenings. One night I contrived, by starting as soon as I got into the room, to open the conversation, and went on from topic to topic, till they mounted to a dozen; but to none of my themes would my stout old friend give an assenting reply. At last in desperation I shouted out, 'Very well, I think you've come to "The Everlasting No," so you and I can't agree.' Off I went, but we remained good friends for all that.

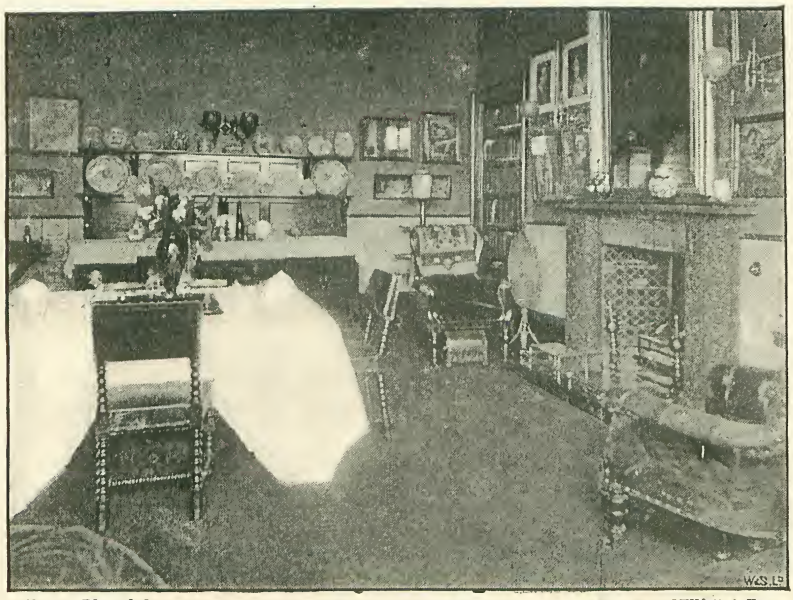
"One night I shook him—yes, shook him. His poor wife used to sit there and never speak. I was in his room on this particular Sunday, and his wife particularly wanted to say something. But there was not the smallest chance. I got up, took hold of him, and giving him a good shaking, cried, 'Let your wife speak, you monster!'; but for all that he wouldn't."

Poor Mrs. Carlyle! She suffered from heart disease. Even when she heard that her husband had made his successful oration as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University she fainted. The circumstances surrounding her death, too, are both painful and tragic. Whilst out in her carriage her little pet dog contrived to get out and was run over. The coachman drove on and on, until at last, receiving no orders, he looked in at the carriage. Whether it was the shock or not will never be known, but his mistress lay there dead.

Carlyle lies buried with his own people at Ecclefechan, whilst his wife rests by the side of her father at Haddington.

Still the name of Carlyle hovers about the dinner table, and Mrs. Blackie contributes her story about him thus:—

"One day," said Mrs. Blackie, "I went to call on Mrs. Carlyle. It was in the afternoon of a very, very hot day. I was just



From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

saying goodbye, when it suddenly occurred to me to ask—referring of course to her husband, 'May I see the great man?' Mrs. Carlyle took me down some dark kitchen stairs, and there, in a corner, with his trousers drawn up to his knees, sat Carlyle on a chair, with his feet and legs in a great tub of cold water!"

BUST OF PROFESSOR BLACKIE AS A YOUNG MAN.

If that little luncheon party was responsible for nothing more, it will be memorable for one thing. It was the scene of the denial of the accuracy of probably one of the most famous anecdotes told of any man. Who has not heard the story? Dr. Stodart Walker related it once again. It is to the effect that one day Professor Blackie caused a notice to be written on the black-board of the class-room, stating that "Professor Blackie will not meet his classes to-day." The story continues that a wag of a student, entering soon after, very unkindly rubbed off the letter c. Still furthermore, so runs the anecdote, the Professor himself entered, and seeing the obliteration of the c, immediately proceeded to wipe out the l!

"It's not true! it's not true!" exclaimed Professor Blackie, dramatically, rising from his chair and striking his fist on the table.

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Blackie, merrily, "it's just what you would have done," and the Professor crossed to his wife, and putting his arms about her neck, kissed her. Then he cried vigorously, as he looked out at 'the weather,' "It's going to be a beautiful afternoon. I'll go out—I'll go out!" In five minutes the blue dressing-gown with the red silk sash, the Panama straw hat, have been cast aside, and the Professor appears in a black frock coat with his plaid cast round him, and a large broad-brimmed black felt hat on his head. We are standing at the door.

"Oh," says the Professor, light-heartedly, as he selects one of the twenty walking-sticks, "I still do my three or four miles a day. But there were times when I lived at Oban, when I would go off for a fortnight's walk on what I used to call 'The One Shirt Expedition.' Why, there's not a high mountain in Scotland that I have not been to the top of, and I've no doubt but that I could do one now—with a rest by the way." We left the house together.

HARRY HOW.

Strong-minded Miss Methuen.

By E. W. Hornung.

WHEN Canon Methuen was offered the least tempting of Australian bishoprics, strong hopes of a refusal were entertained by admirers of that robust and popular divine. His chances of a much more desirable preferment, if he would but wait for it, were, on the one hand, considerable ; and on the other hand was his daughter Evelyn. Miss Methuen, an only unmarried child, was not the one to suffer transportation to the bush, while she *was* the one—the very one—to influence her father's decision. So said those who knew her, showing, as usual, how little they did know her. For whatsoever was novel, romantic-sounding, or unattractive to her friends, most mightily attracted Evelyn Methuen ; and the Australian bishopric possessed all these merits. Her friends were right about the girl's influence in general with their beloved Canon ; they did not over-rate the weight of her say in this particular matter ; but beyond this their fond calculations proved sadly adrift. Evelyn never even paused to consider the thing, say in the light of transportation and live burial ; she jumped at it ; and on this occasion she did not jump back. Her father, who knew her, gave her time for the customary rebound. But this time she knew her mind, and on the fifth day the world learnt that the offer of this Colonial bishopric (of which it had never heard before) had been definitely accepted by the Reverend Canon Methuen.

Miss Methuen had done it, and apparently she knew no regrets. That repentance at leisure of which her father had disquieting visions, founded on past experience of her, did indeed become conspicuous, but only in a delightful manner. She was not, of course, without a proper sorrow at departure : the spires at sunset made her pensive ; she duly cried when the wrench came, but performed that wrench strong-mindedly, notwithstanding. This was her accredited characteristic, strength of mind. It enabled her to tear herself away from a grand old town for which she had an unaffected veneration—where she spent most of her life, where her mother lay buried, where two sisters lived married : from some precious Extension Lectures, in the middle of the Browning Course : from her own little room, made pretty with her own hands, at small cost, with fans and Aspinall and photographs in frames : from those very young men who were foolish about her at this time ; and almost as easily, six weeks later, from the more mature and less impossible admirers of the outward voyage. But—though, to be sure, she had never had absolute occasion for a refusal of marriage—she would have refused Lord Shields himself—*the* fellow-passenger—on the voyage out. Her heart was set upon the wilderness, and on that Bishop's Lodge there, her future home. And the only men for her now were the gallant bushrangers of some stories she made a point of reading before landing—their kind, at least, which of course must still infest the wilderness.

Before reading these romances—that is, until the prospect came of living in Australia—Miss Methuen's ideas of that continent had been very vague, very elementary, and rather funny. Her timely reading gave shape and background to her ideas, but left them funnier than ever ; at all events, it did not prepare her for the place she was going to ; it did not pretend to do so, that romantic literature ; only Miss Methuen had chosen to assume that all Australian scenery would be in the same style. She was prepared, in short, for gullies, gum-trees, caves, ranges, kangaroos, opossums, claims, creeks, snakes in the grass, and chivalrous robbers on the high-road ; but she was not prepared for a dead level of sandy desert, broken only by the river-timbers of a narrow, sluggish stream,

"CALL THIS THE BUSH?"

nor for a wooden township, where the worst weapons of man were strong drink in the head and strong language on the tongue; and this was what she found. Great was the disillusion, and in every respect; it discounted and discoloured all things, even to the Bishop's Lodge, which—with its complete margin of creeper-covered verandah—was charming in everything but situation.

"Call this the bush!—where are the trees?" she said rather petulantly to her father; and, as she looked at his long dust-coat of light-coloured silk, duck trousers, and pith helmet, she might have added: "Call you a Bishop! — where are your gaiters?"

In fact, Miss Methuen's contentment wore away, very nearly, with the novelty. The Bishop saved the situation by taking her with him on his first episcopal round up country. He wore, too, on that round, his gaiters (with a new chum's stout shooting-boots underneath) and black garments, for the cool weather was coming on. They had a delightful cruise among the sheep-stations of the diocese (a little district the size of England), their pilot being the Bishop's Chaplain, who, as it happened, was a son of the soil. They gave the hospitality of the squatter a splendid trial, and found that celebrated Colonial quality rated not at all too high. The Bishop held services in the queerest places, and administered holy rites to the most picturesque ruffians, winning in all quarters the respect and admiration of men not prone to respect or to admire, for his broad shoulders and grizzled beard and his erect six feet, as well as for the humanity and virility of every sentence in his simple, telling addresses. Evelyn, perhaps, was admired less; but she did not suspect this, and she enjoyed herself vastly. There were gentlemanly young overseers at nearly all the stations. These young men, naturally taken with the healthy colour and good looks of the English girl, were sufficiently attentive, and seemed duly impressed by her conversation. So they were; but clever Evelyn was not clever in her topics; she talked Browning to them, and culture, and the "isms"; and they mimicked her afterwards—the attentive young men. But this she did not suspect either. She returned from the cruise in the highest spirits, her preconceptions of the bush not realised, indeed, but forgotten; and after weeks among the stations the wooden town seemed a different and a better place, and the Bishop's Lodge a paradise of ease and beauty.

But during the less eventful period of the Bishop's ministry at head-quarters, the delight on his daughter's part tapered, as her delights invariably did in the absence of variety. She began systematically to miss things "after old England;" and here the Bishop could sympathise, though the forced expression of his sympathy galled his contented and tolerant nature. He pointed out that comparison was scarcely fair, and hinted that it lay with Evelyn, as with himself, at once to enjoy and to improve the new environment. But of course there were matters for regret, occasions for a sigh.

The service of the sanctuary was necessarily less sumptuous here than in the old English minster; and Evelyn had a soul of souls for high mass, and the exaltation of the spirit through the senses. Then when the service was over, there were no young curates of culture to step in to Sunday supper or dinner, as the case might be. This was a want of another kind; it is not suggested that it was the greater want. The social gap, certainly, was an unattractive feature of Bishop's Lodge, where even the young overseers, who talked with a twang and had barely heard of Browning—never of William Morris—where even those unlettered savages had been royally welcomed visitors. As it was, the only visitors, almost, were the Chaplain and his wife, who did not count, as they practically lived at the Lodge. Nor was either of this excellent couple to Evelyn's taste. The Chaplain, indeed, was but a bushman with a clean mouth; clerical, to the eye, in his clothes only. No one could have accused him of polish—nor yet, let us state, of laziness or insincerity. Evelyn, however, tilted her nose at him. As for the Chaplain's wife, she was just one of those kind, unpretentious women who are more apt to be spoken of as "bodies." She did many things for Evelyn; but she had also many children, and spoilt the lot; so that Evelyn could do nothing but despise her. For, in her reputed strong mind, Miss Methuen nursed a catholic contempt for human weaknesses of every shade.

When, however, the time came for further episcopal visitations, Evelyn, who accompanied her father as before, once more enjoyed herself keenly. Her enjoyment was certainly enhanced by the fact that the ground traversed was not the old ground. But this turned out to be her last treat of the kind for some time to come. The next round of travels was arranged with the express object of Confirmation, and the Bishop seemed to feel that on this occasion the companionship of his daughter might be out of place. He decided, at all events, to take no one but the Chaplain. So Evelyn was left behind with the Chaplain's wife, and neither lady had a very delightful time. The girl spent most of hers in writing exhaustive letters to her friends, prolix with feminine minutiæ, but pathetically barren of the adventures which she longed to recount, if not to experience. In particular she corresponded with some old friends in Sydney, at whose fashionable residence she had spent a night before accompanying her father up-country. These people sympathised with her on many sheets of expensive note-paper. The letters became mutually gushing; and long before the Bishop's return, Evelyn had arranged to spend the term of his next absence with her opulent friends in Sydney.

When he did return, Evelyn, as it happened, was not in the house. In point of fact, she was reading under the gum-trees by the sluggish little river, but, as usual, the Chaplain's wife was not in the unnecessary secret of her whereabouts. Evelyn's book on this occasion had itself a strong odour of the gum-trees, for it chanced to be the Poems of the bush poet, Lindsay Gordon. Now Evelyn, having attended University Extension Lectures on the subject of "Modern Poetry," was of course herself an authority on that subject; equally of course she found much to criticise in these bush ballads. What, however, not even Miss Methuen could find fault with, was their local colour. She had seen it herself up the country; she only wished she had seen more of it—more of Gordon's bush and Gordon's bushmen. Oddly enough, though, in his book, the verses that attracted her most were never written by Gordon at all:—

> "Booted, and bearded, and burnt to a brick,
> I loaf along the street;
> I watch the ladies tripping by,
> And I bless their dainty feet."

She liked these lines well enough to learn them, and it was impossible to avoid glancing at her own dainty feet in doing so. Why did *she* never encounter the booted bushman who had seen better days?

> "I watch them here and there,
> With a bitter feeling of pain;
> Ah! what wouldn't I give to feel
> A lady's hand again!"

"Ah!" echoed Evelyn, looking at her own small hand, "and what wouldn't *I* give—to pull some poor fellow to the surface with *you!*"

And indeed she was ready to give much, having some soul for the romantic, and being bored.

Looking up from her book, she was startled to see her father hurrying towards her, his fine face beaming with gladness. Evelyn beamed too, and they embraced in the road, very prettily. The Bishop explained his early arrival; the last stages he, even he, had driven furiously—to get back to his darling girl. Then he thrust

"SHE WAS STARTLED TO SEE HER FATHER."

his strong, kind arm through hers, and led her home. But as they neared the Lodge his steps hesitated.

"My dear, I have a confession to make to you."

"A confession! Have you done something naughty, father?"

"Yes! I have taken pity on an undeserving young man. You know, Evelyn, this colony is full of educated young men who have gone hard down hill until reaching the bottom here in the bush. I have come across I can't tell you how many instances up country, men from our Universities and public schools, living from year's end to year's end in lonely huts, mere boundary-riders and whim-drivers."

"Contemptible creatures!" exclaimed Miss Evelyn, with virtuous vigour. "I have no sympathy with them, not an atom!"

Though Gordon was still under her arm, the bushman who had seen better days had vanished quite out of her head, which contained, as we know, a strong mind, and was perhaps rather swollen by conscious strength.

The Bishop was not pleased.

"Come, come, Evelyn! I do not like to hear my dear girl settle questions in that way—questions of humanity, too. It was not our blessed Lord's way, Evelyn, my darling! However, the young man I speak of has done nothing to merit anyone's contempt—nothing, nothing," averred the Bishop, with disingenuous emphasis. "He is merely a young fellow who came out to the Colonies and—and has not as yet done as well as he hoped to do. And I found I had been at school with his father!"

"Where is he now?" asked Evelyn, divining that he was not far off.

"Here in the house," confessed the Bishop. "He goes on in the coach—it leaves in an hour, at seven; and, Evelyn, my dear, I'd rather you didn't see him before he went. He is going down to Sydney to get himself some decent clothes, and I have also asked him to have his beard shaved off, as he is quite a young man. The fact is, he will be back here in a fortnight, and you will see him then; for he is coming back as my Lay Reader!"

They covered some yards in silence. Then Evelyn casually inquired the young man's name, and her father told her that it was Follet; Christian name Samuel, after the Bishop's old schoolfellow. As they approached the house, the Bishop persuaded his daughter to efface herself until the coach had gone; it was not fair, he said, to meet the young man as he was, when in a few days he would come back a different being. It would have been inevitable, such a meeting, had Evelyn been in when they arrived; but now that it was so easily avoidable, would she not have the strength of mind to avoid it? He knew she must feel very inquisitive. So she did; but she loved, above most things, an appeal to her strength of mind. She promised. To see, however, was not to meet. And strong-minded Evelyn contrived to see—through a window of the room in which the future reader was waiting—herself unseen in the gathering shades.

She could not see much: a slim young man sitting over the fire; a bronzed face,

illumined by the flames with flickering patches of orange; thick black hair; a thin black beard; moleskins, leggings,

"A BRONZED FACE ILLUMINED BY THE FLAMES."

Crimean shirt, and a felt wideawake on the floor between his feet. This was absolutely all that Evelyn saw. But it was enough. The contempt she felt or affected for weak humanity did not trouble her just then. Miss Methuen forgot it. Miss Methuen, for one rare moment, forgot herself. She saw before her the burnt and bearded bushman who had known better days. And the sight was good in her eyes.

In a fortnight he would be back there as Lay Reader!

How a Bishop, who was also a man of the world, came to make so injudicious an arrangement, only Bishop Methuen could explain. The chances are that in contemplation of the evils from which it was to be his blessed privilege to rescue this young man, he lost sight of others of a less shocking description. Certainly that night, when he removed his pipe from his teeth (for this prelate smoked like any shearer) to kiss good-night to his daughter, and when Evelyn said, really meaning it at the moment, that she would do all *she* could for the permanent reformation of poor Mr. Follet—certainly it did not seem to the Bishop, just then, that he had made an injudicious arrangement.

Within the fortnight Follet duly reappeared—a quietly-dressed, clean-shaven, earnest young man. And within the week after that he found it impossible to sail under false colours with one so honest and high-souled, so frank and strong-minded as Miss Methuen. He told her his story—and the worst part of it, which the Bishop had not told her—in a sudden burst of mingled shame and thankfulness, and in a chance five minutes in the starlit verandah. His curse had been drink! Yet Miss Methuen heard this revolting confession without being visibly revolted—even without that contemptuous curl which came too easily to her lips.

"Forgive me," he murmured, "forgive me for telling you! I couldn't help it! I *can't* go on pretending to have been what I have not been—not to *you*, who are so honest, and frank, and strong!"

"How do you know I am strong?" asked the girl, colouring with pleasure; for he had fingered the mainspring of her vanity.

"I see it."

"Oh, but I am not."

"You are! you are!" he exclaimed, contradicting her almost as vehemently as she desired. "And now you can never think the same of me again—though you will not show it!"

"You are wrong," whispered Evelyn, in her softest tone. "I will think all the more of you—for having climbed out of that pit! You are going on climbing now: only think how much nobler it will be to have climbed from the bottom of the horrible pit, than had you started from the level land, and never fallen!"

And, indeed, the sentiment itself was not

free from nobility. As she uttered it she gave him her hand, frankly and cordially. Then she left him alone in the starlight, inspired to do and to dare glorious things, and burning to scale the glittering heights of divine enterprise—always supported by the strong soul of Evelyn Methuen.

"SHE GAVE HIM HER HAND, FRANKLY AND CORDIALLY."

The obvious sequel of that starry night took place just two months later—it was surely very creditable to both parties that it did not take place much sooner. At length, however, on a similar night of stars, only in the warmer air of November, Miss Methuen found herself in the angle of Follet's arm—heard him whisper to the sweet end what others, mere boys, had but timidly and tentatively begun in the old days at home—found her head lying back upon his shoulder—and breathed, scarcely knowing it, an answer which deserved a finer deliberation than she had given it. You see, it was the first time she had been properly and definitely asked in marriage, the incomparable Miss Methuen.

Then Bishop Methuen made the force of his character unpleasantly apparent.

For so gentle and godly a man, he showed a truly amazing capacity for anger—and anger of a very downright, usual, and Britannic description. Angry, however, as he was with the culprits, he was still more angry with himself; and—what was *not* usual, but the very reverse—this made him blame the culprits less and himself more. Putting the pair on parole, he promised to give the matter fair consideration, and he did so in portentous privacy. Then emerging, like the jury, after a mercifully "short delay," he gave what was really, on the whole, a most merciful verdict. Evelyn was to go down to Sydney, and stay with her fine friends there as many months as they would have her—six, if possible. There were to be no letters, no direct communication of any kind. But, if they were both of the same mind when Evelyn came back—and always supposing Follet was as zealous and earnest a worker then as now—then the Bishop would consider the whole matter afresh. They need not look for an unconditional consent even then. The very promise of reconsideration was essentially conditional.

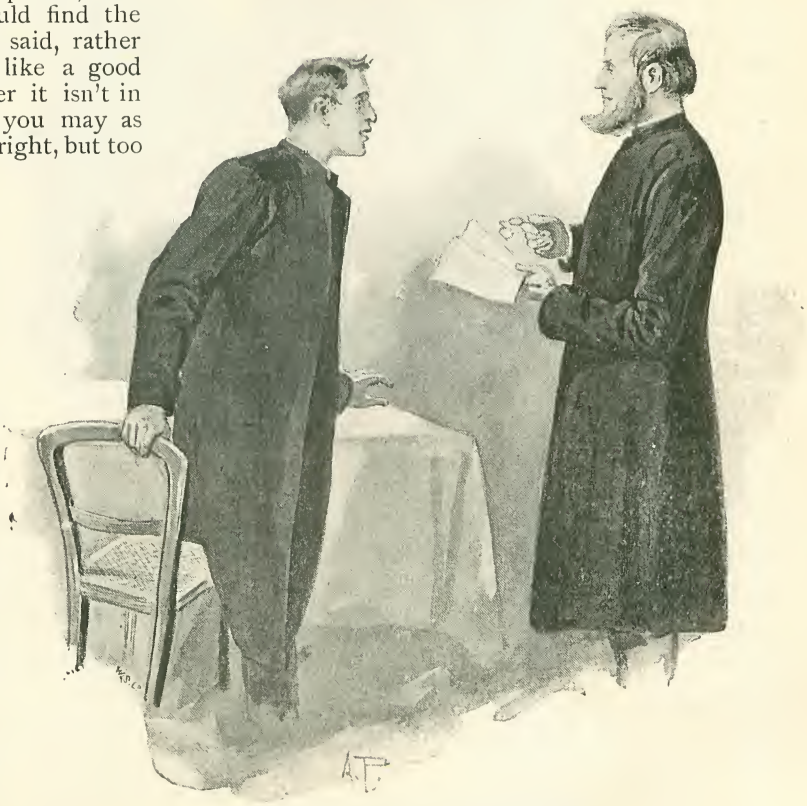
So Miss Methuen went down to Sydney a month before Christmas; and the Bishop, in his human inconsistency, granted her a long interview with Follet on the eve of her departure. Nor did Dr. Methuen's goodness end then or there: he was ridiculously good to Follet from that time forth. The very next day he made the young man fetch his trunks from the Chaplain's house, where hitherto he had lodged, and keep bed and board henceforward at the Lodge. Both were free; and it was the Bishop, of course, who had paid for those trunks and their contents, not as a present (so he said), but as an advance of salary. He would have had us remember that the young fellow was his old schoolfellow's son. The young fellow, however, had amiable characteristics of his own. More than this, he was of real use to the Bishop, being, in spite of his

sins, more to the manner born than the honest (but indigenous) Chaplain. A strong mutual affection came into being between the old man and the young one, and daily increased—an attachment apart from gratitude. Follet's gratitude was a thing by itself, something never expressed in words nor by any conscious look or act. Unconsciously he expressed it every day. And these bonds were supplemented by one still stronger—that is, on Follet's side: the impalpable bond of Evelyn. They seldom spoke of her; never in any but the most casual connection. But Follet loved to think of the good old man as Evelyn's father. The Bishop, on the contrary, hated to think of Follet as her lover. He knew Evelyn better than Evelyn knew herself.

The girl's letters naturally were mentioned when they arrived, though they never, of course, contained a message. The nearest the pair came to joining hands over Evelyn was, however, in the matter of a letter from her. It came when the Bishop was busy; it begged him to send her a certain book of poems, and when nobody could find the book, the Bishop said, rather testily: "Write, like a good fellow, and tell her it isn't in the house. And you may as well say we're all right, but too busy—well, that we're busy." The Bishop remembered what he was doing; yet he presently added, "Stay! If there's anything to interest her, say it; it will save me a letter; and really I am *very* busy!" Nor was the inconsistency merely human this time; the Bishop was curious to see what notice would be taken of Follet's letter. Would her next be nominally to Follet direct, in answer, or would she thank him in a message? There was justifiable occasion for the former course: but Evelyn did not seize the occasion: she took no notice at all! Then the Bishop became vastly uneasy, and wished with all his heart that he did not know his daughter so well.

This was not until the fifth month of Evelyn's absence, and her friends in Sydney had been only too delighted to take her for the six; but long before that time had elapsed the Bishop was upset by a telegram announcing that she was already on her way home. No reason, no explanatory hint was given. He who knew her so well was prepared for anything. It was a two days' journey, she could not arrive before the evening following the receipt of her telegram. In his perplexity the Bishop took the news straight to Sam Follet.

That young man was now reading earnestly for Orders. He had, indeed, been intended for the Church from early years; but he was a clergyman's son; he had disappointed, and been sent to the colonies—to the dogs, in other words—for it is so with



"IN AN INSTANT FOLLET WAS ON HIS LEGS."

those who are sent out to be got rid of. But now Bishop Methuen was in communication with his rejoicing old schoolfellow, and the boy was to be ordained after all. The Bishop found him busy reading in his bedroom. This was the first time he had intruded on him there. Follet was seated at a little table touching the wall; from a peg high over the table depended a surprising collection of old garments, crowned by a grey felt wide-awake. They interested the Bishop in spite of his errand; he was glad, besides, to curve round to the point; so, as Follet turned round in his chair, he greeted him extempore:—

"What in the name of fortune are those things over your head, my dear boy?"

Follet blushed a little, tilted his chair backward, eyed the queer garments, and rather timorously answered:

"They're my old bush togs, sir. I keep them there to—to remind me—that is, so that I shan't forget——"

He stuck. The Bishop hastily changed the subject by coming to his point. In an instant Follet was on his legs, his face transfigured.

"You'll let me meet the coach, won't you?—— Oh, I forgot! One of us has to go to Stratford Downs to-morrow!"

"You must be the one," said the Bishop. "*I* must be the one to see Evelyn first," he added, in a reminding tone. "I can't divine what is fetching her home so suddenly as this!" And as he watched the summer-lightning play of joy and anxiety over the young man's face, his heart pained for him, for he did divine evil.

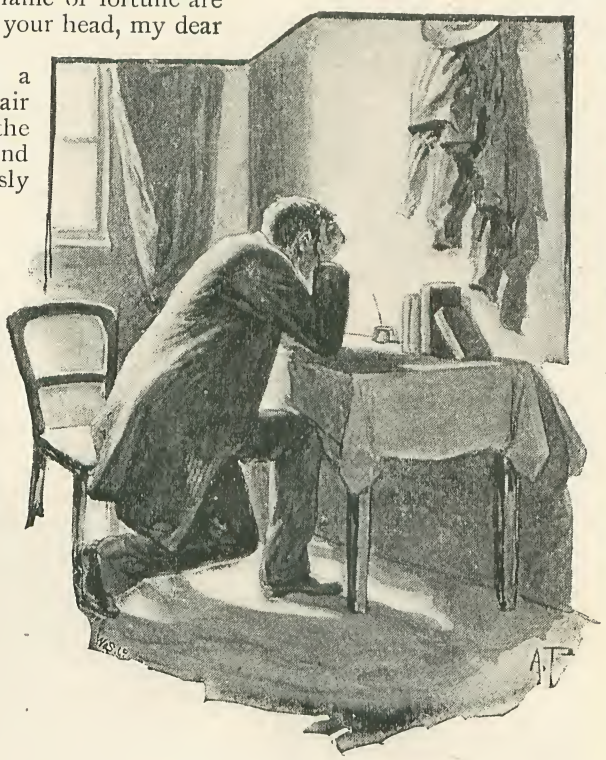
He knew Evelyn only too well.

"I am glad he is not in," she said when she arrived. Her eyes and manner betrayed excitement, with difficulty controlled. "And oh, father! how thankful I am you wouldn't let me be engaged to him!"

"Why?" asked the Bishop, sternly, as he instinctively put her hands from him.

Miss Methuen tremblingly skinned the glove from her left hand, which she held up to her father's eyes, only to dazzle them with the blaze of diamonds on the third finger. The sight hit him to the heart, stopping its beat.

"Yes, I never really loved him! I know it now—now that I really love! What will he do to me, do you think? Will he kill me? I thought I loved him, God knows I did, but I never really loved before! Father! why don't you speak to me? I am engaged. You cannot prevent it—you will not want to when you know all, when you know *him!* Speak to me, father! Say *something.*"



"FOLLET TOOK IT BADLY."

But the Bishop only stung her with his eye.

"You'll break it to him, father? Then I'll see him myself. He'll be more merciful than you! Oh! but you will be glad some day, when you know *him.* You will be glad when you see me happy. I never honestly loved before! And he is coming to see you as soon as ever he can leave his business."

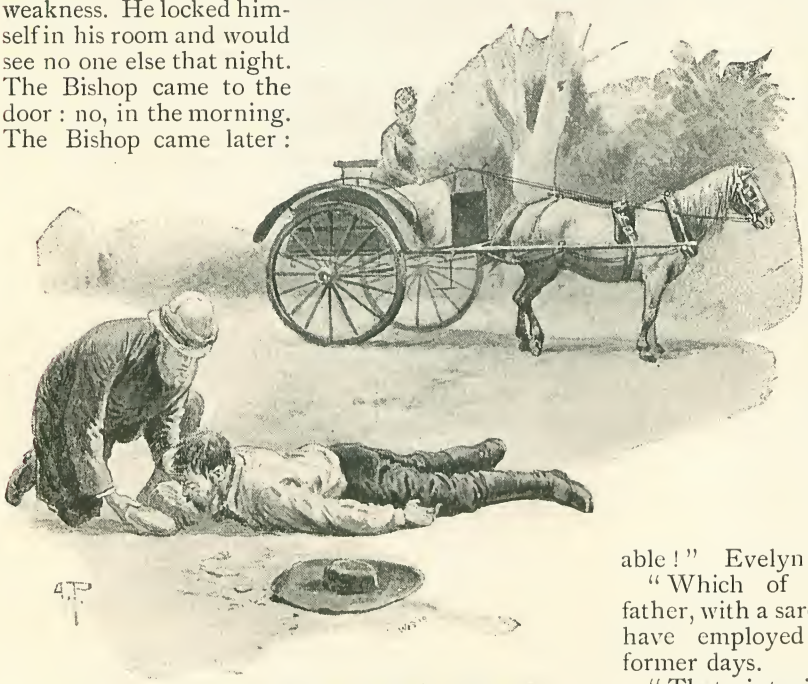
"What is his business?" asked the Bishop.

"He is in wholesale jewellery—*wholesale.*"

Few would have recognised Dr. Methuen in the glance he cast at the resplendent diamond ring. He could have torn it from his daughter's finger and stamped upon it under her eyes. Wholesale, indeed! There

was scant need to insist on that extenuating word.

That night the Bishop broke the blow: and Follet took it badly. Later, Miss Methuen had the strength of mind to insist on facing him herself; and from her he bore it even worse. Miss Methuen must have felt considerable contempt for his weakness. He locked himself in his room and would see no one else that night. The Bishop came to the door: no, in the morning. The Bishop came later:



"HE PLACED THE STONE UNDER THE SLEEPER'S FOREHEAD."

he was sobbing. Later still, however—much later—his breathing sounded easy and even. The Bishop crept away on tip-toe, and himself lay down, after intercessory prayer; but early in the morning he went again to the door; and there was no more sound of breathing within. The wind came through the keyhole, no other breath touched the ear; a thread of sunlight marked the bottom of the door. In sudden frenzy the Bishop burst it open, and stood panting in an empty room, his beard bisected by the draught between the open window and the broken door. The bushman's clothes had vanished from their peg; those of the Reader lay neatly folded on the little table underneath.

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The wholesale jeweller was for some time prevented by the exigencies of a thriving business from following Evelyn up country. She had worn his grand ring upwards of a month, when, while driving with her father in the neighbourhood of the river, she descried a man lying on his face in the sun, with his hat off. Evelyn pointed with the finger of contempt to this self-evident case of drunkenness; and the Bishop also took characteristic action. He stopped the buggy, handed the reins to Evelyn, and jumped out. The man lay at a distance, which Bishop Methuen covered at the double. He found a flat stone, placed it under the sleeper's forehead, and fixed the wideawake as securely as possible over the back of his head and neck. Then he returned to the buggy, again running, and drove homeward at an unusual rate.

"How despicable!" Evelyn exclaimed.

"Which of us?" asked her father, with a sarcasm he would not have employed towards her in former days.

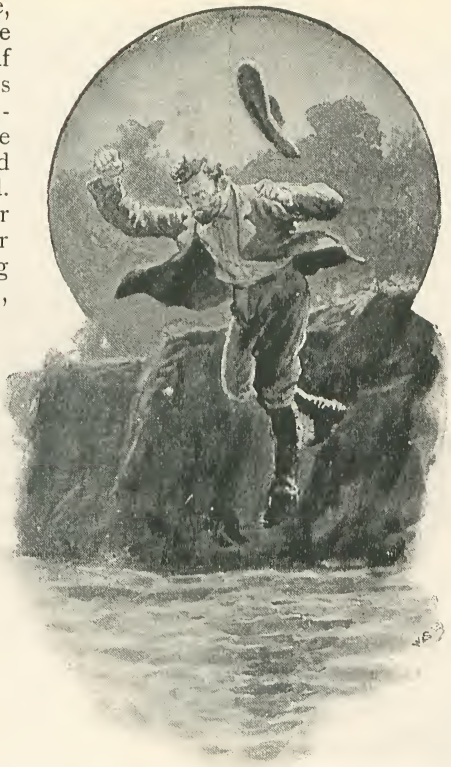
"That intoxicated wretch, of course!"

Dr. Methuen lashed his horses. "Evelyn," said he between the strokes, "I profoundly wish that you would be less free with your contempt. There are worse sins than drunkenness, which is chiefly shocking. You should pray to avoid those sins—mark me, they are so much the worse for not *looking* so bad—and try yourself to be becomingly humble."

Evelyn, not unnaturally, sulked during the remainder of that drive. She was too much offended to take notice even of the unwonted pace. On reaching the Lodge she went straight to her room. And the Bishop, saddling his riding horse with his own hands, galloped back to the spot where he had left the drunken sleeper. The man was gone. The Bishop had recognised him; he was unaware that the man was then in the recovering stage, and that he had himself been recognised.

He scoured the country. Late in the evening, which was very dark, with a sandy

wind, he rode slowly home, completely crestfallen. He bitterly upbraided himself for having spared Evelyn's feelings with a result infinitely more deplorable than any scene she could have created on the road. He had imagined the poor fellow to be incapable for hours to come. Leaving the horse with the groom, he was following round the picket-fence to the front gate, as the night was so dark, when a figure rose from the ground at his very feet. Dr. Methuen had no time to draw back. Strong arms embraced him, a heart thumped thrice against his own, and then the Bishop was left standing alone, peering into the darkness and dust, and listening to the dying beat of footsteps he should never overtake.



"HE JUMPED INTO THE RIVER."

And this was the last he saw of his old schoolfellow's son. Some few weeks later came the noted night when the wholesale jeweller was at length known to be on his way inland to caress the hand that exhibited his merely representative ring. On that night the Bishop read in *The Grazier* of the violent death of Samuel Follet, by drowning, many miles higher up the river. It appeared that the young man's condition had become such as to necessitate a constant supply of watchers ; that from one of these he had broken away, jumping into the river and being drowned, as stated. This was all. The Bishop had been alone with it more than an hour when Evelyn came in to bid him good-night. The paper was clenched tightly in his two hands. The pipe between his teeth had long been cold.

Of late there had been little enough in common between Evelyn and her father ; but to-night she desired to say more than the customary three words. She was in great spirits, naturally ; she wanted to talk. She shut the door and sat down ; she sat down in the chair in which Follet had sat night after night for nearly five months.

"Do not sit there, Evelyn."

Dr. Methuen had found his voice, but to Evelyn it seemed a new voice. It was harsh, yet it quavered. She rose hastily, and as she rose the diamonds on her finger lightened under the lamp.

"Why not ? "

"Because—because I wish to be alone."

She stooped to kiss him.

"Do not kiss me ! " he cried, pushing back his chair.

"Why—why *ever* not ? "

"I am smoking strong tobacco."

"You are not ; your pipe is out."

"I don't think so," said the Bishop, attempting in quite good faith to animate that corpse. "Good-night, Evelyn."

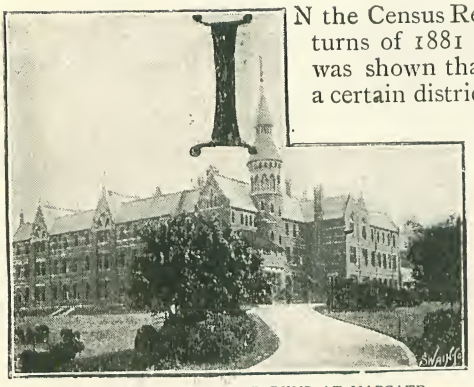
"You are vexed with me ! " exclaimed the girl, indignantly. "I won't go until you tell me the reason. Pray, what have I done ? "

Then the Bishop could contain it no longer—and he never forgave himself for what he did. He jumped up, holding out the paper, and answered with a trembling finger on the place :

"This ! "

How the Deaf and Dumb are Educated.

By Edward Salmon.



ASYLUM FOR DEAF AND DUMB AT MARGATE.

IN the Census Returns of 1881 it was shown that a certain district in Ireland contained an unprecedentedly large number of deaf and dumb. Not only was the record of the proportion to the hearing and speaking broken, but the relative increase in the afflicted was so alarming, that special inquiry was made into the matter, with a view to ascertaining, if possible, what were the local conditions which had brought so many afflicted mortals into existence. The explanation was at once simple and reassuring. The enumerator, with a genius for actualities thoroughly Irish, had included under the heading Deaf and Dumb all babes who had neither learnt to speak nor to understand what was said to them. I am tempted to make a statement hardly less startling than that of the Irish census taker, and containing just about the same amount of truth. It is that I have heard the dumb speak! or rather, in order that a Commission may not be appointed to inquire into the accuracy of these words, let me say I have heard the reputed dumb speak. "But not really use their tongues?" some of my readers, like many of my personal friends, will no doubt exclaim. Yes, really: I have held converse by word of mouth with children who were born deaf or who became deaf at so early an age that if they ever heard a sound, it has been of the smallest possible use to them. Last year I was privileged to describe in these pages some of the remarkable triumphs accomplished in the education of those doomed to live their lives in darkness. Since then I have had before me, more or less constantly, the question of the education of the deaf, and have come across many things more extraordinary even than the placing of the blind on all but a practical footing of equality with the seeing.

In these days, what I may call the higher education of the deaf and dumb has reached a stage bordering on perfection and wonderland. During the last twenty years an animated controversy has been carried on by the respective advocates of two systems—the oral and the sign. At times it has waxed hot and strong. On the one hand, the friends of the "pure oral," or German system, seek to assure us that even a deaf child can be taught to speak, and to read with its eyes the words uttered by another person's lips. On the other, the supporters of the sign, or French system, declare that the natural means of communication between the deaf and dumb and their fellows is by motions and the manual alphabet. The general public has gone its way paying little heed to the pros and cons of this most fascinating problem. I may be permitted to say, in a quite judicial spirit, that, whether both are right or partially right, or one is utterly wrong, the enthusiasm and spirit with which both defend their positions are equally creditable. The end aimed at is to give the afflicted an education calculated to advance his or her welfare, spiritual and material, in after life. How differently placed is the deaf and dumb child to-day from the unhappy being born into the world in bygone centuries. Now, every civilised country is equipped with colleges, institutions, and homes for his education. England, which to-day, as the result of private enterprise and philanthropy, boasts many first-class institutions, had at the beginning of the century only one public institution for deaf mutes. In olden times, it was believed that it was hopeless to attempt to get at the brain of a being deprived of hearing, and he or she was regarded and treated as an idiot. To bring a deaf child into the world was a disgrace in the eyes of most people, and one or two cases in which the afflicted were reported to have been educated were looked upon as miracles. Wise men of old! If they lived to-day they would know that it is not only possible to educate a person who is deaf and dumb, but one who is deaf, dumb, and blind also. It was not till the sixteenth century that any serious effort seems to have been made to give the deaf

a systematic education, and only in the latter half of the eighteenth century did two great men arise who started it

THE LATE MR. KINSEY.

MRS. KINSEY.

on the lines on which it has since been developed. Heinicke in Germany opened a school to teach speech and lip reading, and the Abbé de l'Épée, moved by the want of provision for the deaf and dumb in France, founded the National Institute for teaching by signs, and won for himself the name of Father of the Deaf Mutes. About the same time a man named Braidwood introduced the oral system into England; but it utterly failed to take root.

The oral system to-day is to be seen at its best at the Ealing Training College for Teachers of the Deaf, now superintended by Mrs. Kinsey, whose late husband and Mr. B. St. J. Ackers, the chief founder of the College, were among the most active spirits in England twenty years since in showing how much there is in the German method. As I made my way to Ealing one day I tried hard to form some idea of what deafness is like. The truth, however, is, that no man with ears and eyes can realise what either deafness or blindness is. To the teacher the difficulty presented by the former is greater than that presented by the latter. A child born blind has the main channel of communication with the brain open, and, so far as speech and hearing, which prepare the way to the education and enlightenment of the mind, go, is on a level of equality with its more fortunate fellows. The deaf, on the contrary, are little removed in this respect from the brute creation, and, except that they have a human brain, would be worse off than the majority of brutes, which, if they cannot talk, at least have ears. How, then, can a child who has never heard a sound be taught consciously to utter a sound? It is with a view to finding out the secret that we are about to visit Ealing College. At this institution, it should be said, signs are absolutely forbidden, and the children have to learn to express their wishes by speech, and to understand what others say by following the motions of the lips. The child is first of all taught sixty sounds, on the phonetic principle. Miss Hewett, the mistress of the School, breathes or blows on the pupil's hand, and makes the pupil repeat the process. Say the letters "sh" are being taught. The pupil watches the teacher's lips, feels the breath on the back of the hand, and in a very little while can emit the compound herself. Other sounds are secured by placing the child's hand at the teacher's throat. The teacher pronounces the letter or word, and the child, placing its hand to its own throat, does its best to repeat the sensation just experienced at the teacher's. The whole thing can only be done by the sense of sight and touch, the latter being the sole

"OTHER SOUNDS ARE SECURED BY PLACING THE CHILD'S HAND AT THE TEACHER'S THROAT."

means the deaf have of perceiving sound, which to them is a vibration they can feel. The deaf are taught to speak by touch, and to hear by sight. Having taught the child its letters with their many phonetic modifications, words and simple sentences are formed, the child always writing what she has said on a blackboard. The patience demanded of the teacher is almost unique, and would be quite unique if greater patience still had not succeeded in breaking down the barrier which shuts off from their fellow-beings those who are blind as well as deaf and dumb. In the course of an hour I had ample cause to admire the spirit which, day after day, year after year, is shown by the teachers of the oral system, whether at Ealing or elsewhere. For instance, a little girl who is quick to learn is selected, and the teacher, pointing to another pupil named Winnie, asks "Who is that?" The children are taught for practice sake to repeat questions before answering, and the response is—

"Who is that? That is Win-*die*."

"No! no!" says the teacher, with a look of surprise, which tells the child immediately that she has not spoken correctly: "not Windie—Win-nie."

"Win-*die*," the child repeats again, and the teacher takes her hand and places it to her throat as she pronounces the name. The result is that the child says "Winnie" instantly. I would commend to those who would care for an object-lesson in the teaching of the deaf to speak and to understand what others speak to say, "Winnie" and "Windie." There is, of course, a difference in the movement of mouth and tongue, but it is very subtle indeed. Then watch a friend's mouth whilst pronouncing the two words. The difference in the position of the lips is almost imperceptible. The difficulty about this name having been got over after many failures, the teacher says, "Run to the door," and the child, repeating "Run to the door," suits the action to the words. Then she is told to "Walk to the window." She walks to the door. The teacher sitting at the opening in the circular desk, which is found useful in oral classes, because it enables all the pupils easily to follow not only her lips, but each other's lips, has been carefully read by the child named Winnie, and, having told the first child she is wrong, turns to Winnie, and says: "You walk to the window," which the child does without hesitation. I then admire the excellence of the writing of several of the pupils, and the teacher, turning to a very bright boy, says: "Go and get me two of Winnie's exercise-books." The boy leaves the room, and returns in a minute with the books. Handing them to Winnie, the teacher tells her to "Take them to the gentleman," and, as the child brings them over to me, I simply cannot realise that I, wide awake as I am, am saying "Thank you" to a child who will know only by her eyes I have said it. Pictures are very useful in educating the deaf. A card, illustrating the nursery rhyme "This is the House that Jack Built," is chosen, and the teacher points to the house, the man, &c., and the child names them. Then the teacher indicates a plot of grass in front of the house.

"That is a field," the child remarks.

"It is not a field," the teacher says; "what is it?"

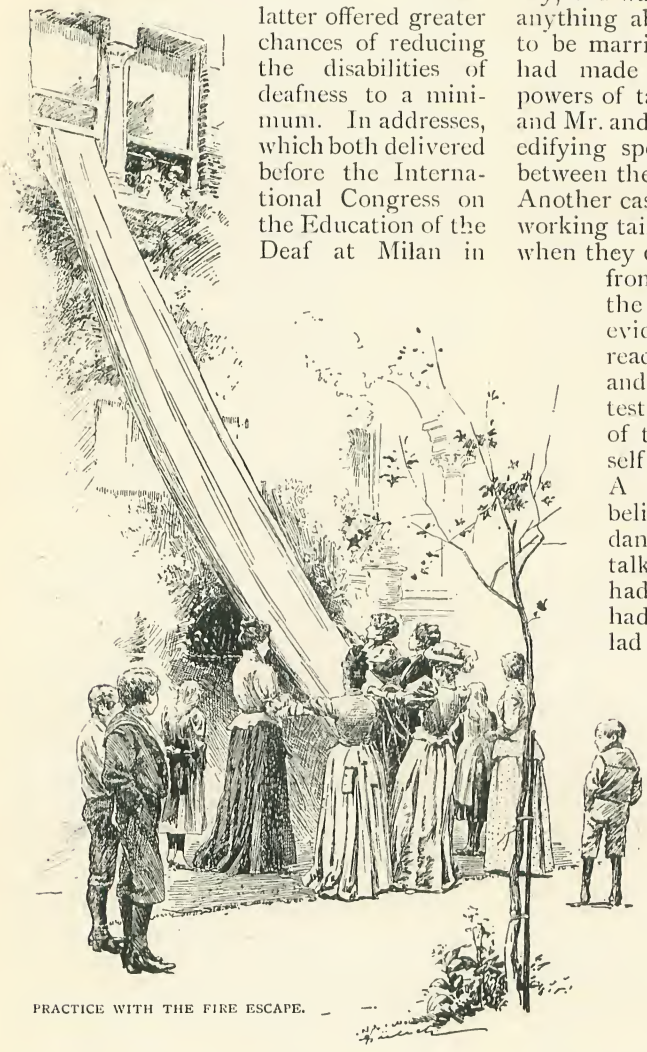
The child shakes her head, and the teacher takes her to the window, and points to the garden. "What is that?"

"That is a garden," answers the child, and she then understands that the grass around the house in the picture represents a garden, and not a field.

Mrs. Kinsey some time ago secured a canvas fire-escape. The children find it great fun getting out of the window and shooting down to the ground. Presently, therefore, we went into the garden to see some practice. Mrs. Kinsey tried an experiment soon after she received the escape, and found that she could get the dozen or more children out of the house in the event of fire in less than five minutes. As they came down one after another, they laughed and talked, saying how they liked it. I did not notice a sign during my two visits to Ealing College, and it seemed to me, rightly or wrongly, that what the pupils could not say by word of mouth they simply left unsaid.

The question now to be asked is, of what practical value is the oral system? Does it enable the deaf who have been thoroughly trained under it to take their place in the world on anything like equal terms with the hearing? Some oralists would not hesitate to give an affirmative reply. Mr. Ackers, to whom, as I have said, the existence of Ealing College is chiefly due—as another well-known oral school in Fitzroy-square is due to the munificence of the late Baroness Meyer de Rothschild—went into the matter thoroughly when his little girl, at three months old, lost her hearing. Mr. and Mrs. Ackers travelled in

Europe and America studying the French and German systems, and came to the conclusion that the latter offered greater chances of reducing the disabilities of deafness to a minimum. In addresses, which both delivered before the International Congress on the Education of the Deaf at Milan in 1880, they gave some instances of what had been found possible under the German system. Whilst Mrs. Ackers knew cases where as many as three foreign languages had been acquired by oral pupils, Mr. Ackers told several instructive anecdotes. In their visits to deaf people they never met anyone who could have been mistaken for a hearing person, he admitted; but they heard the congenitally deaf speak, and were understood by them. One apprentice they saw stuttered, but spoke intelligibly, nevertheless. Indeed, his master said he spoke a great deal too much, and was always talking with his fellow apprentice. Mr. and Mrs. Ackers interviewed a thriving deaf dressmaker, who, however, proved shy, and was with difficulty induced to say anything about herself. She was engaged to be married, and her lover, hearing she had made so poor an exhibition of her powers of talking, rated her roundly on it, and Mr. and Mrs. Ackers were treated to the edifying spectacle of a spirited altercation between the deaf girl and her sweetheart. Another case referred to a congenitally deaf working tailor, who was at the court-house when they called. There had been a theft from his master's shop, and he was the chief witness. He gave his evidence by word of mouth, lip read the advocates who examined and cross-examined him, and his testimony resulted in the conviction of the prisoner. Mrs. Kinsey herself told me a remarkable story. A country doctor who did not believe in the oral system, at a dance or an evening party, was talking to a young lady whom he had not met before. He said he had been informed there was a deaf lad in the room who had been educated on the oral system, and he would like to test the lad's ability to speak, and to lip read. The young lady replied that she supposed he meant her brother, who was deaf from birth, but spoke perfectly.



PRACTICE WITH THE FIRE ESCAPE.

"That is my brother," she said, indicating a youth standing some distance away.

"Oh, nonsense!" cried the doctor, "I have just been talking to him, and he hears as well as I do."

"He is deaf as a post," answered the young lady, "and has not heard a word you said."

If that did not convince the doctor of the merits of the oral method nothing would. He, however, is not the only person who has been deceived, momentarily, at any rate, by the deaf who have acquired speech. In the Mayor's office of a great Midland town, I am told, one of the clerks, who has been deaf from infancy, holds his own without inconvenience to himself or anyone else.

So far we have been considering the education of the deaf and dumb from the brightest and most favourable point of view.

Ealing College receives only the children of parents who can afford to pay a first-class price for first-class attention and first-class results. How fare the afflicted when their lot is cast less pleasantly? What of the thousands of children of poor but deserving, as well as of pauper, parents brought into the world deprived, so to speak, of their ears? The institution referred to at the beginning of this paper as the only public one in existence at the beginning of this century is the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb founded just one hundred years ago, in Bermondsey, and subsequently removed to the Old Kent-road, where it has now a splendid home. In the course of this year the centenary of the Asylum will be publicly celebrated, and much will, no doubt, be published descriptive of its great and good work. The institution was from the first a success, and since its commencement 5,000 deaf and dumb children have been received and educated by it, some 2,000 having been apprenticed to trades, at a cost of about £18,500. As the Asylum grew, it was deemed wise to establish a branch at the seaside, and if the philanthropists who inaugurated it with half a dozen inmates in 1792 could see the outcome of their work in two imposing institutions—one in the Old Kent-road, the other at the south-east corner of Margate, they would have cause to feel that their lives had not been spent in vain. The children, who are born of poor parents—grooms, gardeners, carpenters, carmen, labourers, working men of all kinds, are sent for a year to the Old Kent-road, and are then drafted to Margate, where, in addition to receiving the best education which a large school can supply, they receive also the health which is to be found on the North Kent coast, if anywhere. The Asylum is in charge of Dr. Elliott, to whose skill as a photographer we are indebted for several of our pictures. Dr. Elliott was one of the distinguished body of men who at first found it difficult to believe that there was anything in teaching by the oral system worth the time and trouble it involves. Experience has convinced him, as it has convinced others, that he was wrong, and, within the limits rigidly prescribed by opportunity and nature, he supports the education of the deaf on the German system. There are at Margate 300 children, of whom all except eighty are being trained to speak and to lip read. Fresh from Ealing as I was, I appreciated instantly the difficulties which beset Dr. Elliott. At Ealing each child can receive individual attention. At the Margate Asylum and similar institutions they are of necessity taught in classes of perhaps a dozen. The wonder is that under such circumstances they ever learn to articulate or to lip read at all. They do, however, and some of the results are quite remarkable. Several children to whom I spoke understood what I said without apparent difficulty, and some had voices so pleasant that I wondered whether, if the children had been blessed with the organ of sound, they would not have made most excellent singers.

Exigencies of space forbid me to go fully into all I saw and heard and did in a seven hours' visit to the institution, during which, under Dr. Elliott's guidance, I played the part of amateur examiner and inspector of the deaf and dumb. First I went over the whole place to get a general impression, and then spent a considerable time with various classes. The great difficulty with the dumb is language. Signs indicating mere facts and objects they adopt naturally, and are not difficult to understand. Language, however, whether they are to be taught to speak or not, they must have, if they are to communicate intelligibly with the hearing world. Dr. Elliott, by signs, asked a child, whose parents are both deaf and dumb, whether she had a brother deaf and dumb, and if he went to school. Her answer in dumb motion was, "One—school not yet—London." Interpreted, this meant, "I have a brother who has not yet gone to school. He is in London." To develop language, the silently taught children are made to write fully a description of the actions of the teacher; the oral pupils, of course, learn language by speech. Dr. Elliott points to his hat, places it on his head, and tells a class of girls to write. Two make the mistake of saying that "he placed the hat *in* his head," and it is not the simplest thing in the world to show them the difference between "in" and "on." The junior oral classes are both sides of the classes where the children are taught by signs. The noise they make momentarily suggests that it must be very distracting for the teachers and pupils in the intervening room. One forgets that neither teacher nor pupil by the sign system hears a sound, and that in the midst of the din they are in quiet. The best teachers of the deaf by signs are the deaf, I should say, just as the best leaders and teachers of the blind are blind. For the oral classes, of course, a teacher with ears

GIRLS' GYMNASIUM—MARGATE.

and distinctness of delivery is indispensable. When the children reach him from the Old Kent-road, Dr. Elliott tries them orally. If, after the year's exhaustive trial to which they have already been subjected, he comes to the conclusion that the child is incapable of doing any good under that system, he puts it to a sign class. Many who are treated thus could, no doubt, be taught orally, if the teacher could give them continuous individual attention ; but in a large institution this, as has been said, is impossible. Moreover, the time allowed is barely sufficient to enable everything desirable to be done with the most promising. Parents naturally are very anxious that their children should be taught to speak, and the joy of a mother and father who send their child to the Asylum a mute, and receive it back years later with a voice, and an eye which is a fair substitute for the ear, can well be imagined. Sometimes, however, all the patience and ingenuity of man are incapable of teaching the child to articulate, and in this case, if the parents have set their heart on the oral system, the disappointment is terribly keen. One child I saw cannot get beyond a squeak which, heard in the dark, would be taken for that of a mouse. Dr. Elliott put her into a sign class, but the sorrow of the mother induced him to give the little one another trial. The experiment is more considerate for the mother than the child, who is, I should venture to say, undoubtedly, orally hopeless. A visit to the gymnasium, where the girls shown in the accompanying picture went through a variety of difficult exercises in a manner which frequently compelled my unheard applause, was particularly interesting. What a Spartan race English women would be if they were all trained to the muscular exercise which the deaf girls at Margate undergo! It is not surprising to hear that they give the visiting medical man of the Asylum very little to do.

After dinner at one o'clock, the boys had some dumb-bell and club practice. They are well disciplined by a teacher who takes

EVAN WILLIAMS (AGE 9). RHODA PIPPECK (AGE 10).

pride in his work, but to me the most attractive, as it was also the most amusing, feature of the performance was the presence of the little lad, Evan Williams. Such a mite, standing three feet high at most, would under ordinary conditions not be permitted to take part in this exercise. The lad watched the class one day, however, made a special appeal to the teacher to be allowed to join it, and, with a dignity and a precision quite touching, he imitates every movement of body and swing of the arms of the instructor. He should prove a born athlete, wee as his frame is at present. The girls also practise with dumb-bells, and one of the most skilful of them is Rhoda Pippeck, who is depicted with little Evan in our illustration.

ADVANCED ORAL CLASS—MARGATE.

The next thing to be seen is an advanced oral class, made up of girls and boys of ages ranging from 12 to 15. They all rise respectfully as Dr. Elliott and I enter the room. They are in the midst of a lesson in writing from dictation, and, when they have resumed their seats, Dr. Elliott introduces me: "This is Mr. Salmon," he says, "who is going to write an article for THE STRAND MAGAZINE on the Asylum." One or two pupils seemed to have missed what he said, but most of them smiled as they followed the words, and one boy said interrogatively, "Mr. Sammun?" The teacher then told them to write "Mr. Salmon." The majority spelt the name correctly: two spelt it "Sammon," and one "Simon." At Dr. Elliott's request I dictated a sentence. Every eye in the class was on the alert, as I said the first thing that occurred to me: "It is a very fine day." Pencils went to work with eager rapidity, and in a minute all slates were turned for my inspection. They all had the words right, except one or two who left out the "a." I said several other things, which were read from my lips without difficulty. Addressing a girl, the offspring of deaf and dumb parents, Dr. Elliott said:—

"Did your mother go to school?"

"No, sir."

"Then is your mother ignorant?"

"No, sir."

"Is she clever?"

"Yes, sir."

"And yet you say she never went to school?"

I thought this would probably be more than the child would follow; but, after an instant's reflection, the answer was given:—

"Her father taught her."

"Your grandfather taught your mother?"

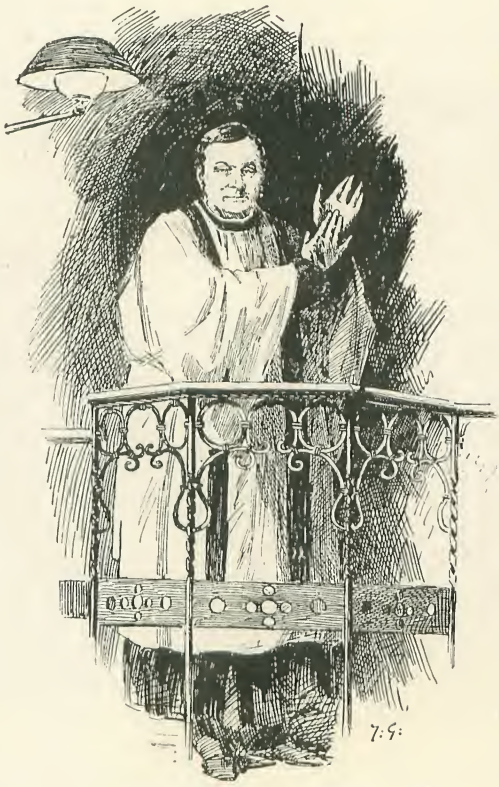
"Yes, sir."

There could be no question about the genuineness of all this, or of the thought the child brought to bear on the subject. Great emulation exists among the scholars, and when, as frequently happens, one makes a stupid reply, the others laugh good-naturedly and with a full appreciation of the fun.

Shortly after the inspection of this class, prayer time arrived, and the last I saw of the deaf children at Margate who are taught on the oral system, was in a large room. The girls, two deep, were ranged down one side and the boys up the other. All eyes were fixed on Dr. Elliott as he stood at the table and read several short prayers. The "Amen" to each came distinctly and promptly, and then the Lord's Prayer was

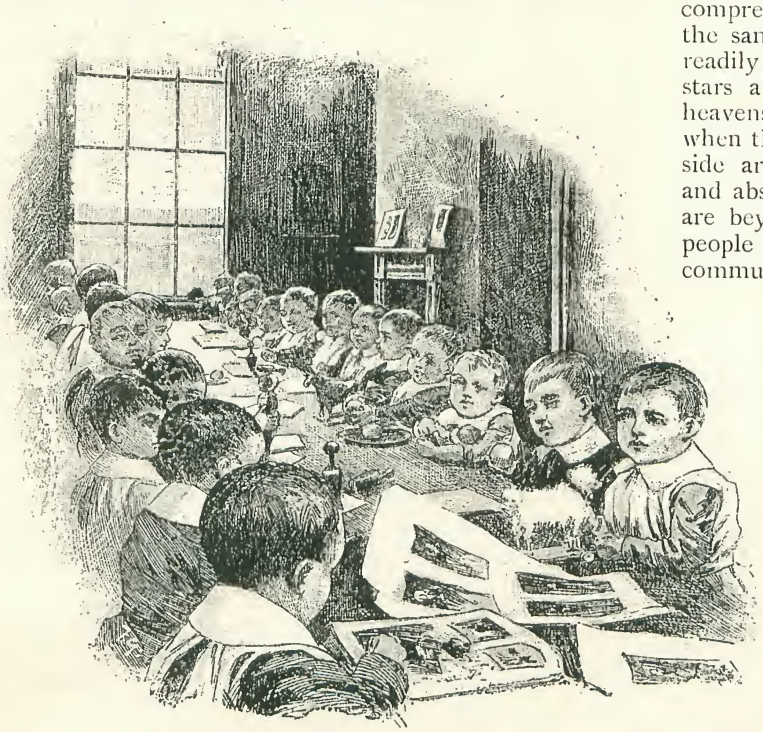
repeated by the entire body. If I did not catch every word, I can only say that it is but seldom that one can catch every word even when the prayer is uttered by a congregation more fortunately placed.

By way of contrast to this final experience at Margate, I lost no time on my return to town in attending the Deaf and Dumb Church in Oxford-street. Here the service is silent, and never was silence so eloquent. A congregation which gives expression to the prayers at its heart through the fingers, which sings hymns by signs, which follows a sermon not a word of which is spoken aloud, and a church without an organ and without a choir, are a novelty indeed. For two hours every Sunday morning and evening there is a service during which not a sound save a cough, or whisper from the altar, is to be heard. A strange feeling of incompetency comes over the visitor who is blessed with ears as he kneels, but only dimly comprehends the meaning of the prayer, as he stands up to a hymn which is not vocalised, as he regards the wonderful variety of motions by means of which the chaplain delivers a sermon some twenty minutes in length. The church is in charge of the Rev. Dr. William Stainer—the acting chaplain, as he facetiously styles himself—a brother of Sir John Stainer, the great musician. Curious it is that one should have made himself famous through the medium of sound and the other should have devoted himself to the world to which sound is a meaningless term. Dr. Stainer is one of the most self-sacrificing of men. Whilst this year is the centenary of the Old Kent-road Asylum, it is also the jubilee of Dr. Stainer's connection with the deaf and dumb. For fifty years he has laboured in their cause, and he has an ambition which few entertain but many realise. He wishes to die a poor man, and, seeing that a slice of his capital and a portion of his income go every year to the advancement of some work or other intended to benefit the deaf and dumb, he will certainly attain his ambition if he is spared. Dr. Stainer became a teacher in the Old Kent-road institution in 1842. Thence he migrated to Manchester, where there is one of the best deaf and dumb asylums in the world, and eventually he took holy orders for the sake of the afflicted. To write a record of his life would be to furnish more than one chapter in the history of the efforts made during the nineteenth century to ameliorate the lot of the deaf and dumb. In 1872 he was appointed Chaplain of the Royal Society for the Deaf and Dumb in Oxford-street, the position he now holds, and in 1874 he was induced by the authorities of the School Board for London to take in hand the great work of providing for the education of the hundreds of deaf and dumb who were, on account of their infirmity, allowed to go uneducated. With this object he started centres of instruction for the deaf and dumb, and later a home where children who lived too far from any centre to attend daily might be kept from Monday to Friday. To-day there are several homes in London which owe their existence to the initial energy of Dr. Stainer. To these homes are chiefly sent pauper children, some of the inmates having been actually found wandering in gutters like stray dogs, abandoned by those whose parental instinct was not strong enough to teach them a duty which even the lower animals observe. Most people in London probably know of Dr. Stainer's homes in the Pentonville-road. Here one



DR. STAINER PREACHING AT THE DEAF AND DUMB CHURCH.

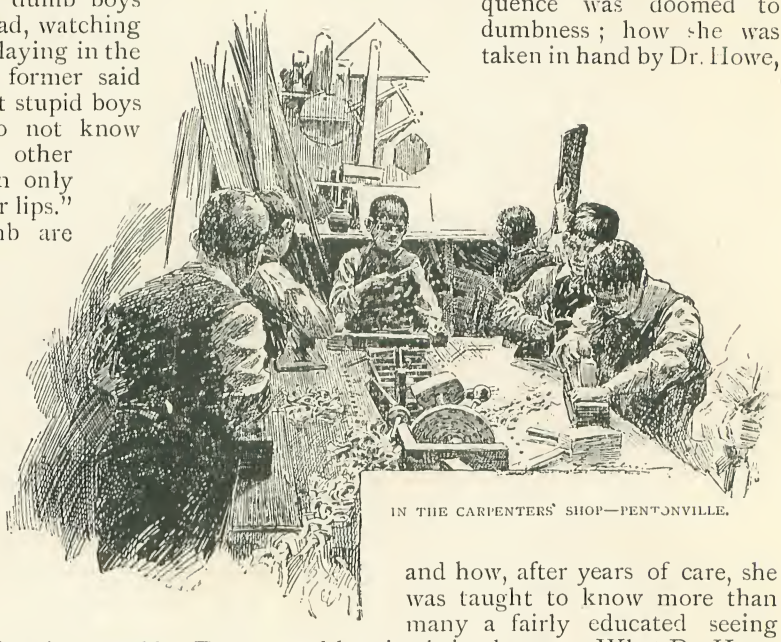
finds again conditions differing from those which obtain both at Ealing and at Margate. The children are sent to Dr. Stainer from some sixty different Boards, and are mostly paid for by the Poor Law Guardians. Some of them go to Dr. Stainer's homes as mere babes. He prefers to have them as young as possible, believing that education begun early is the most effectual. Whilst some of his charges are younger than any at Ealing or at Margate, he does something for the older ones which Dr. Elliott so far has not been able to do for his pupils. He has started workshops in which boys are taught bootmaking, tailoring, carpentering, wood carving, and other trades, and he is able in the course of time to ascertain what callings they are individually most suited for. Kindergarten and Slojd work naturally plays a considerable part in the curriculum at the Pentonville Homes. As regards the girls, they are taught every sort of domestic duty, laundry work, &c., so that, given the opportunity, they are fitted to accept places as servants, sempstresses, laundry maids, &c. Let us take a peep first at the latest arrivals. At the moment I saw them the little ones were having their tea. There was no sort of shyness about the majority of them. Many greeted me with a smile ; one boy, not long since rescued from the streets, in his delight proved somewhat intractable, and one girl closed her hand and shook her thumb at me most vigorously. This I learned meant "good" ; whether that she considered herself the good one of the bunch, or that it was good of me to come to see them, I do not know. The method of teaching is pretty much the same as at Margate. Those who can be taught to speak are taught, but the conditions keep the number small. The workshops are the chief novelty in Dr. Stainer's homes. The boys seem to take great interest in their work, and some have proved not only efficient, but excellent workmen. One adjunct to the carpenters' room gave rise to an anecdote worth recording. A steam engine in the laundry beneath is used for the purposes of the saw-bench and the turning-lathe. The boys have learnt that the broad belt of leather which comes up through the floor is moved by the machinery below. There was lying on the floor part of a tree trunk. They know that trees come out of the ground, and being asked how they grow, they conclude that the same sort of hidden power forces them up. The forces of Nature are not easily made comprehensible to them. In the same way they are not readily convinced that the stars are not holes in the heavens, and are only visible when the lights on the other side are lit. Space, time, and abstract ideas generally are beyond the majority of people who can hold hourly communion with their fellows. What wonder that they should be almost wholly beyond the deaf?



KINDERGARTEN—PENTONVILLE.

The deaf mute, all unconscious of his great infirmity as he is, is a very superior person. There is a consensus of opinion bearing out this statement. Those people who are ready to regard the deaf and dumb as stupid would be well advised sometimes to take care

that the deaf and dumb have not already made up their minds to regard their visitors in the light of the stupid party. Many years ago Dr. Stainer recollects coming upon two deaf and dumb boys at the Old Kent-road, watching some hearing boys playing in the street. One of the former said to the other: "What stupid boys they are. They do not know how to talk to each other as we do; they can only make signs with their lips." The deaf and dumb are very much of the view of the tribe of North American Indians, who, though in possession of all their faculties, were reputed to seldom open their lips. They regarded signs as the natural means of communication. In one respect the deaf and dumb have an advantage over the hearing world. From whatever cause, they show, in most cases, an extraordinary indifference to pain. The matron at the Margate Asylum, in response to my inquiry on this point, assured me that where one would have the greatest difficulty in getting an ordinary child to have a tooth out, the deaf and dumb will have three or four out, with not so much as a protest. To pull three or four, or even five out at a sitting was indeed a constant practice, until mere humanity compelled her to forbid it.



IN THE CARPENTERS' SHOP—PENTONVILLE.

Wonderful as are the results which have been achieved in the education of the deaf and dumb on both the oral and the sign systems, I cannot conclude this account of how it is done without some reference to an achievement more wonderful than either. It is a work difficult enough in all conscience to educate the blind or the deaf and dumb; but, unless one actually knows of a case where a child, practically born deaf, dumb, and blind, has been educated, it is simply incredible that beings so absolutely isolated can be made to know the meaning of things both material and spiritual. Yet it has been done in America and England several times. Readers of Dickens's "American Notes" will remember the pathetic and beautiful account he gives of Laura Bridgman; how, having a fever shortly after birth, she was left deprived of eyes, ears, and almost smell, and in consequence was doomed to dumbness; how she was taken in hand by Dr. Howe, and how, after years of care, she was taught to know more than many a fairly educated seeing and hearing being knows. What Dr. Howe did in America, Mr. Andrew Patterson, the late devoted head master of the Manchester Institution, did in England. He came across a little girl who had been abandoned in a dark and damp cellar when some two or three years of age. The news of Dr. Howe's success induced Mr. Patterson to try his hand with Mary Bradley. Removing her from the school where, poor helpless mortal, she was driven nearly mad by the teasing and cruelty of the other children, Mr. Patterson put her in a room alone to see what she would do. She immediately occupied herself in finding out with her hands where she was. When he started to teach her, he took some object, a pen, say, and then made the signs for "pen" on her fingers. By repeating this day after day, with a variety of things, he hoped to make the imprisoned brain realise that there was some connection between the signs and the object. But no apparent success attended his efforts. One week, two weeks, three weeks, four went by, and Mary Bradley's mind seemed as blank as at the hour they started, when suddenly, one day, her face brightened. She understood at last! A breach had been made in the wall which hedged her in. "She had

found the key to the mystery," says a writer who, twenty years ago, published an account of Mr. Patterson's great work in a brochure which few, except specialists, possess probably to-day. "Placing her hand on each of the objects separately, she gave the name of each on her fingers, or rather signed them on the fingers of her teacher, as her mode of describing them." What a moment for the teacher! What unutterable joy must have suffused his heart as he realised that he had found a way to an imprisoned brain and a human soul! He instantly cut out the letters of the alphabet in cardboard, and when in time he had made her understand the meaning of these, he got a case of type which she learnt to compose into words. He taught her to write, and she actually wrote to and received letters from Laura Bridgman. Like her, she was very quick and eager to learn; and, when a boy similarly afflicted was sent to Mr. Patterson, she took the greatest interest in assisting in the lad's education. As they got to know each other the two became close friends. Sometimes they would be sitting together talking with their fingers, when Mr. Patterson tried to approach them unobserved. The boy invariably warned his companion that Mr. Patterson was coming. They never confused one person with another, and their memories were remarkable.

As example is better than precept, so I hope the facts contained in this article will point a moral which it is impossible now to enforce at any length. A hundred years ago, De l'Épée is reported to have given utterance to two opinions: first, that the world will never learn to talk on its fingers in order to have the pleasure of conversing with the deaf and dumb; second, that the only means of restoring the deaf and dumb completely to society is to teach them to hear with their eyes and to express themselves *viva voce*. The case for the pure oral system could not be more pithily stated than in these views of one who found it necessary to rely absolutely on signs.

The Royal Commission which sat three or four years ago on the subject, issued a report containing several noteworthy recommendations. Every deaf child must be educated, was the moral of these. It was hoped the Government would give effect to these proposals last year; but they did not get beyond the printing of a Bill. Brave men and women have in their private capacity devoted their lives, and often their incomes, to the indigent and the poor deaf mute, and upon such Christian energy everything has depended. This is not as it should be, and the Government have it in their power to do a just and generous as well as a wise and politic thing. Experience has shown what, under proper conditions, the oral system can accomplish, and any Bill which assists the reduction of the number of deaf mutes will conduce to the advantage of individuals by making them more self-dependent and to the advantage of the State by adding to the number of capable citizens.

IN THE GYMNASIUM—PENTONVILLE.

Clouds with Silver Linings.

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF MME. DE GIRARDIN, BY JAMES MORTIMER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ADRIEN DES AUBIERS (*a young French officer*).
LUCIEN (*his friend*).
NOEL (*an old family servant*).
MADAME DES AUBIERS.
BLANCHE (*her daughter*).
MATHILDE DE PIERREVAL (*betrothed to Adrien*).

The Scene is laid at a Château near Bordeaux, during the Franco-German war of 1870-71.

SCENE.—*A well furnished drawing-room, with folding-doors* C., *opening into a corridor. Window with heavy curtains* L.U.E. *Door* R.U.E. *Fireplace with fire* L. *Table with drawing materials* L.C. *Easy chair* R.C. *Small work table* R., *with lady's work basket containing wool, a key, &c. Couch* L.C.

(*As the curtain rises,* MADAME DES AUBIERS *discovered seated in an arm-chair* R., *with Berlin wool work in her hands;* BLANCHE *is seated on a stool at* MADAME DES AUBIERS' *feet. At the back,* LUCIEN *is seated on the sofa* L., *with a book in his hand, which he pretends to read, though really furtively watching* MATHILDE, *who is at the table* L.C., *drawing in an album. The three ladies are in deep mourning. After the curtain rises, there is a momentary silence.* MADAME DES AUBIERS *sighs, and lets her embroidery fall from her hands.* BLANCHE *turns round and looks at her mother sadly, then rises, wipes away the tears from* MADAME DES AUBIERS' *eyes, and kisses her.* BLANCHE *takes a step towards* LUCIEN, *who rises.*

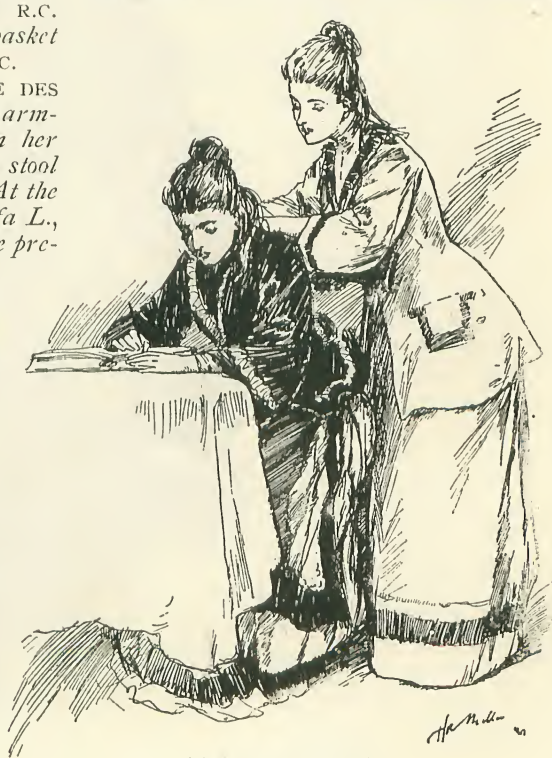
BLANCHE (*glancing out at the window*).—The storm seems to have cleared away, and the sun is shining. But what a fearful night it was! The wind blew dreadfully. To think of the poor fishermen who went out to sea yesterday morning!

LUCIEN.—The hurricane was so violent that the great elm in front of Widow Gervaise's cottage, on the beach, was blown down.

BLANCHE (*aside to* LUCIEN).—Hush! Don't mention the name of Gervaise in mamma's hearing. She has lost *her* son, too. He was a sailor, and it is now more than a year since Gervaise had any tidings of him.

LUCIEN (*aside to* BLANCHE).—Indeed? I did not know the widow had any children.

BLANCHE (*as before*).—Yes, an only son—a fine young fellow, who is supposed to have been lost at sea. We never mention



"'OH, HOW LIKE HIM!'"

Gervaise's name now; it always makes mamma cry since—you know——(*weeps*).

LUCIEN.—My poor dear friend. So full of life and gaiety, here, a few short months ago, and now gone for ever. (*Turns away and throws himself on the sofa* L.)

(*While* LUCIEN *has been speaking*, BLANCHE *has approached* MATHILDE, *and now looks over her shoulder.*)

BLANCHE.—Oh! how like him. The same smile, the same proud air. My poor, poor brother! Then you still love him, Mathilde?

MATHILDE.—Love him! Can you ask me? (*Looks at* BLANCHE *steadfastly.*) When you are sad, dear, your eyes are the image of Adrien's (*kisses her*). But for this dreadful war, we should have been happily married now (*weeps*).

BLANCHE (*aside, stealing a glance at* LUCIEN).—He does not take his eyes from her!

Enter NOEL, C. *He closes the door gently and glances at* MADAME DES AUBIERS, *who remains motionless in the easy chair.*)

NOEL (*in a low voice*). — Mamzelle Blanche.

BLANCHE (*going toward him*).—What is it, Noel?

NOEL.— Monsieur Durand has come about the old wall that has fallen down at the back of the garden. He wishes to speak to Madame.

BLANCHE.—Very well (*she takes a step toward* MADAME *and then returns to* NOEL). Has he brought the plan for the new stables I asked him to prepare?

NOEL (*in a low voice*).—Yes, Mamzelle. He says it will be a very easy matter. Try to obtain your mamma's consent, and then you can persuade her afterwards to go out and see how the masons and carpenters get on with their work. In that way Madame will breathe a little fresh air and walk about a bit. It will be that much gained, at any rate.

MADAME (*shaking off her reverie*).—Is that you, Noel?

NOEL.—Yes, Madame. I was just speaking to Mamzelle Blanche. I hope I have not disturbed Madame?

MADAME.—No. What is it, Noel?

BLANCHE (*turning towards* MADAME).—Mamma, Noel here insists upon the absolute necessity—eh, Noel?

NOEL.—Oh yes, Mamzelle Blanche.

BLANCHE.—The absolute necessity of your speaking in person to Monsieur Durand, about the new stables it was decided to build six months ago, before my poor brother—that is, when Adrien was with us. I have told him over and over again that you have quite abandoned the idea, that you don't wish to be troubled with any such affair. But Noel is so obstinate, you know, mamma, he won't listen to me at all. He says Monsieur Durand has prepared all the plans according to my brother's own directions—eh, Noel?

NOEL.—Yes, Mamzelle Blanche. (*Aside*) She's an artful one, the dear child!

BLANCHE.—And has now come to show them to you. Besides, Noel says the work will cost a mere nothing.

NOEL (*comes down* C.)—Nothing, Madame—or next to it, at least.

MADAME.—Noel, go say to Monsieur Durand that I will join him in the garden.

(*Exit* NOEL, C.)

(*To* BLANCHE) Come, dear.

(*Exeunt* MADAME *and* BLANCHE, C.)

LUCIEN (*rises and closes the door*).—Alone with her at last.

(*He approaches* MATHILDE, *who suddenly rises and stand motionless.*)

Oh, listen to me, I implore you, if only for one moment. I am about to return to Bordeaux, and shall see your father. Let me tell him that you will soon return home.

MATHILDE (*coldly*).—I have already told you that it is my intention to remain here.

LUCIEN.—But your parents—your family.

MATHILDE.—My family is that of the man who was to have been my husband.

LUCIEN.—I respect your sentiment in coming here; but it is now five months since Adrien fell at Gravelotte, and—

MATHILDE.—Well, sir, if I were his widow, it would be my right and my duty to mourn for him all my life. To think that he is dead—dead!

(*She leans her elbows on the table, buries her face in her hands, and weeps.*)

LUCIEN.—Why, then, did he not resign when this war broke out? Why did he leave you if he loved you?

MATHILDE.—He was a true Frenchman, sir, and a soldier.

LUCIEN.—During the long years of his military studies in Paris, you never met him, or thought of him, save as a childish playmate. I loved you even then, and you were not angry with me.

MATHILDE (*scornfully*).—No—I laughed at you.

LUCIEN.—Pitiless girl!

"A FEATHER DUSTING-BRUSH IN HIS HAND."

MATHILDE.—You desire to console me. Do you not feel, what bitterness there is for me in the very thought that you presume to hope?

LUCIEN (*supplicating*).—Mathilde!

MATHILDE.—Do not approach me, sir. I detest and despise you.

(*She pushes open door* C., *and goes out hurriedly.* NOEL *is discovered with a feather dusting-brush in his hand.*)

LUCIEN.—Mathilde, pity me! (*Comes down* R.) Must I, then, abandon her to this terrible despair that is killing her?

(*Enter* NOEL, C. *He puts down his brush on the sofa* L., *and closes the door.*)

NOEL.—What is the matter? Why do you torment the poor young lady?

LUCIEN.—I wish to console her.

NOEL.—But she won't be consoled. Excuse me, Monsieur Lucien, but you have no right to fall in love with Mamzelle Mathilde.

LUCIEN.—You are right, Noel, and I must try to forget her. (*Rises.*)

NOEL.—Besides, there are lots of other pretty girls in the world. What's the use of hanging on after one who doesn't care about you?

LUCIEN.—Yes, I will leave here to-night.

NOEL (*dissatisfied*).—Leave here! What for?

LUCIEN.—She hates the sight of me.

NOEL.—Well, there are others who don't.

LUCIEN.—What do you mean?

NOEL.—I mean that there are people to whom the sight of you is extremely agreeable. To me, for example; and to Madame; and to Mamzelle Blanche, too. Ah! she'll be a treasure for somebody!

LUCIEN.—Yes, she will be a very handsome woman——

NOEL.—Will be! (*Aside.*) I wonder what his notion of a pretty woman is?

LUCIEN.—She is very amiable and sensible, too.

NOEL.—That she is, and well educated, and such a lively disposition when there's no sorrow on her heart, poor thing. Ah! if somebody should endeavour to console *her*, I don't think he'd get the sack. (*A pause—aside.*) The great booby doesn't understand.

LUCIEN (*up stage*).—Noel, I shall be in Bordeaux to-morrow.

NOEL.—What! You leave me, then, to look after three women in despair?

LUCIEN.—If anything serious should happen, send for me at once. Old friendship almost makes me one of the family.

NOEL.—There are several ways of being one of the family.

LUCIEN (*coming down*).—Yes, close association, time-honoured intimacy——

NOEL (*aside*).—What a stupid dolt!

LUCIEN.—Adrien treated me always as a brother, and I will be a son to his mother.

NOEL.—Just what I most desire.

LUCIEN.—Now I must go get ready to leave this evening.

(*Exit* C.)

NOEL.—Poor fellow; it's not his fault if he doesn't see that our little Blanche is in love with him, though, I must confess, I do wonder at it myself. But then, women are such a funny lot; luckily, I never troubled my head about any of them.

(*Enter* BLANCHE, C., *with handkerchief to her eyes.*)

Ah! here she comes—and crying again, of course. What is the matter now, Mamzelle Blanche? You promised me not to cry any more. (*He closes door* C.)

BLANCHE.—I can't help it. Do you remember that lovely tea rose, that my poor brother planted last summer? Well, it is

in full bloom, all of a sudden like, and he not here to—to—(*sobbing*)—have one in—in—(*sobs*)—his buttonhole. (*Sits in chair* L., *at table.*)

NOEL (*angry*).—What childishness! (*He sits down beside her, produces a large bandana handkerchief and wipes her eyes.*) There (*soothing*), don't cry any more. Why, bless you, that kind of thing happens every day almost. Somebody you love plants a rosebush, and by and by, when the person who—planted it (*faltering*) has gone away—it blossoms, maybe—and you pluck a rose—anybody might pluck a rose, you know—it's not a thing to cry about. (*Breaks down and cries.*) Nonsense! I'm blubbering myself, now. Come, come, Mamzelle Blanche. Take heart—do try. Remember that another terrible disaster threatens us; your mother's health is failing, and I fear if something is not done, grief will kill her.

"I'M BLUBBERING MYSELF NOW."

BLANCHE.—Oh, Noel! But what can I do?

NOEL.—Why, in the first place, you must try to set her a cheerful example.

BLANCHE.—Well, so I *do* try. But I can't. (*Sobs.*) The tears will come and choke me. I do my best to gulp them down, but they won't stay down.

NOEL.—Well, now, dry your eyes and go back to your mamma. Try to smile and invent something pleasant to tell her. For instance, just suppose that a nice young man comes all of a sudden to ask your hand in marriage.

BLANCHE.—A nice young man, did you say?

NOEL.—Oh, I didn't refer to Master Lucien.

BLANCHE (*joyous*).—Monsieur Lucien. Oh, how delightful! that is—no, I don't mean that.

NOEL.—Never mind your meaning. The smile—the old smile we all loved so well has come back, and I am happy. So will your mamma be, when she sees it, and that is far more important.

BLANCHE.—Oh, Noel, Noel! You are so good, so kind. You try to give us all fresh courage, and to cheer us up, and I love you dearly—indeed I do. Then you are so tender in taking care of poor dear mamma, and so patient. Oh, I don't say anything, but I see it all, and will never forget it—never. (NOEL *weeps.*) There, now, Mr. Growler, who's crying now, I'd like to know?

NOEL.—What do you talk to me in that way for, if I'm not to make an old fool of myself?

BLANCHE.—I only said you were good and true, did I? I might have added that you are very clever, too—yes, and sly.

NOEL.—I?

BLANCHE.—And in spite of your stupid looks——

NOEL.—Have I a stupid look, then?

BLANCHE.—You fathom mysterious secrets, that nobody knows anything about. You read people's thoughts.

NOEL.—Whose thoughts?

BLANCHE.—If you can't guess, I shall not say another word.

NOEL.—But then, I'm so stupid you know——

BLANCHE.—Oh, not always.

"HUSH!"

NOEL.—Well, then, tell me——

BLANCHE.—No. Remember, you said I must go back to mamma. So good-bye. (*Pauses, and then returns, whispers.*) Of course, you have not mentioned this to anyone?

NOEL (*pretending ignorance, whispers*).—Mentioned what?

BLANCHE (*whispers*).—Hush! Your discovery.

NOEL.—Shh! No.

BLANCHE.—And of course you won't? Mamma mustn't know it, for the world. It would make her still sadder. And then, on the other hand, Noel, think of my dignity.

NOEL.—And, again, I may be mistaken.

BLANCHE (*quickly*).—But you're not.

NOEL (*the same*).—Then you confess it, do you?

BLANCHE.—I confess nothing. Good-bye, Noel!

(*Exit* C., *the door closing behind her.*)

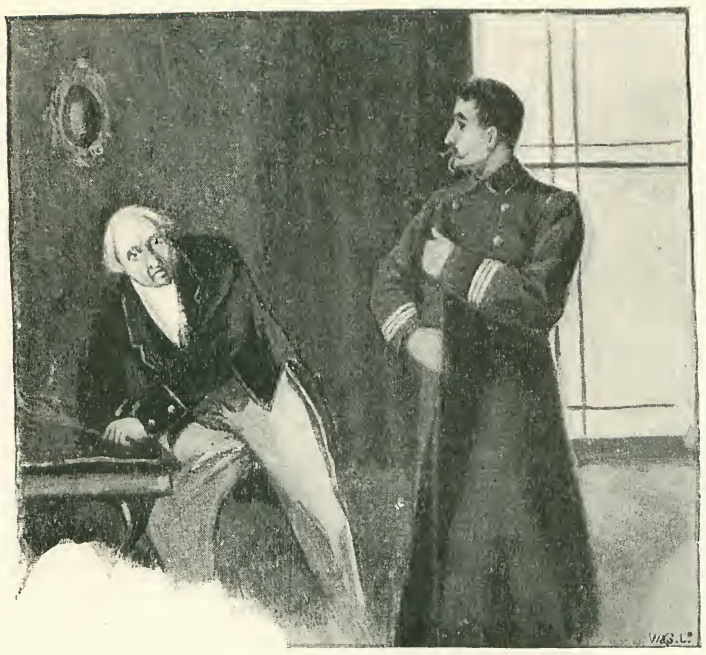
NOEL (*alone*).—Ah! that's the girl for me! There is some life in her, and no sentimental humbug. (*He throws open the window* L.) What do I care for women that talk poetry and politics, and write books, and have a notion that they ought to have been born men? Not that! (*Snaps his fingers.*) Now, there's Mamzelle Mathilde (*he pushes the table back* L.C.) they all make so much fuss and wonder about; she's entirely beyond me. I don't understand her. I suppose it's because she's a genius. (*Places an arm-chair at* R. 1*st* E.) As a rule, I think young women—and old women, too—have no business to be geniuses; and if anything makes me forgive Mamzelle de Pierreval, here, for being so vastly clever, it is that she has drawn such a life-like picture of my dear boy, although I must say she has given him a serious, solemn look he never had—I mean, a solemn look he *hasn't*, for they may all say what they like, I can't bring myself to believe he is dead. It's no use showing me his uniform all stained with blood and pierced with bullet-holes, or the letters and papers found in his pockets — I say still, that proves just nothing at all. (*He turns over the sofa cushions.*) When I think of all his miraculous escapes as a child, I cannot believe that Providence would abandon him even on the battle-field. One day—I remember he wasn't more than five years old—we were having a game of touch in this very room, and, in running away from me, what must he do but get over the balcony outside that window. (*Points.*) I was almost wild with terror, for I thought, of course, he was killed—poor little fellow! I rushed to the balcony, looked over with a shudder, and what did I see? There was my young scapegrace, with his little frock caught in one of the iron supports of the window, and holding on with his tiny hands to the balcony railings. "You won't catch me, Noel," he says, merrily; "it wouldn't be fair play, you know." And now they want me to believe that the pitiless invaders of our unhappy France have destroyed his young life. Never! The thing is not possible, and my mind's perfectly easy. The ladies may mourn for him, but *I* won't. I expect him home, I may say, every day.

(*The door* C. *is opened, and* ADRIEN *appears in uniform. He stops to listen.*) If he should come this very minute it wouldn't surprise me a bit. I can almost hear his merry voice exclaiming, as he used to when he came home from a day's shooting or fishing, "Now, then, Noel, let's have a bit of lunch; I'm almost famished."

ADRIEN.—Now, then, Noel, let's have a bit of lunch; I'm almost famished! (*He tosses his cap on the table* L.C., *and comes down* C.)

NOEL (*staggering*).—Good heavens!

ADRIEN.—Why, what's the matter, Noel? Why do you look so strangely at



"WHY DO YOU LOOK SO STRANGELY AT ME?"

me? Did you not expect me, then? (NOEL *staggers and falls into* ADRIEN'S *arms*). Why, Noel! Noel! Don't you know me? It is I, Adrien.

NOEL (*sobbing, and then recovering slowly*).—Oh, my dear, dear boy! I am so happy. (*Clasps* ADRIEN *in his arms.*)

ADRIEN (*after a pause*).—But, Noel, I don't understand all this. Did you not receive my letter?

NOEL.—No; nothing has come.

ADRIEN.—It must have miscarried then. And my other letters from Germany? I wrote to you, last month, that I had recovered from my wounds.

NOEL.—There! What did I say? So you were not killed, after all?

ADRIEN.—Killed! Do I look as if I had been killed? But, Noel, my mother?

NOEL.—The poor lady believes you dead.

ADRIEN.—Dead?

NOEL.—Yes, killed by the enemy. Good gracious, how are we to tell her of your safety?

ADRIEN.—My poor dear mother. How I long to embrace her!

NOEL.—You frighten me at the bare idea. If she saw you now, she would fall dead on the spot.

ADRIEN.—It was to avoid all this difficulty that I wrote to you from Brussels, where I made my way after escaping from Germany.

NOEL.—Hush! I hear her footstep on the stairs.

ADRIEN.—My mother?

NOEL (*listening*).—Yes; she has stopped to rest a moment. What's to be done? Ah! let's fasten the door. No, that would excite her suspicions—Here! help me to push the sofa against the door.

(*They push sofa against door* C. NOEL *kneels on the sofa.*)

MADAME (*outside, and trying to open the door*).—Noel!

ADRIEN.—Her voice! My dear, dear mother!

MADAME (*outside, calling*).—Noel!

NOEL (*aside*).—I must answer. (*Aloud*) I thought you were gone for a walk, Madame, so I took advantage to dust the drawing-room a bit. Shall I move the sofa back and let you in? There's an awful cloud of dust here!

MADAME.—Never mind, then. I only came for my volume of "Lamartine," you will find it on the table. Give it me.

ADRIEN (*aside—taking book from table* L.C.).—One of my own books. (*Kisses it.*)

NOEL.—Yes, Madame.

(*He remains on the sofa, and makes signs to* ADRIEN, *who tremblingly passes the book to* MADAME *through the door ajar, in spite of* NOEL'S *indignant by-play.*)

Is that it, Madame?

MADAME (*outside*).—Yes, thanks.

(NOEL *peeps cautiously through the door to see that she has gone, and then falls on the sofa.*)

NOEL.—Phew! I'm all in a cold perspiration (*sits*).

ADRIEN (*at window*).—How pale, how changed she is!

NOEL (*pulling him away*).—I'm changed, too. My hair has all turned grey—what there is of it.

ADRIEN.—And I cannot clasp her in my arms.

(*Turns towards the window and holds out his arms.*)

NOEL (*interposing*).—For the present, just clasp *me* in your arms, if that'll do you any good. (ADRIEN *hugs him.*) Hush! someone is coming again. This time I'll lock the door. (*Locks door* C.)

BLANCHE (*knocking outside* C.).—Noel!

NOEL (*aside to* ADRIEN).—It's your sister.

ADRIEN.—Dear little Blanche.

BLANCHE (*outside*).—Noel!

NOEL.—Pooh, pooh! What should we fear? I'll just prepare her for an agreeable surprise. Go hide behind the curtain there. (ADRIEN *conceals himself.*)

BLANCHE (*outside*).—What are you muttering to yourself about? Do open the door.

NOEL.—Yes, Mamzelle Blanche.

(*He draws aside the sofa, and unlocks the door. He then commences dusting the chairs, humming a tune in a low voice.*)

BLANCHE (*entering* C.).—Why did you lock yourself in, Noel?

NOEL.—Why, so that the dust shouldn't get out.

BLANCHE.—A new idea of yours, I must admit.

NOEL (*aside*).—What nonsense I do talk. (*Aloud*) To keep the dust in, I mean.

BLANCHE.—Don't be absurd. Mamma has gone for a stroll, with Mathilde. Poor mamma does look so ill.

NOEL.—Oh, very ill, Mamzelle Blanche—very ill, indeed. (*Hums a tune.*)

BLANCHE.—Why, Noel, what has happened to you?

NOEL.—Me? Nothing. (*Hums.*)

BLANCHE.—I speak to you about poor mamma, and you actually commence singing. I never heard the like before. It's not natural. Something *has* happened, I'm sure.

NOEL.—I do look rather queer, don't I? Well, mamzelle, if the truth must be told, I do feel a little flustered. I've just received a piece of extraordinary news, that's all.

BLANCHE.—Good news?

NOEL.—Excellent.

BLANCHE.—For me?

NOEL.—Yes, and for me, too. For all of us.

BLANCHE.—Oh, Noel, what is it?

NOEL.—Guess.

BLANCHE.—About Adrien?

NOEL.—You commence to burn.

BLANCHE.—He has been heard from?

NOEL.—Now you are scorching.

BLANCHE.—Oh, my dear, dear brother! There, tell me all, that's a dear Noel. You needn't be a bit afraid. I can stand it. I've got such a head, you know.

NOEL.—Without any fainting or nonsense?

BLANCHE.—I faint? Did you ever see me faint?

NOEL.—I never did—that's true. Well, then, mamzelle—

BLANCHE.—He's here—alive?

NOEL.—He is—and safe and well.

BLANCHE.—Oh! what joy for mamma. (*Calling*) Adrien! Adrien! Where are you?

ADRIEN (*comes out*).—Not dead, little sister, but dying—to kiss you.

BLANCHE.—You may. I don't believe you are a ghost.

(ADRIEN *runs and lifts her in his arms.*)

ADRIEN (*kisses her*).—My own darling little Blanche! (*Looks at her.*) Why, how pretty the minx has grown. (*Kisses her.*)

BLANCHE.—Oh! mamma will be so happy, and so will our poor Mathilde, and all of us.

NOEL.—To begin, then, Master Adrien, you must be concealed somewhere, at once. (*To Blanche*) If we only had the key of his room.

BLANCHE.—Mamma always keeps it in her own possession. Stop! Here is her work-basket. The key may be in it. (*Rummages in basket.*) And here it is.

"HERE IT IS."

(*Shows key.*) How lucky! isn't it? (*She runs to door* R.U.E., *and opens it with key.*) Now, sir, walk into prison, if you please.

ADRIEN (*at the door* R.).—My own little room! and in such perfect order. My books, my maps—everything in its place.

NOEL.—Just as it didn't use to be.

ADRIEN (*to* BLANCHE).—Do you hear this spiteful old Noel? Why, I do believe he has had my geometrical drawings all framed and hung around the walls.

BLANCHE (*pretends to look in*).—Dear me! So he has! Go and admire them.

(*she pushes* ADRIEN *in and locks door* R.U.E.)

ADRIEN (*outside*).—You don't mean to say I'm to be locked in?

BLANCHE.—Make haste to get him some luncheon, Noel, that's a duck! Oh, what fun we shall have! And how jolly it is not to cry any more, and not to wear this horrid black dress. I shall put on my tarletan dress this very evening, and wear those tea roses in my hair. I could almost dance for joy. Tra-la-la! (*dances*)

NOEL.—Mamzelle Blanche, you shouldn't dance about in that way. Suppose Madame were to come in now!

BLANCHE.—Oh, there's no danger. And if I didn't do something I should explode; I'm sure I should. To think he is there, and so handsome, too!

NOEL.—That he is. Almost as handsome as Master Lucien, isn't he?

BLANCHE.—Noel, it's very spiteful of you to tease me. You're a wicked old man.

NOEL.—I'm so happy, I can't help teasing you a bit. It's my way of dancing, you know. But now we must be serious, and devise some means of breaking this glorious news to your mamma.

BLANCHE.—Oh, I don't give the matter a thought. All I fear is that I shall not look miserable enough; I couldn't do it.

NOEL.—You certainly haven't a very sorry appearance just now.

BLANCHE.—And you look as happy as a bridegroom.

NOEL.—A nice pair we are.

BLANCHE.—Your eyes alone are sure to betray us. You don't know how they shine.

NOEL.—Do they, though? Then I'll keep winking, so that it shan't be noticed. (*Crosses to window* L.) Ah! there they come, across the lawn. (*Going*) Remember, Mamzelle Blanche, this is the dangerous moment.

BLANCHE.—You don't mean to leave me alone with her?

NOEL.—But I do, though. I could never conceal my feelings. It takes a woman to dissimulate, you know.

(*Exit* C.)

BLANCHE (*alone*).—Noel! Come back, you silly old man! Poor mamma! What if I throw my arms around her neck, and tell her the happy truth at once? No, no: that would never do. It would kill her.

(*Enter* MADAME DES AUBIERS, C.) *She goes to the easy-chair* R, *without seeing* BLANCHE, *throws her bonnet on table* R.)

(*Approaching*) Are you any better, mamma? I fear you have walked too far, and have fatigued yourself.

(*She goes softly around her mother's chair, puts her arm round her neck, and kisses her.*)

MADAME.—Your stroll on the beach this morning did you good, dear. I can almost fancy I see you smile. (*Looks at her steadfastly.*) I don't know why, but it seems to me you have a strange expression of the eyes.

BLANCHE (*confused*).—I, mamma?

MADAME.—Yes, dear. They appear brighter than usual, as if some pleasure had happened to you.

BLANCHE.—Dear mamma, how well you guess everything!

MADAME.—Ah! what has occurred, then?

BLANCHE (*aside*).—Oh, such an idea! I will risk it, at all hazards. It may pave the way, and can do no harm, I'm sure.

MADAME.—Sit down here, love, and tell me what has given you pleasure.

BLANCHE (*sitting on the stool at* MADAME'S *feet*).—Well, mamma, I am both pleased and vexed.

MADAME.—At what?

BLANCHE.—Why, to think that such great joy can fall to the lot of people who don't deserve it, whilst you, dear mamma, so gentle, so good, are plunged in sorrow.

MADAME.—Alas, my child! it is the will of Providence, and we have no right to envy the happiness of others. But to whom do you allude?

BLANCHE. — Why, to that unfeeling creature, Widow Gervaise, who forced her son to go to sea two years ago, to prevent him from marrying the girl of his choice, just because she was poor.

MADAME (*anxiously*).—Well, dear, well?

BLANCHE. — You know, mamma, the young man was supposed to have perished in the *Amphitrite*.

MADAME.—Supposed to have perished? He *did* perish.

BLANCHE.—Oh no, mamma; he was saved, and has arrived in England in a merchant vessel from China. His mother heard from him to-day, and expects him home next week.

MADAME.—Good Heavens! Can such joy be possible? (*Falls back in the chair.*) And what has *she* done to deserve such a blessing?

BLANCHE.—Well, then, mamma, it may be a silly idea of mine, but why should not we, too, indulge a hope that——?

MADAME.—Alas! For us, there is no room for hope, my child—none, none! I have the official assurance of the Government that he is dead. My poor lost boy! (*Weeps.*)

BLANCHE (*rising*).—Yes, mamma, but perhaps the Government is wrong. It wouldn't be the first time the Government has been wrong, and other Governments too!

(MADAME *rises.*)

Are you going, mamma?

"BUT PERHAPS THE GOVERNMENT IS WRONG."

MADAME (*agitated*). — Yes, love, to Mathilde's room. (*Goes to door* C., *then pauses and comes down* C.) Did you say the young man had reached England?

BLANCHE.—Yes, mamma, and may be here any day.

MADAME.—What happiness for Gervaise. Her son! her boy! How she must count, one by one, the weary moments. (*Quickly*) Blanche, I will be back presently.

(*Snatches her bonnet from table* R. *Exit* C.)

BLANCHE (*alone*).—The ice is broken at last. The idea will now take root in her mind that a mother may recover her son, even if the Government says he is dead.

(*Enter* NOEL C., *with a basket.*)

NOEL.—You keep watch outside, while I take the prisoner his bread and water. (*Takes key from* BLANCHE. *Enters room* R. U. E.).

BLANCHE.—We must manage Mathilde next. She's certain to have a nervous fit of some sort.

(*Re-enter* NOEL R.U.E.)

NOEL (*alarmed*).—He's gone!

BLANCHE.—Gone? I thought I locked the door.

NOEL.—Yes, but not the window. And I'll lay any money he has caught a glimpse of Mamzelle Mathilde.

BLANCHE.—The poor fellow is in love, you know.

NOEL.—In love! and a nice business it is, to be in love.

(ADRIEN *appears on window sill* L.)

ADRIEN.—Love laughs at locksmiths—remember that.

BLANCHE.—So there you are, traitor! Come here, sir, directly.

NOEL.—Someone is coming. Quick. (Adrien *jumps on* L.)

ADRIEN.—If I must, I suppose I must.

(BLANCHE *pushes* ADRIEN *into room* R.U.E., *and hastily locks the door. At the same moment enter* LUCIEN C.)

BLANCHE (*aside*).—Just in time. (*Turns round.*) It's not mamma, after all.

NOEL (*aside*).—I breathe again.

LUCIEN.—Am I intruding? I beg pardon—I—

BLANCHE. — Oh, not at all. We thought it was mamma——

NOEL.—And felt a little flustered.

LUCIEN (*surprised*).—Why, what has happened?

BLANCHE (*to* LUCIEN).—A great joy has been granted to us.

LUCIEN.—Indeed?

BLANCHE.—And we know you will share our happiness—you, who loved him so dearly.

LUCIEN.—What ! Adrien !

BLANCHE.—Is alive and well. Safe locked in his own room, there.

LUCIEN.—Oh ! thank Heaven !

NOEL (*aside*).—His heart is in the right place, after all !

LUCIEN.—Blanche, you are a noble girl, and deserve this happiness. I must leave you immediately.

BLANCHE.—But you are not going—I shall not let you go—you must stay and help us to break the joyful news to poor, dear mamma. Hark ! She is coming.

LUCIEN.—But, Blanche——

BLANCHE.—Stay—I entreat you.

(*Enter* MADAME, *hastily* C. *She stops and looks at* LUCIEN *and* BLANCHE, *who remain motionless.*)

MADAME (R., *aside*).—What can be the meaning of this ? Why has she deceived me ? Blanche—who was always truth itself ? It cannot be that there is hope—no, no—I am mad—it is impossible ! (*Aloud*) Noel, leave us.

NOEL (*aside*).—That's lucky for me.

Exit C.

BLANCHE (*aside to* LUCIEN).—See how excited she is. We must be very, very prudent.

MADAME (*to* BLANCHE).—Who told you that story, Blanche ? About Gervaise ?

BLANCHE.—Mamma, it was Noel, who heard it from a peasant.

MADAME.—And did he give no details ? Was Gervaise particularly mentioned ?

BLANCHE.—Not by name.

MADAME (*starting*).—Ah !

LUCIEN (*aside to* BLANCHE).—Take care.

BLANCHE.—I only know that, according to what he heard, Noel thought it must be Gervaise's son.

MADAME.—Alas, no !

LUCIEN (*to* MADAME).—I shall be in Bordeaux to-morrow, and will make some inquiries, if you wish it.

MADAME (*quickly*).—What ? Are you going, Lucien ? (*Aside*) How downcast he looks !

LUCIEN.—I am called away by important business, and must return to Bordeaux this evening.

(*Kisses her hand, bows to* BLANCHE, *exit* C. BLANCHE *seats herself on the sofa* L.)

MADAME (*sits* R. *Aside*).—How embarrassed he seemed. Oh, I must know the truth. This suspense will drive me mad. (*Rummages in work basket* R.) Where is the key ? (*To* BLANCHE.) Blanche, have you seen the key to your brother's room ?

BLANCHE (*embarrassed*).—The key, mamma ? Why, you always keep it yourself, you know. Indeed, it wasn't I, I assure you, mamma.

MADAME.—Why do you excuse yourself, my child ?

BLANCHE.—Because—because—I thought

MADAME (*aside*).—She has taken it. (*Aloud*) That key must be found at once, dear. Go, ask Noel if he has it. Stay ! (*Aside*) She would put him on his guard. (*Crosses to* L., *calls* NOEL.) Noel !

(NOEL *appears at* C., BLANCHE *going out at the same moment.*)

BLANCHE (*aside to* NOEL).—It's your turn now, sir. Be prudent.

(*Exit* C.)

MADAME.—Close the door, Noel. Well, Noel, we have news of Adrien. (*Crosses back to* R.)

NOEL (*stupefied*).—Oh, Madame, who told you that ?

MADAME.—Blanche.

NOEL.—Well, yes, we have heard something. (MADAME *staggers*, NOEL *assists her to a seat in the armchair* R.) And if you were not nervous, you know——

MADAME.—Oh, Noel—see how calm I am !

NOEL.—Yes, very calm indeed ! The first word I say, away you go, as if——

MADAME.—Oh, Noel, for pity's sake.

NOEL (*with feigned readiness*).—Then, I see I can tell you all about it !

MADAME (*eagerly*).—Do, do, Noel—my old, my faithful friend—tell me the whole truth. I can bear it, indeed I can.

NOEL.—Well, then, Madame, it seems a traveller reached Bordeaux yesterday, and this traveller just casually mentioned that in his travels he had met a young traveller who was travelling in the same direction, and whose name was Adrien des Aubiers. Then someone who knew Master Adrien said to him—the traveller, I mean—that his story couldn't be true, for Master Adrien had been killed by the enemy. "Oh no," said the traveller, "that couldn't be, for I left him alive and well, only a fortnight ago."

MADAME (*with joyful eagerness*).—Where ?

NOEL (*puzzled*).—Where ?

MADAME.—Yes—where ?

NOEL (*aside*).—I wish I could think of the name of some country.

MADAME (*impatiently*).—Where — where was my poor boy seen?

NOEL (*desperately*).—In—in Australia—

MADAME (*rising and crossing* L.).—In Australia two weeks ago—absurd!

NOEL.—Well, but, Madame, how can I help it? You scold me—frighten me——

MADAME.—Oh! you are killing me—killing me! (*falling on a chair* R.) Go, go! Leave me!

NOEL (*aside*).—I don't seem to make much headway. I'll call the others.

(*Goes to window* L.C. *and makes motions outside.*)

MADAME (*rising, to herself*).—Oh, if this last hope were to die! No—the news, whatever it is, is sure.

(*Enter* MATHILDE C.)

Ah! she has changed the ribbon in her hair. (*Goes towards* MATHILDE.) (*Aloud*) Mathilde!

(*Enter* BLANCHE *and* LUCIEN C.)

Let me look at you! Ah! Those eyes have met Adrien's—he is here.

BLANCHE.—Be calm, I implore you.

MADAME.—Yes; I divine it all. You have both seen him.

BLANCHE.—Well, then, mamma, we have seen him; but you can only embrace him to-morrow.

MADAME.—Ah, my son! my boy! (*They try to calm her.*) No, no, I'll not listen. (*Calls*) Adrien!

(ADRIEN *bursts open the door* R.U.E., *takes a step forward, then stops.* MADAME DES AUBIERS *screams, and falls into the arms of* NOEL *and* MATHILDE.)

ADRIEN.—Oh Heaven, she is dead!

MADAME (*recovering*).—Ah!

(ADRIEN *rushes toward* MADAME. *She pauses a moment, and then wildly seizes his head between her hands, kissing him passionately.*)

Thank God! Thank God!

(BLANCHE *approaches.* ADRIEN *rises, and* MADAME *clasps them both in her arms.*)

NOEL (*blubbering*).—This is too much for me. Now it's all over—I—I—(*he falls on the ottoman.*)

BLANCHE (*goes to him*).—Good gracious! I do believe the silly old noodle is going to faint.

NOEL (*recovering*).—No, no, Mamzelle Blanche. (*Rising*) The fact is, I hardly know what to do—I'm so happy.

MADAME.—Ah, Noel, the night has passed, and the glorious morning breaks again. Even to the hopeless and the desolate, behind the darkest clouds there is a silver lining.

CURTAIN.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

AGE 18.
From a Photo. by Rentlingen, Paris.

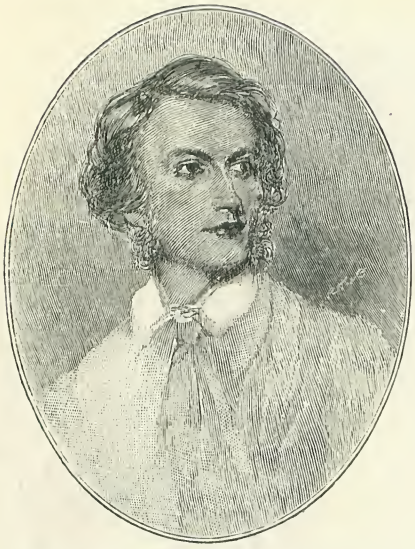
AGE 25.
From a Photo. by Lombardi, Brighton.
[AS SUZANNA.]

AGE 36.
From a Photo by Brown, Barnes & Bell.
[AS MARGUERITE.]

From a Photo.] PRESENT DAY. *[by Barraud.*
[AS CARMEN.]

MADAME MARIE ROZE.

MARIE ROZE was born in Paris, where her father, M. Pousin, a well-known lawyer, had married a daughter of Count Roze de la Haye. From her earliest years she showed a passion for music, and at thirteen was sent, by the advice of the great Auber, to the Conservatoire, where she speedily gained the highest honours, and was selected to sing before the Emperor. At seventeen she first appeared in opera, singing the part of Hérold's *Marie*, and was soon the most popular singer and actress in Paris. During the siege of Paris by the Prussians she remained in the city, turned her house into a hospital, and organised numerous concerts for the relief of the wounded. The kindness of heart thus displayed is most characteristic of Madame Marie Roze, who is ever ready to put her great gifts at the service of those whose charitable enterprises are crippled for want of necessary funds. Two years later she first appeared in London, with a success which has continued to increase from that day to the present time. In 1877 she married Colonel Mapleson.



From a Drawing by] AGE 25. *[James Swinton.*

From a] AGE 45. *[Photograph.*

THE EARL OF WEMYSS.

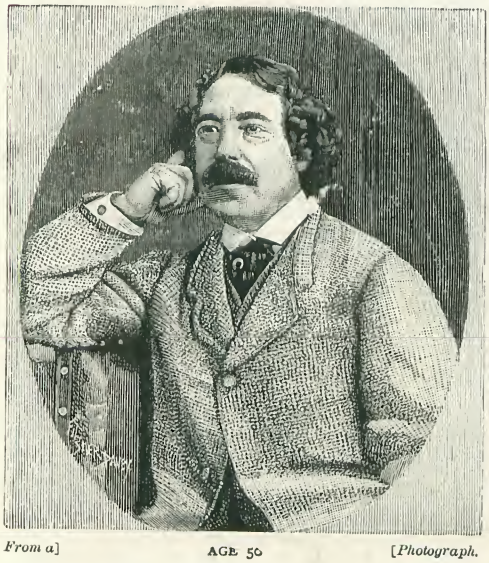
BORN 1818.

LORD WEMYSS, at the age of twenty-five, when his title was Lord Elcho, had just taken his degree at Oxford, and had been elected to represent East Gloucestershire in the House of Commons, which constituency he continued to represent until, in 1846, he became a convert to Sir Robert Peel's Free Trade policy and resigned his seat. In the year following he was returned for Haddingtonshire as a Liberal-Conservative, and remained member for that constituency until the death of his father, in 1883, removed him to the House of Lords. Lord Wemyss has always played a very independent part in politics. When Lord Elcho, he was very widely and popularly known through his connection with the Volunteer movement and the National Rifle Association. He is Colonel of the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers, of which popular regiment he was the founder. He frequently presided over the Wimbledon meetings, and the portraits of him at different ages which we here present cannot fail to be extremely interesting to every Volunteer in the United Kingdom, not only on account of the great obligations which the Service owes to his energy, but as the presenter of the Elcho Shield.

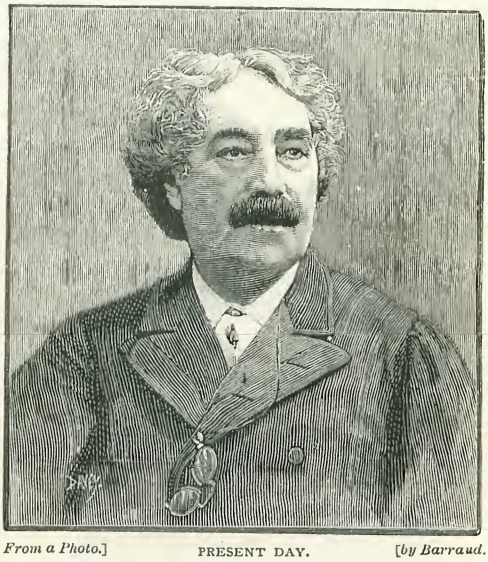
From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Fradelle & Young.*

From a] AGE 22. *[Drawing.*

From a] AGE 27. *[Drawing.*



From a] AGE 50 *[Photograph.*



From a Photo.] PRESENT DAY. *[by Barraud.*

SIMS REEVES.

BORN 1822.

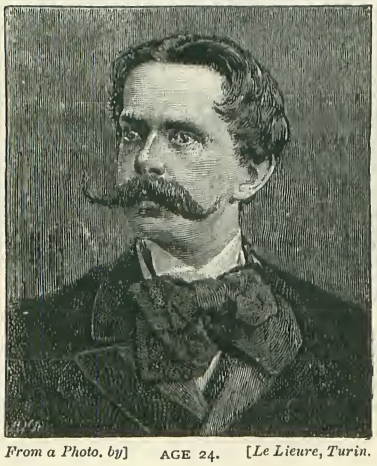
MR. JOHN SIMS REEVES, the son of a musician, was born at Shooter's Hill, and at the age of fourteen obtained the post of organist at North Cray Church. At seventeen he made his first appearance on the stage, as *Count Rudolpho* in "Sonnambula," at Newcastle. His voice was then a baritone; but by 1847, when he made his first appearance in London as *Edgar* in "The Bride of Lammermoor" (in which character our second portrait shows him), his voice had become the pure high tenor of delicious quality which was to become famous over all the world.

From a Photo. by] AGE 18. *[Duroni, Milan.*

THE KING OF ITALY.

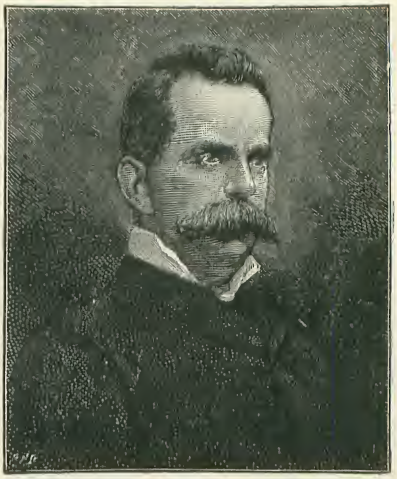
BORN 1844.

KING HUMBERT IV. at eighteen had already attended his father through the War of Independence, and obtained an early insight into political and military life. At twenty-two he was present at the disastrous battle of Custozza, where he is said



From a Photo. by] AGE 24. *[Le Lieure, Turin.*

to have performed prodigies of valour. At twenty-four, at which age our second portrait represents him, he married, at Turin, the charming lady whose portraits we give



From a Photo. by] AGE 34. *[Mauri, Naples.*

on the opposite page. At thirty-four, the age of our third portrait, he succeeded to the throne, on the death of his father, January 9, 1878. In the same year, as he

From a Photo. by] AGE 47. *[Alessandri, Rome.*

was entering Naples, a man named Giovanni Passanante rushed up to the royal carriage, and stabbed his Majesty with a poniard; the wound, however, fortunately proving slight.

From a Photo. by] AGE 14. *[Le Lieure, Turin.*

THE QUEEN OF ITALY.

THE Princess Marguerite Marie Thérèse Jeanne of Savoy, whose portraits at different ages are here presented to our readers, is the daughter of the late Duke Ferdinand of Genoa, brother of King Victor Emanuel, and became Queen of Italy by her

From a Photo. by] AGE 17. *[Le Lieure, Turin.*

marriage with her cousin Humbert, on April 22, 1868. The Queen of Italy, like our own Princess of Wales, is one of the most beautiful women in her kingdom, and the comparison is still further borne out by the fact that she has won, not only the

From a Photo. by] AGE 28. *[Borelli, Rome.*

admiration of the people by her grace and beauty, but their secure affection by her amiable and kindly nature.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Alessandri, Rome.*

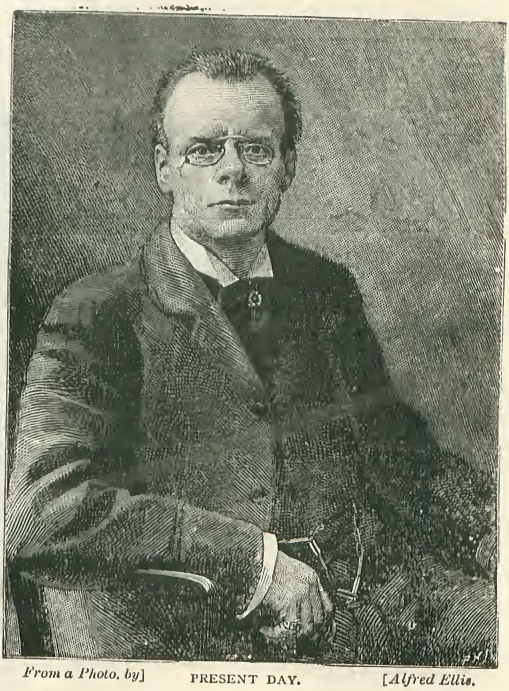
From a] AGE 10. *[Daguerreotype.*

EDWARD TERRY.

MR. EDWARD O'CONNOR TERRY, who was born in London, made his first appearance on the public stage at the age of nineteen, when he immediately scored great successes in the provinces as *Asa Trenchard* to Sothern's *Lord Dundreary*, and as *Old Pete* in "The Octoroon." At twenty-three he made his first appearance before a London audience at the Surrey Theatre, and a year later he appeared at the Lyceum in the character of the *First Gravedigger* in "Hamlet." At thirty-two, the age at which our third portrait represents him, he became a member of the Gaiety Company, in which his inimitably droll personification of the characters of burlesque did much to give that Company its unrivalled name. In 1885 he left the Gaiety, and at the present time, as all playgoers are aware, possesses a theatre of his own in the Strand, at which is to be seen nightly some of the best comedy-acting of the day.

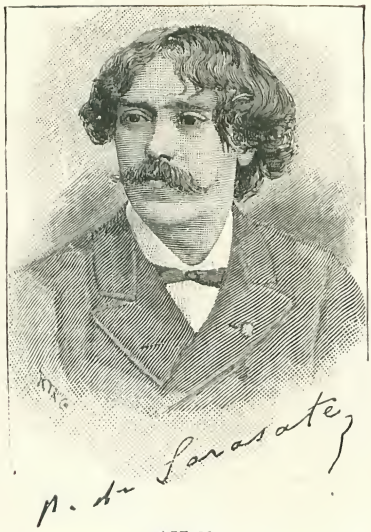
From a Photo. by] AGE 32. *[Lombardi.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 27. *[Lock & Whitfield, Brighton.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Alfred Ellis.*

AGE 7.
From a Photo. by R. Ribas, Palma de Mallorca.



AGE 32.
From a Photo. by Bergamasco, St. Petersburg.

SENOR SARASATE.

BORN 1844.

MARTIN MELITON SARASATE was born at Pampeluna, came to France as a child, and at the age of twelve entered the Paris Conservatoire, where he became the favourite pupil of Alard, and gained the first prizes for violin playing. When about sixteen he took up the career of a concert player, in which the extreme beauty of his execution, aided doubtless by his singularly striking appearance, ensured his immediate success. No violinist has travelled more than he; he has played in every important city in Europe and America, and is well known to London audiences. His distinguishing characteristics are not so much fire, force, and passion, though of these he has an ample store, as purity of style, charm, flexibility, and extraordinary facility. He *sings* on his instrument with the utmost feeling and expression, and without any of the affectation which robs the playing of many violinists of all charm. It is a disputed point among musicians whether Señor Sarasate or Herr Joachim is to be considered the greatest violinist of the age.

From a Photo. by] AGE 47. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

IX.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENGINEER'S THUMB.

By A. Conan Doyle.

OF all the problems which have been submitted to my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes for solution during the years of our intimacy, there were only two which I was the means of introducing to his notice, that of Mr. Hatherley's thumb and that of Colonel Warburton's madness. Of these the latter may have afforded a finer field for an acute and original observer, but the other was so strange in its inception and so dramatic in its details, that it may be the more worthy of being placed upon record, even if it gave my friend fewer openings for those deductive methods of reasoning by which he achieved such remarkable results. The story has, I believe, been told more than once in the newspapers, but, like all such narratives, its effect is much less striking when set forth *en bloc* in a single half-column of print than when the facts slowly evolve before your own eyes and the mystery clears gradually away as each new discovery furnishes a step which leads on to the complete truth. At the time the circumstances made a deep impression upon me, and the lapse of two years has hardly served to weaken the effect.

It was in the summer of '89, not long after my marriage, that the events occurred which I am now about to summarise. I had returned to civil practice, and had finally abandoned Holmes in his Baker-street rooms, although I continually visited him, and occasionally even persuaded him to forego his Bohemian habits so far as to come and visit us. My practice had steadily increased, and as I happened to live at no very great distance from Paddington Station, I got a few patients from among the officials. One of these whom I had cured of a painful and lingering disease, was never weary of advertising my virtues, and of endeavouring to send me on every sufferer over whom he might have any influence.

One morning, at a little before seven o'clock, I was awakened by the maid tapping at the door, to announce that two men had come from Paddington, and were waiting in the consulting room. I dressed hurriedly, for I knew by experience that railway cases were seldom trivial, and hastened downstairs. As I descended, my old ally, the guard, came out of the room, and closed the door tightly behind him.

"I've got him here," he whispered, jerking his thumb over his shoulder; "he's all right."

"What is it, then?" I asked, for his manner suggested that it was some strange creature which he had caged up in my room.

"It's a new patient," he whispered. "I thought I'd bring him round myself; then he couldn't slip away. There he is, all safe and sound. I must go now, doctor, I have my dooties, just the same as you." And off he went, this trusty tout, without even giving me time to thank him.

I entered my consulting room, and found a gentleman seated by the table. He was quietly dressed in a suit of heather tweed, with a soft cloth cap, which he had laid down upon my books. Round one of his hands he had a handkerchief wrapped, which was mottled all over with bloodstains. He was young, not more than five-and-twenty, I should say, with a strong masculine face; but he was exceedingly pale, and gave me the impression of a man who was suffering from some strong agitation, which it took all his strength of mind to control.

"I am sorry to knock you up so early, doctor," said he. "But I have had a very serious accident during the night. I came in by train this morning, and on inquiring at Paddington as to where I might find a doctor a worthy fellow very kindly escorted me here. I gave the maid a card, but I see that she has left it upon the side table."

I took it up and glanced at it. "Mr.

Victor Hatherley, hydraulic engineer, 16A, Victoria-street (3rd floor)." That was the name, style, and abode of my morning visitor. "I regret that I have kept you waiting," said I, sitting down in my library chair. "You are fresh from a night journey, I understand, which is in itself a monotonous occupation."

"Oh, my night could not be called monotonous," said he, and laughed. He laughed very heartily, with a high ringing note, leaning back in his chair, and shaking his sides. All my medical instincts rose up against that laugh.

"Stop it!" I cried. "Pull yourself together!" and I poured out some water from a caraffe.

It was useless, however. He was off in one of those hysterical outbursts which come upon a strong nature when some great crisis is over and gone. Presently he came to himself once more, very weary and blushing hotly.

"I have been making a fool of myself," he gasped.

"Not at all. Drink this!" I dashed some brandy into the water, and the colour began to come back to his bloodless cheeks.

"That's better!" said he. "And now, doctor, perhaps you would kindly attend to my thumb, or rather to the place where my thumb used to be."

He unwound the handkerchief and held out his hand. It gave even my hardened nerves a shudder to look at it. There were four protruding fingers and a horrid red spongy surface where the thumb should have been. It had been hacked or torn right out from the roots.

"Good heavens!" I cried, "this is a terrible injury. It must have bled considerably."

"Yes, it did. I fainted when it was done; and I think that I must have been senseless for a long time. When I came to, I found that it was still bleeding, so I tied one end of my handkerchief very tightly round the wrist, and braced it up with a twig."

"Excellent! You should have been a surgeon."

"It is a question of hydraulics, you see, and came within my own province."

"This has been done," said I, examining the wound, "by a very heavy and sharp instrument."

"A thing like a cleaver," said he.

"An accident, I presume?"

"By no means."

"What, a murderous attack!"

"Very murderous indeed."

"You horrify me."

I sponged the wound, cleaned it, dressed it; and, finally, covered it over with cotton wadding and carbolised bandages. He lay back without wincing, though he bit his lip from time to time.

"How is that?" I asked, when I had finished.

"Capital! Between your brandy and your bandage, I feel a new man. I was very weak, but I have had a good deal to go through."

"HE UNWOUND THE HANDKERCHIEF, AND HELD OUT HIS HAND."

"Perhaps you had better not speak of the matter. It is evidently trying to your nerves."

"Oh, no; not now. I shall have to tell my tale to the police; but, between ourselves, if it were not for the convincing evidence of this wound of mine, I should be surprised if they believed my statement, for it is a very extraordinary one, and I have not much in the way of proof with which to back it up. And, even if they believe me, the clues which I can give them are so vague that it is a question whether justice will be done."

"Ha!" cried I, "if it is anything in the nature of a problem which you desire to see solved, I should strongly recommend you to come to my friend Mr. Sherlock Holmes before you go to the official police."

"Oh, I have heard of that fellow," answered my visitor, "and I should be very glad if he would take the matter up, though of course I must use the official police as well. Would you give me an introduction to him?"

"I'll do better. I'll take you round to him myself."

"I should be immensely obliged to you."

"We'll call a cab, and go together. We shall just be in time to have a little breakfast with him. Do you feel equal to it?"

"Yes, I shall not feel easy until I have told my story."

"Then my servant will call a cab, and I shall be with you in an instant." I rushed upstairs, explained the matter shortly to my wife, and in five minutes was inside a hansom, driving with my new acquaintance to Baker-street.

"HE SETTLED OUR NEW ACQUAINTANCE ON THE SOFA.

Sherlock Holmes was, as I expected, lounging about his sitting-room in his dressing-gown, reading the agony column of *The Times*, and smoking his before-breakfast pipe, which was composed of all the plugs and dottels left from his smokes of the day before, all carefully dried and collected on the corner of the mantel-piece. He received us in his quietly genial fashion, ordered fresh rashers and eggs, and joined us in a hearty meal. When it was concluded he settled our new acquaintance upon the sofa, placed a pillow beneath his head, and laid a glass of brandy and water within his reach.

"It is easy to see that your experience has been no common one, Mr. Hatherley," said he. "Pray lie down there and make yourself absolutely at home. Tell us what you can, but stop when you are tired, and keep up your strength with a little stimulant."

"Thank you," said my patient, "but I have felt another man since the doctor bandaged me, and I think that your breakfast has completed the cure. I shall take up as little of your valuable time as possible, so I shall start at once upon my peculiar experiences."

Holmes sat in his big armchair with the weary, heavy-lidded expression which veiled his keen and eager nature, while I sat opposite to him, and we listened in silence to the strange story which our visitor detailed to us.

"You must know," said he, "that I am an orphan and a bachelor, residing alone in lodgings in London. By profession I am a hydraulic engineer, and I have had considerable experience of my work during the seven years that I was apprenticed to Venner and Matheson, the well-known firm, of Greenwich. Two years ago, having served my time, and having also come into a fair sum of money through my poor father's death, I determined to start in business for myself, and took professional chambers in Victoria-street.

"I suppose that everyone finds his first independent start in business a dreary experience. To me it has been exceptionally so. During two years I have had three consultations and one small job, and that is absolutely all that my profession has brought me. My gross takings amount to twenty-seven pounds ten. Every day, from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon, I waited in my little den, until at last my heart began to sink, and I came to believe that I should never have any practice at all.

"Yesterday, however, just as I was thinking of leaving the office, my clerk entered to say there was a gentleman waiting who wished to see me upon business. He brought up a card, too, with the name of "Colonel Lysander Stark" engraved upon it. Close at his heels came the Colonel himself, a man rather over the middle size but of an exceeding thinness. I do not think that I have ever seen so thin a man. His whole face sharpened away into nose and chin, and the skin of his cheeks was drawn quite tense over his outstanding bones. Yet this emaciation seemed to be his natural habit, and due to no disease, for his eye was bright, his step brisk, and his bearing assured. He was plainly but neatly dressed, and his age, I should judge, would be nearer forty than thirty.

"COLONEL LYSANDER STARK."

"'Mr. Hatherley?' said he, with something of a German accent. 'You have been recommended to me, Mr. Hatherley, as being a man who is not only proficient in his profession, but is also discreet and capable of preserving a secret.'

"I bowed, feeling as flattered as any young man would at such an address. 'May I ask who it was who gave me so good a character?' I asked.

"'Well, perhaps it is better that I should not tell you that just at this moment. I have it from the same source that you are both an orphan and a bachelor, and are residing alone in London.'

"'That is quite correct,' I answered, 'but you will excuse me if I say that I cannot see how all this bears upon my professional qualifications. I understood that it was on a professional matter that you wished to speak to me?'

"'Undoubtedly so. But you will find that all I say is really to the point. I have a professional commission for you, but absolute secrecy is quite essential—*absolute* secrecy, you understand, and of course we may expect that more from a man who is alone than from one who lives in the bosom of his family.'

"'If I promise to keep a secret,' said I, 'you may absolutely depend upon my doing so.'

"He looked very hard at me as I spoke, and it seemed to me that I had never seen so suspicious and questioning an eye.

"'You do promise, then?' said he at last.

"'Yes, I promise.'

"'Absolute and complete silence, before, during, and after? No reference to the matter at all, either in word or writing?'

"'I have already given you my word.'

"'Very good.' He suddenly sprang up,

and darting like lightning across the room he flung open the door. The passage outside was empty.

"'That's all right,' said he, coming back. 'I know that clerks are sometimes curious as to their master's affairs. Now we can talk in safety.' He drew up his chair very close to mine, and began to stare at me again with the same questioning and thoughtful look.

"A feeling of repulsion, and of something akin to fear had begun to rise within me at the strange antics of this fleshless man. Even my dread of losing a client could not restrain me from showing my impatience.

"'I beg that you will state your business, sir,' said I; 'my time is of value.' Heaven forgive me for that last sentence, but the words came to my lips.

"'How would fifty guineas for a night's work suit you?' he asked.

"'Most admirably.'

"'I say a night's work, but an hour's would be nearer the mark. I simply want your opinion about a hydraulic stamping machine which has got out of gear. If you show us what is wrong we shall soon set it right ourselves. What do you think of such a commission as that?'

"'The work appears to be light, and the pay munificent.'

"'Precisely so. We shall want you to come to-night by the last train.'

"'Where to?'

"'To Eyford, in Berkshire. It is a little place near the borders of Oxfordshire, and within seven miles of Reading. There is a train from Paddington which would bring you in there at about eleven fifteen.'

"'Very good.'

"'I shall come down in a carriage to meet you.'

"'There is a drive, then?'

"'Yes, our little place is quite out in the country. It is a good seven miles from Eyford Station.'

"'Then we can hardly get there before midnight. I suppose there would be no chance of a train back. I should be compelled to stop the night.'

"'Yes, we could easily give you a shake-down.'

"'That is very awkward. Could I not come at some more convenient hour?'

"'We have judged it best that you should come late. It is to recompense you for any inconvenience that we are paying to you, a young and unknown man, a fee which would buy an opinion from the very heads of your profession. Still, of course, if you would like to draw out of the business, there is plenty of time to do so.'

"I thought of the fifty guineas, and of how very useful they would be to me. 'Not at all,' said I, 'I shall be very happy to accommodate myself to your wishes. I should like, however, to understand a little more clearly what it is that you wish me to do.'

"'Quite so. It is very natural that the pledge of secrecy which we have exacted from you should have aroused your curiosity. I have no wish to commit you to anything without your having it all laid before you. I suppose that we are absolutely safe from eavesdroppers?'

"'Entirely.'

"'Then the matter stands thus. You are probably aware that fuller's earth is a valuable product, and that it is only found in one or two places in England?'

"'I have heard so.'

"Some little time ago I bought a small place—a very small place—within ten miles of Reading. I was fortunate enough to discover that there was a deposit of fuller's earth in one of my fields. On examining it, however, I found that this deposit was a comparatively small one, and that it formed a link between two very much larger ones upon the right and the left—both of them, however, in the grounds of my neighbours. These good people were absolutely ignorant that their land contained that which was quite as valuable as a gold mine. Naturally, it was to my interest to buy their land before they discovered its true value; but, unfortunately, I had no capital by which I could do this. I took a few of my friends into the secret, however, and they suggested that we should quietly and secretly work our own little deposit, and that in this way we should earn the money which would enable us to buy the neighbouring fields. This we have now been doing for some time, and in order to help us in our operations we erected a hydraulic press. This press, as I have already explained, has got out of order, and we wish your advice upon the subject. We guard our secret very jealously, however, and if it once became known that we had hydraulic engineers coming to our little house, it would soon rouse inquiry, and then, if the facts came out, it would be good-bye to any chance of getting these fields and carrying out our plans. That is why I have made

you promise me that you will not tell a human being that you are going to Eyford to-night. I hope that I make it all plain?'

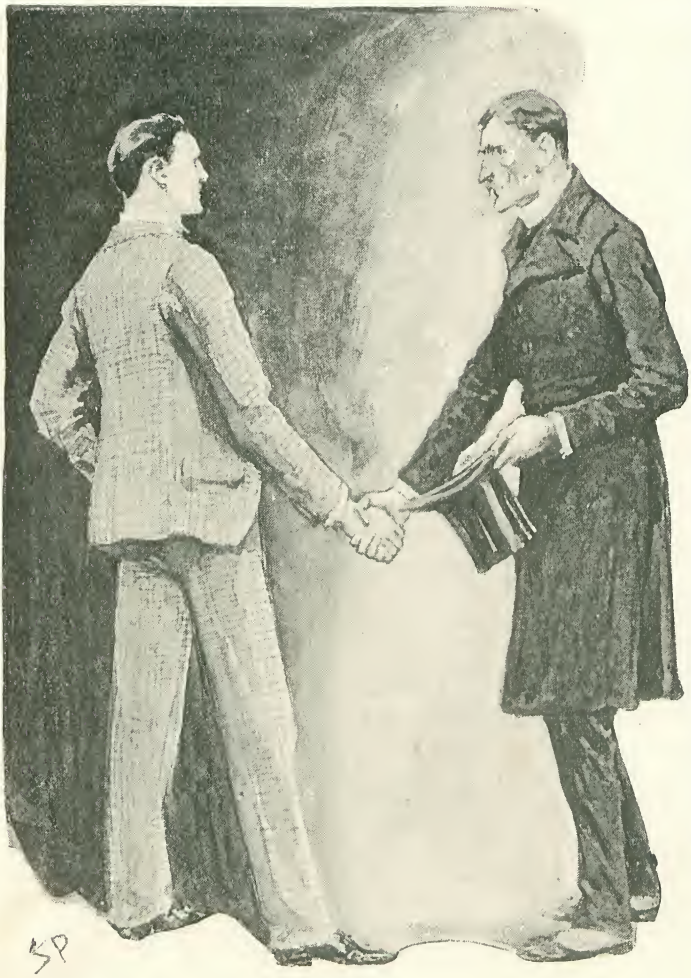
"'I quite follow you,' said I. 'The only point which I could not quite understand, was what use you could make of a hydraulic press in excavating fuller's earth, which, as I understand, is dug out like gravel from a pit.'

"'Ah!' said he, carelessly, 'we have our own process. We compress the earth into bricks, so as to remove them without revealing what they are. But that is a mere detail. I have taken you fully into my confidence now, Mr. Hatherley, and I have shown you how I trust you.' He rose as he spoke. 'I shall expect you, then, at Eyford at 11.15.'

"'I shall certainly be there.'

"'And not a word to a soul.' He looked at me with a last long, questioning gaze, and then, pressing my hand in a cold, dank grasp, he hurried from the room.

"Well, when I came to think it all over in cool blood I was very much astonished, as you may both think, at this sudden commission which had been entrusted to me. On the one hand, of course, I was glad, for the fee was at least tenfold what I should have asked had I set a price upon my own services, and it was possible that this order might lead to other ones. On the other hand, the face and manner of my patron had made an unpleasant impression upon me, and I could not think that his explanation of the fuller's earth was sufficient to explain the necessity for my coming at midnight, and his extreme anxiety lest I should tell anyone of my errand. However, I threw all fears to the winds, ate a hearty supper, drove to Paddington, and started off, having obeyed to the letter the injunction as to holding my tongue.



"'NOT A WORD TO A SOUL!'"

"At Reading I had to change not only my carriage but my station. However, I was in time for the last train to Eyford, and I reached the little dim lit station after eleven o'clock. I was the only passenger who got out there, and there was no one upon the platform save a single sleepy porter with a lantern. As I passed out through the wicket gate, however, I found my acquaintance of the morning waiting in the shadow upon the other side. Without a word he grasped my arm and hurried me into a carriage, the door of which was standing open. He drew up the windows on either side, tapped on the woodwork, and away we went as hard as the horse could go."

"One horse?" interjected Holmes.

"Yes, only one."

"Did you observe the colour?"

"Yes, I saw it by the sidelights when I was stepping into the carriage. It was a chestnut."

"Tired-looking or fresh?"

"Oh, fresh and glossy."

"Thank you. I am sorry to have interrupted you. Pray continue your most interesting statement."

"Away we went then, and we drove for at least an hour. Colonel Lysander Stark had said that it was only seven miles, but I should think, from the rate that we seemed to go, and from the time that we took, that it must have been nearer twelve. He sat at my side in silence all the time, and I was aware, more than once when I glanced in his direction, that he was looking at me with great intensity. The country roads seem to be not very good in that part of the world, for we lurched and jolted terribly. I tried to look out of the windows to see something of where we were, but they were made of frosted glass, and I could make out nothing save the occasional bright blurr of a passing light. Now and then I hazarded some remark to break the monotony of the journey, but the Colonel answered only in monosyllables, and the conversation soon flagged. At last, however, the bumping of the road was exchanged for the crisp smoothness of a gravel drive, and the carriage came to a stand. Colonel Lysander Stark sprang out, and, as I followed after him, pulled me swiftly into a porch which gaped in front of us. We stepped, as it were, right out of the carriage and into the hall, so that I failed to catch the most fleeting glance of the front of the house. The instant that I had crossed the threshold the door slammed heavily behind us, and I heard faintly the rattle of the wheels as the carriage drove away.

"It was pitch dark inside the house, and the Colonel fumbled about looking for matches, and muttering under his breath. Suddenly a door opened at the other end of the passage, and a long, golden bar of light shot out in our direction. It grew broader, and a woman appeared with a lamp in her hand, which she held above her head, pushing her face forward and peering at us. I could see that she was pretty, and from the gloss with which the light shone upon her dark dress I knew that it was a rich material. She spoke a few words in a foreign tongue in a tone as though asking a question, and when my companion answered in a gruff monosyllable she gave such a start that the lamp nearly fell from her hand. Colonel Stark went up to her, whispered something in her ear, and then, pushing her back into the room from whence she had come, he walked towards me again with the lamp in his hand.

"'Perhaps you will have the kindness to wait in this room for a few minutes,' said he, throwing open another door. It was a quiet little, plainly furnished room, with a round table in the centre, on which several German books were scattered. Colonel Stark laid down the lamp on the top of a harmonium beside the door. 'I shall not keep you waiting an instant,' said he, and vanished into the darkness.

"I glanced at the books upon the table, and in spite of my ignorance of German I could see that two of them were treatises on science, the others being volumes of poetry. Then I walked across to the window, hoping that I might catch some glimpse of the country side, but an oak shutter, heavily barred, was folded across it. It was a wonderfully silent house. There was an old clock ticking loudly somewhere in the passage, but otherwise everything was deadly still. A vague feeling of uneasiness began to steal over me. Who were these German people, and what were they doing, living in this strange, out-of-the-way place? And where was the place? I was ten miles or so from Eyford, that was all I knew, but whether north, south, east, or west I had no idea. For that matter, Reading, and possibly other large towns, were within that radius, so the place might not be so secluded after all. Yet it was quite certain from the absolute stillness that we were in the country. I paced up and down the room, humming a tune under my breath to keep up my spirits, and feeling that I was thoroughly earning my fifty-guinea fee.

"Suddenly, without any preliminary sound in the midst of the utter stillness, the door of my room swung slowly open. The woman was standing in the aperture, the darkness of the hall behind her, the yellow light from my lamp beating upon her eager and beautiful face. I could see at a glance that she was sick with fear, and the sight sent a chill to my own heart. She held up one shaking finger to warn me to be silent, and she shot a few whispered words of broken English at me, her eyes glancing back, like those of a frightened horse, into the gloom behind her.

"'I would go,' said she, trying hard, as it seemed to me, to speak calmly; 'I would

go. I should not stay here. There is no good for you to do.'

"'But, madam,' said I, 'I have not yet done what I came for. I cannot possibly leave until I have seen the machine.'

"'It is not worth your while to wait,' she went on. 'You can pass through the door; no one hinders.' And then, seeing that I smiled and shook my head, she suddenly threw aside her constraint, and made a step forward, with her hands wrung together. 'For the love of Heaven!' she

"'GET AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.'"

whispered, 'get away from here before it is too late!'

"But I am somewhat headstrong by nature, and the more ready to engage in an affair when there is some obstacle in the way. I thought of my fifty-guinea fee, of my wearisome journey, and of the unpleasant night which seemed to be before me. Was it all to go for nothing? Why should I slink away without having carried out my commission, and without the payment which was my due? This woman might, for all I knew, be a monomaniac. With a stout bearing, therefore, though her manner had shaken me more than I cared to confess, I still shook my head, and declared my intention of remaining where I was. She was about to renew her entreaties when a door slammed overhead, and the sound of several footsteps were heard upon the stairs. She listened for an instant, threw up her hands with a despairing gesture, and vanished as suddenly and as noiselessly as she had come.

"The newcomers were Colonel Lysander Stark, and a short thick man with a chinchilla beard growing out of the creases of his double chin, who was introduced to me as Mr. Ferguson.

"'This is my secretary and manager,' said the Colonel. 'By the way, I was under the impression that I left this door shut just now. I fear that you have felt the draught.'

"'On the contrary,' said I, 'I opened the door myself, because I felt the room to be a little close.'

"He shot one of his suspicious glances at me. 'Perhaps we had better proceed to business, then,' said he. 'Mr. Ferguson and I will take you up to see the machine.'

"'I had better put my hat on, I suppose.'

"'Oh no, it is in the house.'

"'What, you dig fuller's earth in the house?'

"'No, no. This is only where we compress it. But never mind that! All we wish you to do is to examine the machine, and to let us know what is wrong with it.'

"We went upstairs together, the Colonel first with the lamp, the fat manager, and I behind him. It was a labyrinth of an old house, with corridors, passages, narrow winding staircases, and little low doors, the thresholds of which were hollowed out by the generations who had crossed them. There were no carpets, and no signs of any furniture above the ground floor, while the plaster was peeling off the walls, and the damp was breaking through in green, unhealthy blotches. I tried to put on as unconcerned an air as possible, but I had not forgotten the warnings of the lady, even though I disregarded them, and I kept a keen eye upon my two

companions. Ferguson appeared to be a morose and silent man, but I could see from the little that he said that he was at least a fellow-countryman.

"Colonel Lysander Stark stopped at last before a low door, which he unlocked. Within was a small square room, in which the three of us could hardly get at one time. Ferguson remained outside, and the Colonel ushered me in.

"'We are now,' said he, 'actually within the hydraulic press, and it would be a particularly unpleasant thing for us if anyone were to turn it on. The ceiling of this small chamber is really the end of the descending piston, and it comes down with the force of many tons upon this metal floor. There are small lateral columns of water outside which receive the force, and which transmit and multiply it in the manner which is familiar to you. The machine goes readily enough, but there is some stiffness in the working of it, and it has lost a little of its force. Perhaps you will have the goodness to look it over, and to show us how we can set it right.'

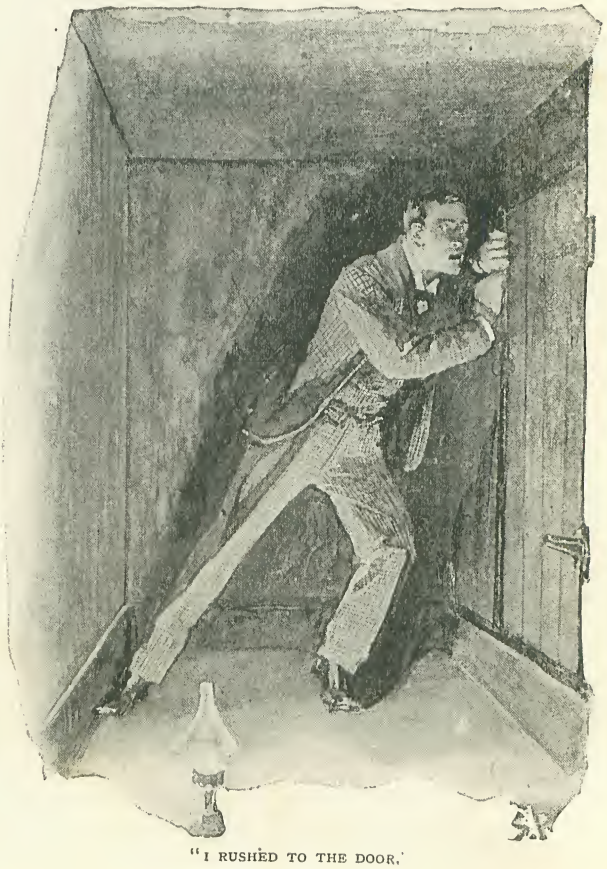
"I took the lamp from him, and I examined the machine very thoroughly. It was indeed a gigantic one, and capable of exercising enormous pressure. When I passed outside, however, and pressed down the levers which controlled it, I knew at once by the whishing sound that there was a slight leakage, which allowed a regurgitation of water through one of the side cylinders. An examination showed that one of the indiarubber bands which was round the head of a driving rod had shrunk so as not quite to fill the socket along which it worked. This was clearly the cause of the loss of power, and I pointed it out to my companions, who followed my remarks very carefully, and asked several practical questions as to how they should proceed to set it right. When I had made it clear to them, I returned to the main chamber of the machine, and took a good look at it to satisfy my own curiosity. It was obvious at a glance that the story of the fuller's earth was the merest fabrication, for it would be absurd to suppose that so powerful an engine could be designed for so inadequate a purpose. The walls were of wood, but the floor consisted of a large iron trough, and when I came to examine it I could see a crust of metallic deposit all over it. I had stooped and was scraping at this to see exactly what it was, when I heard a muttered exclamation in German, and saw the cadaverous face of the Colonel looking down at me.

"'What are you doing there?' he asked.

"I felt angry at having been tricked by so elaborate a story as that which he had told me. 'I was admiring your fuller's earth,' said I; 'I think that I should be better able to advise you as to your machine if I knew what the exact purpose was for which it was used.'

"The instant that I uttered the words I regretted the rashness of my speech. His face set hard, and a baleful light sprang up in his grey eyes.

"'Very well,' said he, 'you shall know all about the machine.' He took a step



"I RUSHED TO THE DOOR."

backward, slammed the little door, and turned the key in the lock. I rushed towards it and pulled at the handle, but it was quite secure, and did not give in the least to my kicks and shoves. 'Hullo!' I yelled. 'Hullo! Colonel! Let me out!'

"And then suddenly in the silence I heard a sound which sent my heart into my mouth. It was the clank of the levers, and the swish of the leaking cylinder. He had set the engine at work. The lamp still stood upon the floor where I had placed it when examining the trough. By its light I saw that the black ceiling was coming down upon me, slowly, jerkily, but, as none knew better than myself, with a force which must within a minute grind me to a shapeless pulp. I threw myself, screaming, against the door, and dragged with my nails at the lock. I implored the Colonel to let me out, but the remorseless clanking of the levers drowned my cries. The ceiling was only a foot or two above my head, and with my hand upraised I could feel its hard, rough surface. Then it flashed through my mind that the pain of my death would depend very much upon the position in which I met it. If I lay on my face the weight would come upon my spine, and I shuddered to think of that dreadful snap. Easier the other way, perhaps, and yet had I the nerve to lie and look up at that deadly black shadow wavering down upon me? Already I was unable to stand erect, when my eye caught something which brought a gush of hope back to my heart.

"I have said that though floor and ceiling were of iron, the walls were of wood. As I gave a last hurried glance around, I saw a thin line of yellow light between two of the boards, which broadened and broadened as a small panel was pushed backwards. For an instant I could hardly believe that here was indeed a door which led away from death. The next I threw myself through, and lay half-fainting upon the other side. The panel had closed again behind me, but the crash of the lamp, and a few moments afterwards the clang of the two slabs of metal, told me how narrow had been my escape.

"I was recalled to myself by a frantic plucking at my wrist, and I found myself lying upon the stone floor of a narrow corridor, while a woman bent over me and tugged at me with her left hand, while she held a candle in her right. It was the same good friend whose warning I had so foolishly rejected.

"'Come! come!' she cried, breathlessly. 'They will be here in a moment. They will see that you are not there. Oh, do not waste the so precious time, but come!'

"This time, at least, I did not scorn her advice. I staggered to my feet, and ran with her along the corridor and down a winding stair. The latter led to another broad passage, and, just as we reached it, we heard the sound of running feet, and the shouting of two voices—one answering the other—from the floor on which we were, and from the one beneath. My guide stopped, and looked about her like one who is at her wits' end. Then she threw open a door which led into a bedroom, through the window of which the moon was shining brightly.

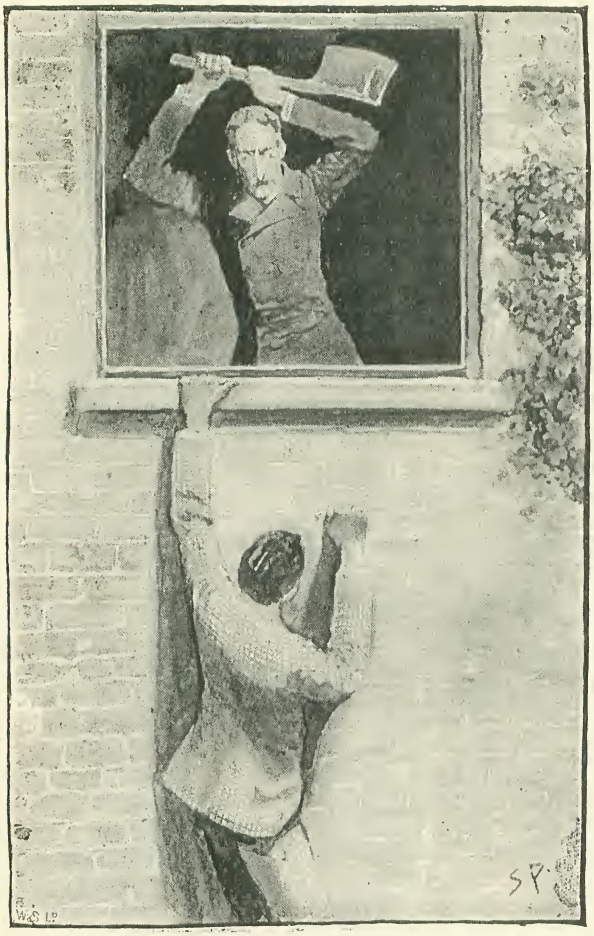
"'It is your only chance,' said she. 'It is high, but it may be that you can jump it.'

"As she spoke a light sprang into view at the further end of the passage, and I saw the lean figure of Colonel Lysander Stark rushing forward with a lantern in one hand, and a weapon like a butcher's cleaver in the other. I rushed across the bedroom, flung open the window, and looked out. How quiet and sweet and wholesome the garden looked in the moonlight, and it could not be more than thirty feet down. I clambered out upon the sill, but I hesitated to jump, until I should have heard what passed between my saviour and the ruffian who pursued me. If she were ill-used, then at any risks I was determined to go back to her assistance. The thought had hardly flashed through my mind before he was at the door, pushing his way past her; but she threw her arms round him, and tried to hold him back.

"'Fritz! Fritz!' she cried in English, 'remember your promise after the last time. You said it should not be again. He will be silent! Oh, he will be silent!'

"'You are mad, Elise!' he shouted, struggling to break away from her. 'You will be the ruin of us. He has seen too much. Let me pass, I say!' He dashed her to one side, and, rushing to the window, cut at me with his heavy weapon. I had let myself go, and was hanging by the hands to the sill, when his blow fell. I was conscious of a dull pain, my grip loosened, and I fell into the garden below.

"I was shaken, but not hurt by the fall; so I picked myself up, and rushed off among the bushes as hard as I could run, for I



"'HE CUT AT ME.'"

understood that I was far from being out of danger yet. Suddenly, however, as I ran, a deadly dizziness and sickness came over me. I glanced down at my hand, which was throbbing painfully, and then, for the first time, saw that my thumb had been cut off, and that the blood was pouring from my wound. I endeavoured to tie my handkerchief round it, but there came a sudden buzzing in my ears, and next moment I fell in a dead faint among the rose-bushes.

"How long I remained unconscious I cannot tell. It must have been a very long time, for the moon had sunk, and a bright morning was breaking when I came to myself. My clothes were all sodden with dew, and my coat-sleeve was drenched with blood from my wounded thumb. The smarting of it recalled in an instant all the particulars of my night's adventure, and I sprang to my feet with the feeling that I might hardly yet be safe from my pursuers. But, to my astonishment, when I came to look round me, neither house nor garden were to be seen. I had been lying in an angle of the hedge close by the high road, and just a little lower down was a long building, which proved, upon my approaching it, to be the very station at which I had arrived upon the previous night. Were it not for the ugly wound upon my hand, all that had passed during those dreadful hours might have been an evil dream.

"Half dazed, I went into the station, and asked about the morning train. There would be one to Reading in less than an hour. The same porter was on duty, I found, as had been there when I arrived. I inquired from him whether he had ever heard of Colonel Lysander Stark. The name was strange to him. Had he observed a carriage the night before waiting for me? No, he had not. Was there a police station anywhere near? There was one about three miles off.

"It was too far for me to go, weak and ill as I was. I determined to wait until I got back to town before telling my story to the police. It was a little past six when I arrived, so I went first to have my wound dressed, and then the doctor was kind enough to bring me along here. I put the case into your hands, and shall do exactly what you advise."

We both sat in silence for some little time after, listening to this extraordinary narrative. Then Sherlock Holmes pulled down from the shelf one of the ponderous commonplace books in which he placed his cuttings.

"Here is an advertisement which will interest you," said he. "It appeared in all the papers about a year ago. Listen to this:—'Lost, on the 9th inst., Mr. Jeremiah Hayling, aged 26, a hydraulic engineer. Left his lodgings at ten o'clock at night, and has not been heard of since. Was dressed in,' &c., &c. Ha! That represents the last time that the Colonel needed to have his machine overhauled, I fancy."

"Good heavens!" cried my patient. "Then that explains what the girl said."

"Undoubtedly. It is quite clear that the Colonel was a cool and desperate man, who was absolutely determined that nothing should stand in the way of his little game, like those out-and-out pirates who will leave no survivor from a captured ship. Well, every moment now is precious, so, if you feel equal to it, we shall go down to Scotland Yard at once as a preliminary to starting for Eyford."

Some three hours or so afterwards we were all in the train together, bound from Reading to the little Berkshire village. There were Sherlock Holmes, the hydraulic engineer, Inspector Bradstreet of Scotland-yard, a plain-clothes man, and myself. Bradstreet had spread an ordnance map of the county out upon the seat, and was busy with his compasses drawing a circle with Eyford for its centre.

"There you are," said he. "That circle is drawn at a radius of ten miles from the village. The place we want must be somewhere near that line. You said ten miles, I think, sir?"

"It was an hour's good drive."

"And you think that they brought you back all that way when you were unconscious?"

"They must have done so. I have a confused memory, too, of having been lifted and conveyed somewhere."

"What I cannot understand," said I, "is why they should have spared you when they found you lying fainting in the garden. Perhaps the villain was softened by the woman's entreaties."

"I hardly think that likely. I never saw a more inexorable face in my life."

"Oh, we shall soon clear up all that," said Bradstreet. "Well, I have drawn my circle, and I only wish I knew at what point upon it the folk that we are in search of are to be found."

"I think I could lay my finger on it," said Holmes, quietly.

"Really, now!" cried the Inspector, "you have formed your opinion! Come now, we shall see who agrees with you. I say it is south, for the country is more deserted there."

"And I say east," said my patient.

"I am for west," remarked the plain-clothes man. "There are several quiet little villages up there."

"And I am for north," said I; "because there are no hills there, and our friend says that he did not notice the carriage go up any."

"Come," cried the Inspector, laughing; "it's a very pretty diversity of opinion. We have boxed the compass among us. Who do you give your casting vote to?"

"You are all wrong."

"But we can't *all* be."

"Oh yes, you can. This is my point," he placed his finger in the centre of the circle. "This is where we shall find them."

"But the twelve-mile drive?" gasped Hatherley.

"Six out and six back. Nothing simpler. You say yourself that the horse was fresh and glossy when you got in. How could it be that, if it had gone twelve miles over heavy roads?"

"Indeed it is a likely ruse enough," observed Bradstreet, thoughtfully. "Of course there can be no doubt as to the nature of this gang."

"None at all," said Holmes. "They are coiners on a large scale, and have used the machine to form the amalgam which has taken the place of silver."

"We have known for some time that a clever gang was at work," said the Inspector. "They have been turning out half-crowns by the thousand. We even traced them as far as Reading, but could get no further; for they had covered their traces in a way that showed that they were very old hands. But now, thanks to this lucky chance, I think that we have got them right enough."

But the Inspector was mistaken, for those criminals were not destined to fall into the hands of justice. As we rolled into Eyford Station we saw a gigantic column of smoke which streamed up from behind a small clump of trees in the neighbourhood, and hung like an immense ostrich feather over the landscape.

"A house on fire?" asked Bradstreet, as the train steamed off again on its way.

"Yes, sir!" said the station-master.

"When did it break out?"

"I hear that it was during the night, sir, but it has got worse, and the whole place is in a blaze."

"Whose house is it?"

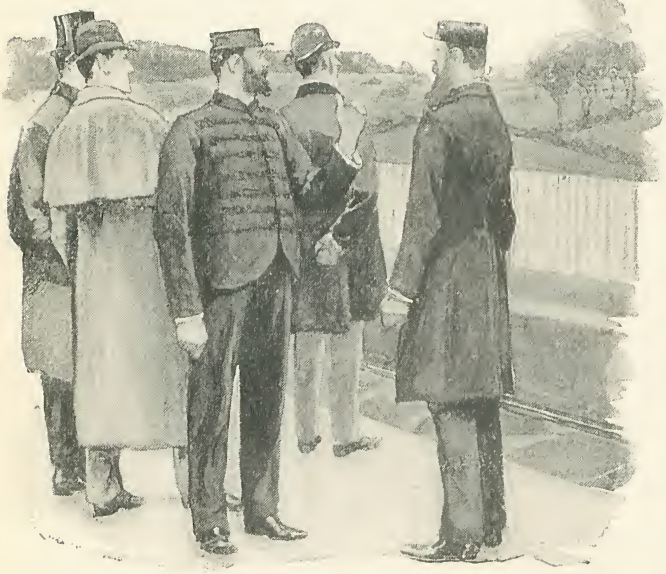
"Dr. Becher's."

"Tell me," broke in the engineer, "is Dr. Becher a German, very thin, with a long sharp nose?"

The station-master laughed heartily. "No, sir, Dr. Becher is an Englishman, and there isn't a man in the parish who has a better-lined waistcoat. But he has a gentleman staying with him, a patient, as I understand, who is a foreigner, and he looks

as if a little good Berkshire beef would do him no harm."

The station-master had not finished his speech before we were all hastening in the direction of the fire. The road topped a low hill, and there was a great wide-spread white-washed building in front of us, spouting fire at every chink and window, while in the garden in front three fire-engines were vainly striving to keep the flames under.



"A HOUSE ON FIRE?"

"That's it!" cried Hatherley, in intense excitement. "There is the gravel drive, and there are the rose-bushes where I lay. That second window is the one that I jumped from."

"Well, at least," said Holmes, "you have had your revenge upon them. There can be no question that it was your oil lamp which, when it was crushed in the press, set fire to the wooden walls, though no doubt they were too excited in the chase after you to observe it at the time. Now keep your eyes open in this crowd for your friends of last night, though I very much fear that they are a good hundred miles off by now."

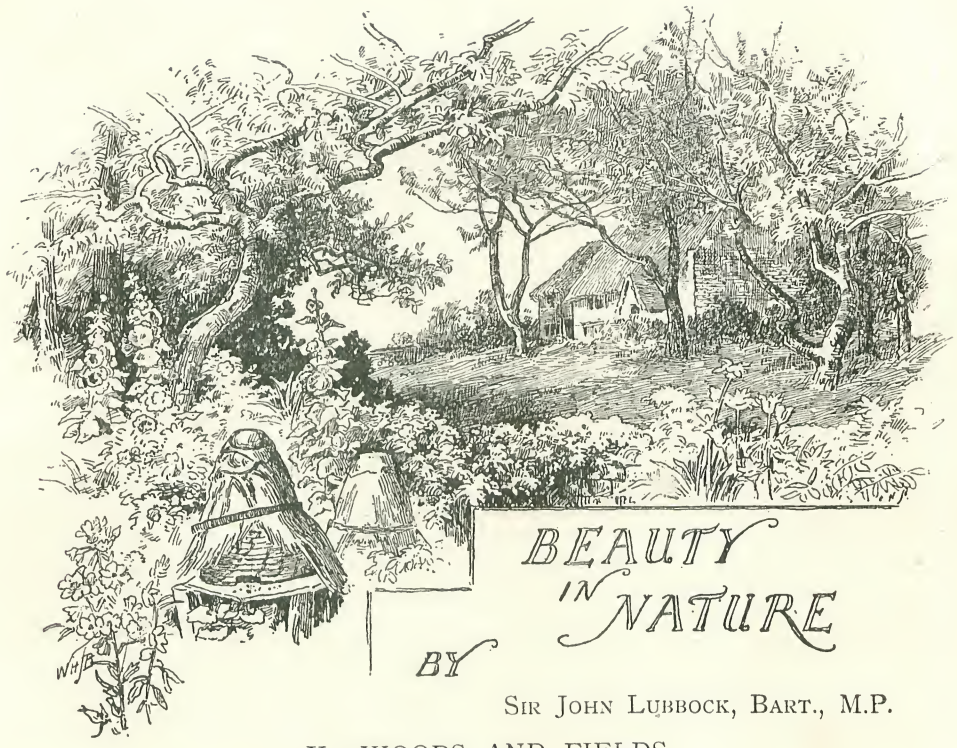
And Holmes' fears came to be realised, for from that day to this no word has ever been heard either of the beautiful woman, the sinister German, or the morose Englishman. Early that morning a peasant had met a cart containing several people and some very bulky boxes driving rapidly in the direction of Reading, but there all traces of the fugitives disappeared, and even Holmes' ingenuity failed ever to discover the least clue as to their whereabouts.

The firemen had been much perturbed at the strange arrangements which they had found within, and still more so by discovering a newly severed human thumb upon a window-sill of the second floor. About sunset, however, their efforts were at last successful, and they subdued the flames, but not before the roof had fallen in, and the whole place been reduced to such absolute ruin that, save some twisted cylinders and iron piping, not a trace remained of the machinery which had cost our unfortunate acquaintance so dearly. Large masses of nickel and of tin were discovered stored in an outhouse, but no coins were to be found, which may have explained the presence of those bulky boxes which have been already referred to.

How our hydraulic engineer had been conveyed from the garden to the spot where he recovered his senses might have remained for ever a mystery were it not for the soft mould, which told us a very plain tale. He had evidently been carried down by two persons, one of whom had remarkably small feet and the other unusually large ones. On the whole, it was most probable that the silent Englishman, being less bold or less murderous than his companion, had assisted the woman to bear the unconscious man out of the way of danger.

"Well," said our engineer ruefully, as we took our seats to return once more to London, "it has been a pretty business for me! I have lost my thumb, and I have lost a fifty-guinea fee, and what have I gained?"

"Experience," said Holmes laughing. "Indirectly it may be of value, you know; you have only to put it into words to gain the reputation of being excellent company for the remainder of your existence."



BEAUTY IN NATURE

BY

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART., M.P.

II.—WOODS AND FIELDS.

"RURAL life," says Cicero, "is not delightful by reason of cornfields only and meadows, and vineyards and groves, but also for its gardens and orchards; for the feeding of cattle, the swarms of bees, and the variety of all kinds of flowers." Bacon considered that a garden is "the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks, and a man shall ever see, that when ages grow to civility and elegancy men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection." No doubt "the pleasure which we take in a garden is one of the most innocent delights in human life."* Elsewhere there may be scattered flowers, or sheets of colour due to one or two species, but in gardens one glory follows another. Here are brought together all the

> Quaint enamelled eyes,
> That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,
> And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
> Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
> The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
> The white pink and the pansy freaked with jet,
> The glowing violet,
> The musk rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
> With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
> And every flower that sad embroidery wears.*

We cannot, happily we need not try to, contrast or compare the beauty of gardens with that of woods and fields.

And yet, to the true lover of Nature, wild flowers have a charm which no garden can equal. Cultivated plants are but a living herbarium. They surpass, no doubt, the dried specimens of a museum; but, lovely as they are, they can be no more compared with the natural vegetation of our woods and fields, than the captives in the Zoological Gardens with the same wild species in their native forests and mountains.

Often, indeed, our woods and fields even rival gardens in the richness of colour. We have all seen meadows glorious with Narcissus and early purple Orchis, Cowslips, Buttercups, or Cuckoo flowers; cornfields blazing with poppies; woods carpeted with Bluebells, Anemones, Primroses, and Forget-

* *The Spectator.*

* Milton.

me-nots ; commons with the yellow Lady's-bedstraw, Harebells, and the sweet Thyme ; marshy places with the yellow stars of the Bog Asphodel, the Sundew sparkling with diamonds, Ragged Robin, the beautifully fringed petals of the Buckbean, the lovely little Bog Pimpernel, or the feathery tufts of Cotton grass ; hedgerows with Hawthorn and Traveller's Joy, wild Rose, Honeysuckle, and Bryony ; underneath are the curious leaves and orange fruit of the Lords and Ladies, the snowy stars of the Stitchwort, Succory, Yarrow, and several kinds of Violets ; while all along the banks of streams are the tall, red spikes of the Loosestrife, the Hemp Agrimony, water Groundsel, Sedges, Bulrushes, flowering Rush, and Sweet Flag.

Many other sweet names will also at once occur to us—Snowdrops, Daffodils, Heart's-ease, Lady's-mantles and Lady's-tresses, Eyebright, Milkwort, Foxgloves, Herb Roberts, Geraniums, and among rarer species, at least in England, Columbine and Elecampane.

But Nature does not provide delights for the eye only. The other senses are not forgotten. A thousand sounds—many delightful in themselves, and all by association—songs of birds, hum of insects, rustle of leaves, ripple of water—seem to fill the air. Flowers, again, are sweet as well as lovely. The scent of pine woods, which is said to be very healthy, is certainly delicious, and the effect of woodland scenery is good for the mind as well as for the body.

"Resting quietly under an ash tree, with the scent of flowers, and the odour of green buds and leaves, a ray of sunlight yonder lighting up the lichen and the moss on the oak trunk, a gentle air stirring in the branches above, giving glimpses of fleecy clouds sailing in the ether, there comes into the mind a feeling of intense joy in the simple fact of living." *

Woods and forests were to our ancestors the special scenes of enchantment.

The great ash tree Ygzdrasil bound together heaven, earth, and hell. Its top reached to heaven, its branches covered the earth, and the roots penetrated into hell. The three Normas, or Fates, sat under it spinning the thread of life.

Of all the gods and goddesses of classical mythology or our own folk-lore, none were more fascinating than the Nature Spirits, Elves and Fairies, Neckhans and Kelpies, Pixies and Ouphes, Mermaids, Undines, Water Spirits, and all the Elfin World—

Which have their haunts in dale and piny mountain,
Or forests, by slow stream or tingling brook.

They come out, as we are told, especially on moonlight nights. But while evening thus clothes many a scene with poetry, forests are fairyland all day long.

Almost any wood contains many and many a spot well suited for fairy feasts ; where one might almost expect to find Titania resting, as once we are told :

She lay upon a bank, the favourite haunt
Of the spring wind in its first sunshine hour,
For the luxuriant strawberry blossoms spread
Like a snow shower then, and violets
Bowed down their purple vases of perfume
About her pillow—linked in a gay band
Floated fantastic shapes ; these were her guards,
Her lithe and rainbow elves.

In early spring the woods are bright with the feathery catkins of the willow, followed by the bright green of the beech, the white or pink flowers of the thorn, the pyramids of the horse-chestnut, festoons of the laburnum and acacia, while the oak slowly wakes from its winter sleep, and the ash leaves long linger in their black buds.

Under foot is a carpet of flowers—anemones, cowslips, primroses, bluebells ; and the golden blossoms of the broom, which, however, while gorse and heather continue in bloom for months, "blazes for a week or two, and is then completely extinguished, like a fire that has burnt itself out."*

In summer the tints grow darker, the birds are more numerous and full of life, the air teems with insects, with the busy murmur of bees and the idle hum of flies, while the cool of morning and evening, and the heat of the day are all alike delicious.

As the year advances and the flowers wane, we have many beautiful fruits and berries, the red hips and haws of the wild roses, scarlet hollyberries, crimson yew cups, the translucent berries of the guelder rose, hanging coral clusters of the black bryony, feathery festoons of the traveller's joy, and many others less conspicuous, but still exquisite in themselves—acorns, beech nuts, ash-keys, and many more.

It is really difficult to say which are most beautiful, the tender greens of spring, or the rich tints of autumn, which glow so brightly in the sunshine.

Tropical fruits are even more striking. No one who has seen it can ever forget a

* Jefferies' "Wild Life in a Southern Country."

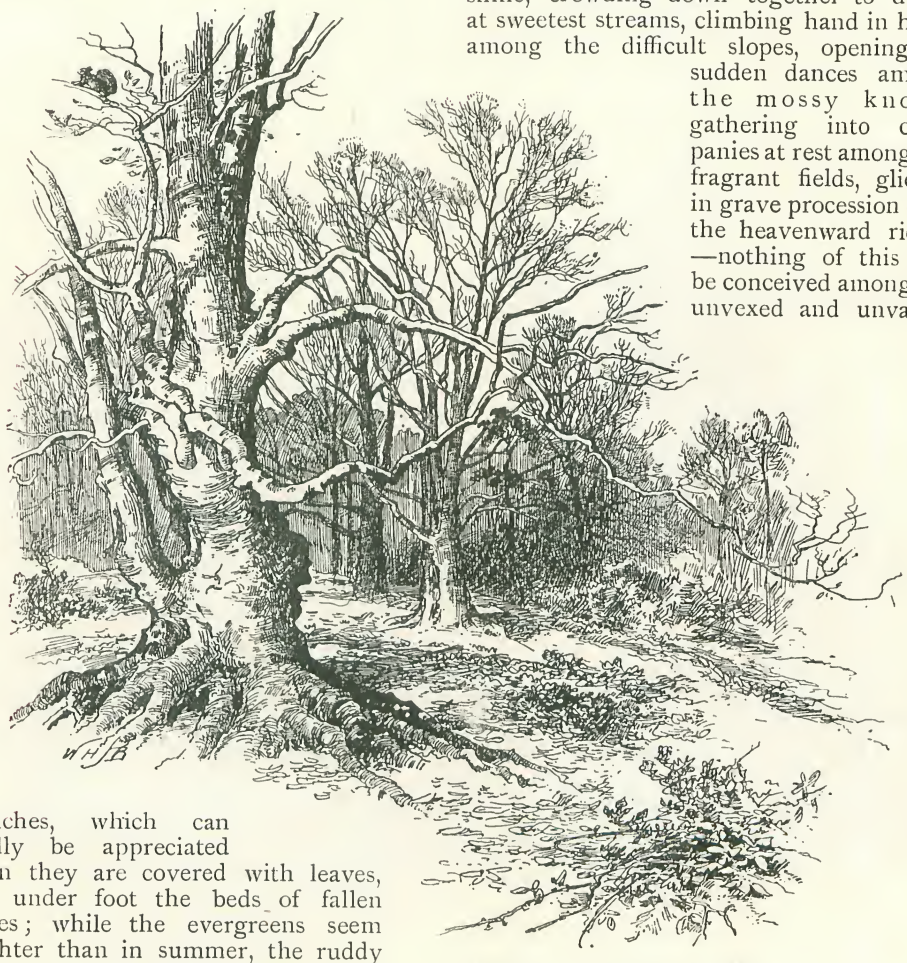
* Hamerton.

grove of orange trees in full fruit ; while the more we examine the more we find to admire—all perfectly and exquisitely finished "usque ad ungues," perfect inside and outside, for Nature

> Does in the pomegranate close,
> Jewels more rare than Ormus shows.*

In winter the woods are comparatively bare and lifeless, even the brambles and woodbine, which straggle over the tangle of underwood, being almost leafless.

Still, even then they have a beauty and interest of their own : the mossy boles of the trees, the delicate tracery of the branches, which can hardly be appreciated when they are covered with leaves, and under foot the beds of fallen leaves ; while the evergreens seem brighter than in summer, the ruddy stems and rich green foliage of the Scotch pines and the dark spires of the firs seeming to acquire fresh beauty.



"THE WOODS ARE BARE AND LIFELESS."

Again, in winter, though no doubt the living tenants of the woods are much less numerous, many of our birds being then far away in the dense African forests, on the other hand those which remain are much more easily visible. We can follow the birds from tree to tree and the squirrel from bough to bough.

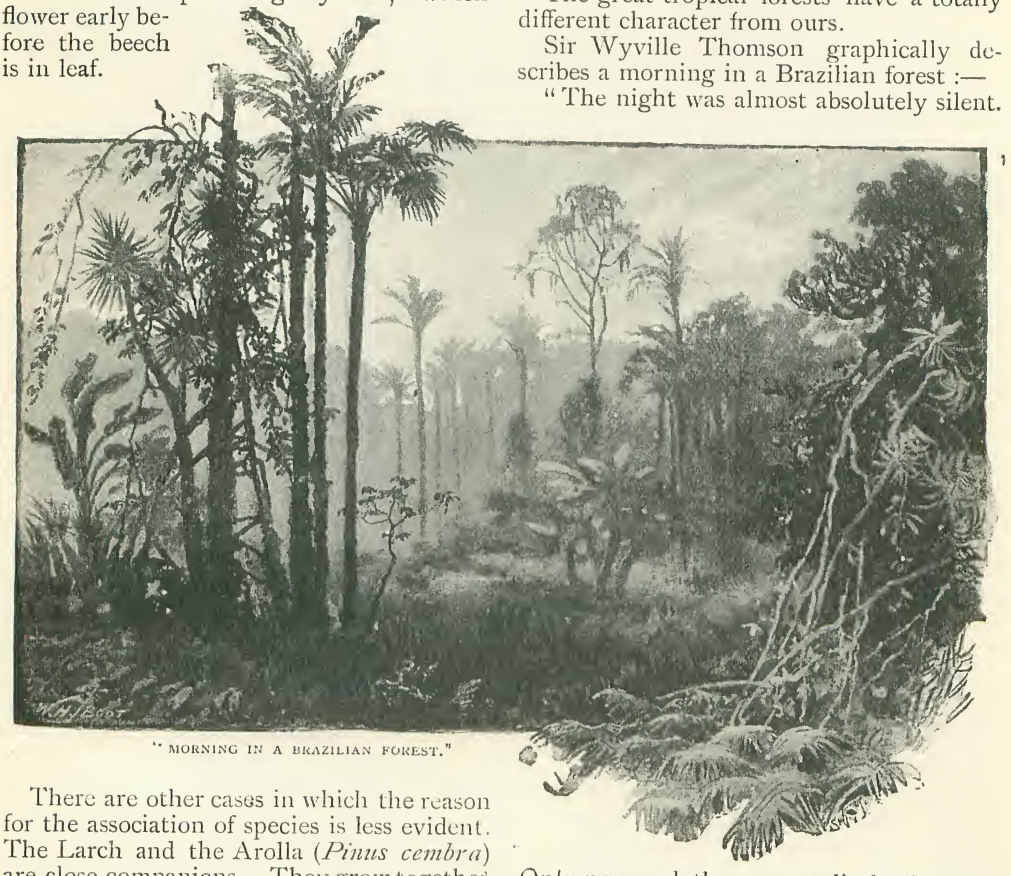
It requires little imagination to regard trees as conscious beings ; indeed, it is almost an effort not to do so.

"The various action of trees," says Ruskin, "rooting themselves in inhospitable rocks, stooping to look into ravines, hiding from the search of glacier winds, reaching forth to the rays of rare sunshine, crowding down together to drink at sweetest streams, climbing hand in hand among the difficult slopes, opening in sudden dances among the mossy knolls, gathering into companies at rest among the fragrant fields, gliding in grave procession over the heavenward ridges—nothing of this can be conceived among the unvexed and unvaried felicities of the lowland forest ; while to all these direct sources of greater beauty are added, first the power of redundance—the mere quantity of foliage visible in the folds and on the promontories of a

* Marsell.

single Alp being greater than that of an entire lowland landscape (unless a view from some Cathedral tower); add to this charm of redundance that of clearer visibility—tree after tree being constantly shown in successive height, one behind another, instead of the mere tops and flanks of masses, as in the plains; and the forms of multitudes of them continually defined against the clear sky, near and above, or against white clouds entangled among their branches, instead of being confused in dimness of distance."

There is much that is interesting in the relations of one species to another. Many plants are parasitic upon others. The foliage of the beech is so thick that scarcely anything will grow under it except those spring plants, such as the anemone and the wood buttercup or goldylocks, which flower early before the beech is in leaf.



"MORNING IN A BRAZILIAN FOREST."

There are other cases in which the reason for the association of species is less evident. The Larch and the Arolla (*Pinus cembra*) are close companions. They grow together in Siberia; they do not occur in Scandinavia or Russia, but both appear in certain Swiss valleys, especially in the cantons of Lucerne and Valais and the Engadine.

Another very remarkable case which has recently been observed is the relation existing between some of our forest trees and certain fungi the species of which have not yet been clearly ascertained. The root tips of the trees are, as it were, enclosed in a thin sheet of closely woven mycelium. It was at first supposed that the fungus was attacking the roots of the tree, but it is now considered that the tree and the fungus mutually benefit one another. The fungus collects nutriment from the soil, which passes into the tree and up to the leaves, where it is elaborated into sap, the greater part being utilised by the tree, but a portion reabsorbed by the fungus. There is reason to think that, in some cases at any rate, the mycelium is that of the truffle.

The great tropical forests have a totally different character from ours.

Sir Wyville Thomson graphically describes a morning in a Brazilian forest:—

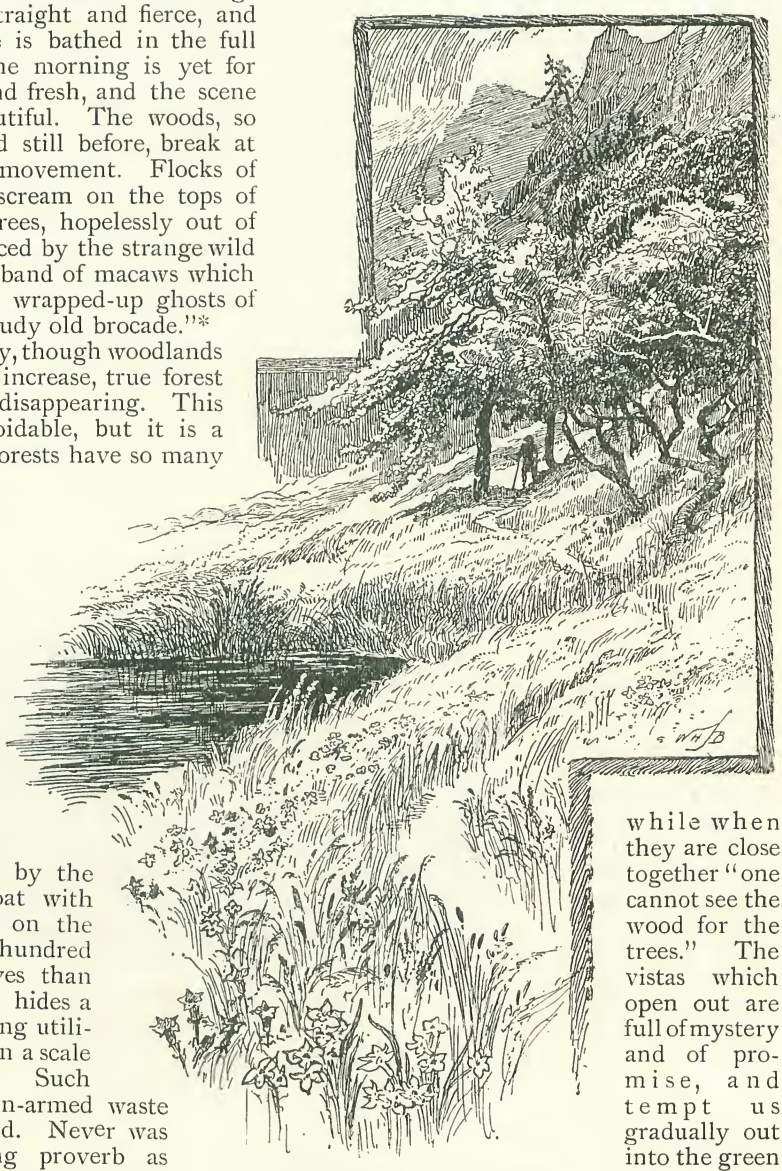
"The night was almost absolutely silent. Only now and then a peculiarly shrill cry of some night bird reached us from the woods. As we got into the skirt of the forest, the morning broke, but the reveil in a Brazilian forest is wonderfully different

from the slow creeping on of the dawn of a summer morning at home, to the music of the thrushes answering one another's full rich notes from neighbouring thorn-trees. Suddenly a yellow light spreads upwards in the east, the stars quickly fade, and the dark fringes of the forest and the tall palms show out black against the yellow sky, and almost before one has time to observe the change the sun has risen straight and fierce, and the whole landscape is bathed in the full light of day. But the morning is yet for another hour cool and fresh, and the scene is indescribably beautiful. The woods, so absolutely silent and still before, break at once into noise and movement. Flocks of toucans flutter and scream on the tops of the highest forest trees, hopelessly out of shot; the ear is pierced by the strange wild screeches of a little band of macaws which fly past you like the wrapped-up ghosts of the birds on some gaudy old brocade."*

In our own country, though woodlands are perhaps on the increase, true forest scenery is gradually disappearing. This is, I suppose, unavoidable, but it is a matter of regret. Forests have so many charms of their own. They give delightful impressions of space and of abundance.

The extravagance is sublime. Trees, as Jefferies says, "throw away handfuls of flowers; but in the meadows the careless, spendthrift ways of grass and flower and all things are not to be expressed. Seeds by the hundred million float with absolute indifference on the air. The oak has a hundred thousand more leaves than necessary, and never hides a single acorn. Nothing utilitarian—everything on a scale of splendid waste. Such noble, broadcast, open-armed waste is delicious to behold. Never was there such a lying proverb as 'Enough is as good as a feast.' Give me the feast, give me squandered millions of seeds, luxurious carpets of petals, green mountains of oak-leaves. The greater the waste, the greater the enjoyment—the nearer the approach to real life."

Nowhere is woodland scenery more beautiful than where it passes gradually into the open country. The separate trees, having more room both for their roots and branches, are finer, and can be better seen,



"BY THE SHORES OF THE SWISS LAKES."

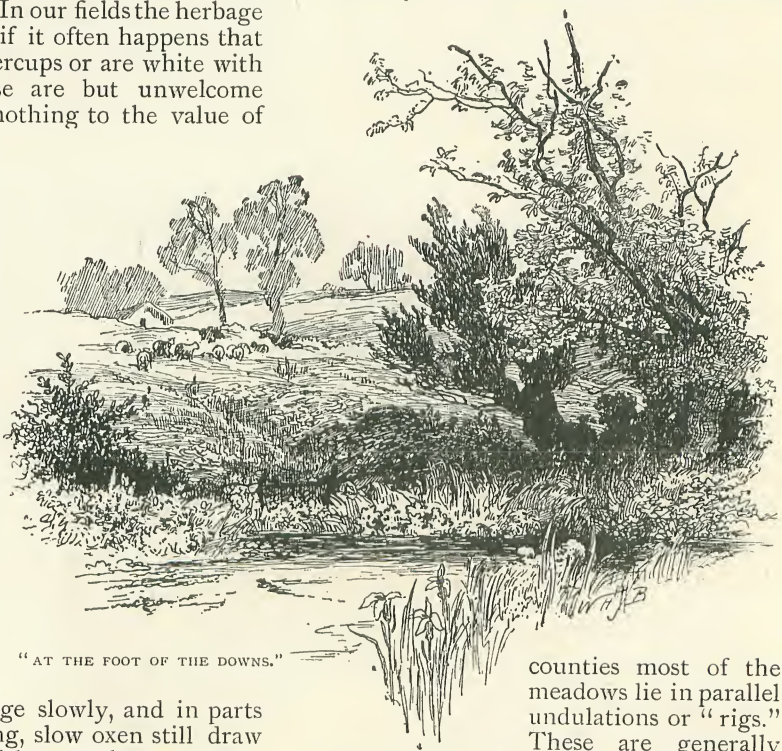
while when they are close together "one cannot see the wood for the trees." The vistas which open out are full of mystery and of promise, and tempt us gradually out into the green fields.

What pleasant memories these very words recall, games in the hay as children, and sunny summer days throughout life.

* Thomson's "Voyage of the *Challenger*."

"Go out," says Ruskin, "in the spring time, among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and, as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossom—paths that for ever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds, sweeping down in scented undulation, steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps, filling all the air with fainter sweetness—look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines; and we may, perhaps, at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm: 'He maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains.'"

In the passage just quoted, Ruskin alludes especially to Swiss meadows. They are especially remarkable in the beauty and variety of flowers. In our fields the herbage is mainly grass, and if it often happens that they glow with buttercups or are white with ox-eye daisies, these are but unwelcome intruders, and add nothing to the value of the hay. Swiss meadows, on the contrary, are sweet and lovely with wild geraniums, harebells, bluebells, pink restharrow, yellow lady's-bedstraw, chervil, eyebright, red and white silenes, geraniums, gentians, and many other flowers which have no familiar names, all adding, not only to the beauty and sweetness of the meadows, but forming a valuable part of the crop itself.*



"AT THE FOOT OF THE DOWNS."

On the downs, indeed, things change slowly, and in parts of Sussex the strong, slow oxen still draw the wagons laden with warm hay or golden wheat sheaves, or drag the wooden plough along the slopes of the downs, just as they did a thousand years ago.

I love the open downs most, but without hedges England would not be England. Hedges are everywhere full of beauty and interest, and nowhere more so than at the foot of the downs, where they are in great part composed of wild guelder roses and rich, dark yews, decked with festoons of traveller's joy, the wild bryonies, and garlands of wild roses covered with thousands of white or delicate pink flowers, each with a centre of gold.

At the foot of the downs spring sparkling, clear streams; rain from heaven purified still further by being filtered through a thousand feet of chalk; fringed with purple loosestrife, and willowherb, starred with white water ranunculuses, or rich watercress, while every now and then a brown water-rat rustles in the grasses at the edge, and splashes into the water, or a pink speckled trout glides out of sight.

In many of our Midland and Northern counties most of the meadows lie in parallel undulations or "rigs." These are generally about a furlong (220 yards) in length, and either one or two poles (5½ or 11 yards) in breadth. They seldom run straight, but tend to curve towards the left. At each end of the field a high bank, locally called a balk, often three or four feet high, runs at

* M. Correvon informs me that the Gruyère cheese is supposed to owe its peculiar flavour to the Alpine *Alchemilla*, which is now on that account often purposely grown elsewhere.

right angles to the rigs. In small fields there are generally eight, but sometimes ten, of these rigs, which make in the one case four, in the other five acres. These curious characters carry us back to the old tenures, and archaic cultivation of land, and to a period when the fields were not in pasture, but were arable.

The team generally consisted of eight oxen. Few peasants, however, possessed a whole team, several generally joining together and dividing the produce. Hence the number of "rigs," one for each ox. We often, however, find ten instead of eight; one being for the parson's tithe, the other tenth going to the ploughman.

When eight oxen were employed, the goad would not, of course, reach the leaders, which were guided by a man who walked on the near side. On arriving at the end of each furrow, he turned them round, and, as it was easier to pull than to push them, this gradually gave the furrow a turn towards the left, thus accounting for the slight curvature. Lastly, while the oxen rested on arriving at the end of the furrow, the ploughman scraped off the earth which had accumulated on the coulter and ploughshare, and the accumulation of these scrapings gradually formed the balk.

It is fascinating thus to trace indications of old customs and modes of life, but it would carry us away from the present subject.

Even though the Swiss meadows may offer a greater variety, our English fields are yet rich in flowers: yellow with cowslips and primroses, pink with cuckoo flowers and purple with orchis, while buttercups, however unwelcome to the eye of the farmer, turn many a meadow into a veritable field of the cloth of gold, and there are few prettier sights in nature than an English hay-field on a summer evening, with a copse, perhaps, at one side, and a brook on the other; men with forks tossing the hay in the air to dry; women with wooden rakes arranging it in swaithes ready for the great four-horse waggon, or collecting it in cocks for the night; while some way off the mowers are still at work, and we hear from time to time the pleasant sound of the sharpening of the scythe. All are working with a will, lest rain should come and their labour be thrown away. This too often happens. But, though we often complain of our English climate, it is yet, take it all in all, one of the best in the world, being comparatively free from extremes either of heat or cold, drought or deluge. To the happy mixture of sunshine and rain we owe the greenness of our fields, lit and

> Warmed by golden sunshine,
> And fed by silver rain,

which now and again sprinkles the whole earth with diamonds.

The Curate's Temptation.

By Maurice Saxon.

I.

THE Rev. Oswald Campion sat deep in thought in a small room in Walworth. His thin and naturally thoughtful face wore a worried and hopeless look, and his tall figure seemed to stoop under some heavy burden. "How will it all end?" he murmured; "God help me in this trouble." Wearily he arose and crossed to the fireplace. He strove to warm his numbed fingers over the small handful of embers in the grate, then with a sigh rested his arm on the mantelpiece. Again he sighed, and passed his long, thin hands over his brow. A sudden terrible thought occurred to him. "God of mercy," he cried, "add not *that* to my cup of bitterness!"

He started violently as the door was opened, and a gentleman entered quietly.

Campion tried to speak, but his dry lips refused their office. Seeing his agitation, his visitor said, calmly:

"I congratulate you, Mr. Campion; you have a son."

"And my wife?"

"Is doing as well as can be expected; but, as you know, she is far from strong, and requires every care."

"I know," said the clergyman, sadly. "May I go and see her?"

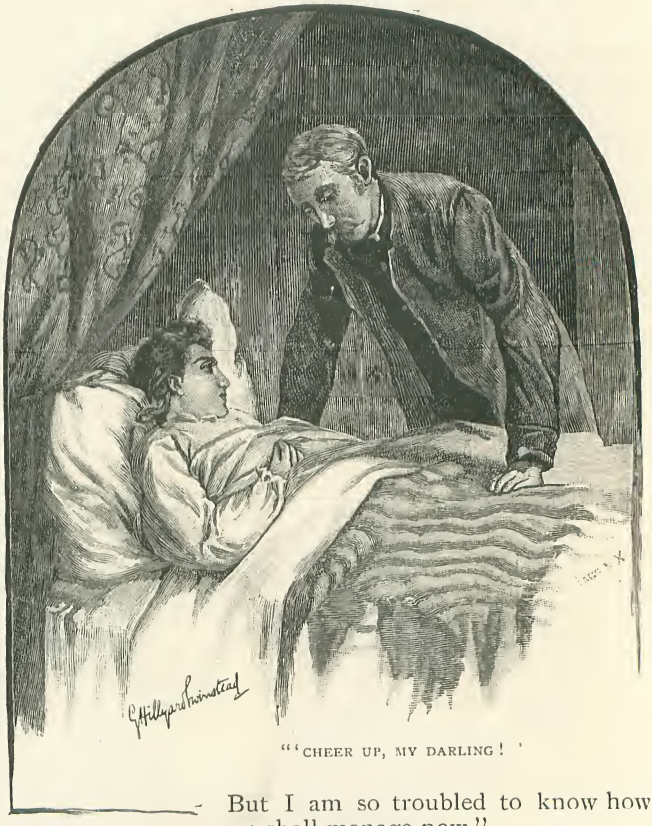
"Certainly, but do not excite her."

Campion's pale face flushed, but it was by excitement rather than joy, for the weight on his heart was too heavy to be easily raised. With merely a slight bow to the medical man, he went upstairs.

During the few minutes he was allowed to remain in his wife's room he strove desperately to hide his anxiety and encourage the girl-mother, who glanced at him wistfully as he looked at his new-born heir.

"Cheer up, Edith, my darling," he said, brightly, as he kissed her pale face; "you will soon be well again now, and then we will get away from this dreadful London."

"Ah! Oswald," she whispered, pressing his hand affectionately, "if we could do so!



"'CHEER UP, MY DARLING!'"

But I am so troubled to know how we shall manage now."

"You mustn't bother yourself, dearest. We shall do splendidly. I have heard of a first-rate curacy, and I have every hope that I shall obtain it. So keep up your spirits."

"But meantime, dear, what are we to do?"

"Do? Why, pull on as best we can."

"But have you any money, Oswald? You know you told me yesterday you did not know what to do for some."

"Yesterday! Oh! that was a long time ago. I have plenty now. Robinson has paid me that thirty shillings that has been owing so long, so for the present we are quite rich," he said, gaily.

"But, Oswald——"

"There, darling; Dr. Thornton said you were not to be excited, so I must not let you talk any more."

He kissed her again, as an old woman, who was doing duty as nurse, entered, and then quietly withdrew.

He paused on the landing, and a look of blank despair settled on his features. "God forgive me for those lies!" he thought. "But I could not let my poor girl lie there, weak and ill, and fret about money affairs. It is bad enough to have to do so when you are well and strong, but for her now it would be terrible."

He re-entered his room and sat down at the table. Then he proceeded to turn out his pockets. He found a solitary sixpence and fourpence halfpenny in bronze and placed it before him. He surveyed his possessions and murmured bitterly: "Something must be done at once. I will cast my ridiculous pride on one side, and will call on Mr. Pearson. I don't suppose it is much after three, so I shall have time to catch him to-day." Without hesitation he put on his hat—which unfortunately gave too evident signs of its owner's impecuniosity—and left the house.

Oswald Campion's was a common case. The only son of a struggling professional man, he had received a good school education and had finally been sent to the University of Oxford. He obtained his degree with honours, and then had decided to take "Orders." Almost as soon as he had done so he obtained a curacy in the Midlands with a stipend of £80 a year.

Here he had met Edith Burton, the orphan daughter of a local lawyer, and their acquaintance had speedily ripened into love. Meanwhile, Campion's father died, leaving only sufficient property to ensure his widow a bare maintenance. As time went on the young man pressed his sweetheart to marry him at once, and painted such glowing pictures of their future, brightened by love and ennobled by their religious work, that the girl at last consented.

Their bright views early received a rude shock. Campion's marriage much displeased his rector, who fully understood that a "single" curate made a church attractive to the spinster element of the congregation. So one day, when Oswald had preached a sermon embodying bold and striking views, the rector seized the opportunity to cast doubts on the young man's orthodoxy and to gently hint that he might find a more congenial sphere of work elsewhere.

The curate's sensitive nature was wounded, and, without weighing the consequences, he promptly resigned his charge. Then he came to London, where he thought his sincerity would ensure him success. Alas! he knew not the modern Babylon. Too proud to play the toady, he was overlooked by the powerful. Too sincere and intellectual to preach commonplace but "taking" sermons, he could not impress the masses, and, lacking assumption and confidence, he was pushed aside by inferior but stronger men. Thus it was that after six months' struggle he felt that he had exhausted every resource, but found himself with a sick wife and young infant to provide for on a capital of 10½d., and prospects nil.

II.

WEARILY, and with flagging footsteps, Campion took his way along the Borough, and over London bridge. He looked longingly at the omnibuses going westward, but he felt that his small capital would not justify the expenditure of even a penny; so he plodded onwards. It was February, and snow was falling thickly, so that the streets were "slushy"; and the cold air affected even the well clad. The poor curate, in his threadbare clothes, and without an overcoat, felt the keen weather intensely; and his sensitive body suffered an amount of discomfort that coarser natures never experience. Every step reminded him that his boots were worn down at the heels, and a suspicious "whish" and feeling of dampness to his toes warned him that one of them was not even weather-proof. At last he paused in front of a large warehouse in Cannon-street. He glanced up, and saw the name, "Pearson & Co., Papermakers," and knew that he had reached his destination. He paused, however, on the threshold, feeling that terrible sinking that occurs to nervous men when they find themselves in a position repugnant to their feelings. At last he summoned up sufficient courage to enter the office. A dapper young clerk stared at him rudely, and then, with an easy air of insolence, asked him what he required.

"I wish to see Mr. Pearson."

"Hum! I know he is very busy. Can you state your business?"

"Certainly not, to you, sir," said the curate, in a tone that caused the other evident surprise. He, however, crossed to a senior clerk and made a whispered communication. The elder man glanced round, and then said in a tone loud enough to reach Campion: "Oh, you had better take up his name. The governor's always willing to see a parson." The young man recrossed to the curate, and taking his card disappeared into an inner room. Presently he returned, saying, "Step this way, please."

Campion followed his conductor, and was ushered into a plainly but comfortably furnished office. He saw before him a stout, pompous-looking gentleman seated at a desk, who glanced up as his visitor entered, but hope died out of the curate's heart as he caught the look of complacency on the florid countenance.

Mr. Pearson pushed his papers on one side, and, with a pious look, said—

"Take a seat, Mr. Campion; I am always glad to see the ministers of God, although I am unusually busy just at present."

"I would not willingly disturb you; I can call some other time."

"By no means, my friend. My motto has always been God's work before worldly affairs, and I judge by your garb that you come in His name."

"I trust so," said the curate; then plunging into his business, he continued: "I saw your advertisement in yesterday's *Telegraph*, asking for clerical or lay workers for your East-end Mission, and I thought perhaps——"

"That we could utilise your services. Indeed, we can. There is work enough for all in the Lord's vineyard. Have you an appointment in London?"

"Unfortunately, I have not at present."

"And, naturally, you do not wish to waste time that is so precious and can never be recovered. We will gladly enrol you amongst our workers. The harvest is great, but, alas! the labourers are few," said Mr. Pearson, turning his eyes upwards.

Campion paused, then said desperately: "I fear you do not quite understand me. I am anxious, most anxious, to work, but I have a wife and child to consider. What I therefore seek is employment that will afford at least some slight pecuniary return. I thought you might——"

"What?" interrupted the other, opening his eyes wide in astonishment. "What do I hear? Do you come to tell me that you wish to enter our grand cause from mercenary motives?"

"Certainly not, sir, but surely 'the workman is worthy of his hire.'"

"'WHAT DO I HEAR?'"

"Alas! that holy text is too often made an excuse for avariciousness," said the other, raising his hand deprecatingly. "But let us not bandy words. If *I* give *my* services, surely I have a right to expect others to do the same."

"Truly, sir, but you are wealthy, you can afford it. If you had a wife and child wanting the bare necessaries of life, would you then be willing to do so?"

"I see," said Pearson, raising his eyebrows superciliously. "I quite misunderstood you. I did not think you were one of those unscrupulous individuals who don the garb of a clergyman as an excuse for begging."

"Sir," said Campion, indignantly, "I am at least entitled to my costume, I am fully ordained, and——"

"Well, well," said the other, "I have neither time nor inclination to listen to your private affairs." Then he struck a bell, and as his clerk entered, said—

"Johnson, show this person out."

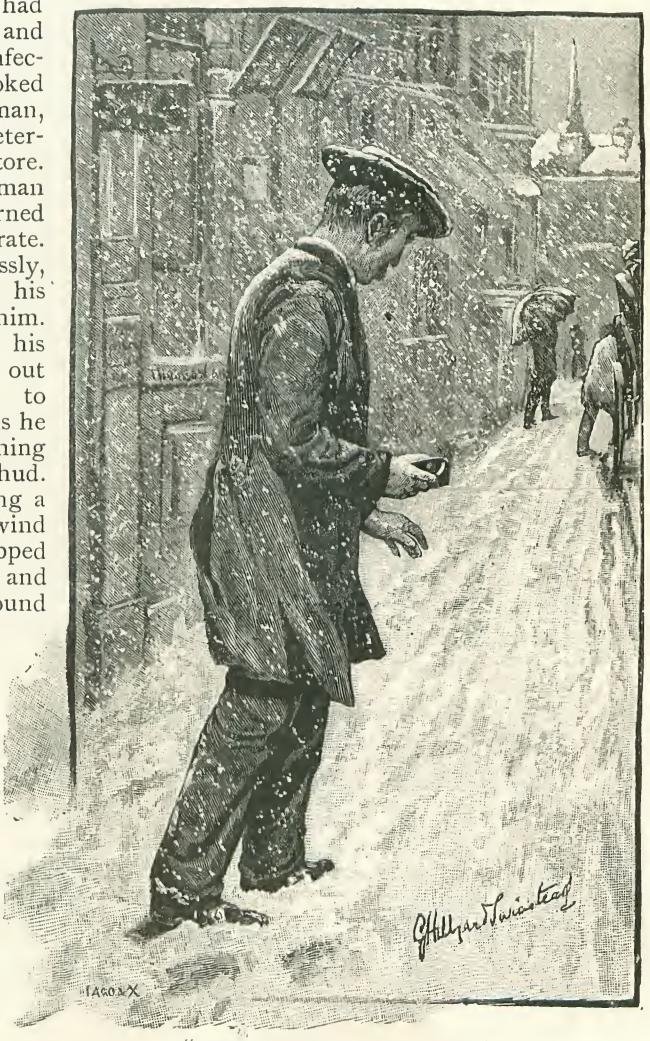
Campion retired, feeling terribly humiliated; as he opened the office door he heard the clerk, with a laugh, say to his colleague, "I thought he looked too seedy to be up to much."

Utterly dejected, Campion walked back towards London bridge. It was five o'clock, and the streets were, comparatively speaking, quiet. The snow was still falling, and an east wind drove it fiercely into the faces of the pedestrians. He had tasted nothing since breakfast, and paused as he came to a confectioner's. The simple cakes looked very tempting to the hungry man, but heroically he moved on, determined not to lessen his small store. Just then an elderly gentleman came out of the shop, and turned up the street in front of the curate. The young man followed aimlessly, and almost unconsciously kept his eyes fixed on the figure before him. Suddenly the stranger placed his hand in his pocket and drew out his handkerchief, apparently to wipe the snow from his face. As he did so Campion noticed something fall into the snow with a dull thud. He quickened his steps, uttering a feeble "Stop, sir!" but the wind carried away his voice. He stopped and picked up the article, and shuddered violently when he found a purse in his hand, that from its weight seemed to be well filled. Visions of the importance of the treasure to him flashed through his mind, and for a moment he determined to retain it. Then the natural honesty of his pure nature asserted itself, and he looked round for the owner. The delay, however, had been fatal; he just caught sight of the old gentleman stepping into a hansom, and then the vehicle rolled off, leaving the young man too bewildered to follow it.

With mingled feelings that he could not analyse, the curate walked homewards. He forgot his weariness and his hunger; even the biting wind and cold driving sleet affected him not, for he was at war with himself. A terrible temptation was before him. On the one side was his upright nature, and on the other his love for his helpless wife and child. Unconsciously he passed onwards until he reached his home.

III.

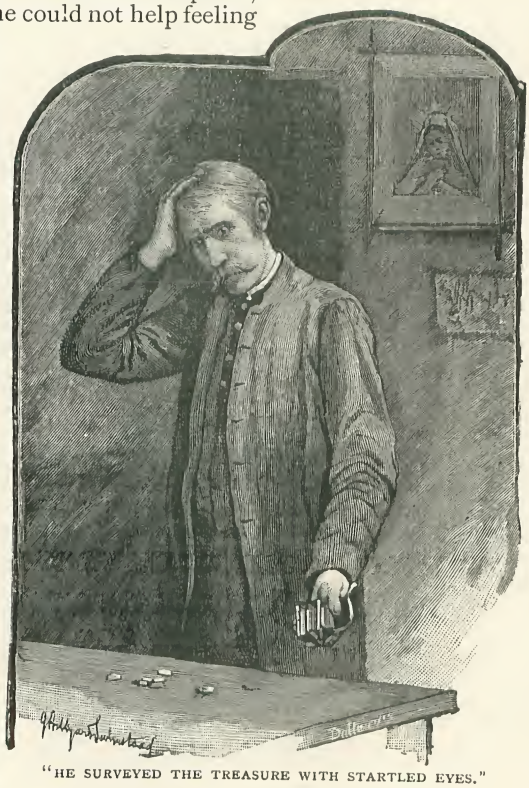
In his own room once more Oswald took out the purse, and examined its exterior carefully. Then he opened it, and turned its contents out on the table. His head swam as he saw the unusual glitter of gold; and with amazement he counted the coins.



"HE FOUND THE PURSE IN HIS HAND.'

Five sovereigns, two half-sovereigns, and a total of sixteen shillings in silver. He surveyed the treasure with startled eyes, and murmured, "It is a fortune; such a sum would tide us over our present difficulties, and with Edith strong again I could once more try for work." Then he pushed the money from him crying, "I will not be tempted; I will not imperil my soul; I will return it!" He half turned as if to carry his purpose into instant execution, but suddenly remembered he had no means of tracing the owner. As the thought occurred to him he once more examined the purse, but, despite himself, he could not help feeling relieved when he found neither name nor address. Stay! In his hurry he has overlooked the ticket pocket. What is in it? A card! He draws it out, and in astonishment reads—"Mr. George Morley, 59, Burton-crescent, W.C.

"What!" he cried. "This is indeed miraculous. My father's friend, the man who owed so much to him. Surely the hand of the Almighty is in all this! I will go to him. He will help me, for my father's sake. Ah! but will he? Did I not write to him some months ago? Did I not open my soul to him, and yet he has not even deigned to reply to me. Alas! my last hope is dead. Doubtless he will take his money, and let me and my darlings starve. Yet no, by Heaven! it shall not be. For myself I care nothing, but they shall not suffer. Let the sin and its consequences be mine, and mine alone; I will keep what God has given into my hand." He paced the room excitedly, still dragged first this way, then that, by conflicting emotions, till he was roused by the entrance of his landlady.



"HE SURVEYED THE TREASURE WITH STARTLED EYES."

She paused as she noticed the strange, stern look on the curate's face. Then, standing by the open door, said—

"I'm mortal sorry to trouble you, Mr. Campion; I'm sure it grieves me sorely to think of your good lady ill upstairs, but I am in great straits myself, and if I don't get some money I'm sure I don't know what will become of us."

The young man looked at the woman gravely as he answered—

"You have been more than kind to us, Mrs. Martin; you have helped us when you were ill able to do so, and, believe me, I am not ungrateful. Is your present need so very great?"

"Indeed it is, sir. You know I'm a widow with no one to help me, and now the baker says he won't leave any more bread without the money; and the landlord has just called for the rent, and declares he'll distrain tomorrow."

"I owe you two pounds, Mrs. Martin. Will that be sufficient for your wants?" said Campion, quietly.

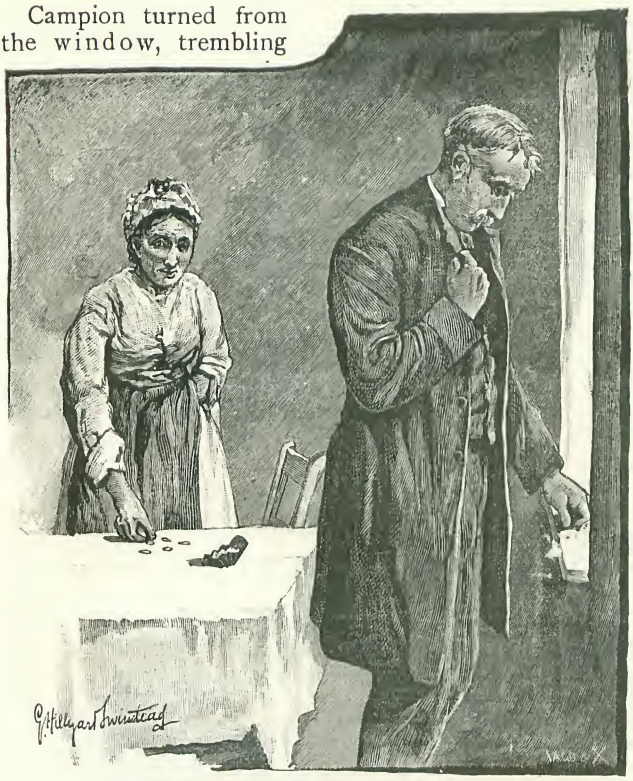
"Oh yes, indeed, sir, more than enough," answered the woman, her face brightening.

"God be merciful to me, and pardon my sin!" said the curate to himself; "I cannot let this woman and her little ones suffer on my account, the temptation is too great." Then aloud, "Take your money, Mrs. Martin, there is plenty on the table."

As his landlady stepped forward, he turned to the window so that she could not see his face, for he feared that his emotion would betray itself.

"Oh, thank you, sir," said Mrs. Martin, as she picked up the coins. "I'm truly glad to see you with so much, as much for yours and your dear wife's sake as for my own." Then, as he did not speak, she withdrew quietly.

Campion turned from the window, trembling



"'OH, THANK YOU, SIR,' SAID MRS. MARTIN."

violently. "Thus," he cried, "are my fetters forged. Now, there is no escape!" Then he added, bitterly, "I am fit to be neither saint nor sinner. As I have fallen, at least let me face my crime like a man. If I have lost my soul, I will take its price as my reward, and behave like a man, not like a weak-minded boy."

He gathered up the money, and without waiting to give himself time for further reflection ran upstairs to his wife's room.

The girl was awake, and received him with a look of love. She noticed at once his excited face, and, gently drawing him towards her, said—

"Have you had good fortune, dear?"

"Yes," he replied, cheerfully. "Indeed I have; see here!" and he showed her his hand full of gold and silver.

The girl's face flushed with pleasure. Not for a moment did any possible suspicion of his honesty enter her mind. She trusted him to the fullest extent, and was too weak to question how he had become possessed of so much.

She kissed his face as he bent over her, and murmured, "I am so thankful, Oswald. Now I can go to sleep comfortably; to-morrow you shall tell me all about your wonderful good luck."

Someone tapped gently at the door. The nurse came over to him, and whispered, "You are wanted, sir." He arose quietly, and, with one fond glance at his sleeping wife, descended the stairs. Then he underwent a sudden revulsion of feeling. He pictured to himself that the police were waiting for him to charge him with theft. Before his mind rose a vision of his denunciation by the owner of the lost purse, and in a state of nervous agitation he laid his hand on the handle of the sitting-room door.

IV.

As the curate paused irresolutely at the door, Mrs. Martin handed him a card; but his head swam so much that, in the dull light, he in vain tried to read it. Mastering his emotion, he flung open the door, and, with the pasteboard still in his hand, entered the room. He stopped, and almost staggered back, as he saw a short, stout gentleman standing with his back to the fire. Instinctively he recognised the owner of the purse, and an intense horror took possession of him. His crime had found him out full soon, and, with the desperation of despair, he advanced like a culprit to his doom. But as the mists cleared from his eyes he saw that his visitor's face did not bear the look of an avenging Nemesis. His mouth was parted with a genial smile, and the soft eyes shone with good-humour.

The stranger sprang forward as he saw the curate, and, grasping the young man's hands in his, said, in a voice quavering with excitement: "My young friend, I am delighted to find you at last. Believe me, this is a happy meeting to me."

Dumbfounded at his unexpected reception, Campion was silent for a moment; then he exclaimed, in a stiff manner, the better to conceal his agitation: "Sir, I am at a disadvantage. I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"What!" said the other, in surprise.

"You have my card in your hand. Do you not recognise the name? I am George Morley, your father's friend."

"True, true," murmured the curate, absently; "but what has that to do with me?"

"Surely you are not well. What has it to do with you? I intend it shall have a great deal to do with you. Besides, did you not write and confide in me?"

"Yes, but that is long ago. You did not answer my letter."

"Now look here, young man, don't be too ready to take umbrage. Your letter only reached me two weeks ago, when I returned from the Continent. You gave me your address at Middlethorpe, and a nice hunt I've had to find you. I went down there at once, but your late rector couldn't tell me your present place of residence. I've been looking for you ever since, and had almost given up in despair, when, not an hour ago, I luckily thought of Pearson; he knows all the parsons, and, by a curious coincidence, he said you had only just left him; in fact, your card was still on his desk; so I came on at once."

"Did Mr. Pearson tell you why I had called on him, and how he received me?"

"I don't remember that he said anything special; but he mentioned you were looking for work, though I don't know whether that's quite a correct word to use with respect to a clergyman's duties."

"And why have you sought me out now?" asked Campion huskily, his intense feeling making him brusque and almost discourteous.

"Oh, look here, Campion," said Morley, rising, "your whys and wherefores are getting too much for me. Don't you know your father helped me very materially in my early days, and now I want to do something to repay the debt."

"And how can you tell that his son deserves your assistance?" Then springing to his feet he cried: "I cannot, dare not tell you why, but you *shall not* help me; I am unworthy of it!" Then he sank down on a chair and buried his face in his hands and groaned in anguish. "If I had but waited!" he thought. "Had I but resisted temptation for one short hour all would have been well, and I should have been an honest man. Now, I can never hold up my head again."

Morley stood looking at the young man for a moment in silence, then he gently approached him, and laying his hand on his shoulder, said kindly—

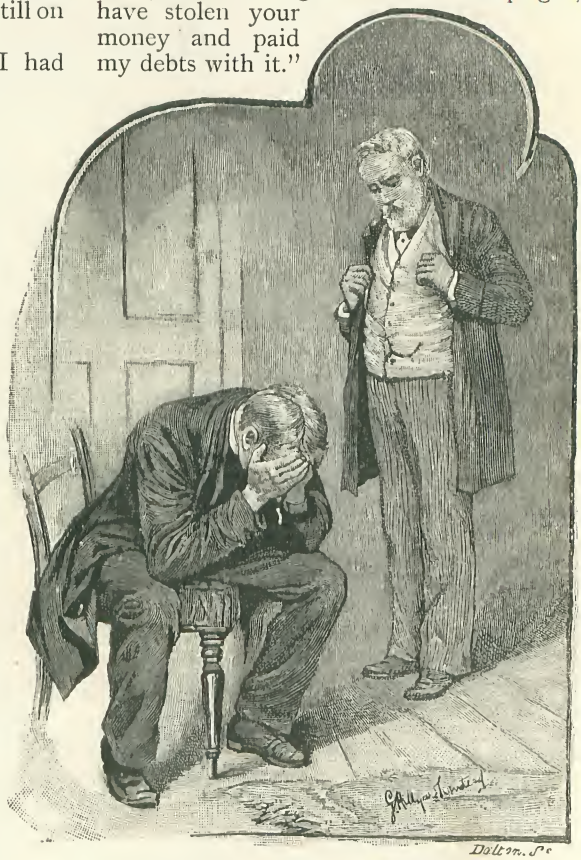
"Campion, for your father's sake, you *must* let me help you. Whatever wrong you have done, or think you have done, need not affect the question. You are over-wrought, and doubtless exaggerate matters. But, be that as it may, whether your fault is real or imaginary, it is not against me."

Campion once more sprang from his chair, and, facing his visitor, cried out, as though the words were wrung from him by torture—

"You! Yes, it is against you and God, that I have sinned. Did you not lose your purse to-day?"

"Yes, I did; but how do you know that?"

"I saw you drop it. I picked it up. I, that you have imagined honest and upright, have stolen your money and paid my debts with it."



"HE BURIED HIS FACE IN HIS HANDS."

"But you did not know whom it belonged to?"

"I did. Your card was in the purse."

"Ah!"

"I see," said the curate, almost with relief. "Now you appreciate the true character of the man you offer to assist. Go, call in the police, and give me up to justice."

Morley's face became overcast, and a look of deep sorrow settled upon it. He sat in silence for a few moments, that seemed an age to the man cowering before him. Then he said, in an authoritative yet kind voice, "Campion, I am an old man, and your father's friend. I beseech of you to look on me as standing in his place, and tell me all about this sad affair. Do not seek either to condemn or excuse yourself, but tell me the tale simply, and as straightforwardly as though you were speaking of another."

Thus abjured, the young man described in detail the doings of the day, in a voice often broken by his agitation. He did not seek to palliate his offence, but his narrative showed how circumstances had combined to urge him into dishonesty.

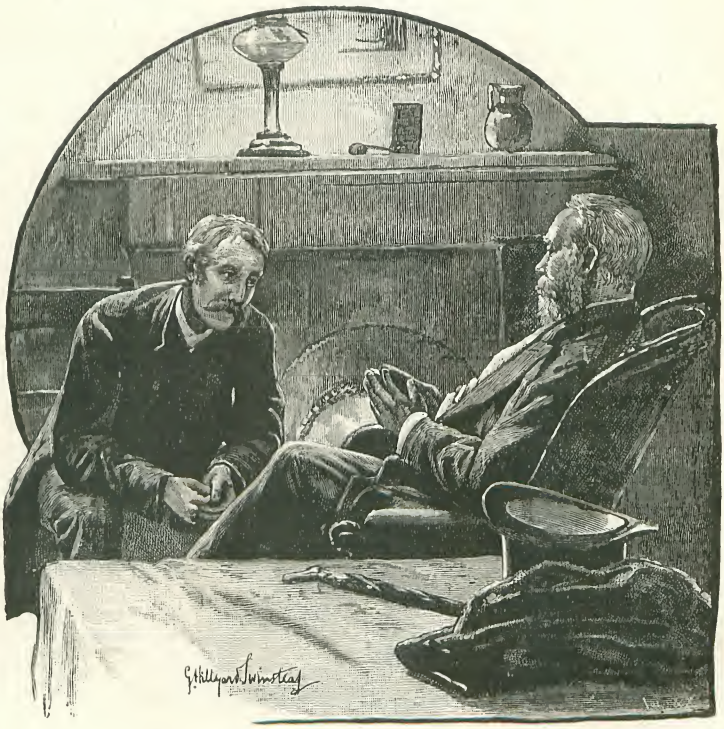
The elder man listened to him attentively, but in silence, then as he concluded he took his hands in his, and said—

"My poor friend, your tale has greatly moved me. Believe me, the money is of no importance to me, but I dare not ask you to look lightly on your sin. You used the hard term theft for your act, but I do not think it is that. I am not a lawyer, but I imagine the law has a milder term for such offences. However that may be, now more than ever I claim my right to help you. If you accept my assistance, a useful career is before you, and your error will serve as an incentive to future work. Then I ask you to think of your young wife and helpless child; surely *they* appeal strongly to you to take the help I offer you."

"You heap coals of fire on my head," murmured the young man, in broken accents.

The two men sat talking far into the evening, and when Morley rose to leave he had gained his point. The curate had learnt the lesson, that oftentimes appears so hard to believe, that if God is willing to forgive, it is meet that man should not condemn himself too severely, and should accept human forgiveness if fully and freely offered.

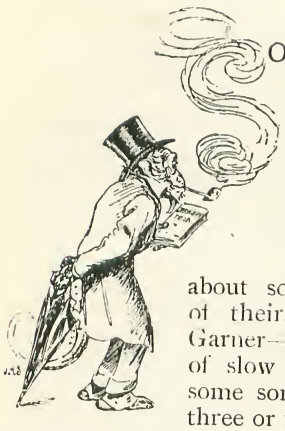
The Rev. Oswald Campion is now a well-known preacher. He holds an important living in the south of England, and his preaching has drawn a large congregation around him. It is not his eloquence or rhetorical display that affects his hearers, for he speaks in simple language, as an erring man to fellow-men liable to fall into temptation, and the sincerity of his words none can dispute. His early error has impressed his soul, and he never tires of preaching the doctrines of mercy and forgiveness.



"THE TWO MEN SAT TALKING FAR INTO THE EVENING."

Monkey Society.

By One of its Ornaments.



SOME days ago I overheard two of those wretched descendants of our noble race—humans, I mean—talking outside my wires. They were telling each other about some fellow-human of theirs—his name was Garner—who had, by years of slow study, arrived at some sort of knowledge of three or four of the simpler words of our language—the ancient and eloquent tongue of the monkeys. Of course, this was only one more evidence of the human stupidity and conceit we chuckle over. Here were we monkeys for all these thousands of years perfectly understanding every syllable of human language that we heard, and never letting on once to the silly men that we knew a word of what they were saying; and all the while talking freely in our own tongue without a chance of detection, and laughing at them. And now, forsooth, because one of them has discovered—or thinks he has—two or three of our words, they are all cock-a-whoop with conceit, think themselves the finest creatures on this earth, and blurt out their discovery right and left, instead of keeping quiet and learning more! Is there a name for this kind of fool in any tongue whatever? I don't think there is. So that after listening to the two creatures till my patience gave way, I reached out and grabbed the flower from one of their button-holes. It didn't taste particularly pleasant, but I had the gratification of hearing its late owner tell his friend that it had cost him eighteenpence. Besides which there was thin wire about the stem which has since been very handy for pricking the pig-faced baboon with, when he wasn't looking. I owe the pig-faced baboon one for himself.

I have owed a grudge to most of them in this cage at one time or another, but nearly all the accounts are settled. I have lived here rather a less time than might be imagined in view of the influential position which I now occupy. A few months ago, when I first came, I was not a very popular monkey—no new monkey is. I had been considerably elated at the docks when I learned that the London Zoological Gardens was to be my destination, because there's a certain tone about such a destination as that—very different from going merely to a dealer or a private owner, or even to a circus, such as did others of my fellow passengers. One even went to an organ-grinder, but he was a low monkey naturally. So I bossed it pretty considerably at the docks, I tell you, and patronised the others as offensively as I could. Still, I wasn't very comfortable when first they put me into this big cage.

You see, the others didn't show me the respect which was my due. I am a green monkey, with a fine long Latin name; such

F. A. Shepherd

"THEY ALL CALLED AT ONCE."

a name as *Cercopithecus callitrichus* ought to command respect anywhere, but here it only excited envy and malice. When I found myself among all these strangers I was prepared to expect a few courteous calls at intervals, and that a few cards would be left where I should find them, but immediately upon my entrance the whole cageful called upon me at once, except the pig-faced baboon, who is always chained up. Their greetings were rather vulgar than otherwise.

"Hullo, here's another green 'un," said the Rhesus, intending this, I believe, to mean something beside my actual colour.

"How are you, old chap?" said another, pulling my tail away from under me, so that I fell forward on my hands.

"Can you fight?" asked somebody else, digging me in the ribs.

Then a big Chacma came along, and saying, "Got any nuts?" without giving me time to reply seized my jaw, threw me over, and forcing his dirty paw into my mouth, emptied my pouch of a little lunch I had brought with me.

After this I had to submit to other insults, but of these I will say nothing My feelings were outraged and my tail was sore. My tail remained sore, indeed, for a few days, but I soothed my feelings soon after the crowd dispersed. I found a very small Capuchin, whom I had not before noticed among them, and—well, I let him have it.

But I found my proper level—socially a high one, of course. To tell you the truth I don't think much of society here; compared with what I have always been used to it is dull. Anyone can see that at a glance. Look at any of our cages; where is the life and motion proper in good monkey society? Nowhere. The humans outside think we are active and lively, but we who know what these things are know that our state is one of simple stagnation. Very few of us can now manage to be in more than five places at once, and we are even getting slow at that. It is a growing habit of laziness, acquired from the humans, who seem to have no business in hand but to stare,

'A STATE OF SIMPLE STAGNATION'

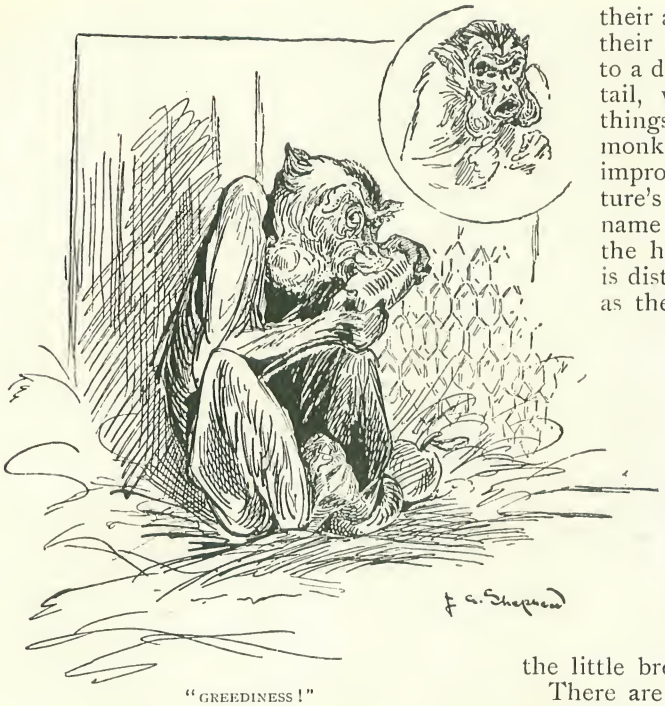
and never pull each others' tails, being quite ignorant of the usages of politeness.

Some amusements, however, of a pleasing and elevating character, we have. One of the most fashionable is tormenting the pig-faced baboon. He is a low, unprincipled ruffian, and I owe him one for himself, as I think I observed before. He is bigger than most of us, but as he is chained up the amusement is safe as well as genteel—if you are careful about it. The usual course is, after a select party has been made up, first to fix exactly the utmost radius of reach which the chain will allow the pig-faced baboon. Then a semicircle is formed just outside the radius, and one of the party is told off to drop hot ashes out of a pipe upon the enemy's head—in his eye if possible. A pipe can almost always be snatched when required from the breast pocket of some handy human, who puts it there in deference to the printed notice against smoking in our presence, but leaves the bowl sticking out for fear of catching fire. The hot ashes having found their billet, the rest of the procedure is obvious. The pipe having been hurled after the ashes, every other available missile is hurled after the pipe, and the pig-faced gentleman's bad language and frantic attempts at universal assault are received with cheerful sarcasm and pleasant grimace by the assembled company, who keep our friend well in exercise in the meantime by such pokes, pinches, and twitches of the tail from unforeseen directions as may seem judicious. This pursuit, beside affording cheap and innocent amusement and instruction for young and old of all classes, is healthy for the pig-faced baboon, preventing his liver from stagnating, and stimulating his digestion.

"A LOW, UNPRINCIPLED RUFFIAN."

I have mentioned that I owe this fellow one for himself. This is why. Soon after I came, and had seen the entertainment just described once or twice, I made up my mind to devote some time to a little private practice myself. So, producing the necessary inflamed condition on the chained savage with the point of a pocket pen (which a human boy had offered me under the delusion that he could pull it back before I could snatch it), I awaited developments just beyond reach of his teeth and fingers. I enjoyed the game, and after a little refreshing diversion, went so far as to spread my fingers out and plant my thumb against my nose. I had seen a human boy do this, and it struck me as rather a smart invention for such a creature. Old Piggy tugged and strained at his chain until he reached me within half an inch; then he suddenly turned tail-foremost and—well, I only remember two or three summersaults and an awful pain in the stomach. The fact was, the old scoundrel had let out with his hind legs, and so poached another foot of reach, just when I didn't expect it. It's an old trick of his. I've seen him do it since to another new monkey, and it looks very neat viewed in that way. Personally, I was very much upset, and, having caught the little brown capuchin again, I administered toko. Notwithstanding which, I still owe the pig-faced baboon one for himself.

There is another to whom I owe a bite or two. He tries to monopolise one of our amusements himself. That is eating. He can't climb or run. He staggers about the place with both pouches hanging like immense whiskers from his cheeks, but solid and heavy. No matter what the humans outside may offer through the wires, he is always handy and grabs it. I flatter myself that very few of the others have a chance at biscuits or nuts if I am anywhere handy, but this unholy thief gets ahead even of me. I hate such greediness.



"GREEDINESS!"

One day an artless-looking boy came to the wires, munching. He offered a little biscuit to a small Mona. I do not approve of spoiling the digestions of young monkeys with biscuits, so I hastened to get this titbit. Of course the greedy beast with the full pouches got there first, and popped it into his mouth before I could touch it. *There was mustard in that biscuit.* That's what I call an interposition of Providence. Greediness is bad enough, but this chap aggravates it by hypocrisy. Pleads the large family he has to support—as though he ever gave *them* any! If I could see that artless-looking boy again I would suggest another biscuit with dynamite in it. That would empty his pouches!

Speaking of owing grudges, bites, and ones for themselves, reminds me that we in this cage owe a lot of these things in different parts of the house which we can't pay. The vanity of some of those in the cages about the walls is sickeningly irritating. The lemurs, for instance, are continually showing off their long bushy tails, pretending coyly to hide their faces behind them—brazen baggages! And they loop them round their necks, too, like a boa, because they have seen the women humans do it, who come here to gape and giggle at nothing. One might almost suppose, to see their airs, that these lemurs *prefer* their great useless feather-brushes to a decent and useful smooth, long tail, which you can hang on to things with. Then the Diana monkey at the end is positively improper. To begin with, the creature's insupportable pride in the name of some goddess—whom even the humans won't own nowadays—is distinctly objectionable, especially as the name is quite inappropriate. Diana never had a white beard and whiskers; I don't believe she had a tail. And if she behaved in the servile, cadging manner of that monkey, trying to attract the attention of those human animals, and turning heels over head for nuts—well, she was no lady. The irritating thing is that the beast always gets the nuts. I can't stand seeing this. I always have to go and whack the little brown capuchin.

There are others we all owe something to, but on the whole the score is fairly balanced. I am alluding to two or three big rascals wired off in separate cages near ours because of their ill manners and roughness. They reach through now and again and claw at us, but we collect a little party and extract almost as much fun from the business as in the case of the pig-faced baboon. And then the visitor-creatures rarely give them anything, being afraid of them; and the mesh of their wires is so close that they can't get anything desirable, such as a bonnet ornament or a pair of spectacles, through them. So that they have their punishment.

But the Barbary ape isn't so easily forgiven. He is one of these segregated savages, in every respect as bad as the others, besides possessing one insufferable iniquity fortunately rare among us, but, I fear, spreading. I mean a low, mean, unworthy snobbishness and abasement which treats the humans as superior creatures, and affects a ludicrous familiarity and connection with them. This fellow, glad enough to steal our nuts when no visitors are about, in their presence mounts his perch with his back to us, and turns up his nose. He gives himself away, however, if they offer him anything, by his ill-mannered grab—taking a biscuit as though it were a flower or an eyeglass. He gets into the habit through

stealing from us, and can't overcome it. He always pretends to have an appointment with a human, more especially if visitors

"ANXIOUS EXPECTANCY."

are about. He sits on his perch with as much pre-occupation as he can cram on his ugly face, and looks expectantly towards the door. Every time a door opens, he glances anxiously over his shoulder, after which he assumes an expression of annoyed importance, as who would say, "This is all very fine, but it isn't business. When people make appointments they should keep them." I have even caught him making believe to look at an imaginary watch. If he would only attend to business instead of playing the fool, he might snatch a real one from somebody's hand, as I have done.

The orang-outang is just as annoying, and would be more so if we could see him. He is away from here, over in the sloths' house where they used to keep Sally, but we know all about him. Nice fuss they make over him, just because he's got no tail; trying to make the deformity fashionable among us, I suppose, like the fox in the story. There he is, with a cage almost as big as this, and warmer, all to himself. Has a blanket to sleep in, and a special keeper as valet to call him in the morning, and bring his shaving water. Can stay in his blanket all day if he likes, no one else to pull him up by the tail, not only having no tail to pull, but no neighbours to pull it. And all this by way of reward for positive degeneration, physical, moral, and mental; in fact, for his degraded approximation to a low animal type, the human, and for his cadging servility—going so far, I am told, as to shake hands with visitors, and with his own servant, the keeper. He is allowed, now and again, to come out of his cage and crawl slothfully about—not having the courage to bolt up the chimney—if there were one—or to bite the keeper's fingers. There he sits, bloated, coddled, waited on (they even give him tea with a cup and spoon!), while I, with becoming instincts, a Latin name twice as long as his, and a charming tail, I—well, there, I lose patience when I think of it. Where's that little brown capuchin?

I don't know how big the Aye-aye is, never having seen him, but if he is no bigger

"HOW'S THE WEATHER THIS MORNING, KEEPER?"

"FORTY WINKS"

than the brown capuchin, I'd give something to have hold of him for ten minutes. The lazy beggar sleeps the whole day long in the box at the top of his cage, and they let him. If a few of *us* club together, and organise a little party for forty winks, it soon gets stopped. Someone falls in among us, or we get dragged apart by the tails, and quite right, too. No decent member of the community has the right or even the wish to deprive the others of the benefit of his society for longer than absolutely necessary to rest the frame and brighten the intellect. Personally, I believe the Aye-aye is sulking because of the eclipse of his name. *Chiromys Madagascariensis* is a very fine name, anyone will admit, but when I came with *Cercopithecus callitrichus* I beat it by one letter. So he sulks. Then in the night, when we *want* quiet, he comes out and rackets about his cage.

Altogether, however, especially in this cage, we are, although slow, a fairly select set. Our manners, at any rate, will compare favourably with those of any other set in the house. One rule of etiquette is never, in any circumstances, violated in this cage, except in the case of the pig-faced baboon. That is the rule that enjoins that should one stand still (an undesirable thing in itself) it must never be opposite the ticket bearing his name and birthplace. It is

"A FAIRLY SELECT SET."

humiliating enough to have these humans staring at and commenting on the details of our private life, without admitting them into one's family concerns. So that whether "born in the menagerie," "presented," or merely sordidly "purchased," we can keep the matter to ourselves; all but the unfortunate pig-faced baboon, who is chained near his label, and serve him right. I owe him one.

I have already alluded to the fact of our set patronising amusements of a refined character. There are, of course, others besides that mentioned. The Malbrouck, for instance, affects the sportsman, and carries a straw or a twig of some sort in his mouth. This gratifies him, and is not offensive to us. Scientific amusements are also much indulged in. We are all most enthusiastic, persevering, and painstaking entomologists, and our researches are often the subject of admiring comment. But the serious business of life largely occupies our attention.

I allude, of course, to the collection of *bric-à-brac* and other portable property. Of course, the chief difficulty is with the wires. Something really ought to be done about these wires; they are a most serious obstruction to business. Personally I don't see what we want with wires at all; they keep us select, and prevent some of the more low-minded from mixing with the humans—but, then, one's proper self-respect ought to do that. But, even admitting the desirableness of wires at all, the small-mesh wire now in use obviously must be abolished at once; it positively prevents some classes of business altogether. Where it is a matter of difficulty and dexterity to get a fairly large pair of blue spectacles through, the acquisition of a bonnet or an old lady's wig becomes almost an impossibility until the articles have been torn in small pieces. Of course, it may be argued that is what would be done with them in any case, but the necessity of conducting the operation on the outer side of the wires often results in total loss.

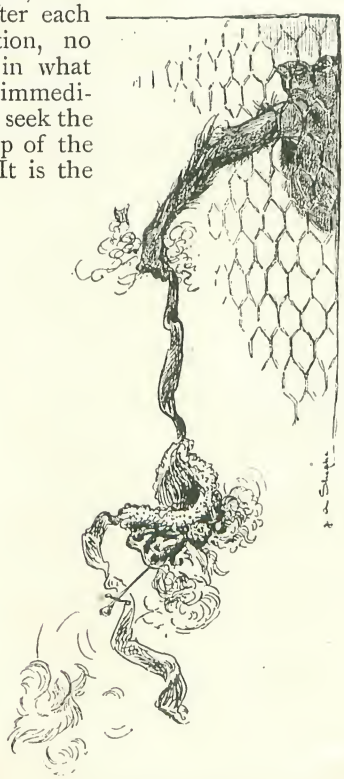
Proper circumspection is absolutely necessary, and any appearance of too great eagerness to do business is fatal. Much depends on the class of goods dealt in. A pipe sticking out of a breast pocket is a fairly easy transaction to begin with, although some recommend a single eye-glass with a cord. This latter certainly has the advantage that it effectually blinds the eye in which it is used, so that successful approach on that side is tolerably certain; the cord, also, is very convenient to snatch. But a pipe sticking from a pocket is more likely to be forgotten by its owner; and beside, the possibility of the bowl being very hot teaches quickness of action. It is advisable to assume an appearance of innocence and pre-occupation; if possible, of melancholy. The back should be turned to the human who is to be experimented upon, and the object, pipe or what not, viewed from the corner of the eye. It should always be remembered that the wires are irregular in mesh, and the widest available hole should be selected. These preliminaries having been carefully attended to, a sudden grab will successfully complete the business.

Pocket handkerchiefs it is usually best to take direct from the pocket, although an expert practitioner will now and again achieve a fancy stroke by snatching one from the hand. In the matter of gloves it is safest to keep to those from the female creature; they are thinner and (sometimes) smaller, and so easier to bring through the

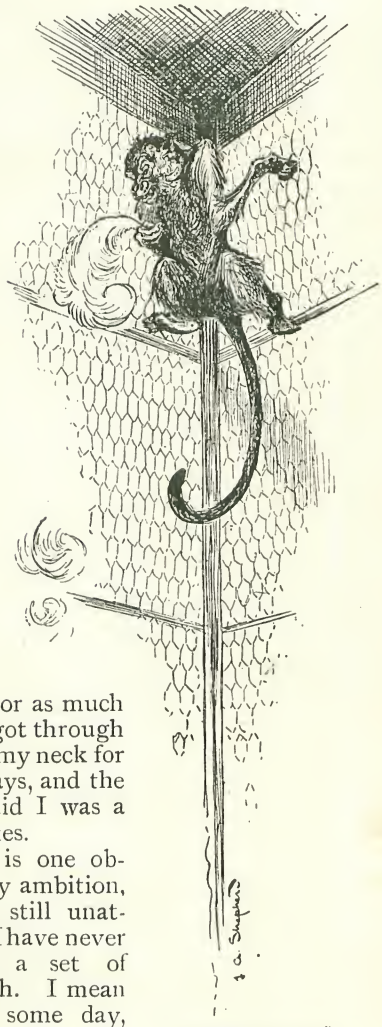
"A MISFIT."

wires, and the woman is usually too frightened to snatch back. They are, however, rarer than the male glove, being less frequently carried loose.

Spectacles and eye-glasses, as I have hinted, afford fairly good sport, although the larger kinds are apt to get into complications with the wires. In all cases of difficulty with the wires, whether with glasses or other goods, the only expedient is a mighty tug; something is sure to come through, whatever smashes, and often you get the lot. I once got a pair of gold-rimmed glasses on the end of a tortoiseshell stick complete, from a most offensive old woman —only got through with a reckless tug. Bonnets, and feathers and flowers therefrom must, of course, be grabbed from above, high up the wires. A good, comprehensive grab at a bonnet often results in a splendid haul. You get bonnet, feathers, flowers, fruit, little birds, bonnet pin, and—with any luck—a lot of false hair, all at once. Indeed, in the matter of quantity, nothing, in my opinion, beats a bonnet—you fetch away all kinds of things with it, and you never know how much you'll get. Always remember, however, after each transaction, no matter in what goods, immediately to seek the very top of the cage. It is the safest place. I am the only monkey in this cage who ever got a man's wig; he was looking for something in his hat. It was a most fraudulent wig, showing a genuine bald spot in the most artful fashion; I wore it—or as much of it as I got through —round my neck for several days, and the people said I was a new species.



"A SPLENDID HAUL.

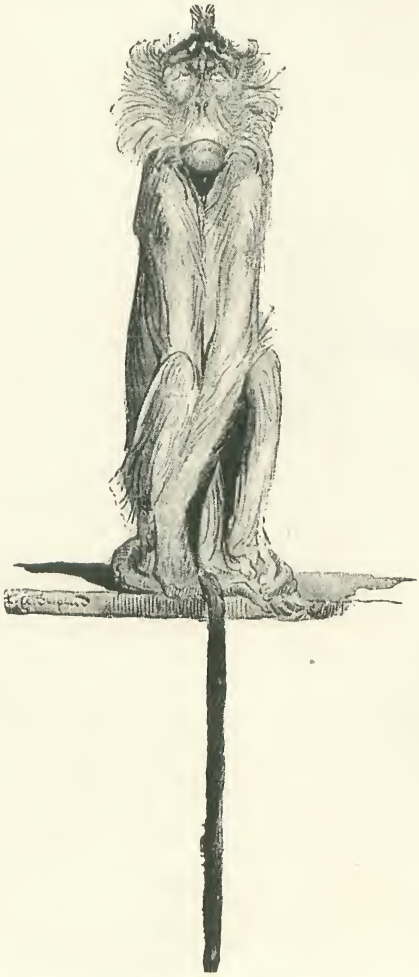


'THE SAFEST PLACE."

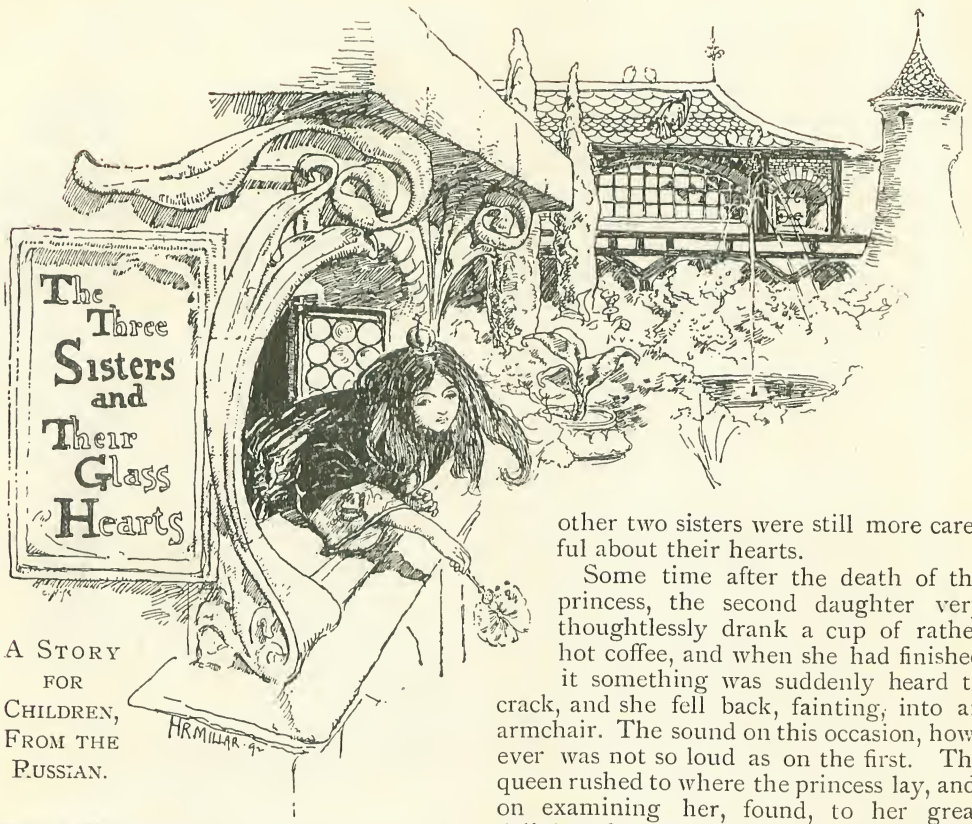
There is one object of my ambition, however, still unattained—I have never snatched a set of false teeth. I mean to do it some day, though, and am watching my opportunity day by day; and when I have them I will lay them at the feet of—ah! there is my confession. She doesn't want false teeth, having a very capital set of her own; but, as a token of undying affection, what a glorious thing would be a set of false teeth—in gold—to offer the adorable creature in the cage a little further along! May the raptures of a devoted lover be pardoned if once more I contemplate that sad and lovely face, that angelic form,

"THE DAY'S TAKINGS."

those adorable whiskers? There she sits, pensive and sweetly melancholy — dreaming, doubtless, of her sylvan home far away, where the lion roareth and the whang-doodle mourneth. For her I hoard my every day's takings (although those dishonest keepers always take them away); for her I snatch feathers from bonnets, flowers from buttonholes, pipes from pockets; for her do I faithfully watch, day by day, after a set of false teeth. But still, my fluttering heart, lie still! How can I hope? How can I even approach her to throw myself before her, to offer her my all, to take one pull at that bewitching tail? Alas! my lot is despair. There is a gibbon in a nearer cage than this, who is making eyes at her this moment. Confound him! May this Gibbon quickly Decline and Fall! Ah, I am racked with hate and jealousy! I will even go and pitch into the little brown capuchin. And now I bethink me, there is a bonnet-pin I have to-day acquired with the *débris* of a hat and false front. I will get behind him and stick that bonnet-pin far into the pig-faced baboon. I owe him one for himself



"SWEETLY MELANCHOLY.



A STORY FOR CHILDREN, FROM THE RUSSIAN.

THERE were once a king and queen who had three beautiful daughters, and the organism of these three princesses was remarkable for their each being furnished with a heart of glass.

"Children! children!" said the queen, when the princesses were still quite small, "whatever you do, take care of your hearts, for they are of fragile make."

The children therefore tried to be very careful, and for some time all went well, and the hearts remained unbroken.

But one day the eldest girl, who was leaning out of the window, looking down into the garden below, noticed a little bee which was buzzing busily round some flowers. The little creature interested her so much that she leaned out farther, so as to be able to watch it more closely, when suddenly—smash!—there came a sound of broken glass! The young princess had crushed her heart against the window-sill, and so, alas! the poor girl expired.

After this exceedingly sad accident the other two sisters were still more careful about their hearts.

Some time after the death of the princess, the second daughter very thoughtlessly drank a cup of rather hot coffee, and when she had finished it something was suddenly heard to crack, and she fell back, fainting, into an armchair. The sound on this occasion, however was not so loud as on the first. The queen rushed to where the princess lay, and, on examining her, found, to her great delight, that the heart was only slightly cracked, and not broken, and that her daughter was still alive.

"THE PRINCESS DRANK A CUP OF RATHER HOT COFFEE."

"What are we to do with our daughter?" said the king to the queen, "for although the injury to her heart amounts only to a crack at present, this may increase to a decided fracture."

But the princess begged them not to worry themselves about her.

"For you know," said she, "it's the cracked pitcher that goes oftenest to the well."

Meanwhile the youngest daughter grew up, and became a most beautiful as well as a most remarkably clever girl; and many a handsome and wealthy prince from distant lands came to ask for her fair hand. But the old king did not forget the bitter experiences he had had with his two elder girls.

"I have only one daughter left with a whole heart, and hers is also of glass. Therefore, if I give her in marriage to anyone, it must be to a king who is at the same time a glazier, and who understands how to treat an article so fragile; so that, in case of accidents, he would know how to rivet the cracks."

Unfortunately, none of the young princes and nobles who had come as suitors to the princess knew anything at all about how to rivet broken glass, and were none of them glaziers by profession, so they had to return to their native lands miserable and disappointed lovers.

Among the royal pages in the palace was one whose term as page was shortly to expire. He had still to carry the train of the youngest princess three times, and after that he was to be promoted to a full-blown courtier.

On the first occasion when the page had to carry the young princess's train, she glanced at him, and as their eyes met she blushed. When next he carried her train, she waved her hand to him at parting, and the unfortunate youth was unable to sleep the whole of that night in consequence!

The third time when the young fellow bore the princess's train, the king came forward to meet them half way, and dismissed the page, saying—

"You have done your duty now, young man, and you may go. I thank you, and have also to congratulate you on your promotion."

With that the king turned and walked away, while the princess bent forward to where the page stood, and said—

"You carried my train so beautifully—better than anyone else! Oh, why are you not a king and a glazier?"

The unfortunate young man felt so confused, as well as delighted, that he was unable to utter a word in reply. He

"YOU CARRIED MY TRAIN SO BEAUTIFULLY."

managed, however, to make a very graceful and polite bow. When the princess had left him, he ran as hard as ever he could to the nearest glazier, and asked him whether he was in need of a foreman.

"Yes," replied the other; "but you will have to work four years with me before you can be foreman. At first you must be a sort of errand boy, and go to the baker's to fetch me my bread; and also look after my children, wash them, and dress them. Secondly, you must learn how to putty the cracks; thirdly, you will have to learn how to cut the glass and fix in windows; and after that, in the fourth year, you shall be my foreman."

The page thought this would take rather too long, so he asked the glazier whether he could not possibly begin with cutting the glass and fixing windows, and leave out the rest, so as to get on quicker. But the glazier shook his head, and assured the young fellow that every good glazier had to begin his career from the beginning, or

he could never be clever. So the page was obliged to reconcile himself to his fate.

The whole of the first year the unfortunate young courtier spent his time in running to the baker's for bread for his master; and in washing and dressing the children. In the second year he did nothing but stop cracks with putty. In the third year he learnt how to cut glass and fix windows, and at last, at the commencement of the fourth year, he was made foreman.

"IN THE SECOND YEAR HE DID NOTHING BUT STOP CRACKS WITH PUTTY."

After having been foreman for a whole year, he took leave of his master; and, dressing himself up once more in his court dress, he walked along the roads in deep thought, wondering how he could possibly become a king. As he was walking on a man came towards him, and, seeing that the young courtier was in deep thought, he stopped and asked him whether he had lost anything.

"Well, I don't know that I have exactly lost anything; but at any rate I cannot find what I want."

"And what is that?"

"A kingdom. I am wondering how on earth I can become a king."

"Well, if you had been a glazier," said the stranger, "I might have helped you."

"That is just exactly what I *am!*" exclaimed the other. "I have only lately been foreman to a glazier!"

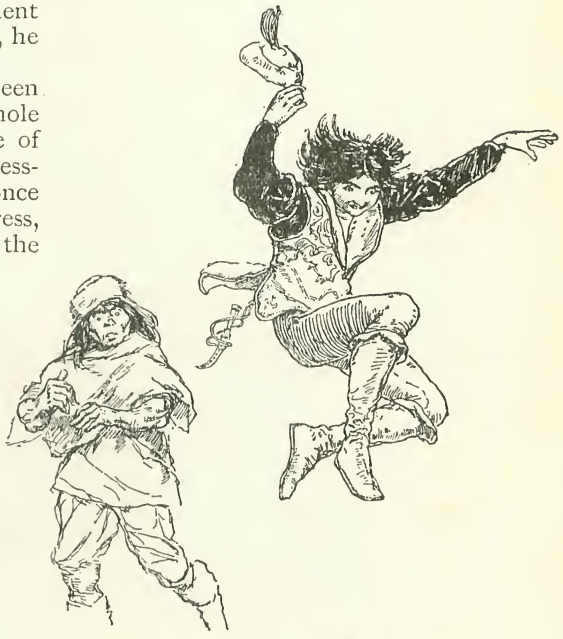
"Then you have nothing to fear. You are no doubt aware that our king decided some time ago to give his youngest daughter in marriage to a glazier who was to be at the same time a king or at any rate a prince; but, as they have been unsuccessful in finding such a person, the king has been reluctantly obliged to modify his demands by adding two other conditions. The bridegroom must in any case be a glazier, that of course goes without saying."

"But what are the two conditions?" asked the young courtier, excitedly.

"The first condition is that he should please the princess; and the second is that he should be a nobleman by birth. There have already been a great number of glaziers applying at the palace, but not one of them took the princess's fancy, and all of them had coarse, rough hands like those of the commonest glazier."

When our young courtier heard these words, he jumped three times about a yard above the road for very joy, and then, turning round, ran helter-skelter back to the town, and presented himself at the palace in less than no time!

The king at once ordered the princess to be called, and when she arrived, he asked



"HE JUMPED THREE TIMES FOR JOY."

her whether this young glazier took her fancy.

The princess glanced at the young man, and, recognising him at once, she blushed, and said: "Oh, yes."

The king ordered the young fellow to

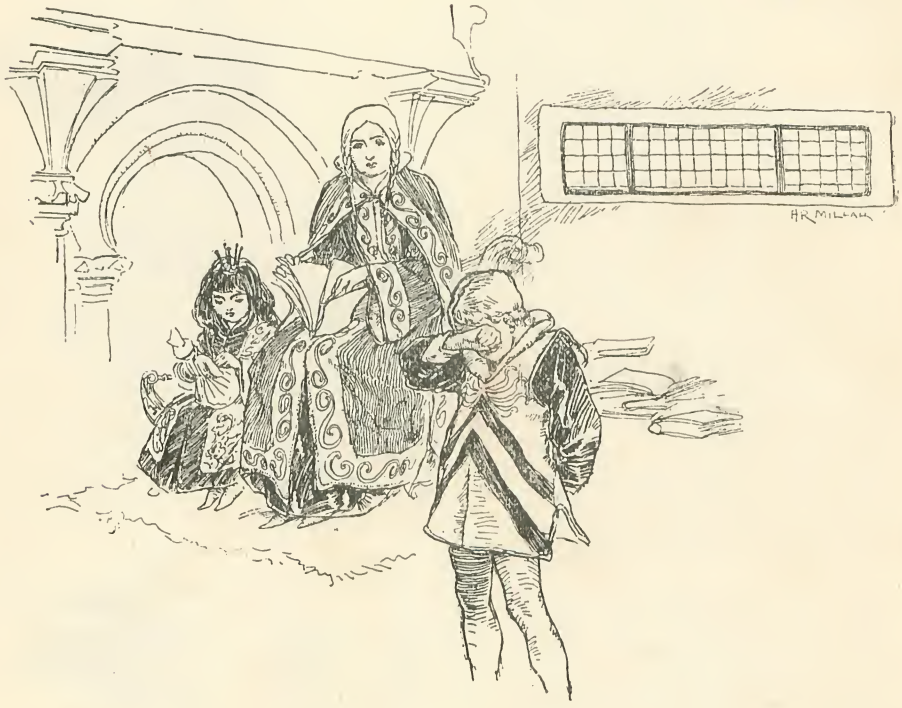
take off his gloves and show his hands, so that they should know whether he was of noble birth. However, the princess said that it was quite unnecessary for the young man to do anything of the kind, as she felt perfectly certain that there was no doubt whatever about his being of noble birth, and that his hands, she was sure, would be as white as those of a prince.

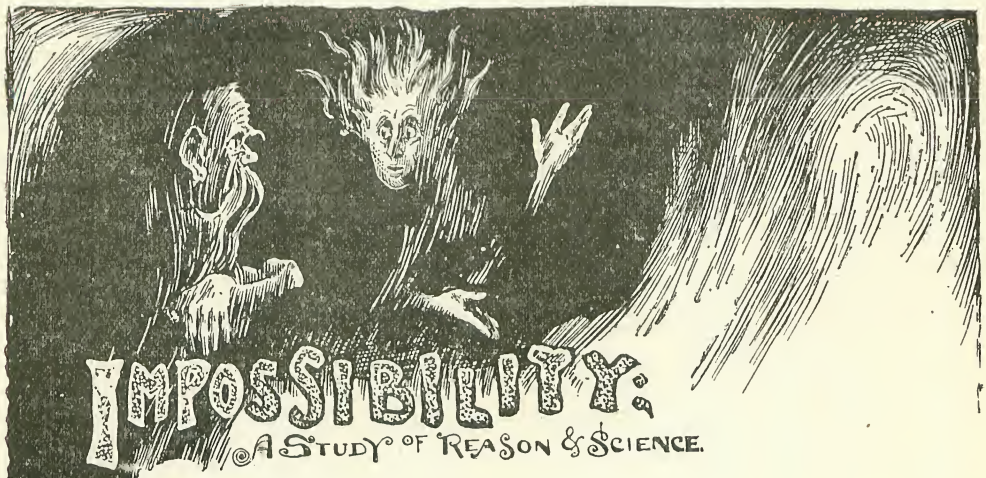
So they were married; and, as the young princess's husband was a glazier by profession, as well as a nobleman by birth, he understood how to treat a heart so delicate and fragile as hers; therefore, she lived blissfully to the end of her days without any accident happening.

The king's second daughter, with the cracked heart, had the pleasure of being an aunt, and a very excellent aunt she made, too! She taught the little princess to read and write, and make dresses for her dolls; she also took a great interest in the little prince's lessons, and when he knew them well and had good marks, like a good little boy, then she would praise him and make him all sorts of pretty presents, and he would leave her looking red and rosy, and flushed with delight. When, on the contrary, he did *not* know his lessons, and his marks were anything but good, then she would be *very* different, and he would leave her looking also very red and rosy, *very* flushed, but *not* with delight.

This princess lived to a very old age, notwithstanding that her heart was cracked, and if anyone marvelled at her living so long, she would answer them, as she had done her parents once before:

"Remember, 'It's the cracked pitcher that goes oftenest to the well.'"





SOME time ago, amid the monotonous ether of space, long before the existence of planets and all that, two spirits were strolling along in company.

In aspect the two companions differed in the most pronounced way. On the brow of the one, who might have passed for the elder, appeared the cold and passionless calculation of science ; the eye was deeply reflective, but unimpassioned ; the demeanour was grave and deliberate. We may as well speak of this spirit henceforth as William.

The younger, whom we will call James, was of a very different stamp, for in him the quick and well opened eye, the mobile brow and mouth, and the eager voice, denoted enthusiasm and enterprise.

As we have remarked, the scene was monotonous ; it is easily described : stretching away and away for ever in every direction spread space and utter and intense darkness.

What wonder, then, that, surrounded by so dull and uninteresting a monotony, living through an indefinite period enlivened by no divisions of time, the soul of James should have cast about within itself for some recreative topic, some object on which to expend its imaginative energies. In truth James was a dreamer—a wild and fantastic dreamer, if you will. Sitting alone, perhaps, for an uninterrupted period of many cycles, he would follow with ever more hurrying mental footsteps the bewildering paths of inventive speculation. In the midst of that dull void he would conceive the existence of many things ; he would fill space with entities, psychical and even material.

For many æons the fear of ridicule had deterred him from breathing a word of all these phantasies to his more severe and calculating companion ; for to William's cold and precise reason, that which existed was all that ever could exist ; and stern, philosophic argument had convinced him that space and darkness were everything which could ever possibly be designed or executed.

This was no grudging conservatism, nor prejudice against new things. No, he had worked the matter out in the light of pure reason and scientific argument, and he *knew*.

"William," said James, at length, impelled by an impulse which he could no longer restrain, yet with the detectable nervousness and hesitation of one who fears reproach or ridicule—"William, has it never crossed your mind that the surroundings of our existence are a little—that is, a trifle—monotonous and samey ?"

He stopped suddenly, abashed, and fidgeted uncomfortably from foot to foot, as the keen eye of the other, wide with astonishment, was fixed upon him.

"I fear I do not catch your meaning, James," at length replied the wiser spirit.

James flushed uncomfortably; but he had committed himself too far for further hesitation. "Might there not exist," he went on, though still nervously, "something beyond mere space and darkness?"

"Something beyond?" repeated the sage, "certainly not: that is impossible. Space and darkness, as Science and Reason conclusively prove, are the only conditions which can ever possibly exist. What phantasy is this for which you hanker? Give details."

"Well—why could there not be worlds about?" asked James, bold in very desperation.

"Foolish boy!" replied the philosopher. "Do you think I have not often thought this thing out for myself? Were I to adduce the thousand and one scientific reasons which prove the impossibility of the existence of worlds, you could not follow me. Tell me, whence would you fetch your materials with which to manufacture these worlds?"

James was silent. "How many worlds would you like to have, in your foolishness?" asked the sage.

"Well," said James, humbly, "I was thinking of two—one of them all on fire, to give light to the other; and the other for working purposes."

"Ah, just so," said William, witheringly. "Of course, it has never occurred to you that the two would dash together by mutual attraction and become one? How about that?"

"Well—I would have a whole lot of them, to keep one another in position——"

"Ah," said William, "and they would all dash together at a common centre, however many you had."

"Hum—that *is* a bother," said James, disappointedly; "because I was going to put all manner of things on my worlds."

"As what?" asked the philosopher, with a crushing grin.

"Well, I thought of human beings among other things—when I say human beings I mean something alive and able to move about when supported on anything solid, such as a world; and endowed with a certain amount of reason, and able to express his thoughts, and subject to emotions and proclivities—mostly evil, of course, and——"

"Well now, look here," said William magnanimously, "let us suppose that you have got over all the insurmountable obstacles in the way of keeping your human beings alive; let us wildly take it for granted that they have not been crushed between your worlds, nor by the attraction of their own—that they can move upon its surface (which of course any attraction sufficient to keep them from tumbling off would inevitably prevent their doing)—that they are not shrivelled up by the heat generated by the friction of your large mass of material pressing towards its centre, not frozen, nor otherwise instantly destroyed (which they assuredly would be); let us suppose this initial absurdity, and go ahead. What do you intend your human beings to do? By the way, I pass over the sublime humour of anything *having to be supported on something solid* as a necessary condition of moving about! That is a peculiar sort of motion—but let that pass. Well?"

"'AH, JUST SO,' SAID WILLIAM, WITHERINGLY."

The sage took up an easy attitude with an air of resignation, and prepared to listen.

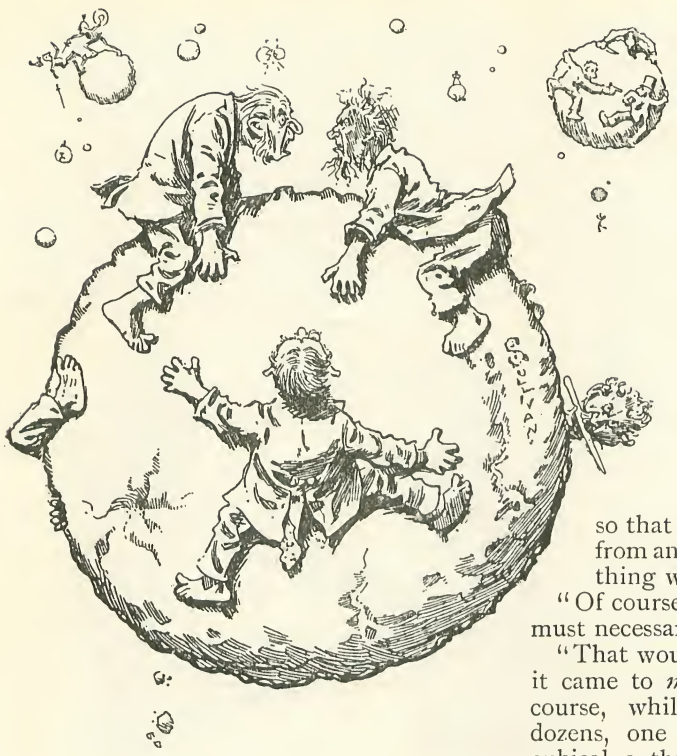
"Before you begin," said he parenthetically, "*I* can tell you in a word what your beings would do first—and last. They would fight and exterminate each other, and there would be an end of them."

"No," said James, "I believe they would increase in numbers and gradually become less savage, and begin to invent things——"

"Oh, *they* are to invent things as well as you. And I suppose the things they invented would invent other things, and so on?"

"No, they would invent inanimate objects, such as weapons."

"Oh yes," said William hastily, "I have no doubt they would invent weapons; *that* would help them to exterminate each other."



"THEY WOULD FIGHT AND EXTERMINATE ONE ANOTHER."

"Yes, of course they would invent weapons first; but, as they grew less savage——"

"Hum—inventing weapons is a peculiar mode of making oneself less savage!"

"Why, the weapons, as they became more deadly and efficient, would get so capable of exterminating them that they would prove the actual means of civilising and rendering them more humane——"

"What does 'humane' mean?"

"It is the same as human, that is, kind, sympathising, benevolent, mild, compassionate, tender, merciful."

"Oh, indeed!" said William; "pray go on."

"By degrees their relations one with another would become more polished and pleasant; a stranger would not necessarily be a foe——"

"Hold hard a moment," said the sage; "how many of these human beings do you propose to have in your world?—some dozens?"

"Many millions."

"*Millions!!* But are they all to be precisely alike, so that one could not be distinguished from another? If that were so, everything would be utter confusion."

"Of course. That would never do. Each must necessarily have his individuality."

"That would be somewhat difficult when it came to *millions*," said William. "Of course, while you confined yourself to dozens, one might be spherical, another cubical, a third triangular, a fourth oval, and so forth—"

"Bless your soul!" said James. "My human beings are not to be in the form of geometrical figures! Each would have a body, two legs, two arms, a head, and so on."

"Oh! I see; and you will differentiate between them by varying the positions of these parts—now placing the head at the end of one leg, now of the other; now put-

"VARYING THE POSITIONS OF THE PARTS."

ting the legs and arms at the four corners, and the head in the middle—and so forth."

"Not in the least. The positions of all parts would be relatively identical in all cases."

"Now, James, when you talk something distantly approaching reason, I can bear with you (by an effort); but if you are going to talk such childish nonsense as this, I must leave you. You speak of *millions* of individuals whose general conformation is practically unvaried; and yet each one is to be individually recognisable—how?"

"Why—why, by minor peculiarities, I suppose ——"

"'Minor peculiarities!' Then one of your beings would, on meeting another, have to institute a thorough and minute examination of him from end to end in order to discover one of these 'minor peculiarities' by which to identify him. He would hardly be able to *remember* the minor peculiarities of all the other millions of individuals, and would therefore have to carry a document whereon each of them was set down. Very practical! Now let us work it out: This scroll of his has to contain, let us say, ten million different signs, with the name of the owner attached. Perhaps you will tell me how he is going to carry this scroll, which would certainly weigh some hundred-weights? Then, granting he could carry it, he is to sit down and wade through ten millions of signs in order to identify his friend or enemy. This would occupy a considerable time—let us say, moderately, five years."

The younger spirit looked crestfallen.

"I must admit you rather have me there!" he said ruefully. "I see there *would* be a difficulty about recognition. Perhaps there might be lists of identifying peculiarities set up at various points of the world, so that everybody could meet there, and——"

"LISTS OF IDENTIFYING PECULIARITIES SET UP."

"Pooh!" said William, "get on to some other absurdity. I can't see what, save fighting, you would give your creatures to do."

"Oh, they would have to gain their living—to provide for themselves."

"Food?"

"Yes, they could only keep alive by consuming periodically something which would nourish their frames."

"Whence would they obtain it?"

"From the material of which their world was made."

"Oh, I see—your beings would gradually increase in numbers, and at the same time eat away the world they were clinging to, until, in course of time, there would be no world left to cling to at all? But I suppose you would lengthen the thing out—they would only eat at intervals of an æon or so?"

"No; I was thinking of several times a day."

The sage burst into a loud laugh, which rolled away for ever through space.

"HE WOULD HAVE TO CARRY A DOCUMENT."

"What? Creatures whose frames would begin to dwindle away unless they ate *every few hours?* Why, they would be able to think of nothing else! Eating would take up all their time! They would barely have leisure to kill one another between meals!"

"No, there's something in that," said poor James.

"Besides, you have invented beings possessing something like intelligence. Have you provided that intelligence simply to be used in eating?"

"Oh no; but——"

"Well, they certainly wouldn't have a chance of using it for any other purpose. Are they to live to eat?"

"Oh no—only to eat to live."

"As soon as they had used their intelligence in eating, what is the next thing they would turn it to?"

"To—er—well, I suppose to finding something for the next meal," said poor James, hopelessly.

"Precisely," said William. "You do not propose a very high standard of achievement for your beings! I presume all these inventions you talk about would have eating as their ultimate object? The best thing for them would be to invent something to render the necessity of eating less frequent; something which would do all the eating for them, and set them at liberty to attempt something else. What inventions were you thinking of?"

"Well — the electric telegraph, for instance; an apparatus to enable persons to talk to others long distances off."

"But your people wouldn't have time to talk to those at hand even—they would have to eat. By the way, what do you do with your beings when they die?"

"They become part of the world they lived on."

"EATING WOULD TAKE UP ALL THEIR TIME."

"Oh! and the others eat them? Ah, very nice! I really begin to like your human beings. Their tastes are so pleasant! Go on."

"Well, as they progressed in civilisation they would make laws."

"What for?"

"To govern themselves by."

"Govern themselves by! But they could govern themselves without laws. What would they want laws for?"

"To prevent their doing wrong," said James.

"But if they were inclined to do right they would not need laws to keep them from doing wrong; while, if they were inclined to do wrong, they would not make such laws. Besides, the necessity of such laws seems to imply that the majority of your humans would have a leaning towards evil-doing?"

"Yes, that would be so."

"Then who would make, and enforce, those laws?"

"The better inclined minority."

"What horrid nonsense! The majority would not let them! No; obviously the majority would make the laws; and the majority being inclined towards evil, the laws would be for the propagation of evil-doing. If the majority of your humans were inclined to swindle their neighbours, the laws would be made in favour of swindlers."

Poor James hastily ran over a few of the laws he had conceived, and expressed a wish to change the conversation.

"Look here, my poor boy," said William, rising, "don't muddle your head with any more of these preposterous plans. Science and Reason utterly confute the possibility of such a world as you describe. To begin with, the world itself could not exist for five minutes; then your people couldn't live in it if

it did; if they could live, they couldn't move; if they could live and move, they would not have a moment for anything but eating; they could not recognise or identify each other; and so on, and so on. The whole thing is a farrago of hopeless and impossible bosh, and couldn't hold water for a single instant. Science and Reason prove it!"

As the spirits ceased, we turned to our newspaper and read the following words:—

"*The North American Review* lately described the recent successful experiments carried on in the Far West of America to produce rain by explosives. The result was complete success. . . . This article was followed by a paper by Professor Newcombe, in which he demonstrates conclusively that it is absolutely impossible to make rain in any such way."

J. F. SULLIVAN.

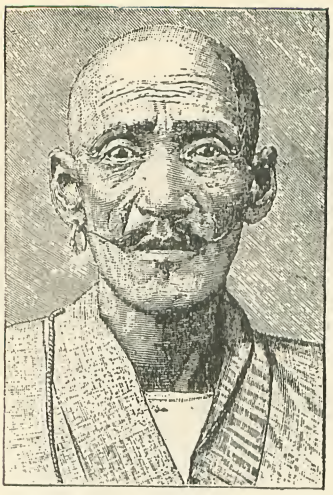
FOUND IN THE SNOW.

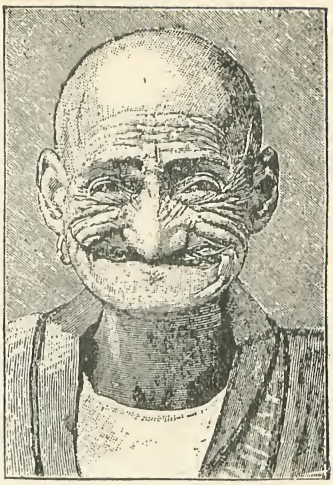
EVERYONE has heard of the magnificent dogs of the St. Bernard monastery. The manner in which they are trained to search for snow-bound travellers has gained for them and the good monks, their teachers, such a world-wide fame that a few words of reference are all that are necessary to introduce the most interesting photograph from real life which we are here able to present. Whenever a snow-storm breaks upon the Alps the monks send forth their dogs in search of travellers, each animal carrying a flask of spirits suspended from its neck. Guided by the wondrous instinct with which they are endowed, and which has been intensified by assiduous and skilful training, they seldom fail in discovering any unfortunate wayfarer who has been overtaken by the tempest, or who has sunk upon the icy ground, worn out by fatigue and hardship, and succumbed to the death-sleep which results from intense cold. When the dog makes such a discovery it raises its voice in a deep and powerful bay, at the same time scraping away the snow from the traveller's body, even though it be buried under a deep snowdrift, and crouching with its body pressed against the sufferer's breast in order to bring back the natural heat and life. The monks, on hearing the dog's warning cry, immediately set off with aid.

The above picture represents a scene of this kind, exactly as it occurred ; it is so vivid that the spectator might almost fancy himself present at the discovery of the body. The sufferer in this case was an Italian peasant who had lost his way among the mountains, and had sunk down without hope. The monks, on hurrying out at the summons of the dog's voice, found the poor fellow lying in the snow, which the faithful animal had partly scratched away. As the sufferer was apparently quite dead, a photograph of the body in his deadly sleep, with the dog still crouching on the breast, was taken on the spot by one of the monks, who had his camera with him. The feet, or, rather, the bottom of the serge gown of another monk may be seen in the background. The sufferer was immediately carried to the monastery, and, it is satisfactory to learn, was by assiduous care and skill at length restored to life.

BOOTS & SHOES

OF ALL AGES
1893





MORIMOTO.

THE inhabitants of Japan have a pronounced predilection for the grotesque. The most popular amusements are theatrical representations, the great achievements of the "artists" consisting in extraordinary contortions of the limbs and faces. Not only single "artists," but whole groups of them practise these contortions, and the one who can imitate best the grotesquely carved images is sure of a clamorous reception from the audience.

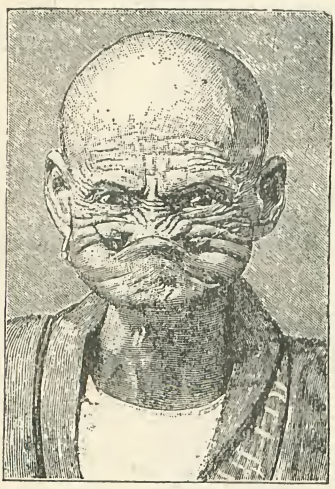
Amongst these "mimics" Morimoto has achieved the highest reputation. This man produces the most astounding effects with his facial contortions, as may be seen from the pictures given. He can raise his lips and chin above the tip of the nose, and bury his mouth in the folds of his cheeks. The pictures present him, first, in his natural appearance, then as the "god of riches," pleased, and disappointed, and as the "god Daruma."

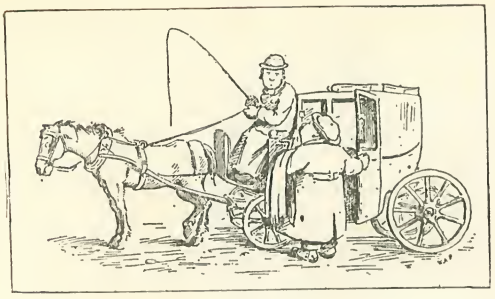
The "god of riches" he presents in two characters. He carries a sack of gold on his back, stooping under its heavy weight, but still seeking for more treasures. He taps the soil with a hammer, and, if the sounds indicate that he has found gold, a bright expression of pleasure beams on his countenance, and a satisfaction of the deepest intensity sparkles in his eyes.

The third picture shows Morimoto again as the "god of riches," but this time he is disappointed; he has found no treasure. Shadows of deep sorrow overcast his face; the chin is raised over the tip of the nose, and suppressed malice lurks in the eyes.

But the height of Morimoto's art is reached in the fourth picture. The god Daruma lived in the sixth century. He is of Indian origin, came to Japan to preach Buddhism, he found many adherents, and is to this day the most popular household god. His old days he passed in the mountains as a recluse. He is generally represented without feet, having "worn them away" in his long and weary wanderings.

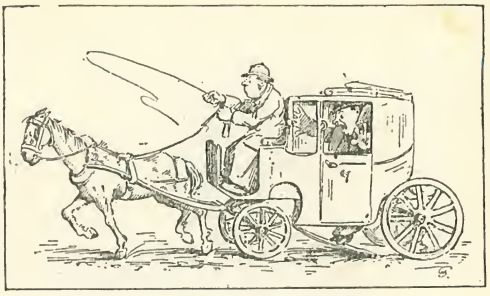
If Morimoto represents this mournful idol, he squats on the floor, covered from head to foot in a red cloth. The chin is raised over the tip of the nose, as in the third picture; but the mouth is buried in the severe folds of the cheeks, thus indicating the austere abstemiousness of the recluse, whilst his eyes stare into blank vacancy. Morimoto is a master of his art, who has no equal, even in Japan.





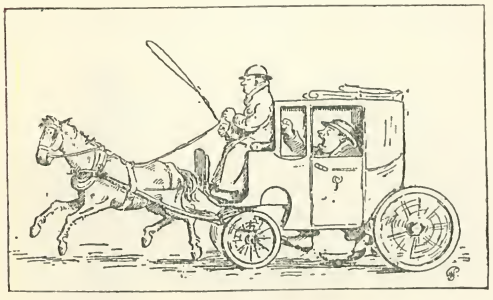
I.

HEAVYWEIGHT TURNED THE SCALE—WITH ULSTER AND TRAVELLING-RUG—AT A TRIFLE OVER EIGHTEEN STONE. BUT CABBY HAD PERFECT FAITH IN HIS HIGHLY RESPECTABLE GROWLER, AND ASSURED MR. H. THAT HE WOULD LOSE NO TIME IN GETTING TO "HEWSTON"!



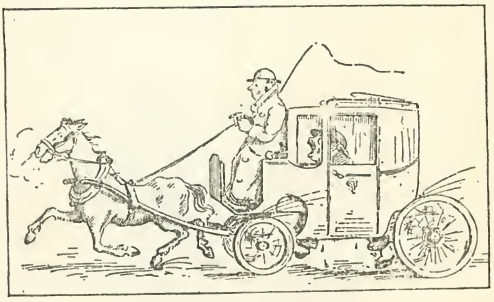
II.

ALAS! THE UNCERTAINTY OF THE BOTTOMS OF GROWLERS. HEAVYWEIGHT SAT DOWN; SO DID THE FLOOR AS SOON AS HIS FEET—AND EIGHTEEN STONE ODD—RESTED ON IT.



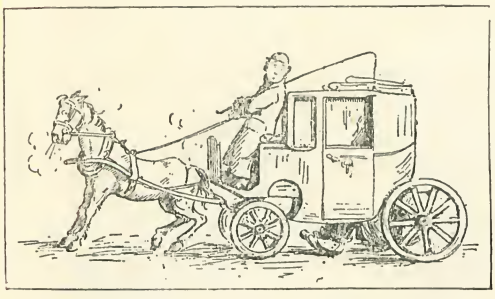
III.

IT WAS NOW A CASE OF HORSE VERSUS RUNNER. THE HORSE HAD THE BEST OF IT SO FAR AS WEIGHT WENT. "WOA! WOA!" SHOUTED HEAVYWEIGHT. "ALL RIGHT, SIR," CRIED CABBY; "*I'LL* GO!"



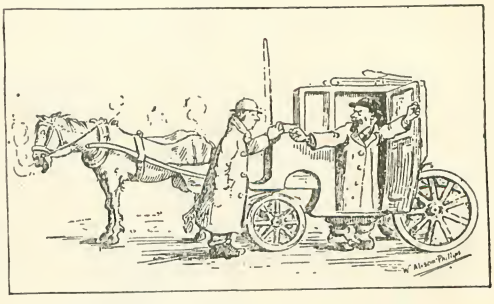
IV.

AND HE DID. THE LOUDER HEAVYWEIGHT SHOUTED, THE FASTER THE MARE WENT. "IF THIS AIN'T WORTH ANOTHER BOB!" MURMURED CABBY. THE "FARE" DIDN'T THINK SO.



V.

HEAVYWEIGHT WAS POSITIVELY LOSING FLESH. HE HAD LOST HIS BREATH FIVE MINUTES AGO. THE ROAD CLAIMED HIM. "WHAT'S UP?" CRIED CABBY. "WHY, BLESSED IF THE GENT HASN'T TURNED HISSELF INTO A 'BRAKE'!"

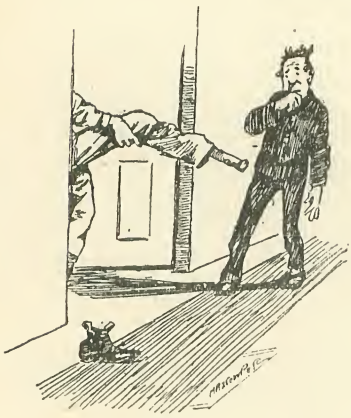


VI.

"BRAKE!" EXCLAIMED CABBY, AS HE VIEWED THE RUINS AND SAW THE REMAINS OF HIS FARE RISE; "BRAKE ISN'T THE WORD. IT'S SMASHED IT IS!" HEAVYWEIGHT'S LANGUAGE WAS STRONGER THAN THE CAB.

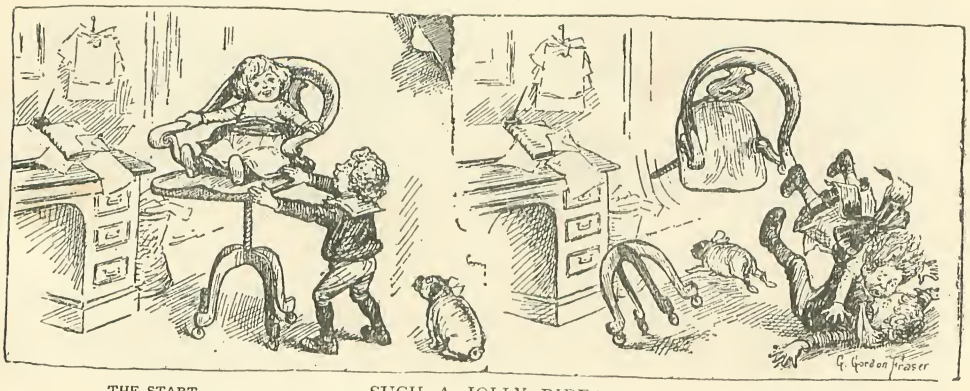
MYSTIFICATION.

INVESTIGATION.

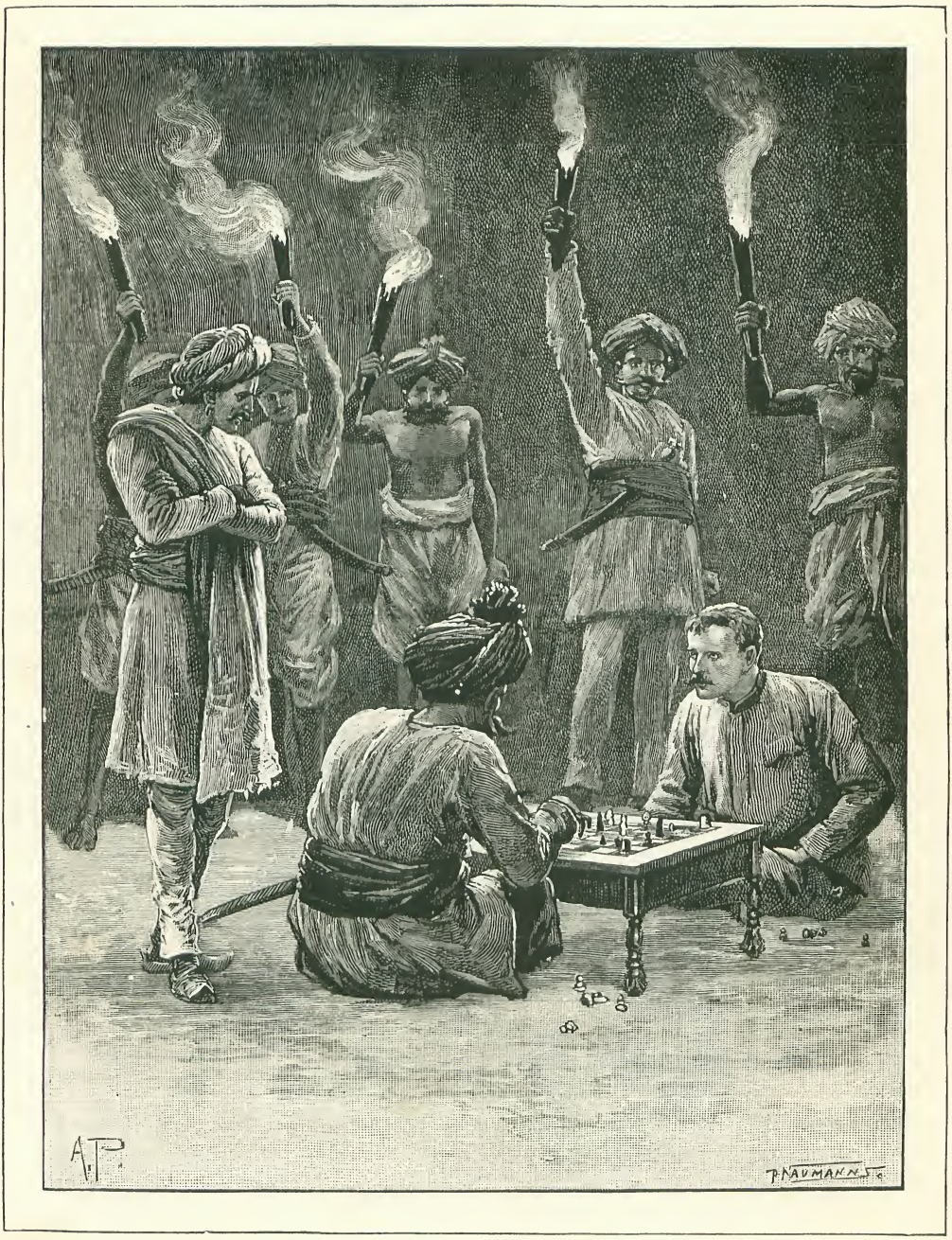


EXPLANATION.

POLICEMAN: "WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE?"
TRAMP: "GETTING MY HAIR CROPPED, GRATIS!"



THE START. SUCH A JOLLY RIDE! THE FINISH.



THE BLACK KNIGHT.

BEING THE ACCOUNT OF AN EXCITING GAME OF CHESS.

By Raymund Allen.

A STORM of wind and rain had come on suddenly, and, as there were no cabs to be got near at hand, there was nothing for it but to set out on foot. I was going to dine with old Colonel Bradshaw, whose acquaintance I had lately made at the local chess club, and I was due at half-past seven, so I pulled my coat collar up to my ears and started off through the muddy streets. Several times in the course of my exceedingly unpleasant walk the foulness of the weather had given rise to a wish on my part that I had invented some excuse for staying by my own comfortable fireside. Once arrived, however, the cheery welcome of the old soldier quickly dispersed all regrets for my own hearth, and restored me to the good-humour necessary for the proper appreciation of a good dinner.

Colonel Bradshaw had served in India during the time of the Mutiny, had received a severe wound in the left leg, which still caused him to limp, and had led to his comparatively early retirement from the service. He had returned to England on his retirement, and had lately leased a snug little house in our town, which he apparently intended to occupy for the rest of his days in the quiet enjoyment of peaceful obscurity. I had made his acquaintance, as I have said, at the chess club, where, I believe, he used to spend most of his evenings, and where he had earned the reputation of a decidedly strong player. I had not as yet encountered him over the board.

In his note of invitation, the Colonel had asked me to bring my men with me, as he had left his own at the club-rooms, on the occasion of a match for which they had been called into requisition, and it was accordingly my set of chessmen which we now arranged in the customary order of battle. To my annoyance, however, I found that one of my black knights was missing, and I cast my eyes round the room in search of some article on which we might for the occasion confer the spurs of knighthood. On the Colonel's writing-table, acting as a paperweight, I saw the very object we were in want of—a black knight. Not of the orthodox Staunton pattern, it is true, nor indeed were its grotesquely protruding eyes and maliciously grinning mouth characteristic of any pattern with which I was familiar ; but still it was undeniably a black chess knight, and would serve our turn admirably. My host hesitated, and even seemed the least trifle

annoyed when I suggested the expediency of pressing it into the service. The beast certainly looked incongruous among my Stauntons, but something in his human eyes and lifelike expression of malicious humour caught my fancy, and I asked to be allowed to play with the black men. The Colonel acquiesced, but declined the privilege of first move, which usually goes with the white. We accordingly drew for the move, and I won it.

Led partly by my fancy for the black knight, and partly "to take my opponent out of the books," I began the game by making the paperweight first take the field. As I did so, I fancied my host gave a little start, and, as he certainly appeared to be annoyed at my irregular opening, I was sorry that I had begun by a move which I supposed he objected to on the ground that it generally leads to a close game. He said nothing, however, and the game was continued for some time by very ordinary moves on both sides, and presently I began to be absorbed in the study of the position and in the endeavour to gauge the strength of my opponent. For a time he seemed to play a decidedly good game, and, in spite of continuous concentration on my part, to maintain some superiority of position. Presently, however, he embarked on a series of moves which appeared to give me a decisive advantage and to have no more rational object than the capture of my swarthy champion at a ruinous sacrifice of his own pieces. This eccentric proceeding puzzled me, and, added to his previous hesitation about using the substitute, excited my curiosity. So, relinquishing the object of winning the game in the ordinary way, I devoted all my skill to the defence of my king's knight, as though it were a *pièce coiffée* with which I was pledged to give checkmate. Rooks were sacrificed for bishops, and bishops exchanged for inoffensive pawns, while the kings stood disregarded on their knights' squares, and the fight raged hotly round the black knight, who seemed to bear a charmed life and sprang nimbly about the board, always evading my opponent's headlong attempts at his capture. At last, in desperation, he offered the bribe of the white queen, but I obstinately refused to part at any price with my dusky cavalier, and a few moves later brought the game to a successful end with a smothered mate, the very bone of contention inflicting the deathblow.

The Colonel leaned back in his armchair and for some minutes continued silently to blow out thick clouds of smoke. After a pause, during which his brow was compressed into a frown, as though by the contemplation of some bewildering enigma to which he could not find the clue, he broke

"THE COLONEL LEANED BACK IN HIS ARMCHAIR."

silence with the remark, that "there were more things in heaven and earth—" and then again relapsed into silence in apparent forgetfulness of my presence. As he made no further remark for some time, I rose from my seat, and, muttering something about its being late, prepared to take my leave. "Wait a moment; look here," said the Colonel, rising to stop me with the air of a man who has formed a sudden determination, and pointing to the board, "I daresay you wonder what on earth I was driving at in that game?"

"Well, you appeared to me to be driving mainly at that outlandish black knight instead of at my king," I replied.

"Exactly, and perhaps I ought to apologise for having spoilt the game by giving way to an absurd fancy; but if you will sit down again and refill your pipe, I will tell you a curious experience which I had many years ago in India, and which you will perhaps admit as an excuse for my eccentric play to-night."

"Nothing I should like better," I replied; "for I confess you have considerably roused my curiosity."

"Well then, I think I can partly satisfy it;" and my host threw a fresh log on to the fire, stretched himself in the chair, and began.

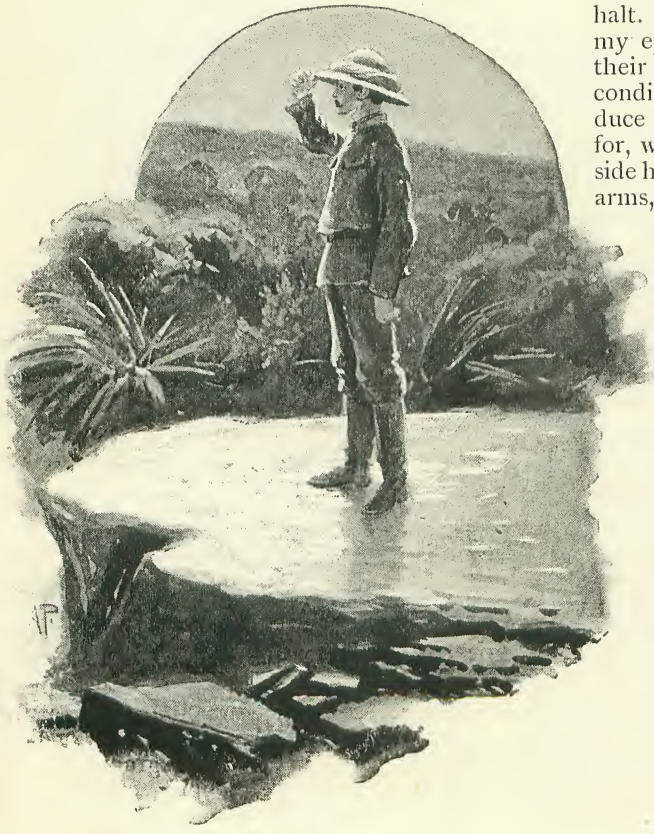
"I don't know whether you take any interest in such subjects as hypnotism, thought-reading, and so on; but, if you do, you may perhaps be able to form some scientific theory to explain my story. Personally I used to be very unbelieving in such matters, but my scepticism was considerably modified by the adventure I am going to tell you of. Very well, then. On one occasion in India, many years ago, I had got leave from my regiment for a few weeks in order to join a shooting expedition which had been got up by one of my greatest friends, a man many years older than I was then, and of much higher rank in the service. When, however, I arrived at our appointed meeting-place, I found my friend, the General, preparing for a more warlike excursion against a marauding tribe who had lately been extending their cattle raids across our frontier. The shooting expedition having fallen through, I readily accepted the General's suggestion that I should accompany his force as a volunteer, and see some sport of a more exciting kind. A common risk, even when comparatively insignificant, inclines men to readier cordiality towards the companions they may shortly be going to lose, and I was soon on excellent terms with the other officers, who were as pleasant a set of fellows as I have ever met. Nothing of any interest happened till we were across the enemy's frontier and the force was encamped one night under a brilliant moon on a hill overlooking a thickly wooded valley.

"I was strolling round camp with a cigar, when I was joined by one of the younger officers, who, not being on duty, was refreshing himself after the day's march in the same way, and we continued our walk together. We stopped to admire the view at a point where we could look down on the valley, and presently we fell into an argument as to whether a bright surface which caught the moonlight in a glade of the wood below was water or a smooth slab of rock. It happened that my companion particularly prided himself on the keenness of his sight, and a few days before had won a small bet from me on the subject. I, too, thought that I had good eyes, and, feeling sure that he was wrong in his contention that he could detect a gentle ripple on the surface in dispute, I offered him a second bet that it was rock, and proposed to settle the question by myself going down to the spot. He accepted my bet, and, as he was not at liberty to leave the camp, I gaily started down the hill alone, telling him with a laugh to have the stakes ready by the time I returned, and never for a moment supposing that I was running any risk in the affair.

"I rapidly made my way down over the short grass of the hillside, and, marking the direction of the spot in question, soon plunged into the darkness of the wood, the cavernous depth of whose shadows was enhanced by an occasional glint of moonshine. I am not naturally superstitious. I have no particular aversion to midnight graveyards or haunted rooms, but I must confess I felt an uncommonly disagreeable feeling of something like dread when I got inside that wood. Everything was absolutely dead and still. Not the faintest rustle of a leaf, not the crick of an insect, nor murmur of water, but dense and awful blackness! It excited my nerves. I almost imagined I saw black shapes moving under the trees, though it was quite impossible that anything not luminous should show against such an inky background. I felt my way cautiously, stopping constantly to hear if anything was moving near me. What cracks the twigs under my feet gave!

What a resounding crash reverberated in the gloomy shades when my foot set a loose stone rolling! My nerve was gone, and I felt horribly uncomfortable. I would gladly have paid my bet to be back again in camp, but I was bound to go through with my search now that I had once begun, and I should make myself a butt for the wit of the regiment if I turned back half-way to confess myself scared by the dark. After a longer time and with more difficulty than I had anticipated, I reached the slab of rock, for such it proved to be. Here I was clear of the trees, and I stood for a few moments in the bright moonlight, so that my friend above, who I knew would be watching for me to emerge from the shadow, might see that it was not water on which I stood. Then I turned, and struck out energetically for the camp.

"I had not, however, pushed my way far through the undergrowth when I was tripped up suddenly by what I at first took to be some stout creeper or protruding root. I fell forward on my hands, and had not time to get on my feet again before I learnt that it was no accident which had overthrown me. Before I had time to offer the least resistance, or even to utter a shout for help, I felt myself seized round the neck by a grip like a vice; a few seconds more, and I was gagged, bound, and carried off through the forest, quickly, but in silence. As soon as subsiding astonishment left room for any other sensation, I felt a paroxysm of rage, as well against my own folly in running into such a trap as against my sudden assailants, whom I cursed none the less heartily for my inability to utter a sound. The futility of passion under the circumstances gradually subdued me, if not to philosophic fortitude, at least to sufficient calmness to speculate on my probable fate and on the chances of escape. For some time I seemed to be borne down hill and over irregular ground; then we must have emerged from the jungle on to more even ground, for the pace became quicker and smoother. This may have gone on for some twenty minutes or half an hour, and then my captors came to a halt. I was set on my feet, and my eyes and mouth released from their bandages. This change of condition did not, however, conduce to my comfort or reassurance; for, while an armed native on each side held me firmly by my pinioned arms, a third presented a huge horse-pistol at my head at a yard's distance. For a few instants I endured an agony of suspense. I involuntarily shut my eyes, and waited for the bullet to crash through my brain.



"IN THE BRIGHT MOONLIGHT."

"I have met many men who have at some time or other looked death pretty closely in the face, and you must often have heard it said that a man's mind at such moments reviews in a flash long periods of past time with an almost supernatural vividness of perception, but I didn't feel anything of this. I only felt that I might be dead in another second, and then, with a determination to 'die game,' which was rather an animal sensation than an articulate thought, I set my teeth and opened my eyes to

meet those of my enemy. The pistol was still directed at my head, and the grim Indian still kept his finger on the trigger. I faced him defiantly, and, as though unwilling to change a dramatic situation which interested him, he still kept the same menacing posture, while I longed for the flash and the end before my nerve should fail.

"THE PISTOL WAS STILL DIRECTED AT MY HEAD."

"At last he spoke. He spoke a dialect which I only imperfectly followed, but I understood him to say that if I tried to escape I should be shot on the spot. I felt no confidence that I was not being reserved for a more horrible death, but the instinct of self-preservation kept me passive. When at last the pistol was lowered, and I no longer stood in momentary expectation of death, I looked round me and perceived that I was in the middle of a group of some half dozen Indians, and as many horses. On to one of these latter I was lifted, and secured in the saddle by leathern thongs, my captors not choosing to give me the chance of escape by leaving me the management of my horse.

"After about an hour's hard riding, during which the rapid motion and the blowing of the cool night air on my face and hands acted as a sedative on my racked nerves, we reached the encampment of the hostile tribe against which the expedition had been sent out. And now came the strangest part of my adventures; the part which bears on my eccentric play to-night."

Here Colonel Bradshaw paused to stir the smouldering log in the grate to a bright blaze, and then, staring into the fire and keeping the poker in his hands as he leaned forward in his chair, went on with his story, more slowly at first, but with growing animation of voice, which gradually rose to the eloquence of excitement as he seemed to forget his immediate surroundings, and to live once again through the distant scene he was describing.

"The human brain," he resumed, "is incapable, I imagine, of continuing to experience any intense sensation for very long. It reaches the maximum tension, and then one set of perceptive faculties becomes deadened. The previous incidents of the night had exhausted my capacity for fear, and, as I was led before the chief of the tribe to hear his decree concerning me, I awaited the decision with indifference. I was keenly alive to every detail of my surroundings, and noted the expression of every face, and yet I seemed somehow to have lost my own individuality; to be watching myself as an actor in a scene with which I had no personal concern, but only looked at from some outside point of view. The moon was now hidden behind a hill,

but some twenty torches lit up the spot with their lurid flames. The party that had caught me had obviously been sent out to reconnoitre the movements of the English force, and the chief had been beguiling the time of their absence with nothing less than a game of chess.

"I was the less surprised at the nature of his pastime, as I knew that the game was widely spread in India, and had played it with natives myself, and knew in what points their game differed from our European rules. The chief's antagonist was a man whom I imagined, though I can't say exactly what suggested the idea, to be the priest of the tribe. He was shorter than the others, but his face suggested an extraordinarily active mind, and this, combined with his regularity of feature, would have made him a strikingly handsome type if it had not been for the fearful malignity of his expression. I wish I could give you some faint idea of that man's face, for it was the most terribly sinister face I have ever seen. His back had been turned towards me at first, but from the moment when I met the scrutiny of his black deep-set eyes, which glared on me with a look of mocking, triumphant devilry that must have been borrowed from the fiend below, I was fascinated, and could see nothing but that one diabolical face. If there is any truth in the Eastern belief in possession by evil spirits, a demon looked through that man's eyes. A shiver ran through my frame as I met his gaze, and I felt that he was exercising some subtle influence over me, against which every fibre of my body, every atom of my being, stiffened in revolt. I felt that unless I exerted the whole of my will-force in resistance to the dread spell he was casting over me, I should lose myself in his identity, and become the creature of his wicked will. It was not physical fear that I felt. I had passed through that stage, and I believe I should have met death with firmness, but I felt that my whole personality was at the death-grapple with that fearful being—a mysterious deadly struggle, fought in neither act nor word, with the powers of darkness impersonated.

"While all this was going on in me, the chief must have been listening to an account of my capture, though I was unconscious of any words being spoken near me, till the priest turned from me to him, and, pointing to the chessboard which stood on a sort of low table, made a suggestion which at first I did not fully grasp. Its meaning was soon made clear to me, however. I had some knowledge of their dialect, and most expressive pantomime conveyed the rest. I was to play a game of chess with the chief; the stakes, my life against a safe conduct to the English lines. Never before had I encountered so terrible an opponent, and never in the history of the royal game had so fateful an issue been fought out on the battlefield of the sixty-four squares. I took my seat opposite the chief, and the torchbearers formed a wide ring round the table, looking, as the dancing torch-flames shone on their dark faces and limbs, like so many stalwart statues of bronze. Within the circle, and a little behind the king, stood the evil priest, motionless, with folded arms, including me and the board in his keen, hateful gaze. I knew exactly where he stood before I looked at him, and again I felt the same dread fascination working on me that I had felt when I first set eyes on him. The chief moved the pieces indeed, but I was conscious in some subtle way that it was against his attendant's mind that I was pitted—that the former was scarcely more than an automaton under the thraldom of the priest's marvellous will, and the game itself only a sort of emblem or shadow of our inward contest of mind and personality.

"I played appropriately enough, with the white pieces, and the game itself might have afforded an expressive symbol of the antagonism of the light and dark races, of the clear, bright West with the mystic, sombre East, but the thought did not occur to me then. To me it was rather a struggle between the intangible powers of good and evil—a realisation in my own self of the eternal struggle of the universe. We played very slowly, and in absolute silence. No word was spoken nor sign made when either king was checked. Hour after hour the priest kept the same motionless posture behind his chief, who played with the same monotonously mechanical movement of the hand, the same vacant mesmerised expression on his face. Hour passed after hour, unmeasured by any clock, unmarked by any change except in the position of the pieces on the board. The chief, or rather the priest, played well; and, though time after time I seemed on the point of gaining a decisive advantage, some unforeseen move always deferred my victory.

"One piece in particular repeatedly thwarted my combinations. Again and

again it constituted the weak point in a series of moves which should have brought me victory. Again and again, when, after straining every faculty of my brain, I made my move and raised my eyes to watch in the priest's face the effect of a stroke to which I saw no reply, a faint mocking smile would curl for a moment his cruel lips, and the black knight would be moved once more, threatening dangers which I had overlooked, and dashing my premature hopes to the ground. It was as though some secret link existed between that particular bit of bone and the grim, ghoulish spectator of our game. Piece after piece was taken from the board and dropped on the sand at our feet ; the ranks of pawns grew thinner and thinner, but still that one black knight, now the only piece left to my antagonist, sprang over the board, evading my deep-laid plans for his capture. The opening was long passed, the wavering fortune of the middle-game had waned with the long hours to an end-game. The inexorable moment which must decide my fate was close upon me.

"I turned for a moment from the board to ease the throbbing fever of my brain. A black veil of formless mist hid the stars and gave back the earth's heat, till I gasped for breath, and drops of nervous sweat ran down my forehead. There was a stifling oppression in the still air, as in the minutes before the first lightning flash darts from the charged thunder-cloud. The chief moved, and I spurred my flagging energies once more to the study of the game. Suddenly I seemed to be gifted with extraordinary powers of calculation. I shut my eyes, and saw mentally the position change through every possible variation like the moving pattern of a kaleidoscope. I could have announced a mate. I knew, to the exclusion of any doubt, that I must win. I made my move, and then, concentrating every particle of the hatred and loathing with which the diabolical priest had inspired me into one flashing look of defiance, I tried to hurl from me the cursed influence of his malignant spirit and to crush it into subjection to mine. His face changed with a hideous contortion of defeated evil purpose, and then the whole devil in him rose to one supreme effort in answer to mine. He passed his hand lightly across his eyes, and leaning over his chief scored his forehead with a malevolent frown, the glare of his glittering eyes seeming to pierce to the brain of the head they nearly touched. The new spell began to work on the chief. An uneasy, puzzled look came into his face, and this time it was with an uncertain, vacillating movement that he raised his hand to play. Again I looked at the priest. His expression was more bitterly mocking and more exultingly fiendish than ever as he directed my glance by a movement of his own to the hand which hovered over the board. His treacherous design was transmitted in a flash to my mind by some unexplained interaction of our brains.

"HIS FACE CHANGED WITH A HIDEOUS CONTORTION."

An illegal move with the black knight, in defiance of the rules of the game, was to snatch the nearly won victory from my grasp. I saw the fatal square on which the piece would be placed, and I felt that if it reached it I was lost. There were no spectators to whom

I could appeal against the glaring illegality, unconscious, no doubt, on the part of the hypnotised chief, and I should never be able to convince him afterwards of having won unfairly. I must prevent the move.

"The struggle entered on the final phase. I had shaken off the priest's mesmeric influence over my own will; now I must wrest the chief's will from the same thraldom by the exertion of a counter influence. It was the critical moment, the culminating point of conflict which must at last be decisive. The chief's hand raised the black knight slowly from the board, and as it began more slowly still to descend, I exerted all my power of will in one burst of straining endeavour to compel another move than the false one the priest intended. Every nerve in my body seemed strung to cracking. The wonderful sensation of my individuality, of the intangible essence which constitutes self, wrestling grimly for life with the demon-possessed priest, became intensified till my brain reeled. The chief's hand came slowly, slowly down; wavered as though uncertain on which square to place the piece. One final effort of will exhausted my faculties of brain and volition.

"The ordeal was over; light had triumphed over darkness as day had risen on night. I knew the priest's influence had been overcome, his spell cast off, without the evidence of the chess-board; I saw him fall backwards on the ground, every muscle of his body twisted in horrible contortion, as though some invisible power of the air were wreaking its vengeance on his ghastly, spasm-shaken form. The gruesome sight ended quickly, the violence of the seizure was resistless; the muscles relaxed, the limbs stretched out, and he lay a corpse.

"How I parted from my strange entertainers I can't tell you. I only know that the chief honourably fulfilled his pledge, and that, as I galloped away with a guide for the English camp, over the fair, green earth, the woods and fields dancing to the breeze in the sunlight, the bright clouds carrying my thoughts to the depths of the blue expanse they sailed in, I experienced a new sensation of keen, ecstatic enjoyment of life for its own sake. All nature seemed to have a fuller, better meaning to me than ever before, to be the physical expression of boundless power and happiness moving with all-inclusive purpose towards some eternal end, and I myself was filled with a thrilling vitality in the consciousness of being a part of the joyous whole."

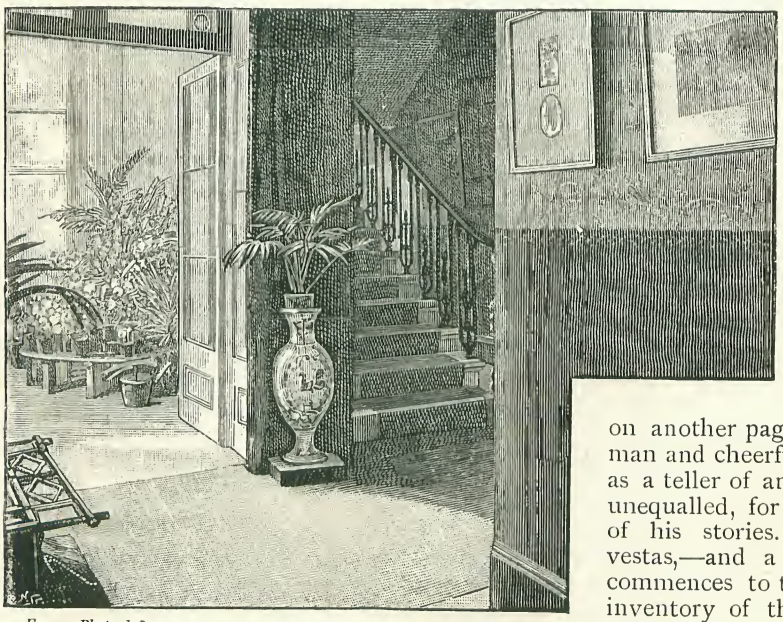
The Colonel made a long pause, and then, with a reluctant sigh, as he dismissed the wide expanse of glorious landscape which lay stretched out before his mind's eye, to return to the commonplace of his immediate surroundings, he picked up the paperweight from the board, and replacing it on the writing-table, concluded:—

"Later in the day, and after my return to the English camp, I found this little fellow in a pocket of my coat. Whether I had put it there myself or how it got there I don't know, and to what extent the incidents of the night were coloured by my own excited imagination is a chess problem I must leave to your own solution."

Illustrated Interviews.

No. X.—MR. F. C. BURNAND.

THIS is not the first time that a resident of The Boltons, Kensington, has "spoken" in these pages. On the last occasion of a visit to what Madame Albani's little boy happily refers to as "our village," it was to take tea and notes with the famous singer. About a dozen doors from Madame Albani's the figures 27 are painted on the portals of a large white house. No. 27 stands for the London residence of Mr. F. C. Burnand—Ramsgate, by the bye, is his country abode. A veritable volume of correspondence passed between Mr. Burnand and myself before we met—a budget of humour which prepared me for the chat which was to follow. It was all through the influenza. It claimed both interviewer and interviewed for its own, fortunately only for a limited period. But even influenza cannot overcome humorous instincts. Mr. Burnand cracked jokes and forwarded them under cover to me, even whilst he lay in bed—he couldn't help it—until at last he wound up the series of fun *à la* influenza, by hoping that I was, like Charles II. when he came back to the throne once again, "thoroughly restored!" Then he made the final appointment. He wrote—"'How'—that's your affair; 'When'—Thursday next, 12 o'clock; 'Where'—27, The Boltons."



From a Photo. by] THE ENTRANCE HALL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Thursday, 12 noon. Scene—27, The Boltons. I am discovered. Enter Mr. Burnand, followed by the household pet—a remarkably fine creature with a noteworthy tale; but I am requested to take no notice of the cat's tail, as it is the history of its owner—that is, of course, Mr. Burnand—I am there to learn. Mr. Burnand wears a lounge jacket and the familiar tie loosely hanging from the neck. He is of medium height, and strongly built. His hair is grey, and carefully parted down the middle. His face is ruddy and his expression happy, with an irresistible twinkle about the eyes. For his appearance in past years we must refer our readers to the portraits of celebrities on another page. He is a merry man and cheerful companion—and as a teller of anecdote is probably unequalled, for he acts every one of his stories. Cigars, and wax vestas,—and a journalistic bailiff commences to take his customary inventory of the contents of the house.

The entrance hall contains Chinese vases filled with palms. Over the fireplace is a very early oil painting of Mr. Burnand, with note-book and pencil in hand, by the late J. Prescott Knight, once secretary of the Royal Academy. Some of the sketches are particularly good. Just by the door is a pen-and-ink sketch on a sheet

of writing paper by Sir John Gilbert, dated May, 1877. It is a Cavalier, "treated in a cavalier manner." Another clever drawing by the same artist, done a year later, represents an inn of the medieval era, with the landlord rushing out with the bill, at his heels a dog "of the Middle Ages" barking, and a knight galloping away on horseback, with his fingers extended, and very rudely placed in close proximity to his nose. It is called "Tick." Sir John Gilbert writes underneath, "The artist, anxious to serve and please his employer, has given to the subject suggested the grandest and most thoughtful care. In truth, it is one which calls for the deepest consideration, principally because of the novelty of the subject: never before has a gallant knight been so depicted. Let it not be seen. Hide it, destroy it—the designer is ashamed of it." The explanation of it all is written on the picture by its present owner: "Sent to me by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., in consequence of my *Punch* notice about his 'Ready' picture in Royal Academy, 1878, wherein I suggested that his next subject should be *Tick*. — F. C. B." Just then a wire-haired fox-terrier, the property of one of Mr. Burnand's sons, rushes up as a reminder to note a couple of canine etchings by Harding Cox.

Dec.r 15. 1875.

Dear F. C. B,
The sketch you see
Of Dame Hatley,
In your comédie
Burlesq-U-E,
Was sketch'd by me
From memorie.
Haste.
Yours -

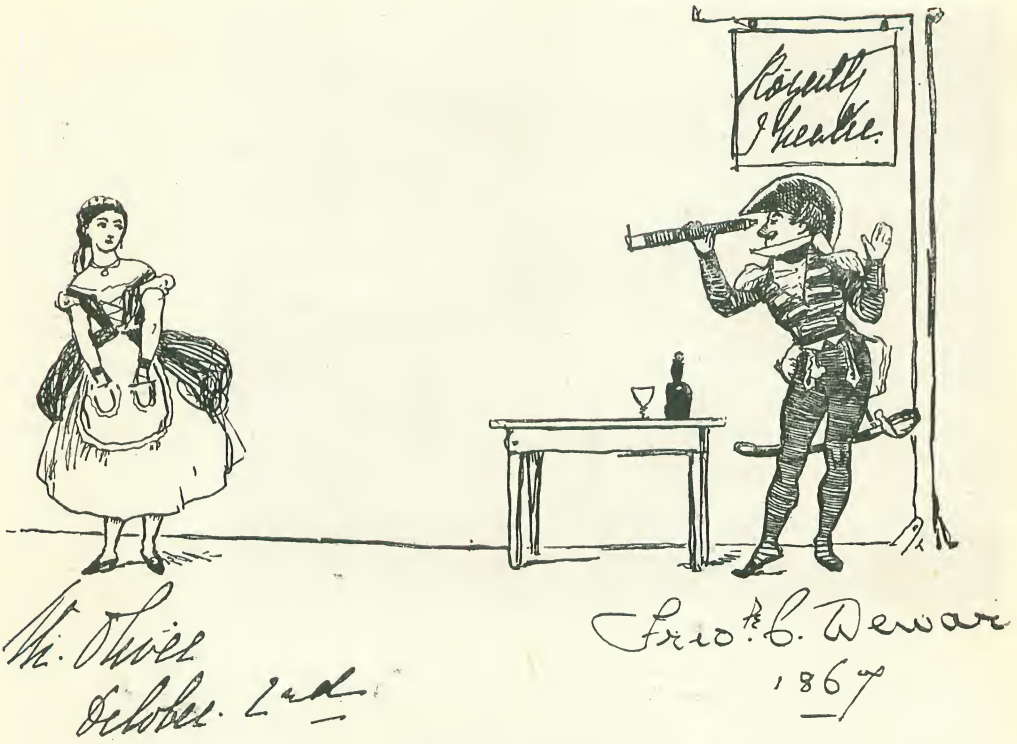
From a Sketch by] DANVERS THE DANCER. *[John Tenniel.*

Nearer in the direction of the conservatory is a black and white of Miss Dorothy Dene, by Sir Frederic Leighton, a delightful little group of Dutch children by G. H. Boughton, and hard by a couple of pictures, reproduced in these pages. They are reminiscences of Mr. Burnand's famous burlesque of Douglas Jerrold's nautical drama, "Black-Eyed Susan," which had a run of over four hundred consecutive nights at the Royalty Theatre. The first is by Fred Walker, and shows Fred C. Dewar as *Captain Crosstree*, and Miss Patty Oliver as the dark-eyed *Susan* (see next page). Their signatures are appended.

In this burlesque a low-comedy actor, who was a marvellously clever dancer also, named Danvers, played *Dame Hatley*. His feet moved at such a rate that when John Tenniel went to see it he chronicled the effect of the dancer's feet, as seen in the other drawing, writing below it—

Decr. 15, 1875.
Dear F. C. B.,
The sketch you see
Of *Dame Hatley*
In your *comédie*
Burlesq—u—e
Was sketched by me
From memorie.
Haste,
Yours,
J. T.

The drawing-room is a quiet, pretty apartment, lighted by a huge chandelier suspended in the



SKETCH BY FRED WALKER.

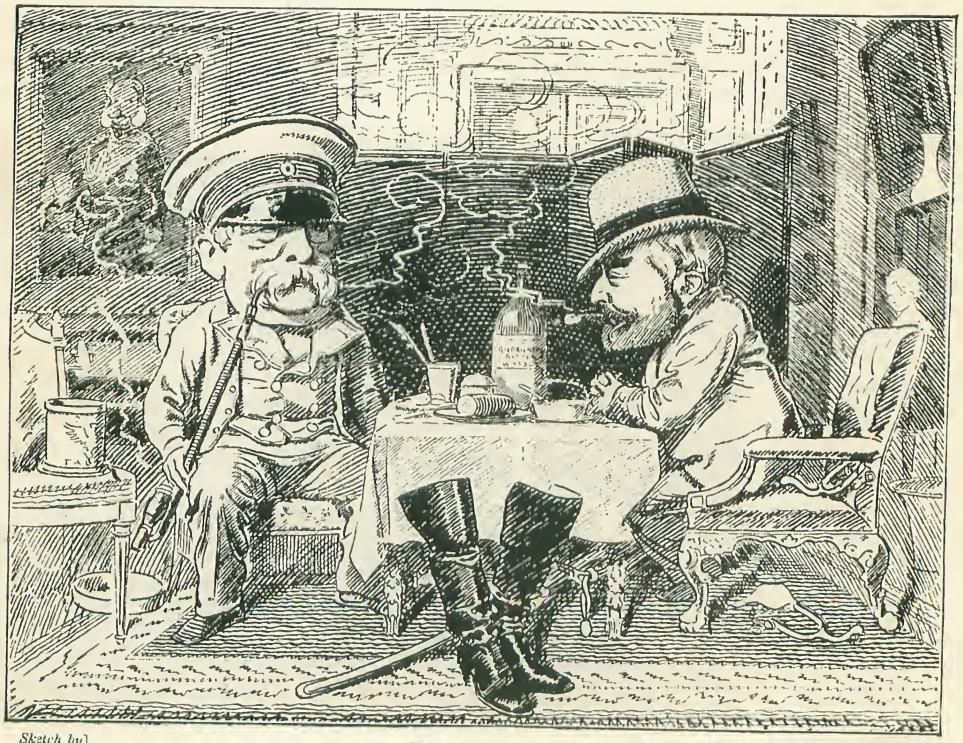
centre. The walls are of cream and amber. The mirrors are many, some in white enamelled frames, others in crimson plush. The windows are draped with lace and rose-coloured curtains. The portraits are not numerous—these pictorial reminders of friends are for the most part at Ramsgate—but one notes an excellent likeness of the Pope, an early cabinet of the owner of the house, and another of Mr. Toole as *Paw Claudian*. On a table is a great album containing reproductions of some of the works of art in the collection of Theophilus Burnand, Esq., uncle of Mr. F. C. There are some grand examples by Goodall, Cooper, Cooke, Horsley, Sant, &c., including Roberts' great work of the "Interior of Milan Cathedral."

The dining-room looks on the garden,

From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

where the trees are just shooting out their first welcome to the return of spring. The walls of this room are of a calm pale blue. Silver cups and tankards are set out on the oaken sideboard, flowers—the tiny narcissus and yellow lily—fill the vases on the mantelpiece, and the "latest out" in books are lying about. Over one of the bookcases are a trio of sketches by Linley Sambourne, the centre of which shows Mr. Burnand smoking a cigar with Bismarck, and now publicly seen for the first time. Mr. Burnand went to Aix-la-Chapelle, and this was sent to him by Mr. Sambourne in remembrance thereof. As a matter of fact, the two B's never met, but for all that the picture is a very "happy thought." An etching by Professor Hubert



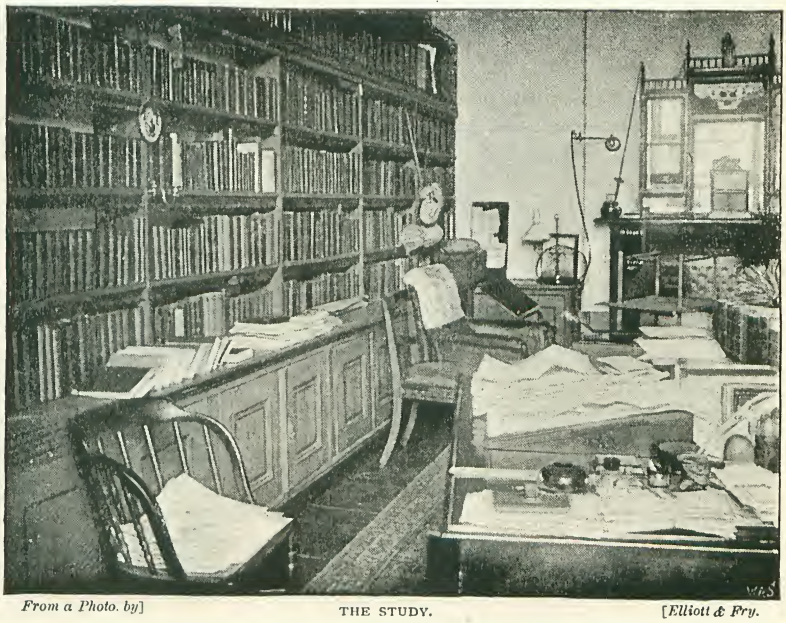
Sketch by] THE TWO B S. *[Linley Sambourne.*

Herkomer of Mr. J. S. Forbes, the chairman of the L. C. and D. Railway, hangs on the walls, and considerable space is taken up by the same accomplished artist's striking life-size picture of Mr. F. C. Burnand. Just beneath this is a crayon drawing of Mr. Burnand's mother at the age of fifteen, which we here reproduce. Upstairs in Mr. Burnand's dressing-room is a delightful painting of the same lady by A. E. Chalon, R.A., done in 1834. I could not help looking upon this room and the adjoining bedroom with some considerable curiosity. Mr. Burnand has only been an occupant of the house for a few months. This room was once occupied by Miss Elliott, who afterwards became Mrs. Osborne.

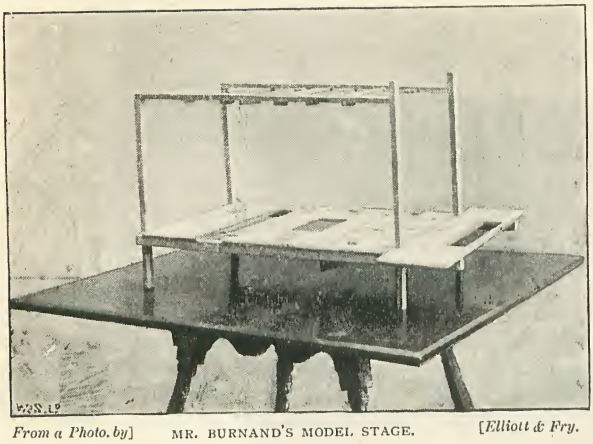
From a] MR. BURNAND'S MOTHER. *[Painting.*

The study is to the left of the entrance hall, and is made bright by a small glass conservatory in the window. The writing table is a large one. The letter-clips are suggestive. One takes the shape of a huge silver "B," the other is a silver anchor twined round with golden ropes. On this table a double row of books are set out — the back row comprising a dozen or more standard dictionaries.

The chair occupied by Mr. Burnand when writing is of black ebony — when reading, a distinctly comfortable-looking brown leather easy-chair. The little wooden stage which stands close by is five-and-twenty years old. It is an exact model of the stage of the old Royalty, with only one trap-door, which was used for everything, from the unexpected appearance of a sprite to the sudden disappearance of a banquet. To-day Mr. Burnand works out all his situations on it when play-writing. He uses figures for his characters, just as Mr. W. S. Gilbert does, and, in the old 'New Royalty' days, Patty Oliver would often have these wooden characters dressed up in diminutive silks and satins. I counted a dozen pipes on the mantelboard—from a small meerschaum to a weighty cherrywood. All round the apartment are bookshelves, with convenient cupboards below.



From a Photo. by] THE STUDY. *[Elliott & Fry.*



From a Photo. by] MR. BURNAND'S MODEL STAGE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

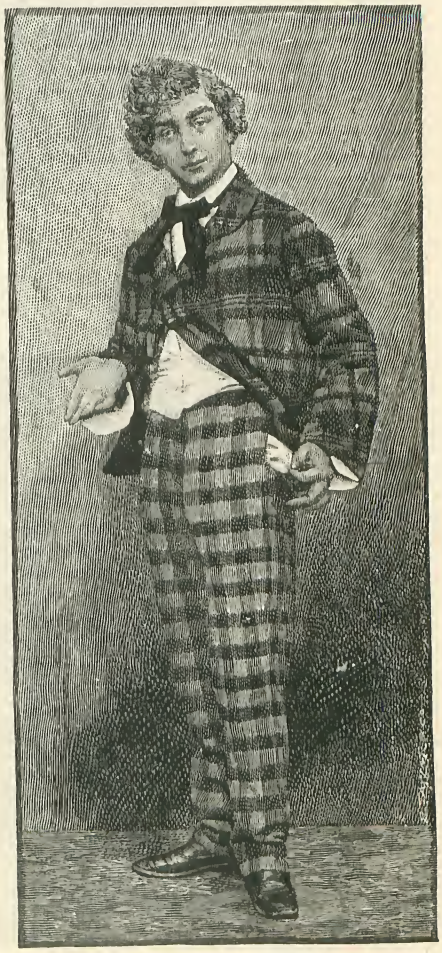
"Ah! that snuff-box," exclaimed Mr. Burnand, as I took up an old gold Empire box, on the lid of which was a bouquet of diamonds. "It was a legacy. It belonged to an old friend on whom I was continually playing practical jokes when stopping at his house. He had a habit of always keeping the box by the side of him at the head of the table, to which his hand used to wander in search of it continually. On the occasion of a dinner party, I hid the box. Dinner proceeded. My host's fingers wandered to the customary place—he was in a great fidget—the box not there, of course. He appealed to us, but we knew nothing about it. He left the room in search of it—it was nowhere to be found. Just as I was leaving I drew him on one side and said quietly, 'My dear old chap, just a little testimonial I want to present to you!' and put the snuff-box in his hand.

"'Ah!' he chuckled, 'you seem very fond of that snuff-box.' He must have gone to his room that very night and made an addition to his will, for many years passed before he died, and—he left me the snuff-box."

A set of boxing-gloves and single-sticks are picturesquely arranged on one of the book-cases. Mr. Burnand is as fond to-day of a fencing bout or a little "play" with the gloves as he was when he was at Eton, where he was taught to become useful in this direction by a Corporal Munday.

Mr. Burnand began life as a baby just seven months before Her Gracious Majesty ascended the throne. The latter event was in June, 1837, and the former in November, 1836. Mr. Burnand claims to be a "cockney"—he was born somewhere within the sound of Bow Bells, and was christened Francis Cowley. He was sent to school when barely seven years old, and at his third school, at Paul's Cray, Kent, he shared a bed-room with a schoolfellow who had a marvellous memory, and when lights went out they would lie awake together whilst the youth would whisper to little Francis plot after plot of Scott's novels. Francis used to dramatise them and act them. His first real dramatic effort, however, was at Eton.

"I went to Eton," said Mr. Burnand, "soon after I was thirteen. I did my fagging very well. Fagging! an excellent thing. It cannot fail to give a boy a vast amount of respect for his superiors. I well



MR. BURNAND AS "POPPLE.

remember the pain I felt when I had to expend five shillings in the purchase of my own birch. I wish I had kept that birch—it would have been an excellent reminder. I lived in the Rev. Gifford Cooksley's house. He was a very funny fellow. He was wonderfully kind-hearted—so kind-hearted, indeed, that if he had a fellow birched he would not see him for a couple of days afterwards. Cooksley was very fond of theatricals. He often took a party of us—some seven or eight—to the old Windsor theatre. He paid all expenses—seats in the dress circle, and a supper afterwards. After the performance we would go on the stage and chat with the actors. If there were any children playing he always had sixpence for them. Well, I wrote a play called 'Guy Fawkes Day,' and it was produced in Gifford Cooksley's own room. This same piece was also played for one night only at the Worthing Theatre soon afterwards. The manager was to have a benefit, and he called on a relative of mine asking for his patronage. The condition of granting it was that 'Guy Fawkes Day' should be produced. It was.

MR. BURNAND AS "RUMTIFOOZLE."

"I went to Trinity College, Cambridge, when I was 17, and remained there until 20, when I took my B.A. degree."

I shall probably be correct in saying that though studies were not forgotten acting was ever remembered. It was there that he started the famous Amateur Dramatic Company, of which he is still a member, and only recently the Honourable James Lowther set a movement on foot for the painting of the founder's portrait, a commission having been given to Mr. C. M. Newton, the artist. At Cambridge Mr. Burnand wrote some of the brightest and merriest farces ever conceived. They had the true ring of humour about them. He hands me a little volume. It contains some of the many pieces he wrote whilst at Cambridge. "Villikins and his Dinah" was the first, in which the author played *Gruffin;* another was "In for a Holyday," in which Mr. Burnand played *Mr. Gustavus Popple*, a young gentleman retained between ten and three by Government; "Romance under Difficulties," in which the author appeared as *Timothy Diggles;* and "Alonzo the Brave, or Faust and the Fayre Imogene," in which Mr. Burnand acted a prominent part. Through this little volume are scattered criticisms in ink and pencil. Here are some suggestive remarks made on the fly-leaf respecting "St. George and the Dragon! An historical-comical-but-still-slightly-mythical burlesque":

"Wednesday the 20th February, 1855."

"First night of the burlesque. Alf Thompson obliged to throw up the *King* on account of being ordered off instanter to the Crimea on the 19th. (3 p.m.) Thornhill took the part. The first act, with the exception of *St. George's* speech, song—Tuftee's song — and the last chorus, hung fire; Kelly utterly forgetting his part, and the prompter being among the chorus he (Kelly) was a 'gone coon.' Act II. *Zara* took, but the duets between *Zara* and *Dragon* went flatly. 'Oh diddle do' encored *dubiously*. The Bones dance encored dubiously. *Fanny Frail*, great success. Scene 2nd, very fair. 'Cheap Chesterfield.' Scene 1st, Act III. *poor, and Mr. F. C. Burnand slightly forgot his tag which*——." It is chronicled that the second night of burlesque was better. "Mr. Kelly got on very well, and having discovered the jokes in

the day time they were taken in the evening."

Mr. Burnand told with great gusto of his interview with the Vice-Chancellor for permission for the first performance.

The worthy Vice-Chancellor was in a hurry, as he had to attend a "meeting of the Heads." Was it a Greek play? Good gracious, no; it was "Box and Cox." After the query as to the Greek drama, young Burnand was afraid to tell him the title, and therefore merely said, "We are thinking of playing a little piece by Mr. Maddison Morton."

"Fellow of Trinity?" asked the Vice-Chancellor.

He was not.

"Um! And you propose acting a play written by Mr. Morton, who is *not* a Fellow of Trinity? What is the name?"

"*Box and Cox*," replied the undergrad.

Fortunately time prevented the Vice-Chancellor from asking if Box and Cox were Fellows of Trinity, and he went forth and laid the matter before "the Heads." The permission was denied. But Mr. Burnand and his fellow Thespians were not to be put down by the Heads. They got a couple of rooms at "The Hoop Hotel," and after having ladders placed handy for escape in case the college authorities got wind of the occurrence, a start was made. From that day the club has remained one of the most successful of all amateur societies. Here is the first programme:—

A.D.C.

This evening will be presented

A FAST TRAIN! HIGH PRESSURE!! EXPRESS!!

Colonel Jack Delaware	Mr. G. Seymour.
Griffin	Mr. Tom Pierce.
Biffin	Mr. A. Herbert.

To be followed by

DID YOU EVER SEND YOUR WIFE TO CAMBERWELL?

Chesterfield Honeybun	Mr. Tom Pierce.
Crank	Mr. W. Smith.
Mrs. Houghton	Mr. C. Digby.
Mrs. Crank	Mr. T. King.
Mrs. Jewell	Mr. R. Johnson.

To conclude with the Burlesque Tragic Opera,

BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

Artaxominous (*King of Utopia*) ...	Mr. Tom Pierce.
Fusbos	Mr. T. King.
General Bombastes	Mr. James Beale.
Distaffina	Mr. C. Digby.

Army, Courtiers, &c.

Acting Manager—Tom Pierce, Esq.

Stage Manager—N. Yates, Esq.

Prompter—J. Shepherd, Esq.

Scenery and Appointments by S. J. E. Jones, Esq.

Many of these names were *noms de théâtre*. *Mr. A. Herbert* was General FitzGerald, whilst *Mr. Tom Pierce* was Mr. F. C. Burnand. It was under the name of "Tom Pierce" that he wrote many successful plays. The portraits reproduced in these pages show Mr. Burnand in many of the characters which he played at Cambridge—as *Popple*, in "In for a Holyday"; as *Mephistopheles*, in "Alonzo the Brave"; as *Jumbo*, in "Turkish Waters"; as *Rumtifoozle*; and as the *Ex-Chicken*, with Mr. Quinton Twiss—a celebrated amateur—as *Benjamin Bobbin*, in "B. B.," a farce written by Mr. F. C. Burnand in conjunction with Mr. Montagu Williams. Mr. Burnand still has the MS. of the original plot of "Alonzo the Brave," produced at Cambridge.

"Well," Mr. Burnand continued, in his happiest mood, "I took my degree, and left

MR. BURNAND AS "MEPHISTOPHELES."

QUINTON TWISS AS "BENJAMIN BOBBIN." MR. BURNAND AS THE "EX-CHICKEN."

Cambridge. I may tell you that during my last year at Cambridge I determined to adopt the Church as my profession, and an uncle of mine promised me a good country living, which was at that time in his gift. My studies were commenced under Dr. Harold Browne, and continued at Cuddesdon College, under the Rev. H. P. Liddon —subsequently Canon Liddon. However, I finally found myself in the Seminary of the Oblates of St. Charles at Bayswater, of which community Dr. Henry Edward Manning—the late Cardinal—was the head. I have seen Cardinal Manning—remember, I am speaking of the days when I was at Bayswater—put up his fists and spar and hit out most scientifically with all the fun imaginable. In his quiet way he would say, as he 'let go' his left at an imaginary foe, 'Ah! I think I could do it.' I must confess to commencing a play even whilst I was studying there. I finished my reading, and left. Previous to doing so, I went in to see Dr. Manning.

"'Well, well,' he said, 'and what are you going to do?'

"'I'm not quite sure, Dr. Manning,' was my reply.

"'Ah!' said the Doctor, 'I'm afraid you have no vocation for the priesthood.'

"'No,' I said, 'I have no vocation—at least, not for the priesthood.'

"'I don't understand,' the Doctor exclaimed; 'what you mean by a vocation for anything else. This is a great question, and one concerning the soul.'

"Then I went straight at it. 'Well, Doctor,' I said, 'I rather thought of going on the stage.'

"'Why, you might as well call cobbling a vocation,' the Doctor said, surprised.

"'Yes,' I replied, quietly, 'there would be more *sole* in it, wouldn't there?'

"I can see him now laughing. He let me go.

"Shortly after that I went to Edinburgh, where I met my old Etonian school friend, Mr. Montagu Williams, and acted at Mr. Wyndham's—Robert Wyndham, not Charles—Theatre. Then I stayed a good time at Esher with George Meredith. He had just written his first book, 'Richard Feverell'—a work never beaten by himself. I have a first edition of it. I came to London, and went to the Bar —not with success. I did a little at the Clerkenwell Sessions. Why did I give up the Bar? The following is the reason: I made a fearful hash of a case of forgery in which the wife was committed with her husband. I had to defend the wife, Besley was for the prosecution. It will show you how much I knew about the ways of the court when I tell you that I actually asked

Besley what to do. He wrote back on a slip of paper, 'Just get up and say, "Coercion by husband."' I did. Russell Gurney, the Recorder, at once discharged her. The ungrateful woman was so cross at being separated from her husband that she took off her boot and threw it at me. With the throwing of the boot I threw up the Bar.

"I was then playwriting. My first piece was produced at the St. James's, under the direction of Chatterton and Miss Wyndham. It ran a hundred nights—a very considerable run in those days. I got £25 down, and £2 a night for it. How did I get my first commission? I will tell you. At one time of great distress and difficulty I had to sell all my books. I thought to myself, 'I've got four plays printed, why should they not bring me a little coin?' I called on Mr. Lacy in the Strand, and he gave me £8 for them. I had a MS. of 'Dido,' which I had shown to Mr. W. B. Donne, the Licenser of Plays. He advised me to show it to Robson. Robson had just produced a burlesque on 'Medea,' so could not manage it. I gave the MS. to Lacy to look over. Shortly afterwards I had a letter from him asking me to come down to his shop. It seems a Mr. Chas. Young had been struck by the piece. Young was an Australian comedian. He liked one of the parts, and promised to show it to Chatterton, one of the then lessees of the St. James's. Chatterton accepted it. At this time I did not know a soul in the literary world. Then I wrote 'B. B.' with Montagu Williams, another piece—'The Isle of St. Tropez'—with him for the Wigans, and I was writing burlesques pretty frequently for the Olympic.

MR. BURNAND AS "JUMBO."

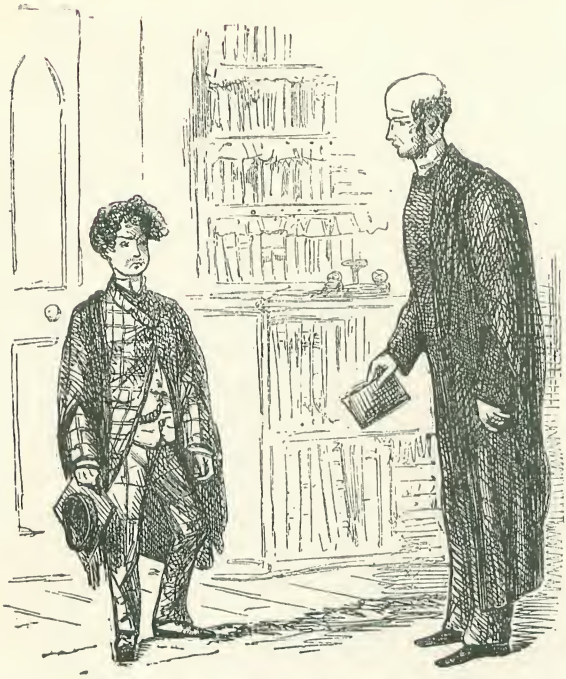
"Robson was unequalled as a comedian. He was a great study, with wonderful flashes of real wit at rehearsal. He played in 'B. B.,' and I may tell you that it was his personality which suggested the part to Montagu Williams and myself. At rehearsal Robson used to make us laugh so much that we couldn't get on, and a farce taking forty minutes to play would often take three hours with him to rehearse. In the midst of a passage he would shout, 'Oh! oh! I've thought of such a funny thing! Now supposing,' addressing a brother actor, 'I put my left hand on your shoulder just in that part. Now let's run through that little bit again!'

"We did as he requested, and at the situation Robson would put his *right* hand on the other actor's shoulder, which, of course, reversed the positions. When we remonstrated with him it was always, 'Oh, the other wouldn't have done at all!'"

It will be a surprise to many to know that Mr. Burnand's connection with *Punch*—of which paper he was destined years after to become the Editor—commenced when he was at college. He was a capital draughtsman, and recorded his impressions pictorially on the fly-leaf of any book he could lay his pencil on. There are, in Vol. xxviii. of *Punch*, a couple of pictures, with no signatures, drawn by Leech, the original drawings for which were sent to Mark Lemon—then the Editor—by Mr. Burnand whilst at Cambridge. One is on page 28 of the volume. This is entitled, "Friendly, but Very Unpleasant":—

Lively Party (charging elderly gentleman with his umbrella): "Halloa, Jones!"

Disgust of Elderly Party, whose name is Smith.



Dean. "WELL, SIR?"

Small University Man (under the impression that he has irritated the DEAN *by his conspicuous moustaches).* "I BELIEVE YOU WANTED TO SPEAK TO ME, SIR, ABOUT—ABOUT—MY MOUSTACHIOS!"

Dean. "SOME MISTAKE, SIR! I DIDN'T PERCEIVE THAT YOU HAD ANY!"

MR. BURNAND AND THE DEAN.

By kind permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."]

The "Elderly Party's" face is just as Mr. Burnand drew it; the other is Leech's own, and, therefore, all the more remarkable. The second picture, here given, is still more interesting. Though Mr. Burnand knew neither Leech nor Mark Lemon, when he sent the drawing he requested John Leech to be kind enough to copy the Dean exactly, as it was a likeness of the Rev. Mr. Hedley, Senior Dean of Trinity College, Cambridge, while the youth was a burlesque presentment of himself. Owing to Mr. Burnand's going in for acting, he had sacrificed a very small moustache.

Mr. Burnand had very little difficulty in getting on the staff of *Punch*. Whilst engaged in playwriting he also did considerable journalistic work, and amongst other journals was with the late Henry J. Byron and Mr. W. S. Gilbert on *Fun*. Tom Hood was editor then, and the proprietor a looking-glass manufacturer named Maclean.

"Maclean," said Mr. Burnand, "used to smile very broadly, and show a set of teeth that led Byron to call him *Maclean teeth*. I took a very good idea to Maclean. It was to imitate the popular novelists of the day, and I drew out the first sketch for his inspection. He wouldn't see it. I wrote to Mark Lemon and asked him to see me. He did; he saw me and my notion at once. The first was to be a burlesque of a page in *The London Journal*. Sir John Gilbert was illustrating that paper at the time.

"'We'll get Gilbert to do the pictures,' cried Lemon. Gilbert undertook the work, and so it came about that he had to burlesque himself! Millais did a picture for it, so did 'Phiz,' Du Maurier, and Charles Keene.

"Keene! I never knew Keene tell an anecdote in his life. He couldn't. He could recollect something about a story, but could never get through it. There he would sit, pulling away at his little stump of a pipe, and all of a sudden break out into a laugh and chuckle, and endeavour to contribute his anecdote something in this style:

"'I can't help laughing'—chuckle. 'I once went to see'—chuckle—'somebody—I forget his name, but *you'll* know—about twenty-five years ago'—chuckle. 'When I say twenty-five I mean two or three years ago'—chuckle. 'I was going from'—chuckle—'what's that place? Ah! I forget, but it was on a 'bus. There, it was the funniest thing you ever saw'—prolonged chuckle—'I was outside—no, it was inside, when suddenly the man said to me——'

"'What man, Charlie?' we would ask.

"'Why, *the* man. He said to me—no, it wasn't me. Ah! well, it's no matter'—chuckle.

"'Well, what made you laugh, Charles?' was our question.

"'Why, the'—chuckle—'the—the joke!'

"'What joke?'

"'Well'—chuckle—'I hardly remember the joke; but—*it was about that time!*'

"Poor Keene had an anecdote which he always wound up with, 'They *were* Ribston pippins,' but nobody ever knew what the story was about, or where it began.

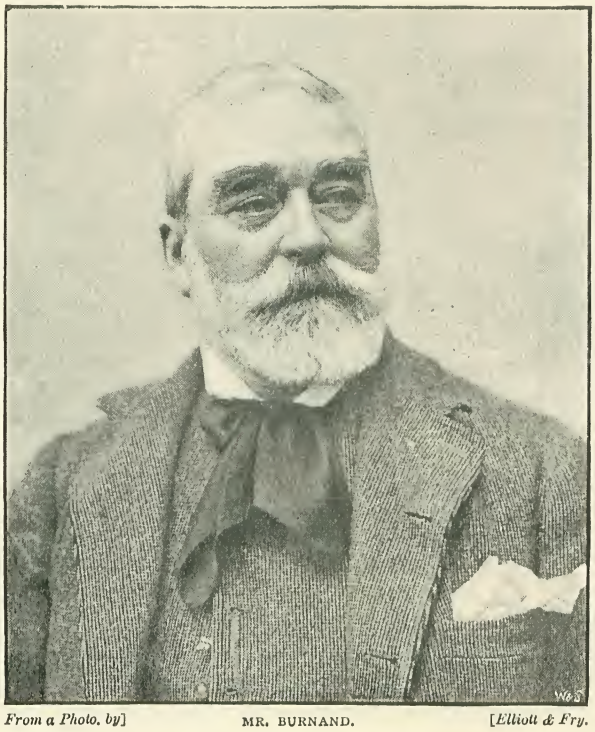
"Oh, yes, I knew Thackeray well. Thackeray sold me once. It happened at his house at Prince's-gate, on the occasion of

my first visit there. He had his study fitted up with bookshelves all round. Thackeray would invariably lead up the conversation with a reference to some poet. I thought him in error one day, so I said, 'I don't think that is the quotation.'

"'I think so,' replied Thackeray. 'But there are his works on that shelf,' pointing to the door, on which were arranged shelves, as I thought; 'mount the ladder and see for yourself.'

"I did so, made a grasp for the volume, and found they were all dummies! Thackeray was delighted."

To-day Mr. Burnand sits in the identical chair once occupied by Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, and Tom Taylor, the latter of whom he succeeded as editor of *Punch* in 1880. It is an old-fashioned wooden armchair. Every Wednesday night the famous *Punch* dinner is held. About fourteen sit down at the ancient table, on which are cut the names of everybody—cut with their own hands—who have been privileged to find a seat there. One visitor invariably creeps into the editor's room—the *Punch* cat. It is the biggest cat in the neighbourhood of Fleet-street, and when Mr. Burnand is working it always perches on his chair. The *Punch* dinner is a suggestive meal. Everybody there contributes some idea. After dinner the members of the *Punch* staff go into committee on the political and social topics of the day. The result of this deliberation is the cartoon and second cartoon, or "Cartoon, junior," of the next number.



From a Photo. by] MR. BURNAND. *[Elliott & Fry.*

It is a remarkable fact that only one mishap in the principal cartoon has happened during Mr. Burnand's editorship. It was at the period when Khartoum was supposed to be all right and General Gordon safe. All England was expecting Gordon's release, and *Punch* appeared with a picture of him — triumphant. Mr. Burnand was on his way with Mr. Sambourne to an exhibition of pictures in Bond-street. Suddenly the newsboys were heard shouting. Their rapid and often unintelligible utterances were misunderstood by Mr. Burnand, who turned to his companion and said, "Well, we are all right with the cartoon."

But the boys drew nearer.

"I don't think that is what they are crying," Mr. Sambourne said. "I'll get a paper."

The paper contained the news of the death of General Gordon.

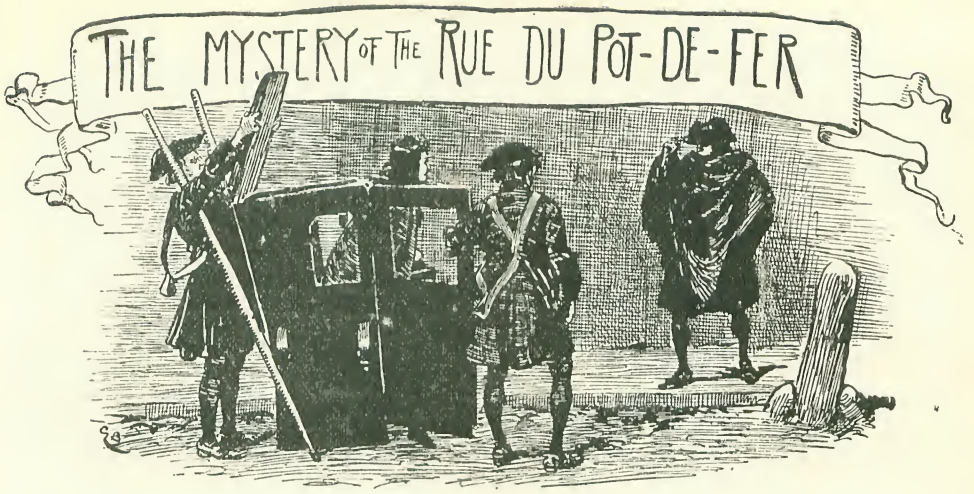
A Parisian paper, in commenting upon the prediction in *Punch*, said the cartoon "showed what all England was expecting."

I was just leaving The Boltons, and shaking hands with Mr. Burnand.

"How does one become a humorist?" I asked.

"Oh!" was the reply, "it comes from having a serious turn of mind and not yielding to it!"

HARRY HOW.



A TRUE STORY, TOLD FROM THE LETTERS OF MADEMOISELLE AÏSSÉ.

By F. Bayford Harrison.

Part I.—The Invalid in White.

JEAN FRANÇOIS ISEZ, the famous surgeon, had retired to his apartments after a professional round, and had hardly begun to eat the dinner which his old servant, Manette, served to him, when a note was brought to him. He inquired who had brought it, but the concierge had not noticed the messenger. It was one afternoon early in April, 1727; the place was Paris; and Isez was the most fashionable doctor of his day, and much in request among the fine ladies and gentlemen of France.

The note, a sheet of white paper written on in pale ink, and in a very small, uncharacteristic handwriting, contained these words:—

"M. the surgeon J. F. Isez is prayed to betake himself this afternoon, at six o'clock, to the Rue du Pot-de-fer, near the Luxemburg."

There was no signature.

M. Isez threw on him his cloak with the velvet collar, called a sedan chair, and hurried away to his unknown patient.

By the time that Isez arrived at the Rue du Pot-de-fer it was quite dark. The oil lamps, swinging here and there, gave but little light. On one side of the street were the doors of old-fashioned houses; on the other a few shops and *cabarets*, succeeded by a long, high blank wall. As Isez' chairmen picked their stumbling steps over the cobbles, they sounded loud in the silent street, and they saw no living creature save a few dogs and cats prowling about and sniffing at the heaps of refuse thrown in the road.

But when they had proceeded about half the length of the wall, they became aware of a man's figure, standing motionless. This man, as soon as he saw Isez' chair, approached and said, "Do I speak to M. Isez?"

"Yes, I am he," replied the surgeon.

"You are late. It is long past six o'clock."

"I have only just received the note. I came at once. I did not even wait to finish my dinner."

"Dinner!" the man repeated, in a tone of infinite contempt. "Follow me."

The stranger led the way. He was plainly clothed in black, and Isez could judge nothing from his manner as to the meaning of this adventure.

They went a few steps along the street, and then the stranger opened, by some secret means, a narrow door in the wall, and motioned to Isez to enter. The surgeon did so, the door closed behind him, shutting out the man who had acted as his guide.

He found himself in a small courtyard, and facing him was the entrance of a house, a porch with a row of pillars, showing white through the darkness.

A porter appeared, and ushered Isez into a wide hall paved with marble, from which a fine staircase led to the upper stories.

There was nothing remarkable about the porter, and Isez believed himself to be in the hôtel of some noble or wealthy gentleman.

"Monsieur is expected on the first floor, if he will give himself the trouble to mount," said the porter, indicating the staircase.

Isez went up. Facing him was a door, half open, through which light shone; he passed by it into an ante-chamber hung with white. It was singular, even startling.

The walls were covered with white velvet; chairs and sofas were of the same material; the carpet was of plain thick white wool, and every step which Isez made left a deep depression. A small table of white wood supported a white china lamp which burnt but feebly. Of other furniture there was none.

A lackey was in this room, a young man tall and handsome, clothed entirely in white—coat, waistcoat, breeches, stockings, shoes, all in dead-white material; his hair was thickly powdered and carefully curled, and tied with a white silk bow; white lace ruffles at his neck and wrists; his skin was of a peculiar white tint which struck the professional eye of Isez as being morbid and diseased.

"M. Isez," he said, coming to meet the surgeon, "be so good as to wipe your shoes." And he handed him a linen duster which lay beside the lamp.

"It is not necessary," answered Isez; "I have only just got out of my chair, and my shoes are not muddy."

"Nevertheless," returned the lackey, "it must be done as a precaution. Everything in this house is of extreme cleanliness, and you must be so good as to wipe your shoes."

Isez shrugged his shoulders and obeyed. He rubbed his shoes with the duster, and showed the man that hardly a speck of dust came off on the cloth.

The servant bowed gravely. "This way," said he, moving down the narrow room, towards a door opposite to that by which the surgeon had entered.

Through this door Isez passed into a larger apartment, hung with white silk. It contained handsome furniture of white wood upholstered in white silk. The carpet was of roughly-woven silk. There were several marble tables; china vases, lace curtains, alabaster candlesticks, and various other ornamental articles decorated the room; and Isez saw at one glance that that though all was of the same uniform shade of white, yet all was in the highest degree handsome and expensive.

A second lackey approached, also a good-looking but pallid young man. He, too, was powdered and curled, and clothed in white; but whereas the first servant had worn cloth, this man's garments were of thick ribbed silk. By this time Isez was growing somewhat accustomed to the dazzling white tones all around him, and also to the air of mystery which pervaded

"BE SO GOOD AS TO WIPE YOUR SHOES."

the house. He was not surprised, therefore, when the lackey handed him a second linen cloth and bade him wipe his shoes a second time. He did it in silence, and found not even a suspicion of dust.

This ceremony ended, the servant opened another door, and ushered Isez into a third room.

Again, the room was entirely furnished in white. The walls were hung with fluted satin; the sofas and chairs were covered with broché satin; the carpet was of satin, on which was a raised pattern of flowers in velvet; a large bed with heavy satin curtains and thick quilt stood at one side of the room. A dressing-table was in the bay-window, from which every breath of air was excluded by voluminous draperies. The atmosphere was heavy, as if never purified by sunshine or breeze, but always lighted up by white wax candles in girandoles against the walls.

The inhabitant of this chamber was a strange figure which sat in a fauteuil beside the fireplace of white tiles, on which burnt an open fire of coal and wood—the only touch of colour and brightness which Isez had seen in the ghostly house. A tall, stout person this appeared to be, wearing a white satin nightcap, and a white satin dressing-gown lined with white fur. A white mask covered his face, of which only two pale-blue eyes could be seen.

"A WHITE MASK COVERED HIS FACE."

As soon as this extraordinary, fantastic figure saw Isez enter, he said in a monotonous, hoarse voice, "The devil is inside my body."

Isez waited to hear more, but not another word followed. He remained standing for some time, but nothing was said by the patient, who did not even raise his eyes again, or look at the surgeon. As well as Isez could judge, three-quarters of an hour passed without a single remark on either side.

A table stood beside the invalid. On it lay a heap of gloves. He took up a white silk glove, and slowly put it on his left hand; then he put one on his right hand. Over these he put a pair of satin ones; next a pair of kid ones. By this time his hands looked enormous. The fourth pair were of white velvet; the fifth pair of fine wool; the sixth pair of ermine. The hands appeared now as those of a giant. Isez watched these doings with interest which deepened into alarm. As soon as the six pairs of gloves were on, the invalid began to take them off again, with much deliberation folding them neatly together in pairs. At length reappeared his waxen, unwholesome-looking hands.

Isez was furtively glancing round the room. In one corner stood a sword in a white scabbard; in another a musket with the stock painted white; two pistols of white wood mounted in silver lay on a side table. Isez was unarmed, and did not like what he saw; he found himself trembling, and dreaded lest he should fall. Although he had not been invited to do so, he seated himself.

A silence ensued, lasting a quarter of an hour. At the end of that time the phantom pulled a bell-cord which hung near his chair. The two white lackeys entered.

"Bring bandages," said the wooden voice to them.

The men went out, and returned with several strips of linen.

"Bleed me," said the figure; "take five pounds of blood."

Isez started back, astonished at the quan-

tity. "But, monsieur," he cried, "what physician has ordered you to be let such an enormous quantity of blood?"

"Myself."

The surgeon did not know what to do. He dared not disobey, with those lackeys and those firearms all around him; yet he could not follow out instructions which would kill the patient. He thought that to bleed from the foot would be less dangerous than from the arm.

"Warm water, if you please," he said to the lackeys; one of them brought it in a white china basin. The other then knelt and took off the phantom's fine white-thread stockings; then a second pair; and so on, until six pairs had been drawn off, as well as a pair of white fur slippers lined with white satin. Then the surgeon beheld a beautiful leg and foot, as white and delicate as those of a woman.

He began to bleed; very shortly the patient appeared unwell, and likely to faint.

"Take off his mask," said Isez, "and give him air."

The lackeys interposed, and prevented Isez from touching their master. He was laid on the floor; the surgeon bound up the foot. Presently the invalid began to recover.

"Let them warm the bed," he whispered.

This was quickly done with a white metal warming-pan, and the sick man assisted to place himself in the bed. Isez felt his pulse and perceived that all was well again, and the servants left the room.

The surgeon went to the fireplace and wiped his lancet on some of the linen strips, wondering what could be the explanation of this strange adventure, when he suddenly heard steps behind him, and glancing into the mirror over the mantelpiece, beheld the patient fling himself from the bed, and, with one bound, place himself beside the terrified surgeon, who almost dropped with horror and astonishment.

On the marble chimneypiece lay five crowns. The phantom figure took them in its waxen fingers and held them out to Isez.

"Are you satisfied with the fee?"

"Yes, yes, monsieur," replied Isez, trembling, "quite satisfied."

"Then go!"

Isez did not require to be told twice. He took to his heels, and ran into the outer apartment. There the lackeys awaited him.

He gazed from one to the other.

"Is this some foolish pleasantry, some bad jest?" he asked, growing angry now that he found no bodily harm was intended him. "What does this mean?"

"Monsieur," answered one of the men, "of what have you to complain?"

"Have you not been well paid?" asked the other; "have you been injured?"

Isez found that he had nothing really to complain of; he shrugged his shoulders.

The lackeys took each a flambeau and led him with all due ceremony through the narrow antechamber, down the

"THE LACKEYS AWAITED HIM."

stairs, by the hall and the courtyard to the little door into the Rue du Pot-de-fer, where his chair awaited him.

Very thankful he was to leave the strange, phantasmal house, and to arrive safely at his own abode. He could not understand the meaning of his adventure; whether some ghastly secret was imprisoned in that white chamber, or whether the whole affair had been a practical joke. At all events, the five crowns in his pocket were real enough. He resolved not to speak to anyone of what had happened. A doctor is privileged like a priest in confession; he would keep his own counsel. So he went to his bed, and had fantastic dreams.

In the morning, before he was up, Manette was called down to speak with a young gentleman, who inquired how M. Isez found himself, after his blood-letting of a white man.

Manette knew nothing about the matter. "But I will inquire of Monsieur;" for her curiosity was aroused on her own account.

"Madame need not trouble herself," said the young man; "it is of no consequence." And bowing politely, he disappeared down the Rue de l'Aubépine.

Manette returned to her kitchen, pondered a good deal, and while her master took his coffee, told him of the young gentleman's visit. Isez perceived that his adventure was known. His tongue was untied, and he talked of it wherever he went. It became the theme of Paris conversation during a few days, and came to the ears of the King, who was as much perplexed and amused as other people. The Cardinal de Fleury sent for Isez, and made him tell the whole story with his own lips.

Mlle. Aïssé,* writing to Madame Calandrini soon after the adventure, says:—

"There have been a thousand conjectures, but none seem probable; for myself, I believe that it was a practical joke of some young men, who amused themselves by frightening the surgeon."

It was quite true that the surgeon had been frightened. Probably those persons who laughed at his fears would have been still more alarmed had they been in his place. A day or two after the adventure Isez found time to walk along the Rue du Pot-de-fer; he found that the door by which he had entered the mysterious house had disappeared. The blank wall was there, blanker than ever. This was strange; and Isez was unable even to find any traces in the wall to indicate where the door had been. Moreover, Manette, who knew every street in Paris, and whose eyes, though aged, were remarkably keen, declared that there never had been before, and never was afterwards, any door whatever in that blank wall.

The fashionable surgeon might almost have forgotten his adventure in the Rue du Pot-de-fer had it not been kept in his mind by other singular persons and strange events.

Part II.—The Horseman in Black.

A summons came from the Duc de Gesvres, and Isez had no choice but to obey it immediately. This famous invalid was perpetually in need of a doctor, and as his ailments were incurable, he was a valuable patient.

When taking leave of the groom of the chambers, after seeing the sick man, he ventured to remind him of the fact that the Duc owed him a large sum of money.

"You are right, monsieur," was the reply, "and M. le Duc has instructed me to pay you fifty louis on account."

Isez would have preferred the whole amount due to him, but thought it as well to take what was offered. He placed the money, in notes and gold, within the purse hanging under the skirt of his coat, and then started through the dark night on his homeward journey.

Soon after leaving the Château of St. Ouen, the road passed through a small but thick wood. Isez could hardly see the track, and held his bridle very slackly, trusting to the eyes and the sagacity of his horse to find the way in safety. Isez was feeling comfortable after a very good supper and very acceptable payment; he was thinking over the white invalid of the Rue du Pot-de-fer, when suddenly a man clothed in black, and mounted on a black horse, sprang from among the trees and seized the bridle out of the surgeon's hand.

"Your money!" said the highwayman.

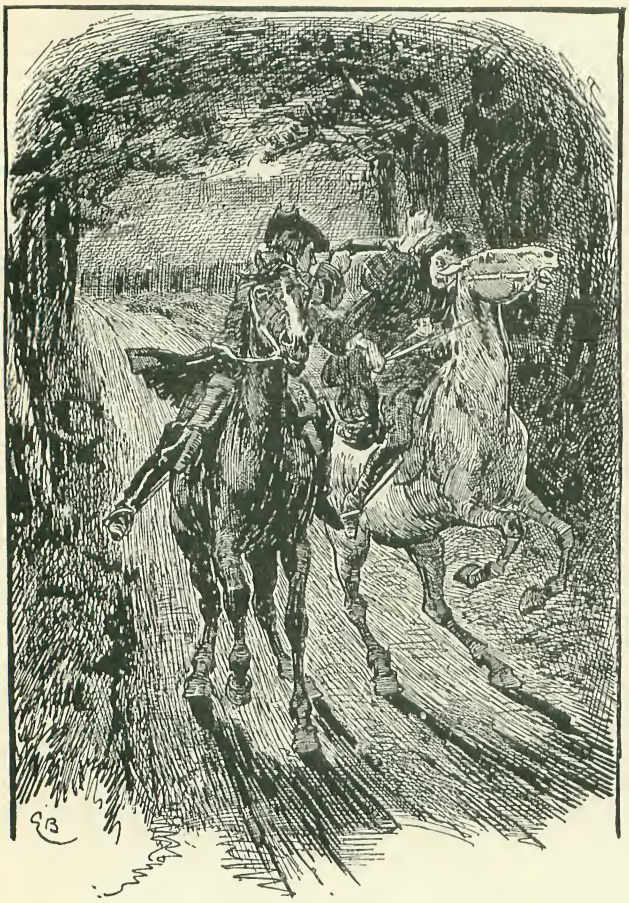
"No, no," gasped Isez, terrified and powerless.

"Your money!" repeated the robber, holding a pistol to the surgeon's head.

His teeth chattering too much to allow him to expostulate, and unarmed as he was, Isez, never very valorous, gave up his purse containing the fifty louis.

The highwayman then pulled out Isez'

* The story, up to this point, may be read in the Sixth Letter of Mlle. Aïssé, in the Edition arranged by Eugène Asse, and published by MM. Charpentier et Cie., Paris, 1873.



"'YOUR MONEY!'"

watch, to which was attached a gold seal, and transferred them to his own pocket. Next, he bade the unfortunate man dismount, and grasped the bridle of the surgeon's horse.

"You can walk home. Good-night."

And away rode the robber, humming an air from the ballet called "Les Eléments," while poor Isez stood on the path, deprived of his money, his watch and seal, and his trusty steed. What could he do in the middle of a dark night, and a league from the outskirts of Paris? There was nothing for it but to go on foot, and, very sadly and wearily, he began to walk. He was too much distressed to be able to think clearly, and he hardly noticed how he was going. But soon he emerged from the little wood, and found himself on an open road.

A short distance brought him to a house—a good, though not grand house—with an iron gate in the middle of its front.

"I will ask whose house it is," said the surgeon, "and beg permission to rest awhile and recruit myself."

When he knocked at the gate, an old man-servant responded to the summons.

"My good friend," groaned Isez, "I have been robbed by a highwayman. Will your master allow me to come in and rest awhile?"

"We cannot admit strangers," answered the man; "it is late."

Isez groaned again. "What is the name of your master, my friend?"

"He is M. le Colonel Hénon-Durant."

"Ah, is it so! Then he knows me well. We were good friends long ago. Tell him that Jean François Isez craves shelter for the night."

The janitor retired, and presently appeared the Colonel, a brave and good man, for whom Isez had the highest respect and the sincerest affection. At once the surgeon was led in, and brought to a pleasant room, where supper was laid.

"I give you welcome," said the Colonel, courteously; "pray be seated, and partake of supper. We will wait no longer for my son, who is late this evening."

Isez thanked his host, but declined to eat, only accepting a glass of claret. He told his adventure, and the unfortunate loss of his money and purse.

"My purse and my house are at your disposal, my good friend," said Hénon-Durant; "remain here this night, and to-morrow accept such a sum as may serve your necessities. You can repay it at your convenience."

Isez thanked the Colonel with gratitude; and had begun to inquire as to the family of his friend, when a young man entered whom he at once recognised as the highwayman who had robbed him.

"My son, Eugène," said Colonel Hénon-Durant, presenting the youth to Isez.

The latter was too much astonished to utter a word, except to plead fatigue and to ask to be shown to his room. The Colonel attended him to the door of a bedchamber, and there left him.

Alone, he felt utterly bewildered. Was he in the house of a cut-throat? Was the

father as bad as the son? Was the brave, generous old soldier an accomplice with a highwayman? or was Isez deceived by an accidental likeness between the robber and Eugène Durant? His first thought was to rush away from this dangerous house. But every door was by this time barred, and he dared not attempt it.

The surgeon gasped for air. He opened the casement and let the cool breeze blow on his forehead. While standing by the window he heard, as he thought, the whinnying of his own horse. He responded by a whistle which he often employed to cheer the faithful animal. A further whinny made it certain to Isez' mind that his horse was in the stable of Colonel Durant's house, and that there was no room for doubt of the identity of Eugène Durant and the black highwayman.

But Isez could not bring himself to believe that his respected old friend was to blame in the matter. Goodness is not always hereditary. Troubled and alarmed, the surgeon could not lie down, but sat through the night in an easy-chair, and as soon as daylight appeared, quietly left his room and sought that which on the previous evening the Colonel had pointed out as his own.

When Isez opened the door he saw a plainly furnished apartment, and on the curtainless bed the figure of the fine old officer, sleeping calmly and restfully. This sight confirmed Isez in his opinion that Colonel Durant knew nothing of his son's nightly robberies.

"Durant, my dear old friend," said Isez, in a low voice, "will you listen to me for a little while?"

In a moment Durant was wide awake. He sat up, and saw by Isez' countenance that something was wrong.

"Durant, I have a sad and terrible thing to say to you; can you bear to hear it?"

"Speak plainly, what is it?"

"Dear friend, it was your son who robbed me last night."

"Great heaven!" muttered the Colonel; "impossible!"

"IT WAS YOUR SON WHO ROBBED ME."

"It is better," said Isez, speaking rapidly, "that you should learn it from me than from the law, which would be less merciful than I am. Sooner or later he must fall into the hands of justice. That your son should take up this abominable trade is almost incredible——"

"Impossible!" sighed the poor father again, and fell back on his pillow insensible.

Isez fanned him, and sprinkled his face with water, and presently saw him recovered from the swoon.

When his strength returned, Durant sprang from the bed, hurried on some clothing, and rushed towards the door, crying, "The coward, the thief! My son a robber! My son a highwayman! My son a felon! I thank God that his mother is dead, and that he has no sister. I will not have such a son. He shall die. Let me pass, Isez, let me pass! I will kill him!"

And, thrusting aside the surgeon, who tried to restrain him, Durant rushed from the room, and up the stairs into the apartment where the young man lay sleeping, or pretending to sleep.

On the table near the window lay Isez' watch, and his seal bearing his monogram,

The father paused to examine them. There was no doubt of the infamy of the handsome young fellow, who now was standing in the middle of the floor, clothed in the black garments which he had worn the previous night.

"Wretch! Scoundrel!" cried the Colonel; "is it for this that I have been the most loving of fathers? How long have you pursued the trade of robber? But you shall pursue it no longer!"

Eugène Durant saw that he had lost the game. He pushed past his father, but at the door was met by Isez, who barred his way. At the same moment, Colonel Durant saw that two pistols lay beside the watch and seal. He lifted one of them; there was a flash; and his son fell bleeding into the arms of Isez.

A second time he tried to make himself heard, but in vain. Isez leaned over him and listened; he caught only the words, "Rue du Pot-de-fer."

And then, without another sound or sign, with only one great gasp, the youth died.

Durant was as one stunned. He was led away by his servants, while Isez disposed decently on the bed the corpse of the wretched young man. He had hardly finished this task when Durant came into the room, dressed in his uniform and wearing his orders, his bearing erect, his gait steady, and his eye firm and clear.

"Our horses are ready," said he to Isez, "your horse and mine. You return home. I go to the authorities to give myself up for murder."

"THERE WAS A FLASH."

Not even this pitiable sight—his son murdered and weltering in his blood—could assuage Durant's anger. He poured out fierce words, and filled the house with his cries of rage and reproach. It was only when Isez, staunching the wound, removed one after another the blood-stained rags, which the silent servants brought to him, and when that handsome young face grew whiter and calmer, when the eyes took a fixed glassy stare, and the lips trying to speak could but whisper; it was only when death shadowed the face and figure of his child, that Colonel Durant ceased to utter reproaches, and bowed his head in sorrow.

"Father," murmured the pallid lips; "forgive me, if you can."

Durant made no reply.

The dying man spoke again, but no one could hear what he said.

What could Isez reply? They rode away together, and as soon as they entered Paris the Colonel went off at a trot, while Isez rode on quietly to his home. He found Manette much alarmed by his absence during the night.

"Was the Duke very bad, dying? Or did you fall in with highwaymen?" This she asked with a smile. Isez made no actual answer, but asked for his coffee. As usual, the old woman was a long time preparing it, and when Isez found fault with her she echoed his complaints, and endorsed his threats. But at length she brought the

coffee, so well made that he forgave her all delays, and while he drank she talked.

"I have made up my old quarrel with the *concierge*, monsieur. She is a good woman, and has a brother who lives in the Rue du Pot-de-fer. As soon as she mentioned her brother I made it up with her."

"But why?" said Isez; "do you want to marry him?"

"Ah, monsieur must have his joke," laughed Manette; "no, but I could not rest until I found out about the house where monsieur went that evening in April. The brother says that the door by which monsieur entered was never there but the one night. A bit of the wall was knocked down, and a door set up; and after monsieur had been and gone the door was taken away, and the wall rebuilt with the old bricks, so that no one could see that any tricks had been played with it."

"Ah, my good Manette, but why all that mystery? And is there no front to the house?"

"Of the reason for the mystery I know nothing; but the brother says that the front of the house is No. 7, Rue du Pèlerin."

"Perhaps," returned Isez, indifferently; but he went out immediately and took his way to the Rue du Pèlerin. He felt persuaded that when Eugène Durant spoke with his dying breath those words, "Rue du Pot-de-fer," he referred to the house where Isez had found the white invalid. There must be some connection between that strange being and the young man who had so disgraced himself, and had come to so tragic an end at the hand of his own father.

No. 7, Rue du Pèlerin was an ordinary-looking house, standing flush with other middle-class houses, and having nothing remarkable about it. The jalousies of the windows were closed, and the whole place appeared uninhabited. A stout, middle-aged woman appeared to be the *concierge*. She was unwilling to admit Isez; and it was only after long parleying and many assurances that he had been there before as surgeon to an invalid, that she allowed him to enter. As soon as he had permission to do so, he ascended the stairs, and on the first floor found the doors all locked and barred. He knocked several times, but no reply came. He was about to ascend another flight and make further efforts, when a man came running down the stairs, and was recognised by Isez as one of the lackeys whom he had seen on the night of his adventure.

"Monsieur," said Isez, addressing the man, who was now in ordinary dress, "I have come to inquire after the health of the gentleman in white. It is about time that he was again let blood."

"He has given no orders on the subject," was the man's reply.

"I have also a message for him," said Isez; "I spent last night at the house of Colonel Hénon-Durant."

The countenance of the man showed surprise and interest. "Come with me." They went up the stairs and entered the ante-chamber, where now the white furniture was soiled and shabby.

"Be seated, M. Isez," said the lackey, "and tell me what you have to say."

Isez then told the story of what had happened on the previous evening, but without naming the name of the black horseman. As he spoke he saw that the man's interest was aroused and increased. At the point of the robbery a cunning smile played over the face of the servant, but at the account of the death of the young Eugène Durant the man held his breath and listened with the most eager excitement.

"What—what was the name——?"

"Eugène Hénon-Durant, son of Colonel ——"

"It is he!" exclaimed the man. "Dead, dead!"

"Your master?" said Isez.

"My master, and dead—all over—the strange masquerade, the rollicking life, the escapades on the roads, the purses of gold, the splendid furniture, the practical jokes, the magnificent suppers—and he is dead, and all is over! Well, better that than a madhouse, to which it must have come at last!"

"Was he then insane?" asked Isez.

"At times. Oh, his life was a strange one. Perhaps for a week living quietly with his father; then some night he would take to the road, either with us or alone, and he would ride in here in the early morning with money and valuables, and he would send us out to bring in all that was expensive and delicious, and we would feast and gamble and live the wildest life while the money lasted, after which would begin again the round of Colonel Durant's quiet home, and the road once more. And he is dead, and what shall we do?"

"On that evening in April," said Isez, "when I was last here, was the young gentleman in his right mind?"

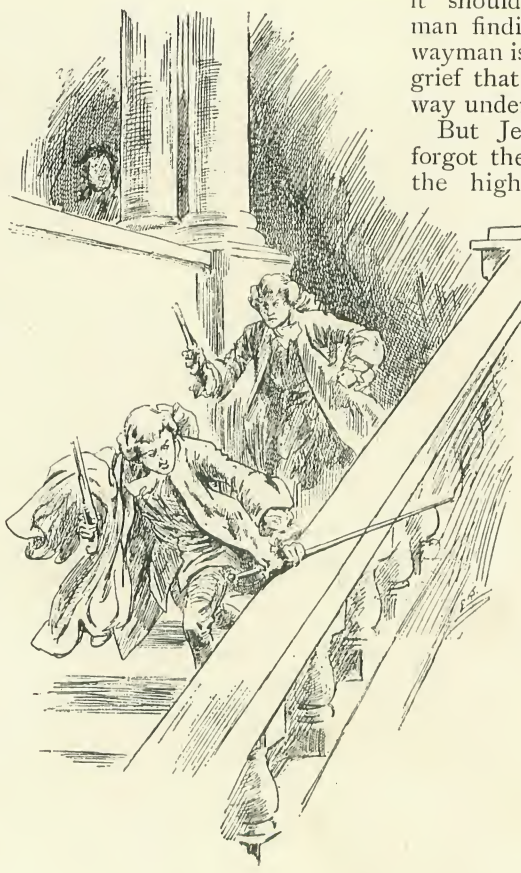
"Sir, drink and play made him often

insane. He had once a wild fancy to fill this house with everything white ; and when that was done, he found himself ill at ease, and sent me with a note to summon you to bleed him. After that evening funds got low. Our whiteness was quickly smirched. He and I robbed many a traveller, and many a mail. My fellow-lackey generally kept house here with the *concierge* guarding the front door, and a porter guarding the garden entrance. But if Eugène is dead, then all is over. We must take care of ourselves. Sir, we must go, lest the officers of justice find us."

With those words the man passed into the second room. There sat the other lackey, practising some trick by which to cheat at cards.

"Eugène is dead ; let us save ourselves !"

The two men went into the bedroom—formerly that of the unhappy Eugène. They snatched up the firearms which stood in the corners, and opening what looked like the door of a cupboard, stepped out on a landing of the main staircase. They ran down, and Isez saw them no more. Whether they continued to act as highwaymen, he never knew, but he thought that they were hardly likely to repent and amend.



The surgeon gazed with a sort of sad wonder on the soiled white furniture, on a heap of dirty white gloves, and another of dirty white stockings. Drink and play and insanity explained the mystery of the Rue du Pot-de-fer, as they explain many another mystery. Shaking his head as he went, Isez left the ghastly apartments, and by the main staircase arrived at the hall door. It stood ajar, as it had been left by the lackeys. Isez closed it, and walked away.

Mlle. Aïssé, in writing * of the murder of Eugène Hénon-Durant by his father, says that the Colonel "went immediately to ask for pardon ; everyone was of opinion that it should be granted. A good man finding his son to be a highwayman is overwhelmed with such grief that his brain may well give way under it."

But Jean François Isez never forgot the invalid in white, and the highwayman in black—one and the same miserable young man.

* Letter IX.

In Leadenhall Market.

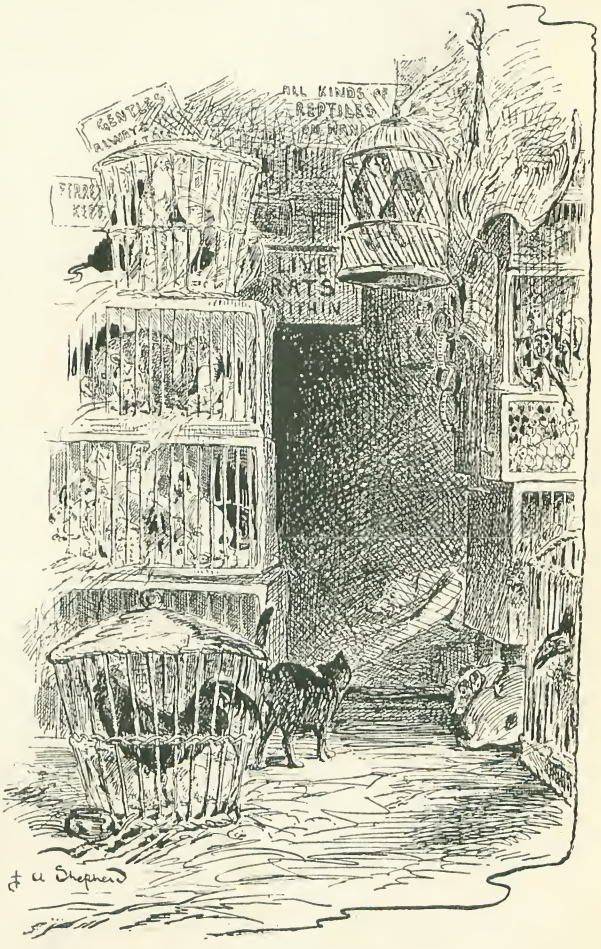
By Arthur Morrison.

LEADENHALL MARKET is a changed place since fifteen years ago. Broad arcades and plate-glass fronts stand where stood and tumbled those singular shops in which no man could tell exactly where the main structure of the building left off and the hutches, boxes, boards, benches, and stock began; where the ways were devious and men's elbows brushed as near either side as they may have done any time since the market was founded by good Sir Richard Whittington, in the year of our Lord 1408. Other things have changed beside the shops; by statute of 1533 no beef might here be sold for more than a halfpenny a pound, nor mutton for more than a halfpenny half-farthing. Nowadays this good old law is defied shamelessly.

But the demolition of 1880 left us something. It did not sweep away everything of hutches, boxes, boards, baskets, and smell; thanks be to the Corporation for that they left us Ship Tavern Passage.

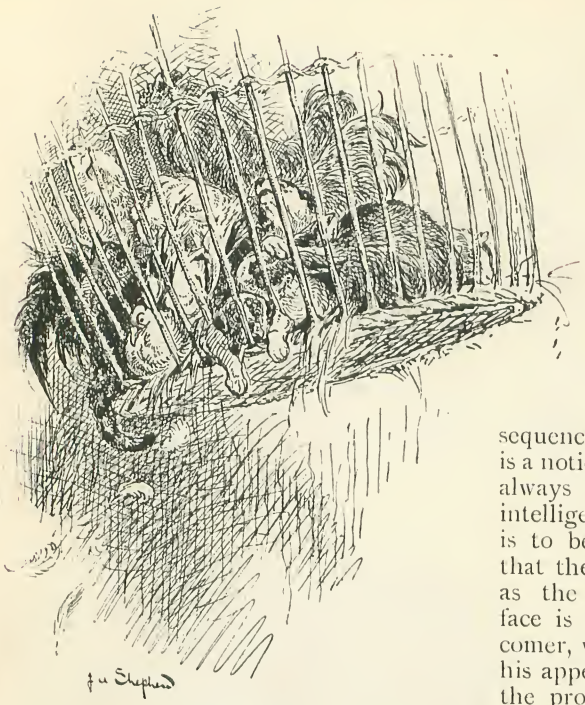
Dear old Ship Tavern Passage! Cumbered with cages, boxes, and baskets, littered with straw, sand, and sawdust; filled with barks and yelps, crows and clucks, and the smell of mice and rabbits! What living thing, short of a hippopotamus, have I not bought there in one of those poky little shops, the door to which is a hole, framed round with boxes full of living things, and guarded by tied dogs perpetually attempting to get at each other across the opening. In the days when the attic was devoted to surreptitious guinea-pigs, when white rats escaped from the school desk, and when grown sisters' dislike of mice seemed insane, then was Ship Tavern Passage a dream of delight.

What a delightful door is one such as these to a boy! Here is a box full of pigeons—puffy pouters, neckless and almost headless. On top of this another box full of rabbits—mild-eyed nibblers with tender pink noses, with ears at lop, half-lop, cock, and the rest. On this, again, there are guinea-pigs; and, still higher, a mighty crowing and indignant cock, in a basket.



"FRAMED ROUND WITH BOXES."

What differing emotions do the inscriptions on many boards convey to different minds! "Small reptiles on hand" is an inspiriting



"A WICKER CAGE."

legend to the schoolboy who keeps green lizards and tame snakes; but his sister, his mother, or his aunt—well, she shudders, and instinctively rubs the palm of *her* hand on her muff. She turns with relief to the milder announcement, "Gentles always in stock," and, sorely misled by the name, wonders why Johnny, instead of nasty lizards, can't keep a dear little, pretty, tame gentle, with soft fur, and trustful brown eyes; afterwards being much edified to find that she has recommended the addition of maggots to the juvenile vivarium.

Nobody knows how well animals of different species may agree together till visiting Leadenhall Market. Here you shall often see hung up in one of those wicker cages, of shape like a haystack, a congeries of cocks and hens, ducks, guinea-pigs, and puppies that shall astonish you by its amiability. They do not fight, being bound together by a bond of common interest—the desire to get out. They cannot fight, if they want to, being packed much too tightly; wherein we see how bodily tribulation and discomfort may bring about moral regeneration and peaceful manners. Indeed, we have here, in these cages and boxes, a number of small nations or states; for, no matter how amicably the inhabitants of each may exist together, beaks and claws are ever ready to reach out whenever possible for attack between the bars of cages adjoining.

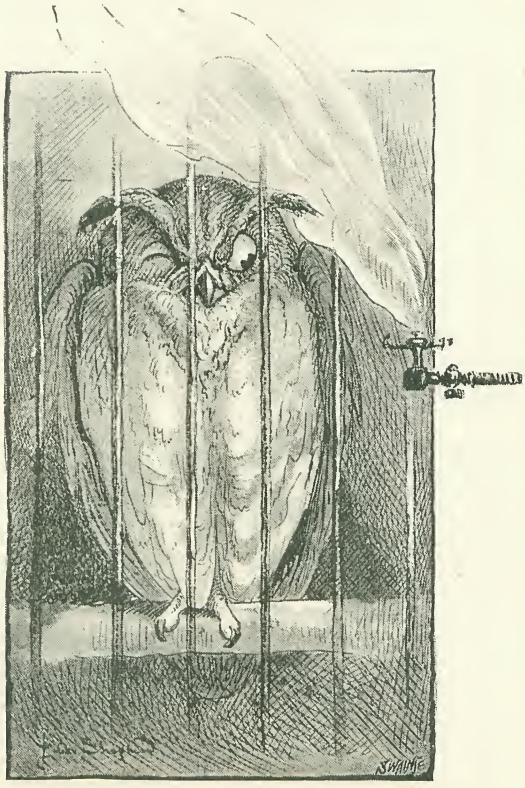
All the stock isn't kept in crowds, however. It doesn't do. Here is an old tom-cat, for instance, who would scarcely be a safe companion for half a dozen doves, or white mice; a handsome, wicked-looking old chap who won't allow any liberties. And here is another, just as wicked-looking, and not at all handsome. He has begun to despair of anybody ever buying him, and is crusty in consequence of being a drug in the market. It is a noticeable thing that every animal here, always excepting the cats, shows a most intelligent and natural anxiety as to who is to become its owner. They all know that they are here for sale, quite as well as the shopkeeper himself; and every face is anxiously turned toward each new comer, while a rapid estimate is taken of his appearance, dress, manners, disposition, the probable character of his house, and the quantity of table-scraps therein available. All this, as I have said, with the

"A DRUG IN THE MARKET."

exception of the cats. A cat has too high a sense of his own dignity and worth to betray any such degrading interest in human beings. Therefore he stares calmly and placidly at nothing, giving an occasional lick to a paw, and receiving whatever endearments may be offered from outside with the lofty inattention of a cast ornament. He does this with an idea of enhancing his own value, and of inflaming the mind of the passer-by with an uncontrollable desire to become connected with so exclusive a cat; quite like the cook on show at a registry office, who lifts her nose and stares straight ahead, to impress the newly arrived lady with the belief that she isn't at all anxious for an engagement, and could scarcely, in any case, condescend so far as to have anything to do with *her*. At the same time, like the cook, the cat is the sharpest listener, and the most observant creature in all this shop, in his own sly way. Watch the casual air with which he turns his head as a stranger passes the shop—to look, of course, at something else altogether, upon which he finally allows his gaze to rest. Note, too, as he gazes on this immaterial something, how his ears lift and open to their widest. The stranger has come about a dog. The ears resume their usual aspect, and the gaze returns to the same far-away nothing as before.

But this unhandsome ruffian has waited so long, and has been disappointed so often, that he shows signs of losing the placidity proper to his nature. Being an unusually good mouser, he has a certain contempt for such cats as have nothing to recommend them but their appearance; and the natural savagery of unrecognised genius is aggravated by the sight of white rats and mice across the shop, where he can't reach them and prove his capabilities. So he makes vicious snaps and dabs at boys who poke their fingers between the bars, and will probably swear horribly at the next lady customer who says she doesn't want that horrid-looking beast.

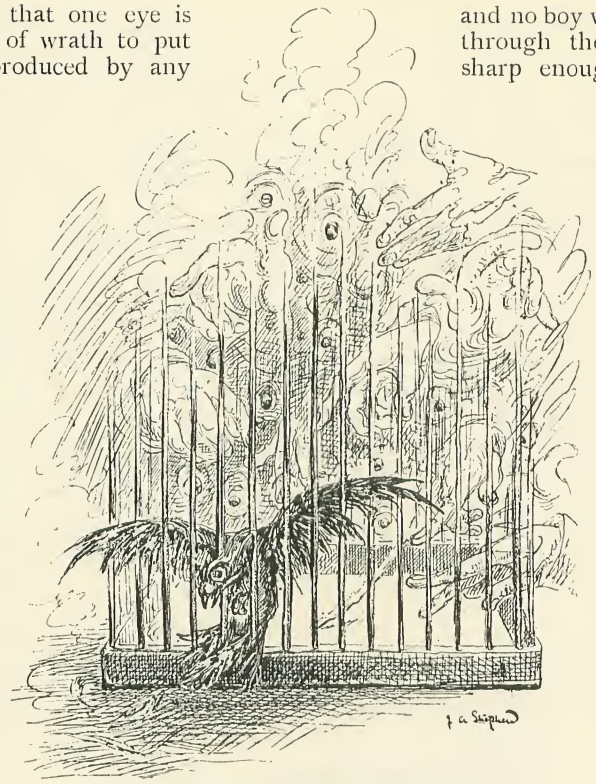
This is not a place where any animal fond of a quiet life would come of its own accord. Here is a most respectable owl, whose ideas of the order of things are seriously outraged by its surroundings. A quiet wing-stretch at night is out of the question, because of the cage; and any attempt at going to sleep during the day in that whirl of yells, crows, barks, and light is—well, there! But he has been put high up in the darkest available corner by a considerate tradesman, and makes a shift for forty winks now and again. He is justly indignant at things in general, and meditates upon them in solemn sulkiness in the intervals of his little naps. As the proper centre of the universe, he contemplates the rebellion of its conditions against his comfort with gloomy anger until he falls asleep. Whenever he does this a customer is sure to arrive, and wish to look at something hard by his corner. The dealer extends a match to an adjacent gas-jet, and, with a pop, a great flame springs into being a foot from the owl's beak. Promptly one eye opens, and projects upon that gaslight a glare of puckered indignation. You observe, he never opens but one eye—the eye nearer his object of attention. "Why take unnecessary trouble?" reflects the sage; and,



"A GLARE OF PUCKERED INDIGNATION."

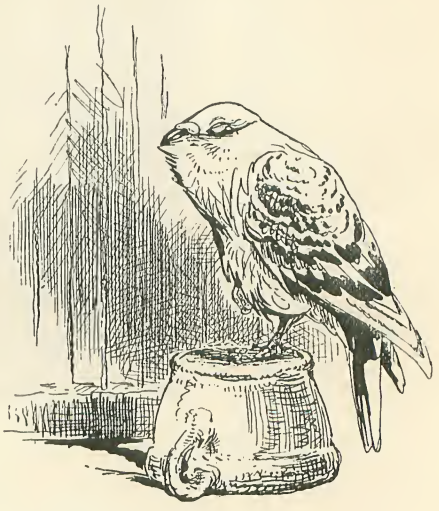
sooth to tell, in that one eye is gathered enough of wrath to put out any flame produced by any but the most impudent of gas companies. And though this flame be unaffected, still let us learn from this feathered philosopher, when the world gets out of joint, and all things tempt us to anger—to wink the other eye.

Other birds here, besides the owl, like a quiet life, and don't get it. All such pigeons as lie within boy-reach are among these, as well as some within man-reach. It is notorious that no pigeon can show his points, or even his breed, properly, unless stimulated and prodded thereunto with clucks, whistles, sticks, and fingers. "Bill," says a boy, "look at this'n; tumbler, ain't he?" and he does what he can to make the victim tumble by means of a long lead pencil brought against the legs. "No," observes his companion, sagely, "he's a fantail, only he won't fan"; and thereupon tries a prod with a stick. This failing to produce the desired effect, it seems evident that the luckless bird must be a pouter, so that another prod becomes necessary, to make him pout. But he won't pout, and, as he won't make the least attempt to carry the lead pencil, even when thumped with the stick, obviously he can't be a carrier. The shopkeeper coming out very hurriedly at this stage of the diagnosis, the consultation is promptly removed to some distance off. More pretentious connoisseurs than these contribute an occasional poke, with an idea of getting the bird to show his height; and, altogether, from the retiring pigeon's point of view, Leadenhall Market might be a less exciting place.



THE PUBLIC—FROM A PIGEON'S POINT OF VIEW

But some pigeons are used to excitement, and no boy who whistles along through the Market is half sharp enough to beat them. Look about you, young and green pigeon-fancier, and see, if, perchance, there be a bird about here which you remember at some time to have loved, bought, and lost—all, perhaps, in a single day. If so, he is probably one of the sort I mean. He lives a gay and fluttering life, staying a day or two with everybody, but always returning to one place. He is what a fancier, careless of his speech, will call a "dead homer," in spite of his being so very much alive and locomotive that human sight, week after week, fails to follow his course. He is a man-of-the-world sort of pigeon, this. Knows his way about London—ay, and any



"A DEAD HOMER."

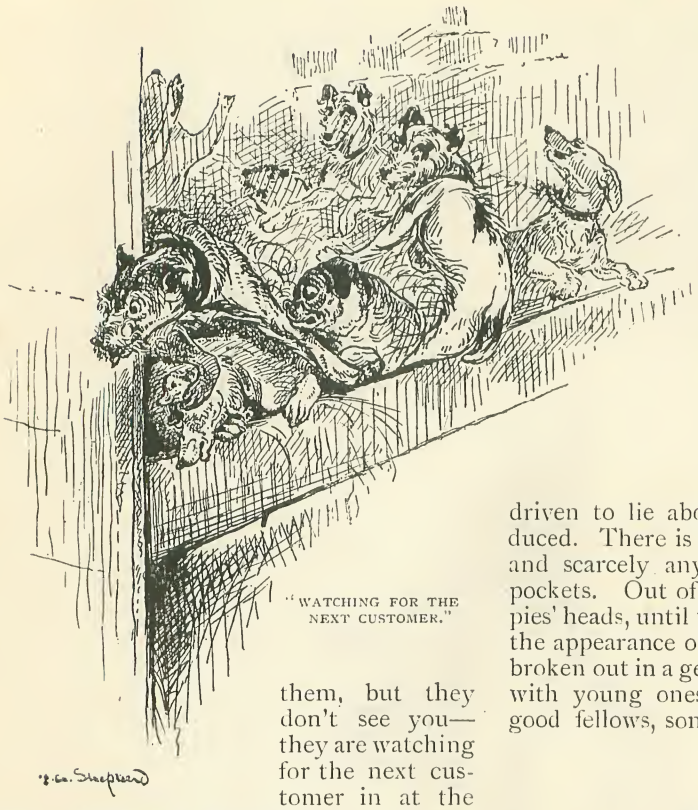
amount of the country round it—as well as ever did Mr. Sam Weller. He knows people too, and their little ways; with the number of owners he has had, a very slug must become a knowing card. Look at the innocent old chap. If you be unskilled in avian physiognomy, what more simple and guileless creature could you carry home from here, with the certainty of keeping him obediently with you for ever? But he who once has owned and lost him sees within the eye of rectitude the wink of absquatulation. The rogue recognises his old buyer again, but makes no sign; so skilled in human nature is he, and so contemptuous of it, that he allows for the offchance of being bought again, and taken to a place which will revive old memories as well as bring a change of air and diet, and from which the road back is familiar. For there is an owner to whom this otherwise fickle bird is ever true, and from whom nothing short of solitary confinement can keep him, an owner who fully reciprocates his affection, and receives him back after each excursion with a delight which springs from the cornermost depths of his trousers pocket.

"OF UNINVITING ASPECT."

But the chief article of living merchandise here is the dog; so much so that the customary greeting of the dealers is, "Want to buy a little dawg, sir?" regardless of the rest of their stock. You observe that they always mention a *little* dog, although dogs of all sizes, kinds, colours, and shapes are here to buy. This may possibly be because just now the fashion largely runs to little dogs—fox-terriers and the like; but I rather think it is said with a view of conveying, by a wily sophism, an idea of the pecuniary smallness of the suggested transaction—just as a tradesman talks of a "little bill" or a card-sharper of a "little game." Once having engaged the victim by the administration of this fallacy—well, it only remains to do business with him, the manner of which business it is easy to learn by the practical expedient of buying a dog.

Nervous men do not like buying dogs at Leadenhall Market. "I'll show you the dog to suit you, sir," says the dealer; "just step this way," that way being into the shop. But at the door of the shop stands, sits, or hangs about on the end of a chain a certain bulldog of uninviting aspect. He isn't demonstrative—never barks or snaps; he just hangs his mouth and looks at you. It is wonderful to observe the amount of shyness acquired by a man not naturally bashful by the mere help of this dog's presence; at times it really seems a pity that some of it cannot be made to last. People who have never been known to refuse an invitation before hesitate at that of the dealer; because, even suppose Cerberus passed, the shrinking visitor must, with all the nonchalance and easy grace possible, walk the gauntlet between two rows of other dogs, straining to get at each other across the avenue, at the further end of which stands the dealer. After which he must be prepared to hear that the dog to suit him is being kept on the roof of the house, at the other end of many black and crooked stairs, also populated, in unexpected places, with dogs; and, possibly, after his disastrous chances, moving accidents, and hairbreadth 'scapes, to find that the dog doesn't suit him at all.

Every living creature here knows that it stands for sale, and speculates upon its prospective owner; that has already been said. Of course, the dogs show it most, and of the dogs the fox-terriers more than any. Come up a side alley, where a window gives light to a bench carrying a dozen. There they sit, ears acock, heads aside, eyes and noses directed intently towards the door. You are standing within two feet of



"WATCHING FOR THE NEXT CUSTOMER."

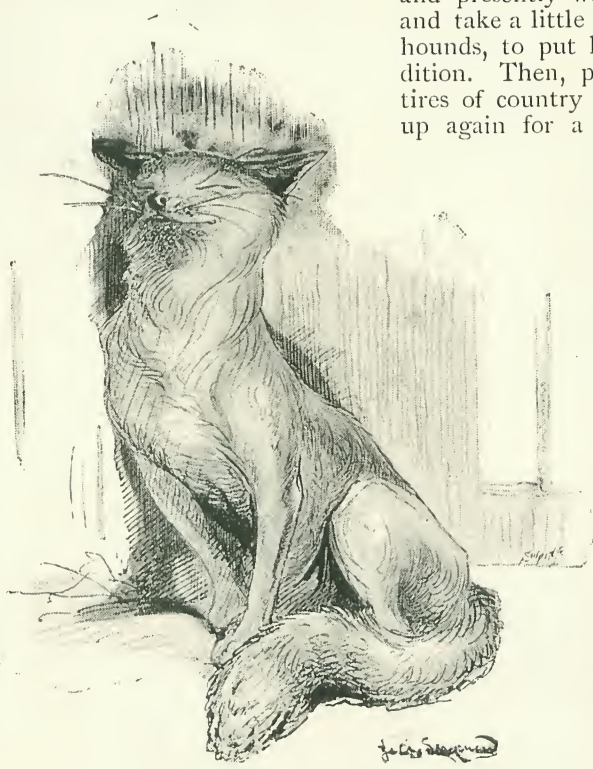
them, but they don't see you—they are watching for the next customer in at the door. You rap at the window or call; not one takes the trouble even to turn his head. You are not a customer, and it is only with customers that they have business. Personally I don't believe that all this is due to an interest in the visitors; I know the raffish, rat-catching ways of these fox-terriers, and am confident that they have bets among themselves—something in the nature of a sweepstake—as to who will be taken away next. Or perhaps each of these anxious little dogs is straining his eyes, and his chain, and his neck after that master who has been absent for many, many days, and who *must* come back to him soon—who *can't* have deserted him.

Certain men are seen hereabout whom nobody would expect to see anywhere else, and about whom I have a theory. These men are the exceptions that prove the Darwinian doctrine of the evolution of the human species through the monkey. In their descent from the primordial protoplasm they must have boldly skipped all the species between dog and man, so that now they carry as much external affinity to their last quadruped ancestors as other people do to the monkeys. Indeed, when you come to know them, you find them to be men of such enterprise and resource that this skipping business is just what they would have done with half a chance. Some keep shops, some help the shopkeepers, and some are free-lances. There is not a dog in the whole world that they will not undertake to get for you, at the right price, at a day's notice; if you were to demand the Dog of Montargis they would undertake to fetch it, even though they were driven to lie about its identity when produced. There is no end to their enterprise, and scarcely any to their number of big pockets. Out of these pockets stick puppies' heads, until the whole creature assumes the appearance of a sort of canine kangaroo broken out in a general eruption of pouches, with young ones in each. They are very good fellows, some of these, as a man with

"BUY A LITTLE DAWG, SIR?

any of the characteristics of a good dog must be, so that I mean no harm when I say that I have seen many a wire muzzle which would fit the features of some of them admirably, were man as unkind to man by police regulation as to dog. And I am convinced that the reason they all wear large coats is to conceal little tails—rudimentary, perhaps, but still tails. This survival from primeval ages is not at all an affliction—on the contrary, a comfort. They quietly wag them when they have "done" a customer rather more than usually brown. This while preserving faces of the severest virtue.

Do they still sell silkworms in Leadenhall Market? I fear not: I miss the signs. In some of the old alleys the privilege was extended to boys of purchasing the eggs—little brown specks spread over a bit of paper—which were kept in a box in a warm place and never came to anything. I must have bought many pints of these eggs; the dealers probably had them in by the peck, for I verily believe they were all turnip-seed



"WAITING TO BE BAGGED."

Singing birds are not so numerous here as they used to be—they have migrated, I believe, with a considerable reinforcement from Seven Dials, to Club Row; but an inconvenient and amusing rascal such as a jackdaw or a magpie is easy to find. If any man live a sad life—a life environed with constitutional blues—let him buy a jackdaw. The mere sight of a jackdaw scratching his head, with his leg cocked over behind his wing, is enough to cure a leaden indigestion. But when, after having one wing cut, for the first time he attempts to fly—well, the recollection brings a stitch in the side.

Now and again, during the hunting season, one may see here a fox, waiting to be bought, bagged, and set going before some pack not very far from London, where a find is out of the question. He is an impudent rascal, and will probably be hunted a good many times before encountering a kill. Maybe he has been here before; in that case, he has a poor opinion of human creatures generally, and rather enjoys his situation. He has just run up to town for a day or two, to see a little life, and presently will go back again and take a little exercise with the hounds, to put himself into condition. Then, perhaps, when he tires of country life, he will look up again for a bit, and take a little more dissipation. It's very pleasant, as a change, to live here under cover and be waited upon, but he wouldn't think of staying more than a few days—that would bore him.

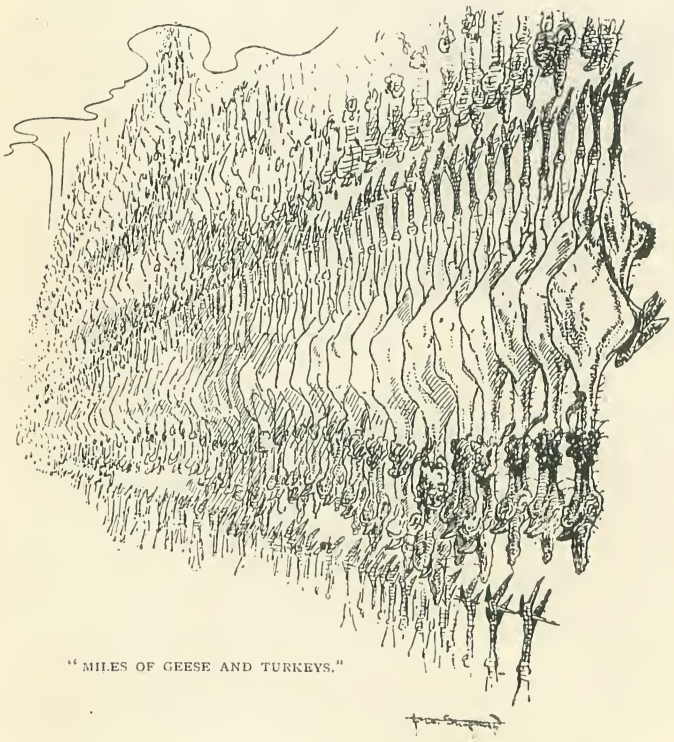
A singular property of this place is the improvement effected in the shape, breed, points, and general value of an animal by the atmosphere. If a man take a dog there to sell, he will find that in the opinion of an expert dealer, who ought to know, it is too leggy, poor in the coat, bad in the markings, wrong in the size, out in the curve of the tail, too snipey in the head, outrageous in the ears, and altogether rather dear at a gift. But go in there a day or two afterwards to buy that dog, and you will be astounded to hear of the improvement that so short a sojourn has effected. It has good, clean, stocky legs, a wonderful coat, perfect marks, correct size to a shade, a tail with just the exact sweep, a good, broad head, unequalled ears, and altogether is a preposterous sacrifice at fifteen guineas. Marvellous, isn't it?

Since they are here offered for sale, one

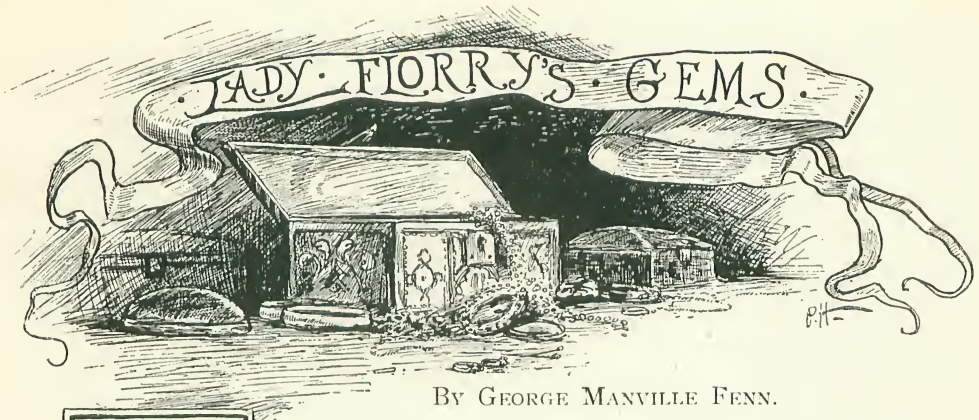
may assume that boys still keep guinea-pigs, although for the advanced boy of to-day such pets may well seem too slow. They are most unintelligent, eat their young, and, so long as plenty of parsley is forthcoming, think very little about their owners. Once having failed to hold one up by the tail till his eyes dropped out, one would expect a boy's interest in these animals to vanish, but a boy's will is the wind's will, and the thoughts of youth are rum, rum thoughts, as Longfellow ought to have said. Wherefore they still keep guinea-pigs. Probably they still keep green lizards and snakes; they used to do so. A friend of mine has to try to earn his living as a barrister, which is a very sad thing. It is all owing to his keeping snakes as a boy, and letting a few of them get adrift in the house of a maiden aunt. She left the premises at a moment's notice, and sold the furniture. This was only funny. Then she left all her money to a missionary society, and that was serious.

"LIVING MERCHANDISE."

Leadenhall Market, as one used to know it, is going, going; but let us hope it will never be quite gone. Long may the living merchandise resist the inroads of serried ranks of hooks, whereon hang many, many miles of plucked geese and turkeys; birds of no feather flocking together to minister to man's alimentary desires, instead of to his love for those weaker creatures which are so many ages behind him in the tale of evolution, or which have branched off by the way!



"MILES OF GEESE AND TURKEYS."



By George Manville Fenn.

CREAK! *crawk!* And then *thud! splish! splash!* and a horrible echoing, whispering sound, as the water drawn up by the two men at the winch rose some ten feet higher, where each bucket in turn was caught by a check and reversed, to pour its contents into a huge cistern to supply the drinking water at the Castle.

I, Charles Lester, had climbed the down after my early morning visit to the sea beneath the cliffs, where a plunge down into the clear depths had sent an electric thrill through me. There I had swum and dived for ten minutes, dressed in the warm sunshine, and tramped back over the cliff slope where Lord Gurtleigh's flock of Southdowns were nibbling the short dewy herbage and giving their mutton a gamey flavour by crunching up the thousands of tiny snail-shells as well.

I was satisfied with the look of the flock, laughed to myself as I thought what a farmer, bailiff, and general man of business I was growing in dear old Dick's interest, and had then gone round so as to pass through the gardens and let the men see I was about.

"I know they'll call me a nigger driver," I said to myself, "but they've all had too easy a time of it during Dick's minority, and things have been shamefully neglected." And then I mused on my plans respecting the management of the estate as I went back to the Castle, making up my mind that as Gurtleigh had placed everything in my hands, I would have none but good men about the place. Everything should be honest and above board; and so it fell out that I was walking back to my room, through the yard, at seven o'clock that bright summer morning, meaning to do a couple of hours' writing and account reading, when I heard the squealing and creaking of the wheel in the well-house with its high-pitched roof.

I turned sharply, entering the great stone-paved, wet place, where a man was grinding away on either side of the opening, and came plump—that's the correct word, and his appearance justified it—upon Brayson, the butler, standing there, slowly sipping a tumbler of water, and looking as clean-shaven and smooth as if he were by the sideboard in the dining-room, waiting at one of the meals.

"Good morning, sir."

"Morning, Brayson. Stop! Look here, my men, why, in heaven's name, don't you grease that wheel?"

The men ceased turning, and the one nearest touched his forehead.

"Be no good, sir. Her squeal again dreckerly, all on account o' the water."

"Then, grease it again, or oil it, or something!"

"Never have been greased," said the man on the other side, slowly, and in a way which seemed to say "What business is it of yours?"

"Then let it be done before to-morrow morning," I said sharply. "The whole of the machine is eaten up with rust. Where's your common sense, men? Why, your work will be as easy again.—Do you do this often, Brayson?" I said.

"Every morning, sir," he replied obsequiously. "Winter and summer, I always have a glass of this water first thing. Finest drink in the world for your health. Will you try a glass, sir?"

"Well—yes."

Before I had finished speaking, he was

rinsing the tumbler in a freshly filled tub; then, taking a clean napkin from his pocket, he wiped and polished it, finally, as one of the buckets rose out of the black, vaporous depths of the opening enclosed by the framework of the winch, he signed to the men to stop, and dipped the glass full, holding it for a few minutes in the open doorway, while a frosty dew rapidly formed on the outside of the tumbler.

"There, sir," he said solemnly, and he handed it to me as if it were a glass of his lordship's choicest champagne.

I took the glass and drank its contents.

"Capital water, Brayson."

"Finest glass in the country, sir."

"And nice and cool."

"Always the same, sir, winter or summer. Comes from so deep down. It's just a hundred feet."

"Now, after the dry weather?"

"Never alters, sir; just keeps to the same height, and there's about eighty foot of water down there; never-failing supply."

"Humph; cut right down the solid chalk," I said, as I gazed into the black depths of the huge shaft, which was about ten feet in diameter, and breathed the cool, damp air which rose.

"Yes, sir, and she's never foul," said the man nearest to me. "I've been down when they mended the bottom wheel. Can't do that at Sir Romney s place; two men choked there only last year."

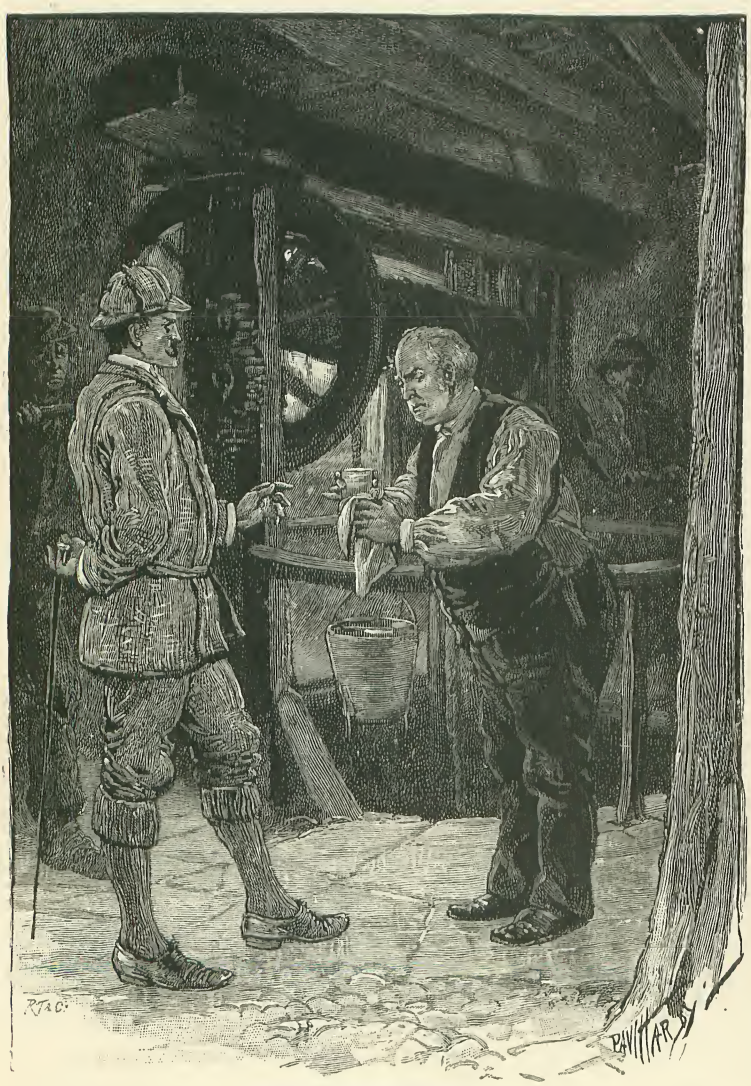
"Year afore," growled the other man.

"Oh, weer it? So it weer."

Then the winding went on as I peered down into the gloomy place, listening to the dull, heavy plunge of the buckets as they reached the water, and then to the echoing, splashing, and hollow musical sound as the water streamed and dripped back when they rose.

"Clumsy arrangement," I said, as I turned away with a shudder; for the place was creepy and terrible and strange. "There ought to be a force-pump turned by a pony or a donkey, as at Carisbrooke. Oh! by the way, Brayson," I continued, as I was crossing the yard toward the gates, "I want to go over the wine-cellar."

"The wine-cellar, sir?" he said, and his fat face changed colour.



"'THERE, SIR,' HE SAID SOLEMNLY."

"Yes, to take stock. His lordship talks of laying down a fresh supply. Have your cellar book ready, and we'll begin at once." There was a slight dew on the man's face, or I fancied there was, and I said to myself, as I went round to the front:

"Master Brayson has been helping himself to a few bottles of port, and I've got to find him out. Deuced unpleasant, all this running tilt at the servants; I wish I had gone on reading for the law."

CHAPTER II.

AFTER breakfast I rang for Brayson, and began my inspection of the wine-cellar.

That took up the greater part of four days. Result: I had Brayson into the little library which was given up to me as my office, Lord Gurtleigh having merely reserved to himself the right to come of an evening and smoke a pipe.

Brayson came in looking very pale and sodden. In those four days he had lost flesh; and, as he stood before me, the miserable wretch perspired profusely and was trembling.

"Now, look here, Brayson," I said gravely, "you are aware that Lord Gurtleigh has placed everything in my hands."

"Yes, sir, his lordship told me so."

"Exactly. Well, I am very sorry to have to exercise my prerogative so soon; but I must make an example. You were in the late Lord Gurtleigh's service fifteen years, and for the past seven years you have had sole charge of that valuable cellar of wine which has been shamefully plundered. What have you to say?"

His lips moved, but no words came.

"Nothing? Well, I have a little to say Give me your keys. I shall have the plate examined at once. His lordship will be extremely loth to have you prosecuted, but you must leave here; and I can only say, how could you be so mad as to throw away so good a post?"

"Oh, for God's sake forgive me, sir!" he cried passionately, and crying now like a child. "I'll confess everything, sir. The plate is all right, sir—I swear it is, sir; but I did take a little wine.

"A little, man! hundreds of dozens are missing."

"Yes, sir, it's true, sir; but have mercy on me, sir. I'll turn over a new leaf, sir, and be the best servant his lordship could have, sir. I did sell some wine, sir; I was tempted, sir. No one ever wanted to know about it before in all these years."

"And now the day of reckoning has come."

"Yes, sir; but I will mind, sir. For Heaven's sake forgive me, sir. I've a wife and family, sir; and it's ruin to me. You know it is. I can never get another place with a character like that. I'll be the best of servants, sir. I'll be your slave, sir, and I'll confess everything, sir, and show you

"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE FORGIVE ME, SIR."

what's been going on in the stables, and at the farm, and in the garden, and about the hares and fezzans, sir."

"I can find out for myself," I said, sternly; "and Lord Gurtleigh wants an honest butler, not a contemptible tale-bearing spy."

"Of course, sir; of course. But, Mr. Lester, sir, have mercy on me, sir. Indeed I'll turn over a new leaf."

"Then go and turn it over, man, and don't grovel before me in that way. Let me see that you do repent. But, mind this, if the slightest act of dishonesty comes to my ken, there will be no more mercy."

"God bless you, sir; thank you, sir," he sobbed out. "I——, I——."

He could say no more; but broke down, and stood with his face working.

"Sit down, Brayson, till you are more composed," I said, quietly. "There is cold water in that carâfe; take some. Don't let the servants see you in this condition."

"Thank you, sir, thank you," he whispered hoarsely, and the glass tapped against the bottle as he poured out some water and drank it.

"Weak, drinks more than is good for him—excepting the cold water from the well every morning to steady his nerves," I said to myself as soon as Brayson had gone. "Well, I hope he will turn out right, and that I have made a friend."

CHAPTER III.

THE months glided on, and after a great deal of anxiety I could honestly feel that I was getting Gurtleigh's little kingdom into a fair state, when one night we had a shock. I was in the little library, poring over some papers sent down by his lordship's solicitor, about which a reply was needed. I had been speaking to Dick about it over our coffee, and he had replied, "Well, you know best. Don't bother me! Go and get it done, and then we'll have a quiet cigar. I'll join you in an hour."

He joined me in half that time, dashing into the library excitedly.

"Charley, old man!" he cried. "Quick, there's something wrong!"

"What!" I cried as excitedly. "Lady Florry——"

"Yes," he panted, "went up to her dressing-room. The door was locked. There must be——"

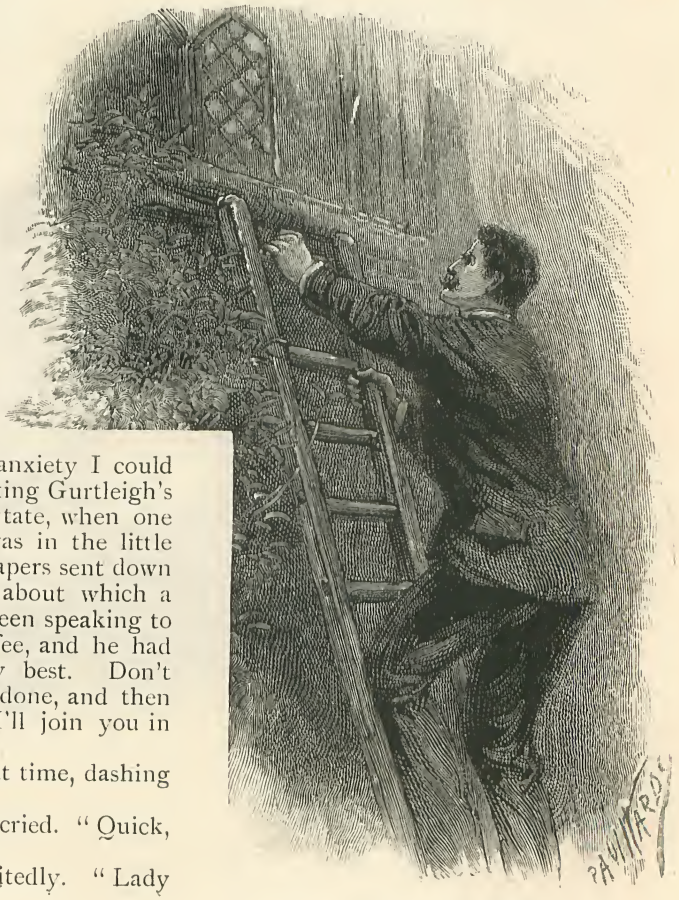
"Burglars!" I cried. "Quick, call the servants! Go up and guard that door, and send someone round to me!"

"Where are you going?"

"Under your windows," I cried, throwing open the one at the end of the room; and, springing out, I ran round to the front of the house, fully expecting to see one of the farm ladders reared up against the broad stone balcony which ran along the first floor. There it was, in the dim light, which was sufficiently strong for me to see that the window was open.

I did not hesitate a moment. "Burglars are always cowards," I reasoned, and I ran up the ladder and dashed to the window, thinking, though, that I should be awkwardly situated if our visitors had revolvers.

But no shot welcomed me as I stepped in, took a little match-box from my pocket,



"I RAN UP THE LADDER."

struck a light, and held it above my head. Nothing to be seen, so I stepped forward, lit the candles on the toilette-table, and peered about.

"Hullo!" cried a voice behind me, and Lord Gurtleigh sprang into the room. "Anyone there?"

"No," I said, "we are too late."

A minute's search proved that I was right, and then we turned to the door, which was carefully bolted on the inside; and, as we threw it open, there stood Brayson, the footman, and a couple of grooms, while voices behind us told that help was ready below, the gardeners and stablemen having been called up.

"Mind!" I shouted, running to the window, "keep back on the grass; there may be footprints there—I shall want to examine."

Then I stood thinking for a moment before issuing my orders as promptly as I could, sending grooms off mounted to summon the police, and then ride on to the railway station, and ask for help to detain any suspicious-looking people; while the gardeners went to scour the grounds and rouse the keepers, watchers, and people at the nearest farms.

It all proved labour in vain, and towards morning I sat fagged out—after despatching a telegram to the county town and another to London—talking to Lord and Lady Gurtleigh.

"I wouldn't care twopence," said the former, "but they've got jewels that are priceless. All poor Florry's pearls, which came from the Guicowar of Badjar Aman, and the old family diamonds."

"Don't fret, Dick, dear," said Lady Gurtleigh, quietly; "it's a great pity, but I will not mind. I daresay Charles Lester will get them back for me."

"Bless your faith," I cried, unable to repress a smile, in spite of my chagrin; "what a wonderful man you two think I am!"

"Well," said my old college chum, giving the table a rap with his fist, "wonderful or no, I do say this, if anyone can get them back it's dear old Charley here."

"Indeed!" I said, "then my dear Lady Florry, try and be resigned, for your jewels are gone for ever, unless the detectives can run the scoundrels down."

"What, have you sent for the detectives?" cried Gurtleigh.

"Of course."

"How delightful," cried Lady Gurtleigh, clapping her hands, "it will be like reading a romance."

"Humph!" ejaculated Gurtleigh, "she's not going to break her heart about the jewels."

"I should think not, indeed, dear," she cried, merrily. "They haven't killed us to get the nasty things. There now, you two poor tired creatures are to smoke a cigar each, and I'll ring for some coffee."

She rang, and Brayson appeared looking sadly troubled and bearing a tray.

"I took the liberty, my lady," he began.

"Oh, Brayson, how good of you!"

"Yes," said Lord Gurtleigh; "but, I say Brayson; you should have brought the brandy too."

"I did, my lord, I have it outside here on a tray."

"All your doing, Charley," said Gurtleigh as soon as we were alone, "that chap's getting quite a moral, as they say down here. Here's to you, dear boy, and I hope Florry is right."

The police were soon on the spot, and at once created a revolution among the servants, who threatened to leave in a body on finding that they were suspected. The upper-housemaid being particularly demonstrative and full of angry demands that the police sergeant should search her box.

But they did not trace the thieves, neither did they make any discoveries through the pawnbrokers or diamond merchants, and the months rolled on, and it was summer once again.

"It isn't your fault, old man," Gurtleigh said to me one day when they were down at the Castle again, after spending the winter in Italy, "and, look here, I taboo the topic. Whenever we meet, you begin going on about those confounded jewels. I don't mind now, and Florry doesn't mind, so let them rest. Anyone would think they were yours, you make so much fuss."

But I could only think about those lost stones, and Lady Gurtleigh's words that if they were found it would be by me. How I had pondered over their loss, and suspected different people, but only to feel guilty afterwards of misjudging them. For again and again I had felt convinced that the theft had been committed by someone who knew the place and our habits; hence I argued that it must have been one of the out-door servants—groom, gardener, farm labourer, or perhaps even a keeper. I grew more convinced of this as time glided by; for it seemed to me that those jewels must be buried or hidden somewhere, with the

thief waiting his time till he could find an opportunity for disposing of them safely. I don't know how it was, but the gardener excited most of my suspicion, and I used to go about the grounds at all hours pondering upon likely places where they could have been buried—under newly planted trees, in vineries, under forcing frames, in pots or tubs in the conservatories. Then the labourers, the men who could be handy with ladders, had their turn in my suspicions, and, with my monomania increasing, I wandered about haystacks and farm buildings, peered under thatches and eaves, and pondered over the tiles and stones of floors.

"Those jewels never reached London!" I used to declare to myself as I wandered about with my walking-stick (one made of steel, heavily varnished, and so sharp at the point that I could use it as a probe to thrust into the ground amongst roots, or into stacks or thatches, in the hope of discovering the hidden gems). There were times when I told myself it was all imagination, especially when I was wearied out and felt that I had searched everywhere, and one night I thought that I would follow Lord Gurtleigh's advice, and give the matter up.

Result: I woke the next morning, and went down to the sea for my plunge in the deep hole beneath the cliffs determined to proceed, and with a peculiar belief that sooner or later I should find those gems.

CHAPTER IV.

A GREAT change had resulted from my management, I must own. The people about the place had found out that I was not to be trifled with, and it was quite cheering to find how they settled down to the work. But I did not relax my vigilance. I was out early every morning and about the place, fine weather or foul, and for months past I had encountered smiles where there used to be scowls. One bright June morning I descended the cliff and reached the great chalk rock, where I undressed, stood for a few moments with the early sunshine full upon me and reflected from the high cliff, as I gazed down into the dark depths of the clear water before making my dive. Then I leaped right out, parted the cool, bracing fluid, and dived right down to see how long I could stay below before rising again, and repeating the performance, feeling for the moment what an excellent diver I was, and directly after how feeble my efforts were as compared with those of a seal.

"I ought to have gone right to the bottom," I said to myself, as I was dressing; "who knows but what the jewels may have been thrown in there. Not a bad hiding-place," I mused, "but no, not likely."

I walked back sharply, and, as of old, the rushing and splash in the well-house saluted me as I crossed the yard, thinking that if it had not been for my old friend's heavy loss I should have persuaded him to let me design new machinery for raising the water supply.

Brayson's words had so impressed me that it had grown into a habit to take my glass of cold water after my bath, and one was kept on a shelf on purpose for my use, one of the men thrusting in the winch-stop when a bucket was level, and filling the glass as a matter of course as soon as I was seen crossing the yard.

That morning, as I stood in the well-house, sipping the clear, cold fluid, and listening to the trickling and echoing splashing of the falling water, I gave quite a start, and involuntarily peered down into the horrible-looking black hole.

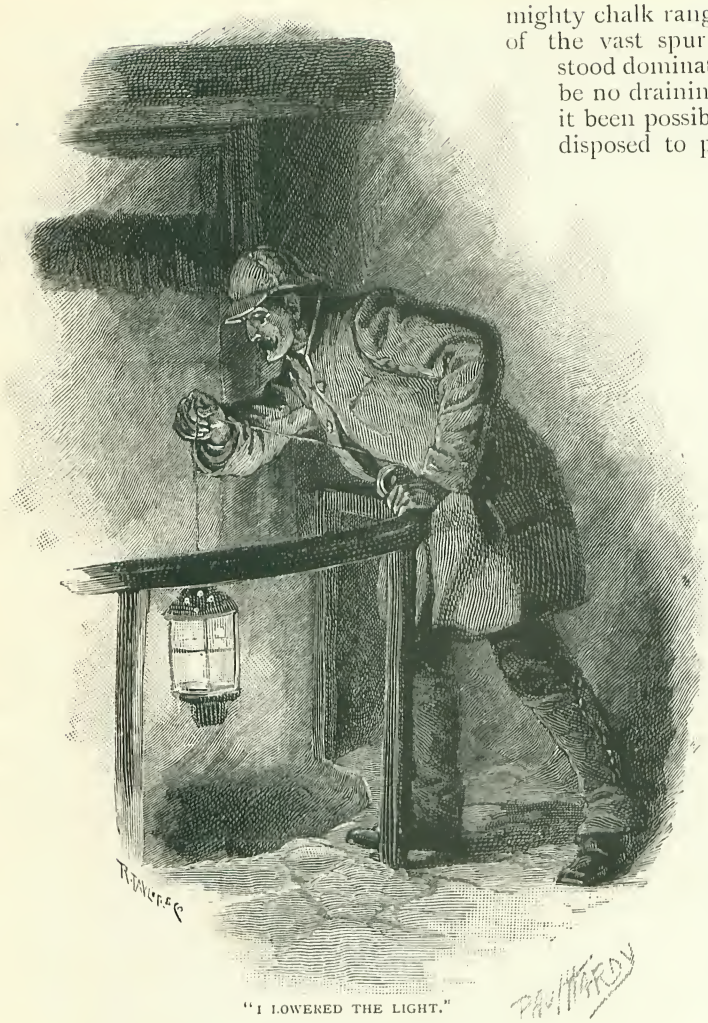
The next minute I had tossed off the remains of my draught, and hurried away, trembling lest my excitement should have been noted by the men; for, like an inspiration, the thought had come to me, "The jewels are hidden down there!"

Instead of turning into the gardens, as I generally did, I hurried in, and up to my own room, to finish dressing, but with my cheeks burning and temples throbbing, calling myself fool, madman; telling myself that it was impossible, improbable to a degree; that there were a million more likely places for the jewels to have been hidden, and that to throw them down there was to cast them away for ever.

But all these arguments were vain against the hourly growing feeling that I had at last hit upon the spot where the stolen gems were hidden.

Why had I not thought of that place before? I don't know. Perhaps it was too simple, perhaps too impossible. Suffice it, I never had till now, and the idea had suddenly become a fever, which went on increasing for quite a week, when, unable to combat the feeling longer, I gave way.

"There must be something in it," I said to myself, "or I should not be haunted in this fashion. Superstition? Perhaps; but whether it is that, or madness, or folly, I



"I LOWERED THE LIGHT."

shall never rest till I have searched that well."

As soon as I had made up my mind to this, my first thought was to consult Lord Gurtleigh, but I cast that out at once.

"He'll ridicule it," I said, "I can't make him feel as I do;" and, although I would have gladly given anything for a confidant, I felt that I must act alone, and keep my actions hidden—no easy task—from everyone about the place.

It was like a fit of insanity, quite a monomania; but I was determined, and from that hour began to think out my plans.

The simplest thing would have been to empty the well; but that was impossible. No amount of drawing water had the slightest effect, for the diggers had tapped the huge reservoirs extending beneath the mighty chalk range running east and west of the vast spur upon which the castle stood dominating the sea. There could be no draining the well, and, even had it been possible, I should not have felt disposed to propose such a thing; for I wanted to keep my actions secret in case it was all a fancy engendered by the sight of the place.

That night, with a feeling of certainty that I had as good as found the jewels which had been hidden there for the reasons I had already settled, I made my way to the well-house after everyone had retired for the night.

I had provided myself with a lantern, matches, and a reel, upon which were a hundred yards of salmon line from Lord Gurtleigh's tackle, and, lastly, a heavy plummet, beneath which I hung a little grapnel formed of hooks securely bound back to back.

The place looked very grim and repellent as I carefully closed the doors. All was silent and black, and when a drop of water dripped from the great cistern overhead it fell with a splash far below, which echoed from the slimy sides of the well in a peculiar way that was almost startling. But I was too hot upon my project, and, carefully lighting my lantern in one corner, I tried to keep it covered over till I had attached the end of the line to the lantern-ring, and swung it down over the side into the well.

"Nobody is likely to be watching the place," I thought, as I lowered the light for ten or a dozen feet; and then, as I looked over the rail, I began to search for what I expected to find, to wit, a string attached somewhere to the side—a string that I had settled in my own mind would be attached to the packet lowered down.

But I walked slowly round, examining carefully, and specially about the massive oaken cross beams which supported the

bucket wheel, and there was no result. I could see nothing but the stout rope, which rose up from the darkness, passed over the wheel by the cistern, and went down again into the black depths—two ropes, as it were, three feet apart, about the centre of the great shaft, nothing more.

I drew the lantern a little higher, then lowered it ; and again more and more, but there was no string, and, bitterly disappointed, I let the light go down and down, stopping several times, and listening, in fear lest the clicking made by the salmon winch might draw attention to my task ; and at last the echoing sound seemed so loud that I twisted the line about the railing, and stole to the door and listened.

All was still, and I went back to peer down at the lantern swinging softly to and fro fully fifty feet down. And now, after loosening the line, I let it run out with the lantern descending, past the buckets, till I caught a faint gleam just beneath it, and then I could just see part of a wheel standing out of the black water, the beams which held it being beneath the surface, the light burning clearly and showing that there was no foul air.

As I rapidly wound the lantern up, I saw once more the two buckets about halfway down. Then, as I went on winding, they seemed to be descending, but of course it was the lantern coming up, and directly after I had it in my hand, untied it, and attached my grapnel. This I held over the well, and the weight ran it out rapidly. I heard it strike the water, and then on and on it went to what seemed to be a tremendous depth, before it touched bottom.

Then I began to drag here and there, pulling it in all directions, expecting every moment to feel a check, and when at last I did, my heart seemed to leap ; but, as I lifted, it was only to find that a hook had caught against the bottom.

I kept this up for about a couple of hours, passing from one side of the draw wheels to the other after hauling up ; but my efforts were in vain. I hooked nothing, and at last, in despair at my ill-success, I wound up, meaning to put the work off for another night, when all at once there was a sharp check, which nearly snatched the wheel out of my hand, and I knew that I had caught against one of the cross-beams that supported the lower wheel beneath the water. After a great deal of snatching and tugging the line was free, but at the expense of many yards left below, and my plummet and grapnel left sticking in the beam.

"Enough for to-night," I said to myself, opening my lantern and blowing out the candle.

Then throwing back the doors, I stood listening, fancying I had heard a step, but all was silent, and I crossed the yard, let myself in, and went to bed, but not to sleep. For I lay tossing from side to side, more convinced than ever that the jewels lay at the bottom of that well.

Why ? I don't know : I only tell you what I thought, and, though I had dragged so unsuccessfully, and felt that I was not likely to recover them in that very primitive way, feeling as I did that the beams would prevent me from thoroughly searching the bottom, I was more determined than ever, and by sunrise had made up my mind what to do.

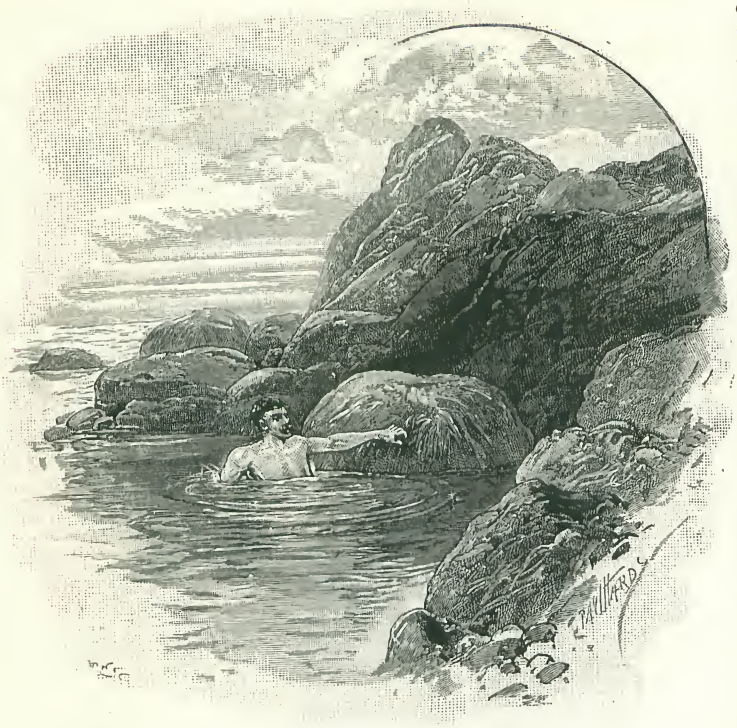
CHAPTER V.

I ROSE that morning an hour earlier than usual, and went down for my customary bathe.

As I reached the shore I searched about till I had found a couple of chalk boulders to my taste, and carried these to the top of the rock off which I regularly made my plunge, and laid them there.

"An Englishman ought to be as clever as a nigger," I said as I undressed, and I stooped and picked up one of the stones and gazed down into the deep water. "Seems a mad thing to do," I muttered ; and then, feeling that if I hesitated I should fail, I took my leap, struck the water with a tremendous splash, and then went down like an arrow, lower and lower till quite in dismay I unclasped my hands from the stone and rose rapidly to the surface. "It's easy enough," I thought, as my head shot into the sunshine; and, climbing back, I took the other stone, contriving to glide off from close to the surface with the weight nipped between my knees.

This time I went down feet first till the water began to grow dark, when the stone slipped, and I again shot up, rather breathless, but encouraged by my success. I tried that experiment for half a dozen times more and continued it for a week, morning after morning, providing myself now with short lengths of line to tie round the stones to form a handle, and practising till I could seize a stone, plunge in with it, and let it drag me rapidly to the bottom, where I loosened



"IT'S EASY ENOUGH."

my grasp after trying how long I could stay; and towards the last, after finding that I could easily stay down a minute, I always rose with some small stones or a handful of pebbles from the bottom.

"I can go East and turn pearl diver now," I said, "if everything else fails;" and, quite satisfied with the confidence acquired by my skill in diving, I prepared one night for a venture which rather chilled me as the time approached.

It was a mad plan, and I knew it. I felt that I was quite a monomaniac; but I was blindly determined, and one night found me, lantern-armed, and provided with matches, shut up in the well-house.

I had stolen out about one, with every nerve strung to the highest pitch, and a horrible feeling of dread sending a shiver through me; but I honestly believe that, if at that moment the danger of my task had been twice as great, the bull-dog obstinacy within me would have carried me through.

But the danger was great enough, I well knew, as I set down on the humid floor the load I had brought, and then lit the lantern, and placed it on the framework of the great winch. Then lighting a piece of wax candle, I fixed that on the other side of the well by letting a little of the wax drip on the stout rail.

"So far so good," I said to myself, as I resolutely drove back horrible suggestions, set my teeth, and threw off the ulster I wore, to stand ready in an old football jersey and drawers.

I had thought out my plans to the smallest minutiæ, and made all my calculations; so that, feeling that my only chance for carrying out my task successfully was by going straight on without hesitation, I raised the load I had brought one by one—a couple of fifty-six pound weights, and after seeing that the stop was in the winch, placed them ready in one of the buckets which I had drawn up level with the rail. Then, fastening a string to the lantern, I lowered it down till it was about five feet from the water, fastened the string, and taking out the stop, let the first bucket run down with the weights till I heard it kiss the water with a hollow, echoing splash. As the sound arose I thrust the stop into the cogs of the winch once more, and the bucket was stopped, as I could see, half in the water.

The next task was perilous, but nothing I felt to what was to come, as, mounting the rail, and climbing out on the apparatus, I seized one rope, reached out, caught the other, twisted my leg round, hung for a moment over the shaft, which looked, if anything, more horrible from the dim light below, and let myself glide rapidly down.

It was the task of a very few moments, but long enough for me to be attacked by thoughts such as—suppose the rope broke—suppose the air was foul down below—suppose I could not get back to the surface—answers to which came at once, for I knew that the rope would bear double my weight; that the lantern would not have burned in foul air; and that as to returning I had but

to stand in the bucket when I reached it, and draw myself up by hauling the other rope.

No — impossible; I had fixed the machinery with the stop. The thought unnerved me for the moment, and then I laughed, as I recalled how often I had climbed a rope. Then I was level with the swinging lantern, my feet touched the water close by the partly-submerged lower wheel, and I checked myself to feel about and find, as I had anticipated, a broad resting-place, just below the surface, composed of slippery cross-beams.

Here I stopped for a few moments thinking—not hesitating — as to which side I should descend. And now, in spite of the dogged courage within me, I felt in full force the terrible risk I was about to run. It was one thing to plunge down into the open sea in broad daylight, holding one of those boulders; another to take a fifty-six pound weight from that bucket close by me, plant it by me on the beam, thrust my foot through the ring right up to my instep, and then lower myself off and let that weight drag me down into those horrible cold, black depths.

I shuddered with the shock of dread which ran through me, and then snapping my teeth together like an angry dog, I uttered a low laugh, which startled me again, as in my desperate fit I said—

"I LOOKED UP."

"Bah, what a poor soldier I should have made! Common workmen go through such risks every day as a matter of course. The jewels or——"

I did not finish my sentence, but bent down as I held on by the rope, and took one of the weights out of the bucket close by me; the water washing about and whishing against the slimy walls as if it were swarming with live creatures, disturbed by my coming, and ascending rapidly from the depths to attack the intruder upon their home.

My foot glided along over the oaken beam on which I stood, but I held on by the rope and recovered myself, planted the weight down in the water by my feet, and holding up the ring thrust my right foot through close up to the instep.

"That will do," I thought, as I raised my toes, feeling that if I descended carefully it could not slip off till I lowered the fore part of my foot. "Now, lad, no silly fancies," I muttered. "A few long breaths, then one deep inhalation; down you go rapidly; then feel about for a minute and a half, find the package, slip your foot out of the ring —no, you will be holding it then—keep your hands over your head in case you come up under the beam, and then hurrah for to-morrow."

It was a childish way of addressing myself, perhaps; but I felt bound to treat the matter lightly, so as to cloak the peril from my too active brain.

"Ready?" I said, as I kept on breathing slowly and deeply, preparatory to taking the long, deep, lasting breath.

"Yes," I said, mentally, and changing my hold to the other rope, I was about to lower myself into a sitting position on the beam, drawing that deep breath the while, when like lightning came the thought—"Suppose it is your last!" for a thrill shot down my left arm right to my heart, and I sprang back to my erect position wondering as the thrill went on.

Were my muscles quivering like that? No; it was the rope which I held in my hand, literally throbbing. I looked up, and there far above me, dimly visible by the light of the candle I had left burning, I

could see something dark reaching out from the woodwork to the rope. The throbbing went on violently, and before I could grasp what it meant, the rope gave way in my hand, there was a peculiar rushing in the water, I lost my balance, my foot in the iron ring felt as if snatched off the slippery beam, and I was rushing down through the black water rapidly toward the bottom.

CHAPTER VI.

I SUPPOSE I must have struck out involuntarily, and in the act, as the water thundered in my ears and literally jarred me as if blows had been struck over my head, the weight glided from my foot and I rose to the surface choking, panting, and grasping wildly at the first object I touched. It was rope, and it gave way beneath my grasp. I caught at something again. It was a wheel and it turned round, but, as strange sounds, shouts, and cries reached my ears, I got hold of the cross beam, and somehow, by help of the wheel, managed to reach my old position, but crouching down and holding on for dear life.

"Below there!" shouted a familiar voice, but hollow and strange, "who is it?"

"I! Help! Help!" I gasped, now thoroughly unnerved.

"Right; can you hold on till we send you down a rope?"

I did not answer for a few moments as I strove to realise my chances.

"Yes," I said hoarsely. "Don't be long."

It seemed an age before the rope came, and during the terrible waiting time I listened to words of encouragement mingled with stern orders delivered in Lord Gurtleigh's voice.

Then came a cheer, and he shouted to me--

"Hold on, lad! Rope's being rigged over the wheel. I'm coming down."

"No, no," I shouted, rousing myself now from the apathy into which I had been fast sinking. "Send it down, and I'll make it fast."

Soon after a lantern began to descend, and by its light I saw the loop of a rope gradually glide lower and lower till it reached me, when I was so numbed and cramped that I had hard work to get it over my head and arms. But I succeeded, and it must have spun round and tightened about my chest as I was hoisted up, for I was quite unable to help myself, and insensible by the time I reached the top.

When I opened my eyes again with an understanding brain, my old friend was seated by my bedside; and, after I had assured him that I was not going to die, he told me that he had been roused up by the head keeper throwing shots at his window; and, upon his opening it, the man told him that there was something wrong, for, passing near the back of the buildings, he had seen a light in the well-house through the little window.

"We were only just in time, Charley. Caught the scoundrel with the knife in his hand. He had just cut through the rope."

"Who—who was it?" I cried.

"Why, Brayson, of ccurse!"

"Then he was the thief!" I cried, excitedly, "and the jewels are there."

"Jewels? Down the well? You were after them!"

"Of course," I said, and I told him all.

"Well," he said, as I finished my brief narrative, "I have heard about men being fit for Colney Hatch, and you're one!"

"Never mind that," I said, "if Lady Florry gets back her gems."

"And old Brayson is hung for trying to murder you," said Lord Gurtleigh. "But, I say, old fellow, I'm glad I came."

But Brayson was not hung, he only had a taste of penal servitude for the robbery of the jewels and also of some valuable plate, two packages secured in fine wire netting being brought up after proper dredging arrangements had been made.

As for myself, I was none the worse for my submersion, save that my nerves were unsteady for some time, especially when I used to lie and think—

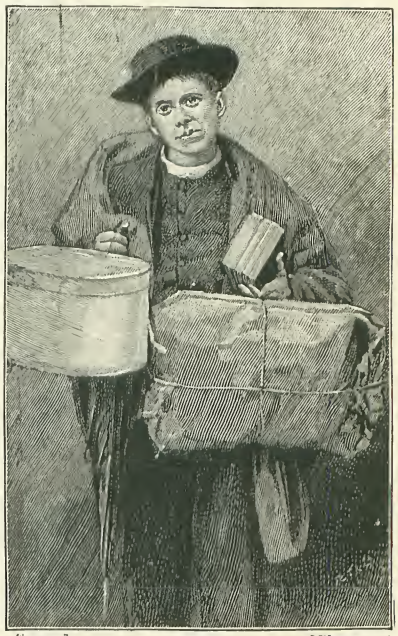
"Suppose that keeper had not seen the light!"

From a Photo. by] AGE 4 MONTHS. *[Denenlain & Blake.*

W. S. PENLEY.

BORN 1852.

MR. WM. SIDNEY PENLEY was born at Grove House Academy, St. Peter's, near Margate, a school kept by his father, who soon afterwards removed to Charles-street, Westminster. The boy at the age of seven was a singer in the choir of St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, and in later years was principal bass in Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury. He began his stage career in the burlesque of "Zampa," under Miss Litton, at the Royal Comedy Theatre:

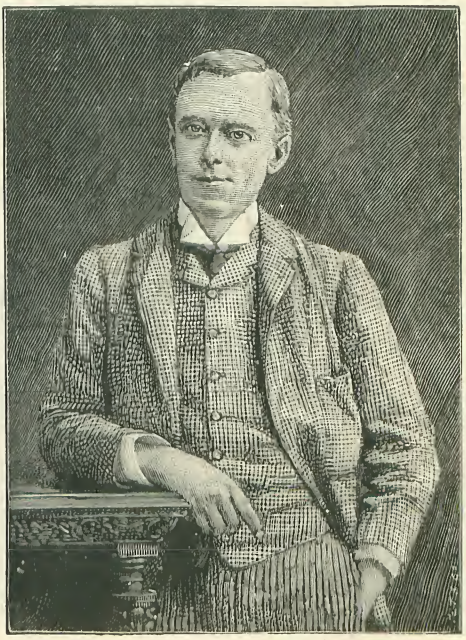


From a] AGE 32. *[Photograph.*

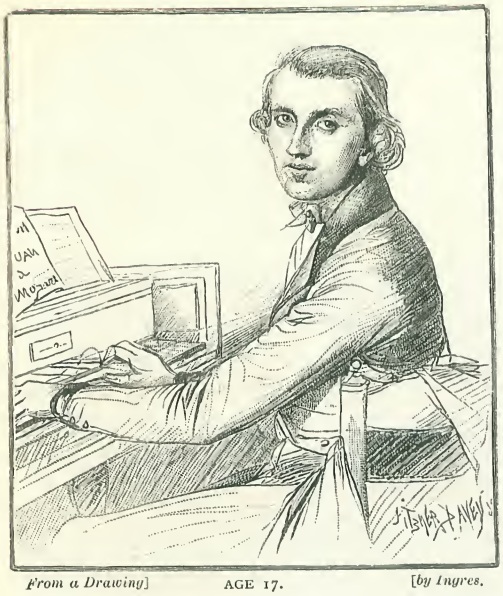
[AS 'ROBERT SPALDING" IN "THE PRIVATE SECRETARY."]

since which time his name has been a household word, especially in connection with the immortal "Private Secretary."

From a Photo. by] AGE 26 *[Bertin, Brighton.*



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Warwick Brookes, Manchester.*



From a Drawing] AGE 17. *[by Ingres.*

CHARLES FRANÇOIS GOUNOD.

BORN 1818.

MONS. GOUNOD was born at Paris, and educated in music at the Conservatoire under Halévy and Zimmermann. Our first portrait represents him in his student days. At twenty-two he was appointed organist at a church in Paris, for

From a Photo.] AGE 42. *[by Petit, Paris.*

which he wrote several masses. At the age of twenty-nine he married the daughter of Zimmermann. His first opera, "Sapho," was produced in 1851, with some success; but it was not until 1859, when he was forty-one, that he suddenly attained to world-wide fame and popularity with the well-known opera of "Faust," the melody

From a Photo.] AGE 51. *[by Petit, Paris.*

and tenderness of which quite took the world of music by surprise. His two most important works since that time are the opera of "Romeo et Juliette" and the oratorios of the "Redemption" and "Mors et Vita."

From a Photo. by] AGE 73. *[Nadars, Paris.*

AGE 30.
From a Photo. by Thomas Roger, St. Andrews.

SIR LYON PLAYFAIR.

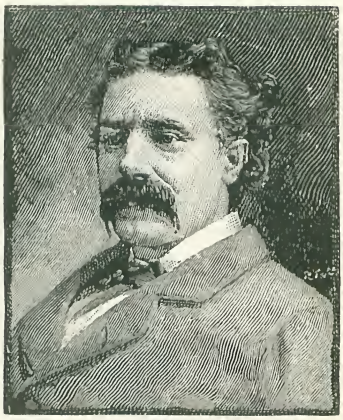
BORN 1819.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR LYON PLAYFAIR, K.C.B., LL.D., F.R.S., the son of the late Dr. George Playfair, Inspector-General of Hospitals in Bengal, was educated at the Universities of St. Andrews and Giessen, and at University College, and was a favourite pupil of the celebrated chemists, Graham and Liebig. After managing for some years some calico-printing works at Clitheroe, he became, at the age of twenty-four, Professor of Chemistry in the Manchester Royal Institution, and Professor of Chemistry in Edinburgh University in 1856. Dr. Playfair served on numerous Royal Commissions; for instance, that of 1844, which inquired into the sanitary condition of towns, and the Civil Service Commission of 1874, of which he was president, and which produced the "Playfair Scheme," and his reports were marked by great ability. He was a Special Commissioner at the Great Exhibition of 1851, at the close of which, in recognition of his scientific services, he was made a Companion of the Bath, and received an appointment in the household of the Prince Consort. He was elected as Member of Parliament for the Universities of Edinburgh and St. Andrews in 1868. He held office in the Ministry of 1873-4 as Postmaster-General, and was made a Privy Councillor. In 1880 he was appointed Chairman of Ways and Means, and Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons. During his term of office it fell to his lot to deal with the Irish question, at a time when party spirit ran high, and his suspension of the whole of the Irish members in 1882 was one of the most remarkable incidents of recent Parliamentary warfare. In 1885 he was President of the British Association. Sir Lyon Playfair is the author of numerous scientific works, as well as of numerous books on general subjects.

From a Photo, by] AGE 55. *[Elliott & Fry*

From a Photo. by] AGE 71. *[Elliott & Fry.*

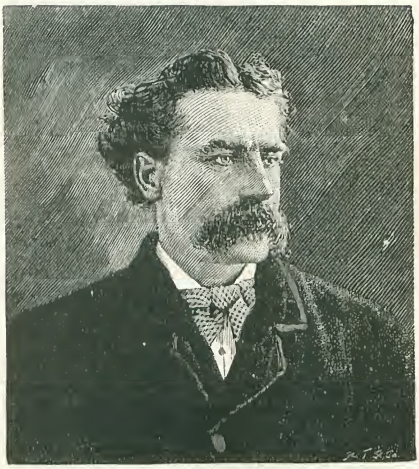
From a] AGE 12. *[Daguerreotype.*



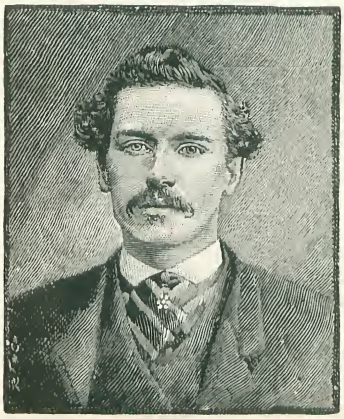
AGE 33.
From a Photo. by Adamson & Son, Rothesay.

J. E. MUDDOCK, F.R.G.S.

MR. MUDDOCK, whose powerful story, "For God and the Czar," has been delighting the readers of *Tit-Bits*, was educated for the Indian Government service, and was in India during the Mutiny. He has passed a most adventurous and varied life, has been a special correspondent, and a distinguished mountaineer, has written many well-known novels, the most recent



From a Photo. by] AGE 38. *[Braithwaite, Ulverston.*



AGE 19.
From a Photo. by Rider & Barrett, Southampton.

PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Valentine & Sons, Dundee.

of which are "Dead Man's Secret," "Storm-light," and "Stories Weird and Wonderful."

From a Photo. by] AGE 18. *[Debenham, Regent-street, W.*

MISS HELEN MATHERS.

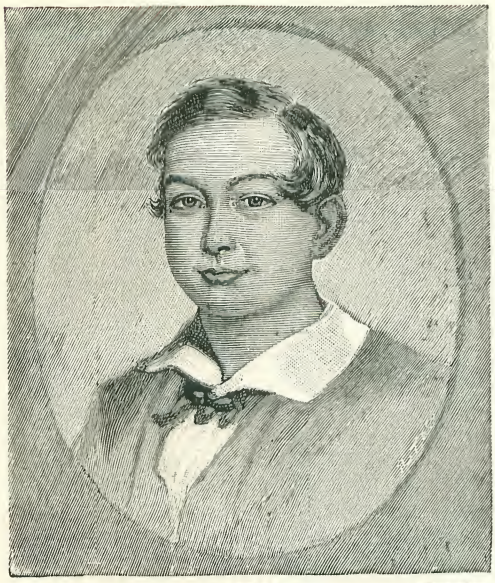
BORN 1852.

HELEN MATHERS was quite a girl when she achieved an extraordinary success with "Comin' thro' the Rye." Many other stories followed; and she may be said to have inaugurated the shilling novel with "Found Out." She married, in 1876, Mr. Henry A. Reeves, a well-known hospital surgeon, whose specialty is orthopædics. He is himself an accomplished author, and his favourite recreation is chess. They have one son, who inherits his mother's chief characteristic—brightness.

From a Photo. by] AGE 26. *[Debenham, Regent-st., W.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 23. *[Debenham, Regent-street, W.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Esmé Collings, Brighton.*



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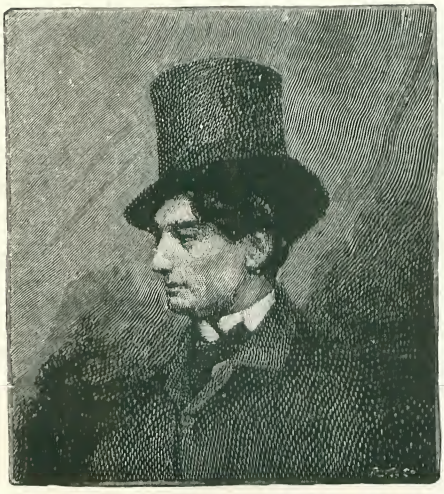
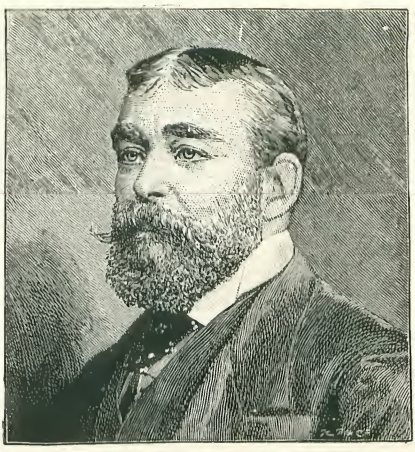


From a] AGE 20. *[Photograph.*

F. C. BURNAND.

BORN 1836.

MR. FRANCIS COWLEY BURNAND, at the age represented in our first portrait, was at Eton; our second portrait shows him at Cambridge; the third at an age when he was already well known as the smartest writer of burlesques of the day; and the fourth just as he became editor of *Punch*. For a full account of Mr. Burnand's career, the reader is referred to the "Illustrated Interview," which appears in another part of the present number.



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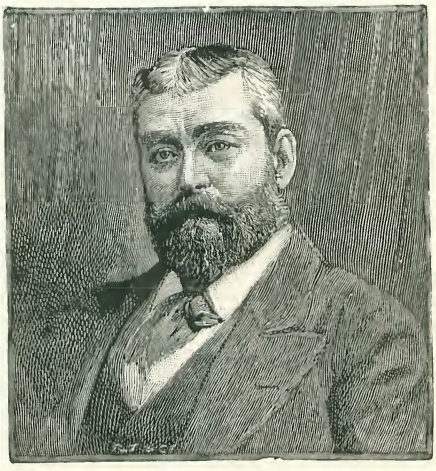

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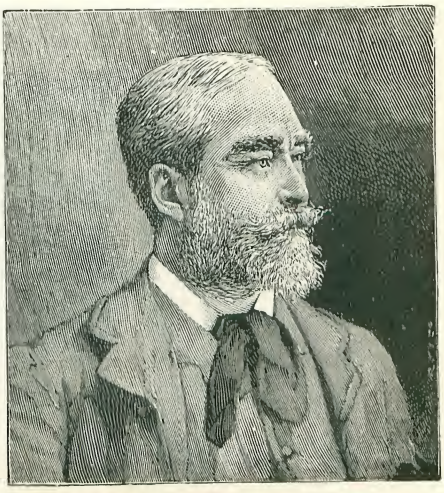


From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Walery.*

Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

X.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE NOBLE BACHELOR.

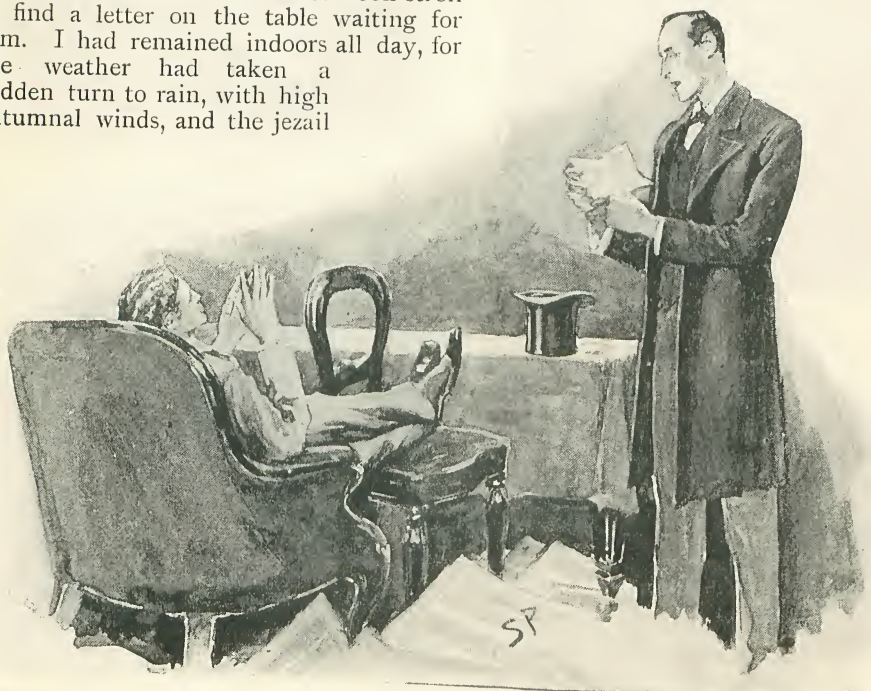
By A. Conan Doyle.

THE Lord St. Simon marriage, and its curious termination, have long ceased to be a subject of interest in those exalted circles in which the unfortunate bridegroom moves. Fresh scandals have eclipsed it, and their more piquant details have drawn the gossips away from this four-year-old drama. As I have reason to believe, however, that the full facts have never been revealed to the general public, and as my friend Sherlock Holmes had a considerable share in clearing the matter up, I feel that no memoir of him would be complete without some little sketch of this remarkable episode.

It was a few weeks before my own marriage, during the days when I was still sharing rooms with Holmes in Baker-street, that he came home from an afternoon stroll to find a letter on the table waiting for him. I had remained indoors all day, for the weather had taken a sudden turn to rain, with high autumnal winds, and the jezail bullet which I had brought back in one of my limbs as a relic of my Afghan campaign, throbbed with dull persistency. With my body in one easy chair and my legs upon another, I had surrounded myself with a cloud of newspapers, until at last, saturated with the news of the day, I tossed them all aside and lay listless, watching the huge crest and monogram upon the envelope upon the table, and wondering lazily who my friend's noble correspondent could be.

"Here is a very fashionable epistle," I remarked as he entered. "Your morning letters, if I remember right, were from a fishmonger and a tide waiter."

"Yes, my correspondence has certainly the charm of variety," he answered, smiling, "and the humbler are usually the more interesting. This looks like one of those



"HE BROKE THE SEAL AND GLANCED OVER THE CONTENTS."

unwelcome social summonses which call upon a man either to be bored or to lie."

He broke the seal, and glanced over the contents.

"Oh, come, it may prove to be something of interest after all."

"Not social, then?"

"No, distinctly professional."

"And from a noble client?"

"One of the highest in England."

"My dear fellow, I congratulate you."

"I assure you, Watson, without affectation, that the status of my client is a matter of less moment to me than the interest of his case. It is just possible, however, that that also may not be wanting in this new investigation. You have been reading the papers diligently of late, have you not?"

"It looks like it," said I, ruefully, pointing to a huge bundle in the corner. "I have had nothing else to do."

"It is fortunate, for you will perhaps be able to post me up. I read nothing except the criminal news and the agony column. The latter is always instructive. But if you have followed recent events so closely you must have read about Lord St. Simon and his wedding?"

"Oh, yes, with the deepest interest."

"That is well. The letter which I hold in my hand is from Lord St. Simon. I will read it to you, and in return you must turn over these papers and let me have whatever bears upon the matter. This is what he says:—

"'My dear Mr. Sherlock Holmes,—Lord Backwater tells me that I may place implicit reliance upon your judgment and discretion. I have determined, therefore, to call upon you, and to consult you in reference to the very painful event which has occurred in connection with my wedding. Mr. Lestrade, of Scotland Yard, is acting already in the matter, but he assures me that he sees no objection to your co-operation, and that he even thinks that it might be of some assistance. I will call at four o'clock in the afternoon, and, should you have any other engagement at that time, I hope that you will postpone it, as this matter is of paramount importance.—Yours faithfully, ST. SIMON.'

"It is dated from Grosvenor Mansions, written with a quill pen, and the noble lord has had the misfortune to get a smear of ink upon the outer side of his right little finger," remarked Holmes, as he folded up the epistle.

"He says four o'clock. It is three now. He will be here in an hour."

"Then I have just time, with your assistance, to get clear upon the subject. Turn over those papers, and arrange the extracts in their order of time, while I take a glance as to who our client is." He picked a red-covered volume from a line of books of reference beside the mantelpiece. "Here he is," said he, sitting down and flattening it out upon his knee. "Lord Robert Walsingham de Vere St. Simon, second son of the Duke of Balmoral—Hum! Arms: Azure, three caltrops in chief over a fess sable. Born in 1846. He's forty-one years of age, which is mature for marriage. Was Under-Secretary for the Colonies in a late Administration. The Duke, his father, was at one time Secretary for Foreign Affairs. They inherit Plantagenet blood by direct descent, and Tudor on the distaff side. Ha! Well, there is nothing very instructive in all this. I think that I must turn to you, Watson, for something more solid."

"I have very little difficulty in finding what I want," said I, "for the facts are quite recent, and the matter struck me as remarkable. I feared to refer them to you, however, as I knew that you had an inquiry on hand, and that you disliked the intrusion of other matters."

"Oh, you mean the little problem of the Grosvenor-square furniture van. That is quite cleared up now—though, indeed, it was obvious from the first. Pray give me the results of your newspaper selections."

"Here is the first notice which I can find. It is in the personal column of *The Morning Post*, and dates, as you see, some weeks back. 'A marriage has been arranged,' it says, 'and will, if rumour is correct, very shortly take place, between Lord Robert St. Simon, second son of the Duke of Balmoral, and Miss Hatty Doran, the only daughter of Aloysius Doran, Esq., of San Francisco, Cal., U.S.A.' That is all."

"Terse and to the point," remarked Holmes, stretching his long, thin legs towards the fire.

"There was a paragraph amplifying this in one of the society papers of the same week. Ah, here it is. 'There will soon be a call for protection in the marriage market, for the present free-trade principle appears to tell heavily against our home product. One by one the management of the noble houses of Great Britain is passing into the hands of our fair cousins from across the Atlantic. An important addi-

tion has been made during the last week to the list of the prizes which have been borne away by these charming invaders. Lord St. Simon, who has shown himself for over twenty years proof against the little god's arrows, has now definitely announced his approaching marriage with Miss Hatty Doran, the fascinating daughter of a Californian millionaire. Miss Doran, whose graceful figure and striking face attracted much attention at the Westbury House festivities, is an only child, and it is currently reported that her dowry will run to considerably over the six figures, with expectancies for the future. As it is an open secret that the Duke of Balmoral has been compelled to sell his pictures within the last few years, and as Lord St. Simon has no property of his own, save the small estate of Birchmoor, it is obvious that the Californian heiress is not the only gainer by an alliance which will enable her to make the easy and common transition from a Republican lady to a British peeress.' "

"Anything else?" asked Holmes, yawning.

"Oh yes; plenty. Then there is another note in *The Morning Post* to say that the marriage would be an absolutely quiet one, that it would be at St. George's, Hanover-square, that only half a dozen intimate friends would be invited, and that the party would return to the furnished house at Lancaster-gate which has been taken by Mr. Aloysius Doran. Two days later—that is, on Wednesday last—there is a curt announcement that the wedding had taken place, and that the honeymoon would be passed at Lord Backwater's place, near Petersfield. Those are all the notices which appeared before the disappearance of the bride."

"Before the what?" asked Holmes, with a start.

"The vanishing of the lady."

"When did she vanish, then?"

"At the wedding breakfast."

"Indeed. This is more interesting than it promised to be; quite dramatic, in fact."

"Yes; it struck me as being a little out of the common."

"They often vanish before the ceremony, and occasionally during the honeymoon; but I cannot call to mind anything quite so prompt as this. Pray let me have the details."

"I warn you that they are very incomplete."

"Perhaps we may make them less so."

"Such as they are, they are set forth in a single article of a morning paper of yesterday, which I will read to you. It is headed, 'Singular Occurrence at a Fashionable Wedding':—

"'The family of Lord Robert St. Simon has been thrown into the greatest consternation by the strange and painful episodes which have taken place in connection with his wedding. The ceremony, as shortly announced in the papers of yesterday, occurred on the previous morning; but it is only now that it has been possible to confirm the strange rumours which have been so persistently floating about. In spite of the attempts of the friends to hush the matter up, so much public attention has now been drawn to it that no good purpose can be served by affecting to disregard what is a common subject for conversation.

"'The ceremony, which was performed at St. George's, Hanover-square, was a very quiet one, no one being present save the father of the bride, Mr. Aloysius Doran, the Duchess of Balmoral, Lord Backwater, Lord Eustace and Lady Clara St. Simon (the younger brother and sister of the bridegroom), and Lady Alicia Whittington. The whole party proceeded afterwards to the house of Mr. Aloysius Doran, at Lancaster Gate, where breakfast had been prepared. It appears that some little trouble was caused by a woman, whose name has not been ascertained, who endeavoured to force her way into the house after the bridal party, alleging that she had some claim upon Lord St. Simon. It was only after a painful and prolonged scene that she was ejected by the butler and the footman. The bride, who had fortunately entered the house before this unpleasant interruption, had sat down to breakfast with the rest, when she complained of a sudden indisposition, and retired to her room. Her prolonged absence having caused some comment, her father followed her; but learned from her maid that she had only come up to her chamber for an instant, caught up an ulster and bonnet, and hurried down to the passage. One of the footmen declared that he had seen a lady leave the house thus apparelled; but had refused to credit that it was his mistress, believing her to be with the company. On ascertaining that his daughter had disappeared, Mr. Aloysius Doran, in conjunction with the bridegroom, instantly put themselves into communication with the police, and very energetic inquiries are being made, which will pro-

"SHE WAS EJECTED BY THE BUTLER AND THE FOOTMAN."

bably result in a speedy clearing up of this very singular business. Up to a late hour last night, however, nothing had transpired as to the whereabouts of the missing lady. There are rumours of foul play in the matter, and it is said that the police have caused the arrest of the woman who had caused the original disturbance, in the belief that, from jealousy or some other motive, she may have been concerned in the strange disappearance of the bride.'"

"And is that all?"

"Only one little item in another of the morning papers, but it is a suggestive one."

"And it is?"

"That Miss Flora Millar, the lady who had caused the disturbance, has actually been arrested. It appears that she was formerly a *danseuse* at the Allegro, and that she has known the bridegroom for some years. There are no further particulars, and the whole case is in your hands now—so far as it has been set forth in the public press."

"And an exceedingly interesting case it appears to be. I would not have missed it for worlds. But there is a ring at the bell, Watson, and as the clock makes it a few minutes after four, I have no doubt that this will prove to be our noble client. Do not dream of going, Watson, for I very much prefer having a witness, if only as a check to my own memory."

"Lord Robert St. Simon," announced our page boy, throwing open the door. A gentleman entered, with a pleasant, cultured face, high-nosed and pale, with something perhaps of petulance about the mouth, and with the steady, well-opened eye of a man whose pleasant lot it had ever been to command and to be obeyed. His manner was brisk, and yet his general appearance gave an undue impression of age, for he had a slight forward stoop, and a little bend of the knees as he walked. His hair, too, as he swept off his very curly-brimmed hat, was grizzled round the edges, and thin upon the top. As to his dress, it was careful to the verge of foppishness, with high collar, black frock coat, white waistcoat, yellow gloves, patent-leather shoes, and light-coloured gaiters. He advanced slowly into the room, turning his head from left to right, and swinging in his right hand the cord which held his golden eye-glasses.

"Good day, Lord St. Simon," said Holmes, rising and bowing. "Pray take the basket chair. This is my friend and colleague, Dr. Watson. Draw up a little to the fire, and we shall talk this matter over."

"A most painful matter to me, as you can most readily imagine, Mr. Holmes. I have

been cut to the quick. I understand that you have already managed several delicate cases of this sort, sir, though I presume that they were hardly from the same class of society."

"No, I am descending."

"I beg pardon?"

"My last client of the sort was a king."

"Oh, really! I had no idea. And which king?"

"The King of Scandinavia."

"What! Had he lost his wife?"

"You can understand," said Holmes, suavely, "that I extend to the affairs of my other clients the same secrecy which I promise to you in yours."

"Of course! Very right! very right! I'm sure I beg pardon. As to my own case, I am ready to give you any information which may assist you in forming an opinion."

"Thank you. I have already learned all that is in the public prints, nothing more. I presume that I may take it as correct—this article, for example, as to the disappearance of the bride."

Lord St. Simon glanced over it. "Yes, it is correct, as far as it goes."

"But it needs a great deal of supplementing before anyone could offer an opinion. I think that I may arrive at my facts most directly by questioning you."

"Pray do so."

"When did you first meet Miss Hatty Doran?"

"In San Francisco, a year ago."

"You were travelling in the States?"

"Yes."

"Did you become engaged then?"

"No."

"But you were on a friendly footing?"

"I was amused by her society, and she could see that I was amused."

"LORD ROBERT ST. SIMON."

"Her father is very rich?"

"He is said to be the richest man on the Pacific slope."

"And how did he make his money?"

"In mining. He had nothing a few years ago. Then he struck gold, invested it, and came up by leaps and bounds."

"Now, what is your own impression as to the young lady's—your wife's character?"

The nobleman swung his glasses a little faster and stared down into the fire. "You see, Mr. Holmes," said he, "my wife was twenty before her father became a rich man. During that time she ran free in a mining camp, and wandered through woods or mountains, so that her education has come from Nature rather than from the schoolmaster. She is what we call in England a tomboy, with a strong nature, wild and free, unfettered by any sort of traditions. She is impetuous—volcanic, I was about to say. She is swift in making up her mind, and fearless in carrying out her resolutions. On the other hand, I would not have given her the name which I have the honour to bear" (he gave a little stately cough) "had I not thought her to be at bottom a noble woman. I believe that she is capable of heroic self-sacrifice, and that anything dishonourable would be repugnant to her."

"Have you her photograph?"

"I brought this with me." He opened a locket, and showed us the full face of a very lovely woman. It was not a photograph, but an ivory miniature, and the artist had brought out the full effect of the lustrous black hair, the large dark eyes, and the exquisite mouth. Holmes gazed long and earnestly at it. Then he closed the

locket and handed it back to Lord St. Simon.

"The young lady came to London, then, and you renewed your acquaintance?"

"Yes, her father brought her over for this last London season. I met her several times, became engaged to her, and have now married her."

"She brought, I understand, a considerable dowry?"

"A fair dowry. Not more than is usual in my family."

"And this, of course, remains to you, since the marriage is a *fait accompli*?"

"I really have made no inquiries on the subject."

"Very naturally not. Did you see Miss Doran on the day before the wedding?"

"Yes."

"Was she in good spirits?"

"Never better. She kept talking of what we should do in our future lives."

"Indeed. That is very interesting. And on the morning of the wedding?"

"She was as bright as possible—at least, until after the ceremony."

"And did you observe any change in her then?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I saw then the first signs that I had ever seen that her temper was just a little sharp. The incident, however, was too trivial to relate, and can have no possible bearing upon the case."

"Pray let us have it, for all that."

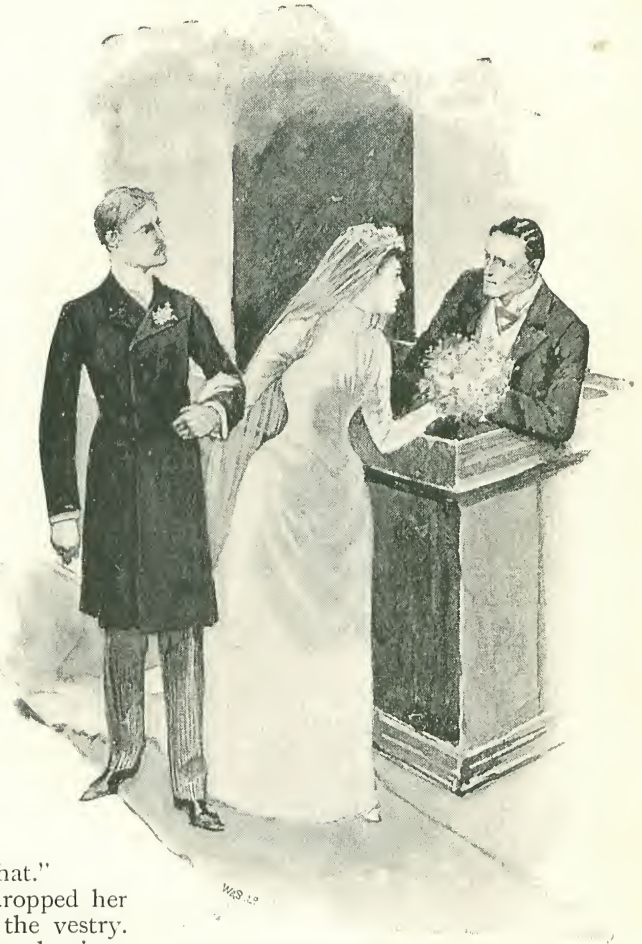
"Oh, it is childish. She dropped her bouquet as we went towards the vestry. She was passing the front pew at the time, and it fell over into the pew. There was a moment's delay, but the gentleman in the pew handed it up to her again, and it did not appear to be the worse for the fall. Yet, when I spoke to her of the matter, she answered me abruptly; and in the carriage, on our way home, she seemed absurdly agitated over this trifling cause."

"Indeed. You say that there was a gentleman in the pew. Some of the general public were present, then?"

"Oh yes. It is impossible to exclude them when the church is open."

"This gentleman was not one of your wife's friends?"

"No, no; I call him a gentleman by courtesy, but he was quite a common-looking person. I hardly noticed his appearance. But really I think that we are wandering rather far from the point."



'THE GENTLEMAN IN THE PEW HANDED IT UP TO HER.'

"Lady St. Simon, then, returned from the wedding in a less cheerful frame of mind than she had gone to it. What did she do on re-entering her father's house?"

"I saw her in conversation with her maid."

"And who is her maid?"

"Alice is her name. She is an American, and came from California with her."

"A confidential servant?"

"A little too much so. It seemed to me that her mistress allowed her to take great liberties. Still, of course, in America

they look upon these things in a different way."

"How long did she speak to this Alice?"

"Oh, a few minutes. I had something else to think of."

"You did not overhear what they said?"

"Lady St. Simon said something about 'jumping a claim.' She was accustomed to use slang of the kind. I have no idea what she meant."

"American slang is very expressive sometimes. And what did your wife do when she had finished speaking to her maid?"

"She walked into the breakfast room."

"On your arm?"

"No, alone. She was very independent in little matters like that. Then, after we had sat down for ten minutes or so, she rose hurriedly, muttered some words of apology, and left the room. She never came back."

"But this maid Alice, as I understand, deposes that she went to her room, covered her bride's dress with a long ulster, put on a bonnet, and went out."

"Quite so. And she was afterwards seen walking into Hyde-park in company with Flora Millar, a woman who is now in custody, and who had already made a disturbance at Mr. Doran's house that morning."

"Ah, yes. I should like a few particulars as to this young lady, and your relations to her."

Lord St. Simon shrugged his shoulders, and raised his eyebrows. "We have been on a friendly footing for some years—I may say on a *very* friendly footing. She used to be at the Allegro. I have not treated her ungenerously, and she has no just cause of complaint against me, but you know what women are, Mr. Holmes. Flora was a dear little thing, but exceedingly hot-headed, and devotedly attached to me. She wrote me dreadful letters when she heard that I was about to be married, and to tell the truth the reason why I had the marriage celebrated so quietly was that I feared lest there might be a scandal in the church. She came to Mr. Doran's door just after we returned, and she endeavoured to push her way in, uttering very abusive expressions towards my wife, and even threatening her, but I had foreseen the possibility of something of the sort, and I had two police fellows there in private clothes, who soon pushed her out again. She was quiet when she saw that there was no good in making a row."

"Did your wife hear all this?"

"No, thank goodness, she did not."

"And she was seen walking with this very woman afterwards?"

"Yes. That is what Mr. Lestrade, of Scotland Yard, looks upon as so serious. It is thought that Flora decoyed my wife out, and laid some terrible trap for her."

"Well, it is a possible supposition."

"You think so, too?"

"I did not say a probable one. But you do not yourself look upon this as likely?"

"I do not think Flora would hurt a fly."

"Still, jealousy is a strange transformer of characters. Pray what is your own theory as to what took place?"

"Well, really, I came to seek a theory, not to propound one. I have given you all the facts. Since you ask me, however, I may say that it has occurred to me as possible that the excitement of this affair, the consciousness that she had made so immense a social stride, had the effect of causing some little nervous disturbance in my wife."

"In short, that she had become suddenly deranged?"

"Well, really, when I consider that she has turned her back—I will not say upon me, but upon so much that many have aspired to without success—I can hardly explain it in any other fashion."

"Well, certainly that is also a conceivable hypothesis," said Holmes, smiling. "And now, Lord St. Simon, I think that I have nearly all my data. May I ask whether you were seated at the breakfast-table so that you could see out of the window?"

"We could see the other side of the road, and the Park."

"Quite so. Then I do not think that I need detain you longer. I shall communicate with you."

"Should you be fortunate enough to solve this problem," said our client, rising.

"I have solved it."

"Eh? What was that?'

"I say that I have solved it."

"Where, then, is my wife?"

"That is a detail which I shall speedily supply."

Lord St. Simon shook his head. "I am afraid that it will take wiser heads than yours or mine," he remarked, and bowing in a stately, old-fashioned manner, he departed.

"It is very good of Lord St. Simon to honour my head by putting it on a level with his own," said Sherlock Holmes,

laughing. "I think that I shall have a whisky and soda and a cigar after all this cross-questioning. I had formed my conclusions as to the case before our client came into the room."

"My dear Holmes!"

"I have notes of several similar cases, though none, as I remarked before, which were quite as prompt. My whole examination served to turn my conjecture into a certainty. Circumstantial evidence is occasionally very convincing, as when you find a trout in the milk, to quote Thoreau's example."

"But I have heard all that you have heard."

"Without, however, the knowledge of pre-existing cases which serves me so well. There was a parallel instance in Aberdeen some years back, and something on very much the same lines at Munich the year after the Franco-Prussian war. It is one of these cases—but hullo, here is Lestrade! Good afternoon, Lestrade! You will find an extra tumbler upon the sideboard, and there are cigars in the box."

The official detective was attired in a pea-jacket and cravat, which gave him a decidedly nautical appearance, and he carried a black canvas bag in his hand. With a short greeting he seated himself, and lit the cigar which had been offered to him.

"What's up, then?" asked Holmes, with a twinkle in his eye. "You look dissatisfied."

"And I feel dissatisfied. It is this infernal St. Simon marriage case. I can make neither head nor tail of the business.

"Really! You surprise me."

"Who ever heard of such a mixed affair? Every clue seems to slip through my fingers. I have been at work upon it all day."

"And very wet it seems to have made you," said Holmes, laying his hand upon the arm of the pea-jacket.

"Yes, I have been dragging the Serpentine."

"In heaven's name, what for?"

"In search of the body of Lady St. Simon."

Sherlock Holmes leaned back in his chair and laughed heartily.

"Have you dragged the basin of the Trafalgar-square fountain?" he asked.

"Why? What do you mean?"

"Because you have just as good a chance of finding this lady in the one as in the other."

Lestrade shot an angry glance at my companion. "I suppose you know all about it," he snarled.

"Well, I have only just heard the facts, but my mind is made up."

"Oh, indeed! Then you think that the Serpentine plays no part in the matter?"

"'THERE,' SAID HE."

"I think it very unlikely."

"Then perhaps you will kindly explain how it is that we found this in it?" He opened his bag as he spoke, and tumbled on to the floor a wedding dress of watered silk, a pair of white satin shoes, and a bride's wreath and veil, all discoloured and soaked in water. "There," said he, putting a new wedding-ring upon the top of the pile. "There is a little nut for you to crack, Master Holmes."

"Oh, indeed," said my friend, blowing blue rings into the air. "You dragged them from the Serpentine?"

"No. They were found floating near the margin by a park-keeper. They have been identified as her clothes, and it seemed to me that if the clothes were there the body would not be far off."

"By the same brilliant reasoning, every man's body is to be found in the neighbourhood of his wardrobe. And pray what did you hope to arrive at through this?"

"At some evidence implicating Flora Millar in the disappearance."

"I am afraid that you will find it difficult."

"Are you indeed, now?" cried Lestrade, with some bitterness. "I am afraid, Holmes, that you are not very practical with your deductions and your inferences. You have made two blunders in as many minutes. This dress does implicate Miss Flora Millar."

"And how?"

"In the dress is a pocket. In the pocket is a card-case. In the card-case is a note. And here is the very note." He slapped it down upon the table in front of him. "Listen to this. 'You will see me when all is ready. Come at once. F. H. M.' Now my theory all along has been that Lady St. Simon was decoyed away by Flora Millar, and that she, with confederates no doubt, was responsible for her disappearance. Here, signed with her initials, is the very note which was no doubt quietly slipped into her hand at the door, and which lured her within their reach."

"Very good, Lestrade," said Holmes, laughing. "You really are very fine indeed. Let me see it." He took up the paper in a listless way, but his attention instantly became riveted, and he gave a little cry of satisfaction. "This is indeed important," said he.

"Ha, you find it so?"

"Extremely so. I congratulate you warmly."

Lestrade rose in his triumph and bent his head to look. "Why," he shrieked, "you're looking at the wrong side."

"On the contrary, this is the right side."

"The right side? You're mad! Here is the note written in pencil over here."

"And over here is what appears to be the fragment of a hotel bill, which interests me deeply."

"There's nothing in it. I looked at it before," said Lestrade, "'Oct. 4th, rooms 8s., breakfast 2s. 6d., cocktail 1s., lunch 2s. 6d., glass sherry, 8d.' I see nothing in that."

"Very likely not. It is most important all the same. As to the note, it is important also, or at least the initials are, so I congratulate you again."

"I've wasted time enough," said Lestrade, rising, "I believe in hard work, and not in sitting by the fire spinning fine theories. Good-day, Mr. Holmes, and we shall see which gets to the bottom of the matter first." He gathered up the garments, thrust them into the bag, and made for the door.

"Just one hint to you, Lestrade," drawled Holmes, before his rival vanished; "I will tell you the true solution of the matter. Lady St. Simon is a myth. There is not, and there never has been, any such person."

Lestrade looked sadly at my companion. Then he turned to me, tapped his forehead three times, shook his head solemnly, and hurried away.

He had hardly shut the door behind him when Holmes rose and put on his overcoat. "There is something in what the fellow says about outdoor work," he remarked, "so I think, Watson, that I must leave you to your papers for a little."

It was after five o'clock when Sherlock Holmes left me, but I had no time to be lonely, for within an hour there arrived a confectioner's man with a very large flat box. This he unpacked with the help of a youth whom he had brought with him, and presently, to my very great astonishment, a quite epicurean little cold supper began to be laid out upon our humble lodging-house mahogany. There were a couple of brace of cold woodcock, a pheasant, a *pâté de foie gras* pie, with a group of ancient and cobwebby bottles. Having laid out all these luxuries, my two visitors vanished away, like the genii of the Arabian Nights, with no explanation save that the things had been paid for, and were ordered to this address.

Just before nine o'clock Sherlock Holmes

stepped briskly into the room. His features were gravely set, but there was a light in his eye which made me think that he had not been disappointed in his conclusions.

"They have laid the supper, then," he said, rubbing his hands.

"You seem to expect company. They have laid for five."

"Yes, I fancy we may have some company dropping in," said he. "I am surprised that Lord St. Simon has not already arrived. Ha! I fancy that I hear his step now upon the stairs."

It was indeed our visitor of the morning who came bustling in, dangling his glasses more vigorously than ever, and with a very perturbed expression upon his aristocratic features.

"My messenger reached you, then?" asked Holmes.

"Yes, and I confess that the contents startled me beyond measure. Have you good authority for what you say?"

"The best possible."

Lord St. Simon sank into a chair, and passed his hand over his forehead.

"What will the duke say," he murmured, "when he hears that one of the family has been subjected to such a humiliation?"

"It is the purest accident. I cannot allow that there is any humiliation."

"Ah, you look on these things from another standpoint."

"I fail to see that anyone is to blame. I can hardly see how the lady could have acted otherwise, though her abrupt method of doing it was undoubtedly to be regretted. Having no mother she had no one to advise her at such a crisis."

"It was a slight, sir, a public slight," said Lord St. Simon, tapping his fingers upon the table.

"You must make allowance for this poor girl, placed in so unprecedented a position."

"I will make no allowance. I am very angry indeed, and I have been shamefully used."

"I think that I heard a ring," said Holmes. "Yes, there are steps on the landing. If I cannot persuade you to take a lenient view of the matter, Lord St. Simon, I have brought an advocate here who may be more successful." He opened the door and ushered in a lady and gentleman. "Lord St. Simon," said he, "allow me to introduce you to Mr. and Mrs. Francis Hay Moulton. The lady, I think, you have already met."

At the sight of these new-comers our client had sprung from his seat, and stood very erect, with his eyes cast down and his hand thrust into the breast of his frock coat, a picture of offended dignity. The lady had taken a quick step forward and had held out her hand to him, but he still refused

"A PICTURE OF OFFENDED DIGNITY."

to raise his eyes. It was as well for his resolution, perhaps, for her pleading face was one which it was hard to resist.

"You're angry, Robert," said she. "Well, I guess you have every cause to be."

"Pray make no apology to me," said Lord St. Simon, bitterly.

"Oh yes, I know that I treated you real bad, and that I should have spoken to you before I went; but I was kind of rattled, and from the time when I saw Frank here again, I just didn't know what I was doing or saying. I only wonder I didn't fall down and do a faint right there before the altar."

"Perhaps, Mrs. Moulton, you would like my friend and me to leave the room while you explain this matter?"

"If I may give an opinion," remarked the strange gentleman, "we've had just a little too much secrecy over this business already. For my part, I should like all Europe and America to hear the rights of it." He was a small, wiry, sunburned man, clean shaven, with a sharp face and alert manner.

"Then I'll tell our story right away," said the lady. "Frank here and I met in '84, in McQuire's camp, near the Rockies, where Pa was working a claim. We were engaged to each other, Frank and I; but then one day father struck a rich pocket, and made a pile, while poor Frank here had a claim that petered out and came to nothing. The richer Pa grew, the poorer was Frank; so at last Pa wouldn't hear of our engagement lasting any longer, and he took me away to 'Frisco. Frank wouldn't throw up his hand, though; so he followed me there, and he saw me without Pa knowing anything about it. It would only have made him mad to know, so we just fixed it all up for ourselves. Frank said that he would go and make his pile, too, and never come back to claim me until he had as much as Pa. So then I promised to wait for him to the end of time, and pledged myself not to marry anyone else while he lived. 'Why shouldn't we be married right away, then,' said he, 'and then I will feel sure of you; and I won't claim to be your husband until I come back.' Well, we talked it over, and he had fixed it all up so nicely, with a clergyman all ready in waiting, that we just did it right there; and then Frank went off to seek his fortune, and I went back to Pa.

"The next that I heard of Frank was that he was in Montana, and then he went prospecting into Arizona, and then I heard of him from New Mexico. After that came a long newspaper story about how a miners' camp had been attacked by Apache Indians, and there was my Frank's name among the killed. I fainted dead away, and I was very sick for months after. Pa thought I had a decline, and took me to half the doctors in 'Frisco. Not a word of news came for a year and more, so that I never doubted that Frank was really dead. Then Lord St. Simon came to 'Frisco, and we came to London, and a marriage was arranged, and Pa was very pleased, but I felt all the time that no man on this earth would ever take the place in my heart that had been given to my poor Frank.

"Still, if I had married Lord St. Simon, of course I'd have done my duty by him. We can't command our love, but we can our actions. I went to the altar with him with the intention that I would make him just as good a wife as it was in me to be. But you may imagine what I felt when, just as I came to the altar rails, I glanced back and saw Frank standing looking at me out of the first pew. I thought it was his ghost at first; but, when I looked again, there he was still, with a kind of question in his eyes as if to ask me whether I were glad or sorry to see him. I wonder I didn't drop. I know that everything was turning round, and the words of the clergyman were just like the buzz of a bee in my ear. I didn't know what to do. Should I stop the service and make a scene in the church? I glanced at him again, and he seemed to know what I was thinking, for he raised his finger to his lips to tell me to to be still. Then I saw him scribble on a piece of paper, and I knew that he was writing me a note. As I passed his pew on the way out I dropped my bouquet over to him, and he slipped the note into my hand when he returned me the flowers. It was only a line asking me to join him when he made the sign to me to do so. Of course, I never doubted for a moment that my first duty now was to him, and I determined to do just whatever he might direct.

"When I got back I told my maid, who had known him in California, and had always been his friend. I ordered her to say nothing, but to get a few things packed and my ulster ready. I know I ought to have spoken to Lord St. Simon, but it was dreadful hard before his mother and all those great people. I just made up my

mind to run away, and explain afterwards. I hadn't been at the table ten minutes before I saw Frank out of the window at the other side of the road. He beckoned to me, and then began walking into the Park. I slipped out, put on my things, and followed him. Some woman came talking

"SOME WOMAN CAME TALKING ABOUT LORD ST. SIMON."

something or other about Lord St. Simon to me—seemed to me from the little I heard as if he had a little secret of his own before marriage also—but I managed to get away from her, and soon over took Frank. We got into a cab together, and away we drove to some lodgings he had taken in Gordon-square, and that was my true wedding after all those years of waiting. Frank had been a prisoner among the Apaches, had escaped, came on to 'Frisco, found that I had given him up for dead and had gone to England, followed me there, and had come upon me at last on the very morning of my second wedding."

"I saw it in a paper," explained the American. "It gave the name and the church, but not where the lady lived."

"Then we had a talk as to what we should do, and Frank was all for openness, but I was so ashamed of it all that I felt as if I would like to vanish away and never see any of them again, just sending a line to Pa, perhaps, to show him that I was alive. It was awful to me to think of all those lords and ladies sitting round that breakfast table, and waiting for me to come back. So Frank took my wedding clothes and things, and made a bundle of them so that I should not be traced, and dropped them away somewhere where no one should find them. It is likely that we should have gone on to Paris to-morrow, only that this good gentleman, Mr. Holmes, came round to us this evening, though how he found us is more than I can think, and he showed us very clearly and kindly that I was wrong and that Frank was right, and that we should put ourselves in the wrong if we were so secret. Then he offered to give us a chance of talking to Lord St. Simon alone, and so we came right away round to his rooms at once. Now, Robert, you have heard it all, and I am very sorry if I have given you pain, and I hope that you do not think very meanly of me."

Lord St. Simon had by no means relaxed his rigid attitude, but had listened with a frowning brow and a compressed lip to this long narrative.

"Excuse me," he said, "but it is not my custom to discuss my most intimate personal affairs in this public manner."

"Then you won't forgive me? You won't shake hands before I go?"

"Oh, certainly, if it would give you any pleasure." He put out his hand and coldly grasped that which she extended to him.

"I had hoped," suggested Holmes, "that you would have joined us in a friendly supper."

"I think that there you ask a little too much," responded his lordship. "I may be forced to acquiesce in these recent developments, but I can hardly be expected to make merry over them. I think that, with your permission, I will now wish you all a very good night." He included us all in a sweeping bow, and stalked out of the room.

"I WILL WISH YOU ALL A VERY GOOD NIGHT."

"Then I trust that you at least will honour me with your company," said Sherlock Holmes. "It is always a joy to me to meet an American, Mr. Moulton, for I am one of those who believe that the folly of a monarch and the blundering of a Minister in far gone years will not prevent our children from being some day citizens of the same world-wide country under a flag which shall be a quartering of the Union Jack with the Stars and Stripes."

"The case has been an interesting one," remarked Holmes, when our visitors had left us, "because it serves to show very clearly how simple the explanation may be of an affair which at first sight seems to be almost inexplicable. Nothing could be more natural than the sequence of events as narrated by this lady, and nothing stranger than the result when viewed, for instance, by Mr. Lestrade of Scotland Yard.

"You were not yourself at fault at all, then?"

"From the first, two facts were very obvious to me, the one that the lady had been quite willing to undergo the wedding ceremony, the other that she had repented of it within a few minutes of returning home. Obviously something had occurred during the morning, then, to cause her to change her mind. What could that something be? She could not have spoken to anyone when she was out, for she had been in the company of the bridegroom. Had she seen someone, then? If she had, it must be someone from America, because she had spent so short a time in this country that she could hardly have allowed anyone to acquire so deep an influence over her that the mere sight of him would induce her to change her plans so completely. You see we have already arrived, by a process of exclusion, at the idea that she might have seen an American. Then who could this American be, and why should he possess so much influence over her? It might be a lover; it might be a husband. Her young womanhood had, I knew, been spent in rough scenes, and under strange conditions. So far I had got before ever I heard Lord St. Simon's narrative. When he told us of a man in a pew, of the change in the bride's manner, of so transparent a device for obtaining a note as the dropping of a bouquet, of her resort to her confidential

maid, and of her very significant allusion to claim-jumping, which in miners' parlance means taking possession of that which another person has a prior claim to, the whole situation became absolutely clear. She had gone off with a man, and the man was either a lover or was a previous husband, the chances being in favour of the latter."

"And how in the world did you find them?"

"It might have been difficult, but friend Lestrade held information in his hands the value of which he did not himself know. The initials were of course of the highest importance, but more valuable still was it to know that within a week he had settled his bill at one of the most select London hotels."

"How did you deduce the select?"

"By the select prices. Eight shillings for a bed and eightpence for a glass of sherry, pointed to one of the most expensive hotels. There are not many in London which charge at that rate. In the second one which I visited in Northumberland-avenue, I learned by an inspection of the book that Francis H. Moulton, an American gentleman, had left only the day before, and on looking over the entries against him, I came upon the very items which I had seen in the duplicate bill. His letters were to be forwarded to 226, Gordon-square, so thither I travelled, and being fortunate enough to find the loving couple at home, I ventured to give them some paternal advice, and to point out to them that it would be better in every way that they should make their position a little clearer, both to the general public and to Lord St. Simon in particular. I invited them to meet him here, and as you see, I made him keep the appointment."

"But with no very good result," I remarked. "His conduct was certainly not very gracious."

"Ah! Watson," said Holmes, smiling, "perhaps you would not be very gracious either, if, after all the trouble of wooing and wedding, you found yourself deprived in an instant of wife and of fortune. I think that we may judge Lord St. Simon very mercifully, and thank our stars that we are never likely to find ourselves in the same position. Draw your chair up, and hand me my violin, for the only problem which we have still to solve is how to while away these bleak autumnal evenings."

By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P.

III.—RIVERS AND LAKES.

According to the traditions of ancient times, running water was proof against all sorcery and witchcraft—

"No spell could stay the living tide,
Or charm the rushing stream."*

There was much truth, as well as beauty, in this idea. Flowing waters have not only power to wash away material stains, and to cleanse the outward body, but they also clear away the cobwebs of the brain—the results of over incessant work—and restore us to health and strength.

Snowfields and glaciers, mountain torrents, sparkling brooks, and stately rivers; pools, and lakes; and last, not least, the great ocean itself, all alike possess this magic power.

"When I would beget content," says Izaak Walton, "and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom, and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other little living creatures that are not only created, but fed (man knows not how) by the goodness of the God of nature, and therefore trust in Him;" and in his quaint, old language he craves a special blessing on all those "that are true lovers of virtue, and dare trust in His providence, and be quiet and go a-angling."

"Of all inorganic substances," says Ruskin, "acting in their own proper nature, and without assistance or combination, water is the most wonderful. If we think of it as the source of all the changefulness and beauty which we have seen in the clouds; then as the instrument by which the earth we have contemplated was modelled into symmetry, and its crags chiselled into grace; then as, in the form of snow, it robes the mountains it has made, with that transcendent light which we could not have conceived if we had not seen; then as it exists in the foam of the torrent, in the iris which spans it, in the morning mist which rises from it, in the deep crystalline pools which mirror its hanging shore, in the broad lake and glancing river; finally, in that which is to all human minds the best emblem of un-

* Leyden.

wearied, unconquerable power, the wild, various, fantastic, tameless unity of the sea; what shall we compare to this mighty, this universal element for glory and for beauty? or how shall we follow its eternal changefulness of feeling? It is like trying to paint a soul."

At the water's edge flowers are especially varied and luxuriant, so that the banks of a river are a long natural garden of tall and graceful grasses and sedges, the Flowering Rush, the Sweet Flag, the Bull Rush, Purple Loosestrife, Hemp Agrimony, Forget-me-not, and a hundred more; backed by Willows, Alders, Poplars, and other trees.

The animal world, if less conspicuous to the eye, is quite as fascinating to the imagination. Here and there a speckled trout may be detected (rather by the shadow than the substance) suspended in the clear water, or darting across a shallow. If we are quiet we may see water-hens or wild ducks swimming among the lilies, a kingfisher sitting on a branch or flashing away like a gleam of light; a solemn heron stands, maybe, at the water's edge, or slowly rises flapping his great wings; water rats, neat and clean little creatures, very different from their coarse brown namesakes of the land, are abundant everywhere; nor need we even yet quite despair of seeing the otter himself.

LAKES SEEM TO SLEEP AND DREAM.'

Insects, of course, are gay, lively, and innumerable; but, after all, the richest fauna is that visible only with a microscope.

"To gaze," says Dr. Hudson, "into that wonderful world which lies in a drop of water, crossed by some stems of green weed, to see transparent living mechanism at work, and to gain some idea of its modes of action, to watch a tiny speck that can sail through the prick of a needle's point, to see its crystal armour flashing with ever-varying tint, its head glorious with the halo of its quivering cilia; to see it gliding through the emerald stems, hunting for its food, snatching at its prey, fleeing from its enemy, chasing its mate (the fiercest of our passions blazing in an invisible speck); to see it whirling in a mad dance, to the sound of its own music, the music of its happiness, the exquisite happiness of living—can anyone who has once enjoyed this sight ever turn from it to mere books and drawings without the sense that he has left all fairy-land behind him?" *

The study of natural history has indeed the special advantage of carrying us into the country and the open air.

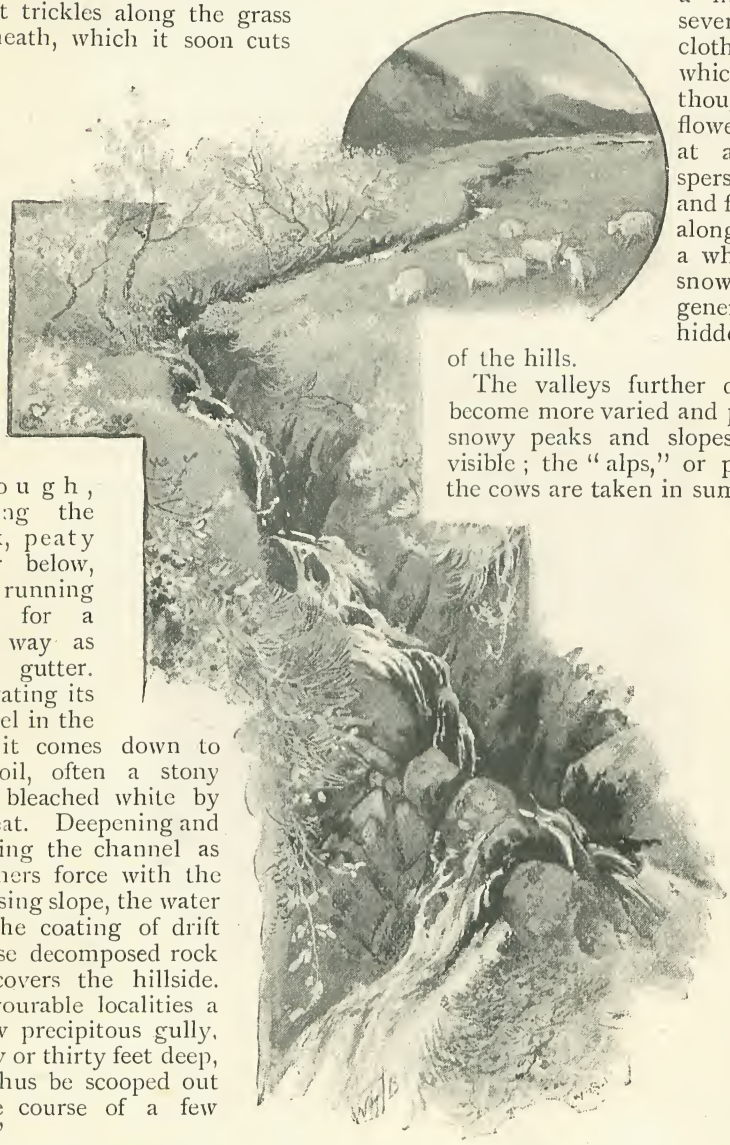
Lakes are even more restful than rivers or the sea. Rivers are always flowing, though it may be but slowly; the sea may rest awhile, now and then, but is generally full of action and energy, while lakes seem to sleep and dream. Lakes in a beautiful country are like silver ornaments on a lovely dress, like liquid gems in a beautiful setting, or bright eyes in a lovely face. Indeed, as we look down on a lake from some hill or cliff it almost looks solid, like some great blue crystal.

It is interesting and delightful to trace a river from its source to the sea.

"Beginning at the hill-top," says Geikie, "we first meet with the spring, or 'well-

* Dr. Hudson, Address to the Microscopical Soc., 1889.

eye,' from which the river takes its rise. A patch of bright green, mottling the brown heathy slope, shows where the water comes to the surface, a treacherous covering of verdure often concealing a deep pool beneath. From its source the rivulet trickles along the grass and heath, which it soon cuts through, reaching the black, peaty layer below, and running in it for a short way as in a gutter. Excavating its channel in the peat, it comes down to the soil, often a stony earth bleached white by the peat. Deepening and widening the channel as it gathers force with the increasing slope, the water digs the coating of drift or loose decomposed rock that covers the hillside. In favourable localities a narrow precipitous gully, twenty or thirty feet deep, may thus be scooped out in the course of a few years."



"DEEPENING AND WIDENING AS IT GATHERS FORCE."

If, however, we trace one of the Swiss rivers to its source, we shall often find that it begins in a snowfield, or neve, nestled in a shoulder of some great mountain.

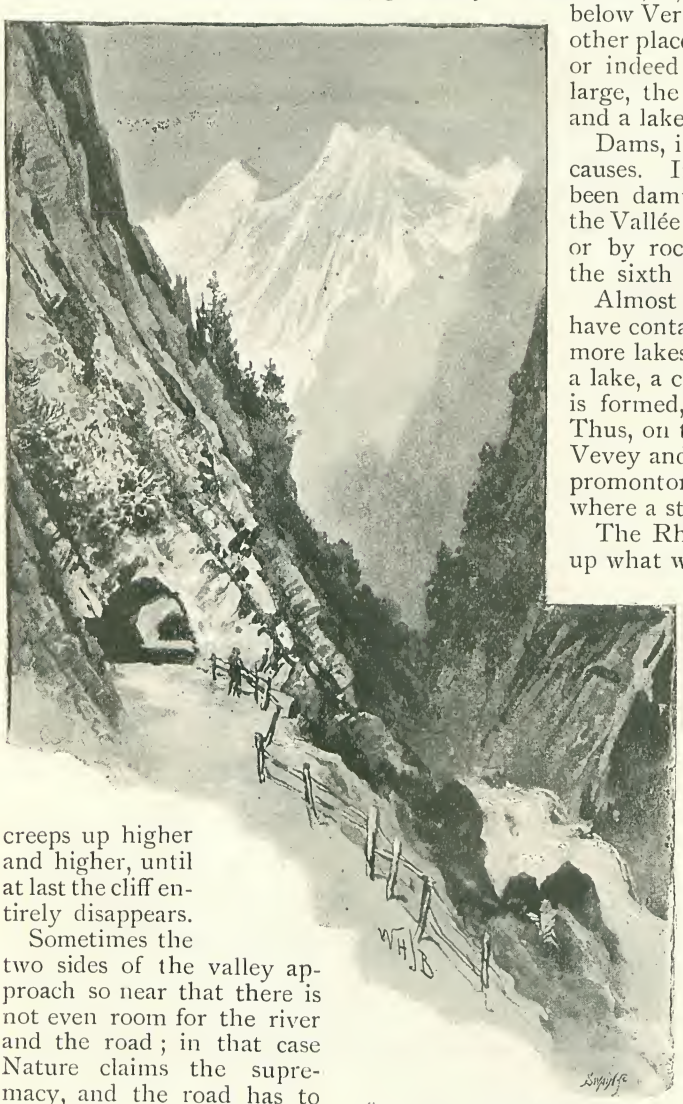
Below the neve lies a glacier—on, in, and under which the water runs in a thousand little streams, eventually emerging at the end, in some cases forming a beautiful blue cavern, though in others the end of the glacier is encumbered and concealed by earth and stones.

The uppermost Alpine valleys are perhaps generally, though by no means always, a little desolate and severe. The sides are clothed with pasture, which is flowery indeed, though of course the flowers are not visible at a distance, interspersed with live rock and fallen masses, while along the bottom rushes a white torrent. The snowy mountains are generally more or less hidden by the shoulders of the hills.

The valleys further down widen, and become more varied and picturesque. The snowy peaks and slopes are more often visible; the "alps," or pastures to which the cows are taken in summer, are greener, and dotted with the huts or châlets of the cowherds; while the tinkling of the cowbells comes to one from time to time, softened by distance, and suggestive of mountain rambles. Below the alps there is generally a steeper part clothed with firs, or with larches and pines, some of which seem as if they were scaling the mountains in regiments, preceded by a number of skirmishers. Below the fir woods again are beeches, chestnuts, and other deciduous trees, while the central cultivated portion of the valley is partly arable, partly pasture; the latter differing from our meadows in containing a large proportion of flowers.

Apart from the action of running water,

snow and frost are continually disintegrating the rocks, and thus gradually lowering the higher peaks. At the base of almost any steep cliff may be seen a slope of *débris*. This stands at a regular angle—the angle of repose—and, unless it is gradually removed by a stream at the base, gradually creeps up higher and higher, until at last the cliff entirely disappears.



"A TUNNEL THROUGH THE ROCK.

Sometimes the two sides of the valley approach so near that there is not even room for the river and the road; in that case Nature claims the supremacy, and the road has to be carried in a cutting, or perhaps in a tunnel through the rock. In other cases Nature is not at one with herself. In many places the *débris* from the rocks above would reach right across the valley and dam up the stream. Then arises a struggle between rock and river, but the river is always victorious in the end; even if dammed back for a while, it concentrates its force, rises up the rampart of rock, rushes over triumphantly, resumes its original course, and gradually carries the enemy away.

Sometimes two lateral valleys come down nearly opposite one another, so that the cones meet, as, for instance, some little way below Vernayaz, and indeed, in several other places in the Valais. In this case, or indeed by one, if it is sufficiently large, the valley may be dammed up, and a lake formed.

Dams, indeed, may be due to other causes. In some cases valleys have been dammed by ice—for instance, in the Vallée de Bagnes, in the year 1818; or by rock falls, as in the Valais, in the sixth century.

Almost all river valleys contain, or have contained in their course, one or more lakes, and when a river falls into a lake, a cone, like those just described, is formed, and projects into the lake. Thus, on the Lake of Geneva, between Vevey and Villeneuve, are several such promontories, each marking the place where a stream falls into the lake.

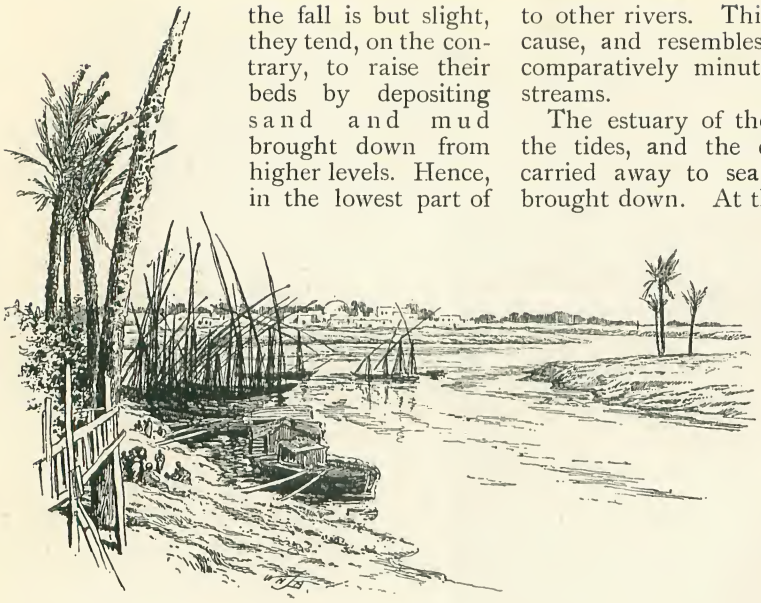
The Rhone itself has not only filled up what was once the upper end of the lake, but has built out a strip of land into the lake.

That the lake formerly extended far up the Valais no one can doubt who looks at the flat ground about Villeneuve. It is clear that the valley must formerly have been much deeper, and that it has been filled up by material brought down by the Rhone, a process which is still continuing.

At the other end of the lake the river rushes out fifteen feet deep of, "not flowing, but flying, water, not water neither—melted glacier matter one should call it; the force of the ice with it, and the wreathing of the clouds, the gladness of the sky, and the countenance of time."*

It would, however, be a great mistake to suppose that rivers always tend to excavate their valleys. This is only the case when the slope exceeds a certain angle. When

* Ruskin.



THE NILE.

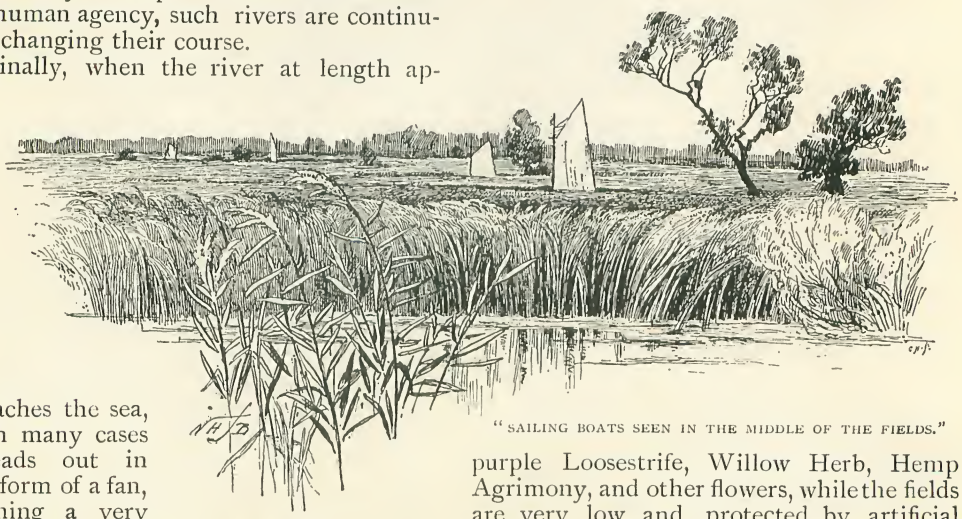
the fall is but slight, they tend, on the contrary, to raise their beds by depositing sand and mud brought down from higher levels. Hence, in the lowest part of their course, many of the most celebrated rivers, the Nile, the Po, the Mississippi, the Thames, &c., run upon embankments, partly of their own creation.

When not interfered with by man, rivers under such conditions sooner or later break through their banks, and, leaving their former bed, take a new course along the lowest part of their valley, which again they gradually raise above the rest. Hence, unless they are kept in their own channels by human agency, such rivers are continually changing their course.

Finally, when the river at length approaches the sea, it in many cases spreads out in the form of a fan, forming a very flat cone or "delta," as it is called from the Greek capital Δ, a name first applied to that of the Nile, and afterwards extended to other rivers. This is due to the same cause, and resembles, except in size, the comparatively minute cones of mountain streams.

The estuary of the Thames is swept by the tides, and the deposits of the river carried away to sea as fast as they are brought down. At the mouths of the Po, on the contrary, the tide is very small; at those of the Mississippi it never surpasses a yard, and even at the mouth of the Ganges it does not generally rise more than ten feet.

In flat countries the habits of rivers are very different. For instance, in parts of Norfolk there are many small lakes or "broads" in a network of rivers—the Bure, the Yare, the Ant, the Waveney, &c., which do not rush on with the haste of many rivers or the stately flow of others, which steadily set themselves to reach the sea, but rather seem like rivers wandering in the meadows on a holiday. They have often no natural banks, but are bounded by dense growths of tall grasses, Bulrushes, Reeds, and Sedges, interspersed with the spires of the purple Loosestrife, Willow Herb, Hemp Agrimony, and other flowers, while the fields are very low and protected by artificial dykes, so that the red cattle seem to be browsing below the level of the water; and, as the rivers take most unexpected turns,



"SAILING BOATS SEEN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FIELDS."

the sailing boats often seem as if they were in the middle of the fields.

At present these rivers are restrained in their courses by banks. When left free they are continually changing their beds; and their courses, at first sight, seem to follow no rule, but—as it is termed from a celebrated river of Asia Minor—they seem to "Meander" along without aim or object, though, in fact, they follow very definite laws.

For a considerable part of its course the curves of the Mississippi are so regular that they are said to have been used by the Indians as a measure of distance.

If the country is flat, a river gradually raises the level on each side; the water which overflows during floods, being retarded by trees, bushes, sedges, and a thousand other obstacles, gradually deposits the solid matter which it contains, and, thus raising the surface, becomes at length suspended, as it were, above the general level. When this elevation has reached a certain point, the river, during some flood, overflows and cuts through its banks, and, deserting its old bed, takes a new course along the lowest accessible level. This, then, it gradually fills up, and so on, coming back from time to time if permitted, after a long cycle of years, to its first course.

The most celebrated floods are those of the Nile. The river commences to rise towards the beginning of July; from August to October it floods all the low lands, and early in November it sinks again. At its greatest height the volume of water sometimes reaches twenty times that when it is lowest, and yet, perhaps, not a drop of rain may have fallen. Though we now know that this annual variation is due to the melting of the snow, and the fall of rain on the high lands of Central Africa, still, when we consider that the phenomenon has been repeated annually for thousands of years, it is impossible not to regard it with wonder. In fact, Egypt itself may be said to be the bed of the Nile in flood time.

Some rivers, on the other hand, offer no such periodical difference. The lower Rhone, for instance, below the junction with the Saone, is nearly the same all through the year, and yet we know that the upper portion is greatly derived from the melting of the Swiss snows. In this case, however, while the Rhone itself is on this account highest in summer and lowest in winter, the Saone, on the contrary, is swollen by the winter's rain, and falls during the fine weather of summer. Hence the two just counterbalance one another.

Periodical differences are, of course, comparatively easy to deal with. It is very different with floods due to irregular rainfall. Here, also, however, the mere quantity of rain is by no means the only matter to be considered. For instance, a heavy rain in the watershed in the Seine, unless very prolonged, causes less difference in the flow of the river, say at Paris, than might at first have been expected, because the height of the flood in the nearer affluents has passed down the river before that from the more distant ones has arrived. The highest floods are when the rain in the districts drained by the various affluents happen to be so timed that the different floods coincide in their arrival at Paris.

Two Marriage Eves.

By Richard Dowling.

"I HAVE often told you," said James Mayfield to me the evening before my marriage with his daughter Kate, "that I owed my prosperity—or more accurately, my escape from destruction—to an accident, a chance, a miracle. Stand up and look at that piece of paper let into the overmantel. Have you ever observed it before?"

"Yes," I said, rising and examining a faded document under a glass panel in the oak. "I have now and then noticed it, but have never been able to make out what it is."

"What do you take it for?"

"Well, it looks like half a sheet of business note-paper covered with indistinct figures that do not seem ordinary."

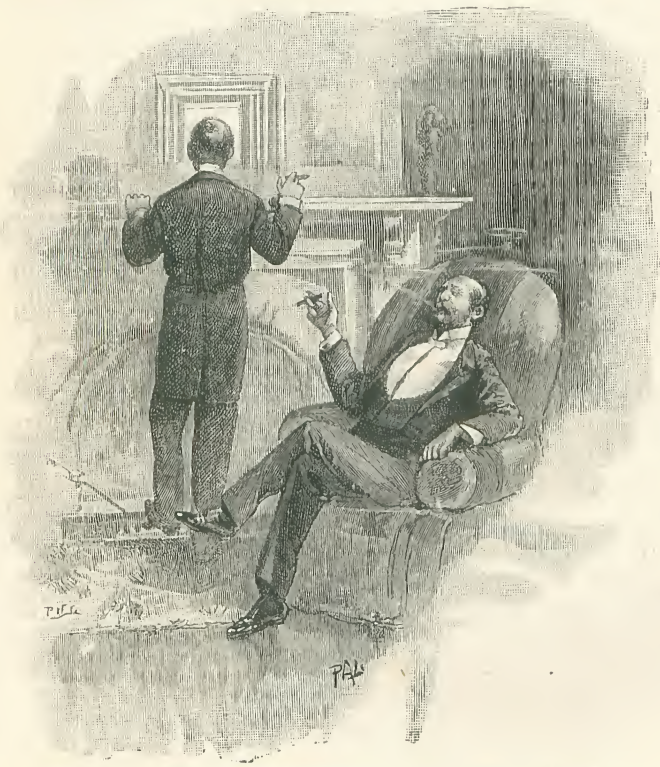
"Yes," he said, gazing with half-closed eyes at the paper through the smoke of his cigar. "They are not ordinary, nor is their history."

"It is not possible to make them out, they are so blurred and faint. Are they very old?"

"Twenty years. They are much faded since I first saw them," said he, crossing his legs. "Now you may as well know the history of that half-sheet of business paper, and what it has to do with me and your Kate's mother. Sit down and I will tell it to you."

I dropped back into my chair.

"Our Kate is nearly nineteen, as, no doubt, you are aware. It is the night before *your* marriage. You, thank Heaven! run no such risk as I ran the night before *my* marriage. There is no date on that blurred copy of figures, but if there were you would find it originated on the night before I was to be married, twenty years ago. You are short of thirty now, I was short of thirty then. You are now in what I should then have considered affluent circumstances. I am going to give you to-morrow our only child, and a fourth share in the business of Strangway, Mayfield & Co., of which I am the sole surviving partner, and that fourth share ought to bring you a thousand to twelve hundred a year. The night that document over the chimney came into existence I was accountant to Strangway & Co., at a salary of one hundred and fifty pounds per annum."



"YOU MAY AS WELL KNOW THE HISTORY OF THAT PIECE OF PAPER."

My father-in-law paused, and knocked the ash off his cigar.

"At that time," he went

on, resuming his story, "the business of Strangway & Co. was in Bread-street. We had warehouses on the ground floor and in the cellars, the offices were on the first floor, and warehouses filled from over the first floor to the slates.

"The offices closed at six; but, as I was anxious to put everything in the finest order before starting on my honeymoon, I was not able to leave at that hour. In addition to the bookkeeping I did most of the routine correspondence, and I had some letters to write. When they were finished, I should lock up the place, put the keys in my pocket, leave them at Mr. Strangway's house on Clapham Common, and go on to my lodgings in Wandsworth, and from my lodgings to my sweetheart Mary's home, in Wandsworth too.

"As I was working away, writing letters at the top of my speed, and quite alone in the office—in the whole house—Stephen Grainly, one of our travellers, rang the bell, and, much to my surprise and annoyance, when I opened the front door, walked upstairs, following my lead through the unlighted passages. I never cared for Stephen Grainly, no one in the office liked him except Mr. Strangway himself. Grainly was an excellent man at his work; but, to my taste, too smooth and good—too sweet to be sound.

"'What, Mayfield,' he cried, 'working away still! Why, when I saw the light, I made sure it must be Broadwood (our assistant accountant, who was to take my place while I was away), and, as I had a goodish bit of money, I thought I'd better bank here than in my own home in Hoxton; I am not satisfied it is safe to stow three hundred pounds in cash in my humble home.'

"'All right,' said I; 'but I wish you had come earlier. The safest place to bank money in is the Bank.' He did not know I was going to be married next day, and I was glad of it, for the man always made me feel uncomfortable, and I did not wish him to touch my little romance even with a word.

"'Be here at four o'clock!' he cried. 'My dear fellow, I couldn't do it. How could I? Why, I didn't get to King's Cross until a quarter to six! Here you are.' He produced his pocket-book. 'You needn't give me more than two minutes. Cheques, five hundred and seventy-four, eighteen six. Notes, two hundred and forty-five. Gold, forty-eight.'

"As you may fancy, I was in a hurry to get rid of him. He seemed in no hurry to go. He sat down, pulled out his handkerchief, and began wiping his forehead, although it was October, and by no means warm.

"'You will initial my book?' said he, and he handed me his order-book, part of which was ruled in money-columns, where he had a list of the money he had collected. The whole was eight hundred and sixty-seven pounds, eighteen shillings and sixpence, and for this I signed.

"'Have you taken the numbers of the notes?' I asked.

"'No,' said he.

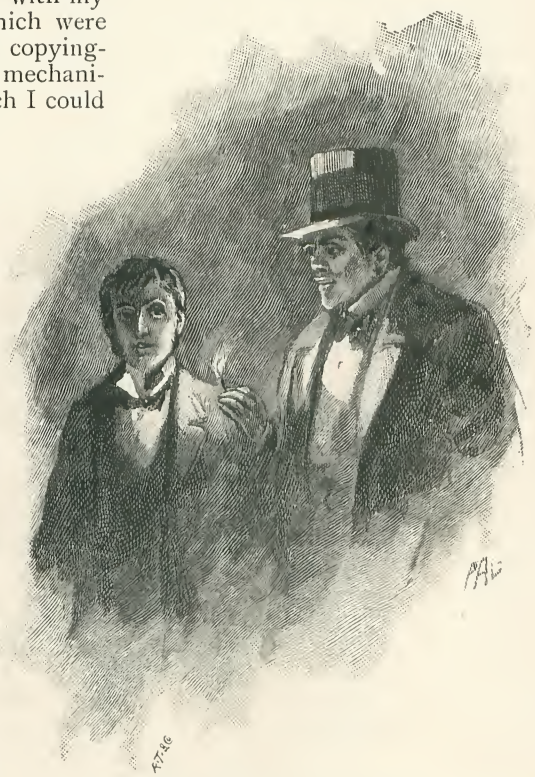
"HE HANDED ME HIS ORDER-BOOK."

"I made a list myself of the numbers on a sheet of paper, and pushed cheques, notes, and gold up to the flat, middle part of my desk. I did not want to take out any of the account-books that night, and when I had finished the letters and he was gone, I should put the money in the safe in the back room. The memorandum of the numbers I should leave with the keys at Clapham, and the whole transaction would be dealt with by my assistant, Broadwood, in the morning.

"Making out the list had taken a little time, as the notes were all small and no two in a sequence; they had been collected for minor accounts in the country. Twenty years ago banking facilities were not so great as now, and we got from country customers large numbers of notes which would in our day be considered worn-out curiosities.

"I put my list of notes on the desk beside me, and went on with my letters, several of which were now ready for the copying-press. Copying is a mechanical operation at which I could work easily while Grainly was there. I wished to goodness he would go away. As I have said, no one in our place liked the man but the governor.

"That evening Grainly talked a lot about the business and the news of the day, and all sorts of things. I could not tell him to go away, for he could see I was not myself leaving yet, and copying the letters, putting them to dry, enclosing them in envelopes, and addressing them was not occupation for which a man could reasonably claim quiet.



"I STRUCK A MATCH TO LIGHT HIM."

"When my batch of letters were ready, seeing half an hour's work still before me, I held them out to him and said, 'When you are going, I should be obliged if you would post these, as I am not nearly finished here yet.'

"'Certainly,' said he, taking the hint and rising. He caught the letters in his hand and for a moment stared at me in a peculiar way. I thought he was going to resent physically my hint that he should take himself off. If he had I should have fared badly, no doubt, for he was a much bigger and more powerful man than I. He did not, however, attempt violence. He shifted his eyes from me and turned them slowly round the room, on the desk, and towards the door.

"'Anyone in the place who could show me out? All the gas is turned off below, and I have never gone down in the darkness,' said he, moving away.

"'There's no one but ourselves here. I'll show you the way,' I said with alacrity, delighted to get rid of him.

"I had led him through the long, dark corridor and half down the stairs, when he suddenly cried out, 'My stick! I left my stick above. I won't be a minute, Mayfield. Just wait here for me!'

"He ran upstairs to fetch his stick, and was back with me in the darkness, in a few seconds.

"'I found it all right,' said he; 'it was just at the door. I got it without going in at all.'

"I struck a match to light him, and presently he was out on the asphalt of Bread-street, walking rapidly towards Cheapside.

"When I got back to the counting-house the cheques were on the flat top of the desk. The gold and notes were gone!

"I had taken the numbers of the notes on a sheet of paper, and left the list on the

sloping part of my desk to dry, before putting it into my pocket.

"The paper on which I had taken the numbers of the notes was gone also!"

As my father-in-law spoke, I rose to my feet and tapped the glass over the document let into the oak above the fireplace, saying, "And this is the paper with the numbers of the stolen notes on it."

"And that is *not* the paper with the number of the stolen notes on it," said James Mayfield.

"From the moment I left the counting-house to show Grainly out that night, twenty years ago, no one has ever seen the list I made of the notes. Grainly must have destroyed it the moment he was out of Bread-street."

My father-in-law finished his glass of port and resumed his story :—

"Here was I, on the eve of my marriage, simply ruined.

"Grainly had my receipt for the two hundred and ninety-three pounds cash, and he had the two hundred and ninety-three pounds cash also, and Grainly was a thief who enjoyed the favour of his employer, while I was in no particular favour with the firm. I believe up to that time I was supposed to be honest.

"The forty-eight pounds in gold was, of course, gone as much as if it had been dropped into the crater of a burning mountain ; and as the numbers of the notes could no longer be produced, and they had not come direct from a bank, but had been picked up here and there in the country, the two hundred and forty-five pounds were gone as though they had been blown overboard in the Atlantic Ocean.

"It was plain there would be no use in following Grainly, even if I knew the way he had gone when he gained Cheapside. It was plain no marriage could take place to-morrow morning. It was plain my course was to go without the loss of a moment to Mr. Strangway and tell him what had happened. Whether he would believe me or not, who could say? Not I, any way. He might reasonably order me into custody. Very well, if he did I must not grumble or feel aggrieved. Our wedding was fixed for eleven o'clock next morning. By eleven to-morrow I might be in jail, charged with stealing the money or being an accomplice in the robbery.

"I locked the office, telegraphed to Mary that I had been unexpectedly delayed, jumped into a hansom, and drove to Strangway's house in Clapham.

"I told the servant to take in word that I wished to see Mr. Strangway most particularly. I suppose she had heard about my wedding ; anyway she smiled very knowingly, and said : 'I hope you'll have fine weather and good luck on your holiday, Mr. Mayfield, though it is rather late in the year to expect fine weather. Gracious, Mr. Mayfield, are you ill?' she cried at the end. I daresay my face told tales.

"'Not ill,' I said, 'but very anxious to see Mr. Strangway at once, if you please.'

"She showed me into the library, hurried

"GRACIOUS MR. MAYFIELD ARE YOU ILL?"

off, and in a few seconds Mr. Strangway entered smiling. He, no doubt, thought my anxiety to see him was connected with my marriage.

"When he heard my story he was grave enough. 'Two hundred and ninety-three gone?' said he, frowning.

"'Gone,' said I.

"'And the numbers of the notes gone with the money?' said he, looking me full in the face, with a heavier frown.

"'Not a trace left of the paper on which I took the numbers.'

"'Are you sure no one but Grainly could have entered the counting-house?'

"'Perfectly sure. All the doors communicating with other parts of the house were shut—had been locked for the night. I had not been outside the counting-house since luncheon.'

"For a few moments he reflected. 'The awkward part of it, Mayfield,' said he, 'is that you are to be married to-morrow. Of course, your marriage must go on. But I'll tell you what I think would be best for you. Suppose you attend the office as usual to-morrow morning: you could leave for a couple of hours later, get the ceremony over, and come back.'

"'Oh!' I said, 'with this hanging over me? I half expected to be locked up to-night. But I could not get married until the money is found, Mr. Strangway.'

"'Found! Found! The money can never be found. Why, we have nothing to go on! Anyway, I shall not take steps to-night. Perhaps it would be best to postpone your marriage. Yes, it would not do to marry under the circumstances. I am very sorry for you. But all that can be done in the interests of *justice* must be done. Keep the keys, and be in Bread-street at the ordinary time in the morning.'"

My father-in-law paused here. His cigar was smoked out, but he had not finished his story. He did not offer to move, and I sat still. After a few moments he went on:—

"I will be merciful to you, and tell you nothing of the scene at my wife's place when I called later. Her father and mother were then living. I told my story to all three as I have told it to you, and all agreed the best thing was to postpone the marriage for a month.

"Well, I'm not getting on as fast as I promised, but I shall not keep you much longer.

"When I reached the office in the morning I had another good look round, but nothing whatever was to be discovered. I turned the whole place inside out. Nothing, absolutely nothing connected with the case turned up until, to my astonishment, Stephen Grainly walked into the office. Until his appearance I had, in a dim way, made up my mind that all would be cleared up, and my innocence established by his absconding. His arrival showed that he meant to brazen the thing out with me, and I felt from that moment helpless and paralysed.

"'Grainly,' said I, as soon as I could talk, 'when you came back for your stick last night, did you notice the money you gave me on the desk where I put it?'

"'No, my dear Mayfield. I did not cross the threshold of this room.'

"'You did not see or touch the money or the piece of paper on which I had taken down the numbers of the notes?'

"'No, certainly not. I could not see your desk from the door, and I was not further than the door. You do not seem well. I sincerely hope there is nothing the matter?'

"'The cash you brought in last night—the two hundred and ninety-three pounds—has been stolen, that's all,' said I.

"'Stolen!' he cried, falling back. 'You don't mean to say that!'

"'Ay, and stolen within an hour—within half an hour—of our being here together last night.'

"'I cannot—I will not—believe such a horrible thing. Stolen! And in the very office, too!'

"I never saw better acting in all my life than his indignation and horror and astonishment. I could hardly believe my eyes and ears. I had spent a sleepless night, and was half dazed and wholly stupid and in despair. For a while I felt that, after all, he might be innocent, and that I, in a moment of excitement and haste, had placed the money and the memorandum in some place of security which I could not now recall.

"Mr. Strangway, on reaching the office half an hour earlier than his usual time, gave orders for another search. It was quite unavailing. No tale or tidings of the cash came that day.

"No secret was made of the affair in the office, and as the hours went on I became confident that in Mr. Strangway's eyes I was the criminal. I don't know how it

"STOLEN!"

happened, but I did not feel this much. I did not feel anything much. I was in a dream—a stupor.

"Late in the afternoon Mr. Strangway called me into his office, and told me that, considering everything, he did not intend placing the affair in the hands of the police that day, but that if to-morrow's sun went down upon matters as they now stood, he should be obliged to take action. 'The loss of the money I could bear,' said he, 'but the ingratitude I will not stand.'

"This was as good as accusing me of the robbery. Again I wonder that I was not more put out, but I felt little or nothing beyond helpless and numbed.

"Before I left Bread-street that evening Grainly sent me a note begging me, for my own sake, not to think of bolting! 'Bolting,' said he, 'in a case of this kind would be taken as an admission of the very worst.'

"Even this daring impudence did not rouse me, did not waken me; through the whole terrible affair I do not think I was ever as much excited as I am now.

"Next day Mr. Strangway said not a syllable about employing the police, or indeed about the affair at all, nor did he, as far as I knew, take steps in the matter On the day following he made an astonishing announcement. He called Grainly and me into his private office, and said—

"'The present is the first time in the history of our firm that anything of this kind has occurred—that we have been robbed from the inside. I have made up my mind not to do anything about it just now. I keep an open mind. Some day we may find an easy explanation of the mystery, or it may never be cleared up. I accuse no one. I will say no more of the affair until I can either put my hand on the man who did it, or tell you both face to face, as you are now, that I have discharged from my mind for ever the notion that any man who takes my money as a servant took it also as a thief.'

"MR. STRANGWAY WAVED THE TELEGRAM."

"A fortnight after the loss of the money, a telegram came for Mr. Strangway. It was sent into his private office. Presently he opened his door and beckoned me to go in, and when I had entered he motioned me to a chair.

"'Mr. Mayfield,' said he, 'I wish at the earliest moment to relieve you of what must have been a terrible anxiety. The thief has been found, and is now in custody!' Mr. Strangway waved the telegram. 'I have just got the message saying Stephen Grainly, with the bulk of the notes on his person, is in the hands of the police. He was about leaving this country—for Spain, it is supposed. He stole the money a fortnight ago, and stole the list you had made of the numbers of the notes. Knowing the way in which the notes had come into his own hands in the country, he felt confident they could not be traced from their source to him, and of course they could not be traced from him to the Bank of England, as the list of the numbers was destroyed by him.'

"'Then, how in the world, sir, *were* they traced?' said I.

"Mr. Strangway raised the blotting-pad and took from under it a piece of paper, the back of a letter.

"'The news of the robbery got about,' said he, 'and of course our customers were interested in it, Mr. Young, of Horsham, among the rest. Mr. Young, of Horsham, was one of the people you wrote to that evening, the evening of the robbery, and you sent him more than you intended.'

"'Not the missing sheet with numbers? I know I couldn't have done that, for I saw the memorandum on the slope of my desk after closing his letter and handing it with the others to Grainly.'

"'No, but you put the memorandum on the slope of your desk with the ink side up, and you copied Mr. Young's letter in the copying press and while it was damp put it down on the list of the notes in unblotted copying ink, and the numbers of the notes were faintly but clearly copied, reversed of course, on the fly-leaf of Young's letter, and

Mr. Young sent the copy back to me privately! Look.'

"Mr. Strangway handed me the fly-leaf of Young's letter, and there were the numbers of the notes, dim to be sure, but not quite as dim there as they are now under the glass let into the oak of the overmantel. Grainly had put a few of the notes in circulation, and they had been traced back to him.

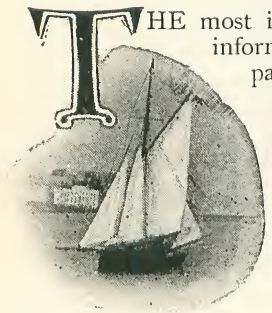
"'He stole the money, Mayfield,' said Mr. Strangway to me, 'and he tried to ruin you, or anyway he wanted to saddle you with the theft, and for a while I more than suspected you. But all is clear at last, and I'll pay you handsomely one day for suspecting you.'

"And so he did," said my father in-law. "He lent me the money to buy a partnership in the firm, and I am the firm all to myself now—and shall be until the new partner comes in to-morrow."

He rose and shook me by the hand and tapped me on the shoulder saying, "Your partner for life will be wondering what has kept you. Run away to Kate now, my boy."

The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.

CLANDEBOYE.



YACHT "LADY HERMIONE."

THE most interesting items of information are apt to pall if subject to too frequent repetition, and the feats of statesmanship, of diplomacy, and of oratory of the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava —who spends his life in adding new letters to the "alphabet streaming behind him," as someone writes in verse—are so well known that it is refreshing to turn to less broken ground, and mingle an account of the more serious portion of his life with that which deals in anecdote and incident chiefly, if not only.

In a speech made on St. Andrew's Day, in Calcutta, two or three years ago, Lord Dufferin declared himself to be a Scotchman, though, as he admitted, "greatly improved by three hundred years' residence in Ireland." Notwithstanding this assertion and the fact that he was born in Florence, we may still look on him as the most Irish of the Irish, a statement which the remark above quoted does not tend to disprove.

As a direct descendant of Sheridan, and the son of one of the most brilliant and gifted women of her day, it must always have been held probable that Lord Dufferin would make some mark in the world, but not many might have cared to hazard so bold a forecast as to say he would in turn become Governor-General of Canada and Viceroy of India, Ambassador to Paris, to St. Petersburg, to Rome, and to Constantinople, arbiter of the destinies of the fellaheen on the banks of the Nile, and of the Men of the Mountain in the province of Syria, as well as "Maid of all Work to Her Majesty's Cabinet ministers," as he wittily styled himself in Parliament when appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

By the unfortunate means of the early death of his father, Lord Dufferin began life very young ; he was only fourteen when he was called away from Eton to take possession of his estate.

His mother, Helen, Lady Dufferin, Miss Sheridan by birth, a member of an ancient Celtic family in the county Cavan, was the grand-daughter of the great dramatist and statesman, and is still remembered through numerous beautiful and pathetic verses set to music by the hand of their talented composer, and sung by her with exquisite taste

and feeling, which include the well-known ballads of "The Irish Emigrant," "Terence's Farewell," and "Katy's Letter." It is generally said that it was to this distinguished woman, by whose friendship he was honoured, that the poet Moore addressed the following lines :—

"Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
But Love from the lip his true archery wings ;
And she who but feathers the shaft when she speaks,
At once sends it home to the heart when she sings."

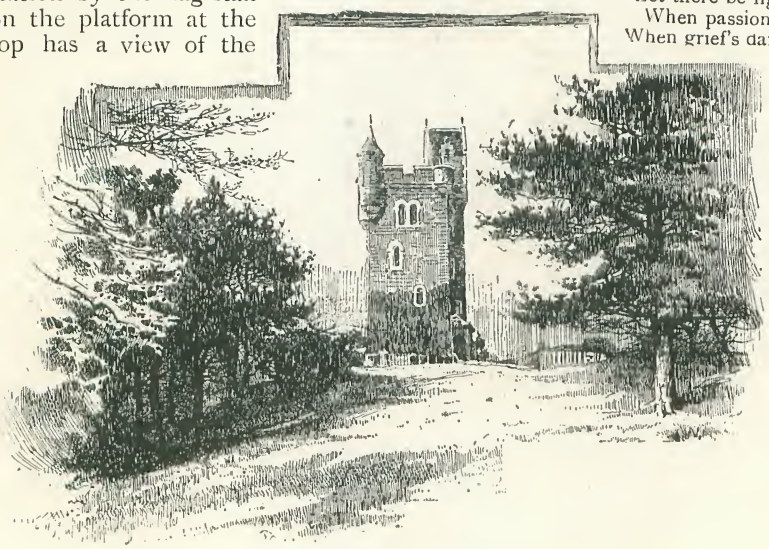
Another very charming and gracefully satirical production from the pen of Helen, Lady Dufferin, is entitled, in playful parody of her son's Icelandic tour, "Lispings from Low Latitudes," and relates the adventures of an English lady in Egypt. The numerous illustrations, which are very spirited and full of humour, place the heroine in every situation that drollery and imagination can suggest, and are from the same gifted hand. We are able to give a portrait of Lady Dufferin taken in the latter part of her life. The remaining two of the brilliant trio of sisters, without mention of whom no published annals of Court and social life during the first half of this century seem complete, were the Duchess of Somerset, who was unanimously elected Queen of Beauty in the celebrated Eglinton Tournament in 1839, and Mrs. Norton, a writer of romance eminent in her day, some of whose songs and verses are almost as popular now as during her lifetime, and whose story of "The Lady of La Garaye," told in verse, has rarely found its equal in simple charm and pathos in any language.

From a] HELEN, LADY DUFFERIN. *[Drawing*

The present Marchioness of Dufferin, whose family is mentioned elsewhere, is known to all for the great work she undertook in India with a view to ameliorating the condition of the native women, and introducing female medical aid into the zenanas. Only those acquainted through personal experience with the ignorance of the most common laws of nature, and the apathy shown in the presence of the most terrible and most protracted of sufferings, can have any idea of the condition of things in this respect in our Eastern empire before the noble-hearted Vicereine took the matter in hand. Of the tact and assiduity with which she induced one great Indian prince after another to permit, to sympathise with, and to aid in her undertaking, till the whole vast peninsula was working with her and for her, this is not the place to speak, more especially as an article on "Lady Dufferin and the Women of India" appeared in this magazine last November. Nor yet can more than one brief word be said of the grace and dignity with which, since she took her place by his side as a bride of eighteen, Lady Dufferin has accompanied her husband from place to place, making his many difficult tasks light in a manner which only a woman can, and adding to his popularity by the exercise of her own unquestioned charms, which have secured for her the respect and admiration of all who have known her on both sides the world.

Helen, Lady Dufferin, was her son's guardian until he came of age, but before that time he began to put his house in order by planting long avenues of trees in all directions round Clandeboye, his place

in County Down, and by cutting two large lakes, now combined, in the grounds, thus providing much-needed employment for the labouring population of the neighbourhood at the time of the great famine, when general distress was almost as rife in the North as in the South of Ireland. One of these avenues terminates at Helen's Bay, a beautiful little spot well known to sailors on the north coast, in whose proximity a pretty little bathing village has come into existence. Another of the long green alleys leads to Helen's Tower, built by Lord Dufferin in his mother's honour, and which is furnished as a residence, each story consisting of one minute room and its own portion of the spiral staircase, and it rises to such a height that anyone taking up their station by the flag-staff on the platform at the top has a view of the



HELEN'S TOWER, CLANDEBOYE

distant shores of Cantyre, Wigtonshire, and of the Isle of Man.

In a little work published for private circulation, one notices with interest that the lady to whom, in 1850, was assigned the task of christening this romantic tower, was Mrs. Rowan-Hamilton, of Killyleagh Castle, the wife of Lord Dufferin's nearest neighbour and closest friend, and whose daughter was, a dozen years later, to become the Countess of Dufferin.

Among our illustrations we give one of the monument which has been celebrated in the verse of some of the greatest writers of our day. A sonnet of Robert Browning's compares this "Love's rock-built tower" of the island in the north to that of the "Greek beauty of the Scæan Gate," while in the recent editions of Lord Tennyson's works are to be found other lines on it beginning—

> "Helen's tower, here I stand—
> Dominant o'er sea and land;
> Son's love built me, and I hold
> Mother's love engraved in gold."

Space must also be made for a short extract from the exquisite lines in which Lady Dufferin resigned her guardianship of her son, which are engraved on a marble slab fixed to the inner wall of the tower:—

> "At a most solemn pause we stand,
> From this day forth—for evermore,
> The weak, but loving human hand,
> Must cease to guide thee as of yore.
> Then as thro' life thy footsteps stray,
> And earthly beacons dimly shine,
> 'Let there be light' upon thy way,
> And holier guidance far than mine;
> 'Let there be light' in thy clear soul,
> When passion tempts or doubts assail;
> When grief's dark tempests o'er thee roll,
> 'Let there be light' that shall not fail!
> . . . And pray, that she whose hand doth trace
> This heart warm prayer, when life is past,
> May see and know thy blessed face
> In God's own glorious light at last."

Lord Dufferin inherited a love of the sea from his father, a captain in Her Majesty's Navy, and a few years later he struck the keel of his yacht, the *Foam*, against the walls of the towers which guard the inviolate sanctuary of the Virgin of the Ice-realm. The title of that most attractive tale of the sea is "Letters from High Latitudes," and the writer, while steering his own vessel through the thick, black night of the North, and wielding with his own hand the iron bars which pushed off the ice-blocks threatening to engulf her, found time to record the legends he heard on the way. He covered a distance of six thousand miles before he returned home, came within six hundred and thirty miles of the North Pole, and re-discovered the island of Jan Mayen, which had so long been lost behind its opaque barrier of fog. Not the least interesting part of this fascinating book are the illustrations from the

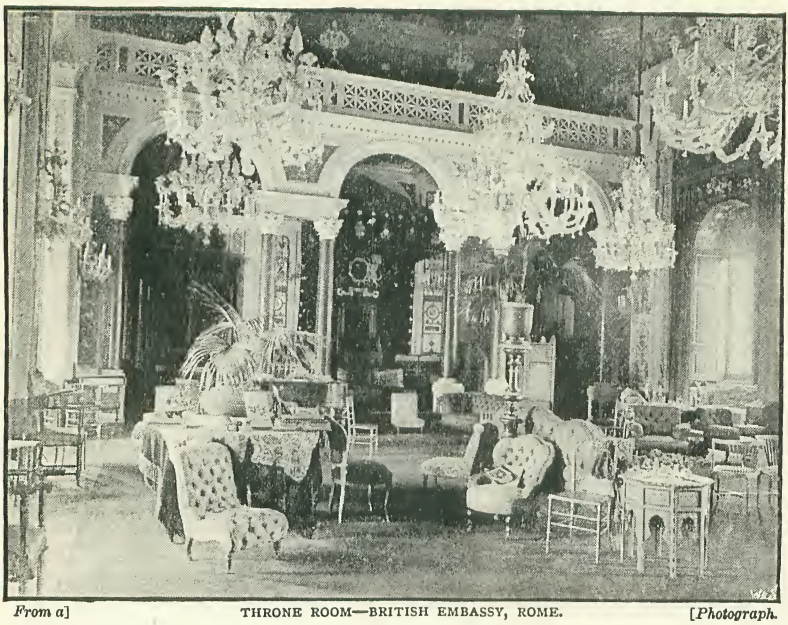
writer's own hand. "Et ego in Arctis" has been written beneath one sketch, where we see a narrow lidless coffin in which rests the perfect skeleton of a man, some whaler who had perished here, according to the inscription marked on a rude wooden cross in the Dutch tongue, just a century before. Another shows us the snow-crested peaks of Jan Mayen, peeping strangely through one diminutive window cut in a dense wall of cloud, at the tiny *Foam* who has come so far to pay her morning call on this giant of the North, and who now stands curtseying gracefully outside the inhospitably-closed doors of her ill-mannered friend. A large painting in oils has been done from this little sketch, which, having crossed more southerly seas, in company with the portraits of the more renowned of the Sheridan family, to adorn the walls of Lord Dufferin's then home, the Embassy of Constantinople, has now re urned to the walls of Clandeboye. where likewise is to be seen the figure-head of the gallant little *Foam*, which has made her way so far afield.

The rush and fall of salt water has ever since his first voyage had a charm for Lord Dufferin, and he has rarely failed to snatch some hours from each of the busy years of his life for a tussle with the sea.

A distinguished sea captain was recently heard to remark that His Excellency was "again trying to make a hole in the list of Ambassadors by tempting Neptune with that water-sprite of his, which has the outward characteristics of a boat and the inward mechanism of a watch." The allusion was made to a graceful little fairy of diminutive dimensions, the *Lady Hermione*, of which we give a representation in our initial letter, and which, succeeding *The Woman in White*, *The Man in Black*, and a host of other craft owning Lord Dufferin as captain, is now disporting herself in the Bay of Naples, but which we may shortly expect to see nearer home, in one of those many harbours which own the sway of the lately-created Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports.

Lord Dufferin is himself a good sportsman; he has shot deer in Russia, bear in the Rocky Mountains, and tiger in India, besides clay-pigeons on the Bosphorus. At his present post in Rome, being Irish, he spends his hours of recreation in the hunting field, where Jaracewski, "The Hunting Colonel," who is not unknown in the English shires, points out his manner of taking his fences to the young Roman officers who are being trained in *le sport*, and bids them do likewise. Copies of a popular illustrated paper, representing His Excellency on horseback poised in the air above a five-barred gate, and instantaneous photographs of him under similar condi-

From an Instantaneous Photograph. IN THE HUNTING FIELD—ROME. *[by E. Ghezzi, Rome.*

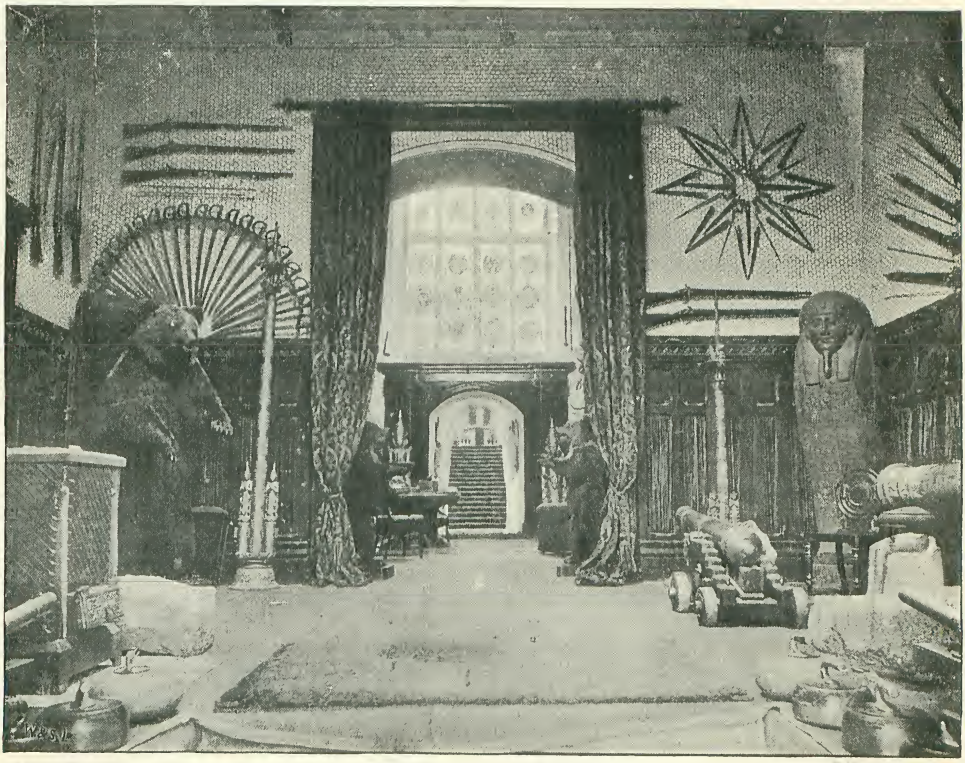


From a] THRONE ROOM—BRITISH EMBASSY, ROME. *[Photograph.*

of the British Embassy in Rome as it appears while in Lord Dufferin's hands. The Throne-room is so called from the Royal seat which is placed on a raised platform at the upper end. The arms of Great Britain and Ireland are richly embroidered in gold on the canopy above the throne, and above that again is the musicians' gallery, with a classic balustrade copied from a fine fragment of one discovered on the Palatine Hill. Spiral staircases passing upwards from either side of this daïs, lead up to the gallery, whence one has a view

tions, were to be seen last season in every corner of the city on the Tiber.

Among our illustrations is included one



From a Photo. by] ENTRANCE HALL, CLANDEBOYE *[J. Mack, Coleraine.*

of this magnificent room, down the side of which runs a long corridor, the latter being separated from the main body of the apartment by pillars and hanging draperies. The windows on this side overlook the gardens of the Embassy, which are bounded in one part by the Aurelian wall of Ancient Rome while on the other one surveys the Via Venti Settembre, and the gates by which, twenty years ago, Garibaldi entered Rome. Under the *régime* of former ambassadors, this saloon was used only as a ball-room, but Lord and Lady Dufferin furnished it completely, and use it as their favourite sitting-room. On the walls of this and the adjoining apartments, are shields and weapons brought from India and Burmah, with a fine collection of the portraits of the great tributary princes of our Eastern Empire. On the tables lie the beautifully wrought cases of gold, silver, and ivory in which addresses were presented to the former Viceroy ; among them is the casket of gold and gems that contained the documents in which the freedom of the City of London was bestowed upon him on his return from his brilliant rule in the East.

At the foot of the staircase, which is of white marble with balustrade of the same, and branches off to right and left, is another Oriental memento, the gilded figure of an Indian god ; and behind that is the fine entrance hall, its roof resting on columns of marble, and which, under Lord Dufferin's directions, has been fitted up with divans and lounges in crimson cloth.

The rest of the interior views which we have included in our series, are those of Lord Dufferin's estate in Ireland. The mansion of Clandeboye was erected in the reign of James I., but has been frequently altered and enlarged since that time. From the terraces one has a fine view over the lake, which has already been mentioned, and of the park, which, among its other features, includes a well-grown pinetum. Within, the interesting appearance of the entrance-hall at once strikes one, as here are collected treasures from all parts of the world —stuffed seals and skins from the Arctic regions, great brown bears from the Rockies, and tiger-skins from the East. The native weapons of different savage tribes, including the tomahawks of the Red Indians, form

From a Photo. by] INNER HALL, CLANDEBOYE. *[J. Mack, Coleraine.*

From a Photo. by] INNER HALL, CLANDEBOYE. *[J. Mack, Coleraine*

the staircase by which one passes to the principal rooms, are lined with pictures, many of them from Lord Dufferin's own hand, the pursuit of art having always been one of his favourite occupations. At the head is the alabaster figure of one of the earlier Egyptian kings, from a tomb discovered by Lord Dufferin during his explorations in Egypt many years ago. This leads one on to the picture gallery, where are excellent copies of some of the masterpieces of mediæval art. Here, also, is a bust of the Marquis when a young man, by the sculptor Macdonald; and in the neighbouring room are copies of the portraits of the female members of the brilliant Sheridan family, among whom beauty and wit have been said to be hereditary. Another staircase leads from this room, and at the point where its balustrades terminate, the tusks of narwhals, brought by Lord Dufferin from the North, rise high, trophies on the walls. The big round eyes of grotesque idols from the same part of the world, stand against the walls, and about their feet are curling-stones from Canada; guns from Burmah point their long tubes at the passer-by, and the rounded outlines of an elaborately decorated mummy-case from Egypt are seen beyond them. Shells brought over at a much later date from the fields of Tel-el-Khebir are grouped together in one corner, and near them is a large bronze bell in its stand, from still further East. Banners wave from the roof, hanging above the handsome chimney-piece of carved oak, which, enclosing an open hearth, makes room for two large crimson-cushioned settees beneath its wide-spreading canopy; while, looking down on the whole, is a fine portrait of Lord Dufferin in his peer's robes, by Ary Scheffer.

From a Photo. by] PICTURE GALLERY, CLANDEBOYE. *[J. Mack, Coleraine.*

The walls of

From a Photo. by] LIBRARY, CLANDEBOYE. *[J. Mack, Coleraine*

their counterparts being also seen in other parts of the house.

In 1860 Lord Dufferin went as British Commissioner to Syria, to regulate the home policy of the Lebanon district, then a scene of perpetual turmoil and a very maëlstrom of blood-feud, but which has since become the most peaceful and prosperous portion of the Turkish Empire. On his return, he gave a most interesting lecture, entitled "Notes on Ancient Syria," at the Young Men's Christian Association in Dublin. The address has since been published, and in it the following passage occurs:—"The first visit a man pays to Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, produces a greater revolution in his ideas, a larger expansion of thought, a warmer stimulus to his imagination, than any other process his mind can undergo. . . . Along the path leading from the village of Nain," Lord Dufferin went on, "little effort is required to picture to one's self the memorable procession that once left its streets—the veiled and weeping mother, the friends and neighbours with their sad burden, and above all, that beloved and awful Presence Whose memory is associated with every step we take among the hills of His earthly home."

From a Photo. by] DRAWING-ROOM, CLANDEBOYE *[J. Mack, Coleraine*

In 1872 Lord Dufferin was sent as Governor-General of Canada, when the tact and personal influence exercised during his tours through the vast provinces of the North-West, brought about the pacification of British Columbia, then

LORD DUFFERIN—VICEROY OF CANADA.
From a Photo. by W. Notman, Montreal.

clamouring for separation from the Dominion.

We find an excellent pen-portrait in a letter from the well-known American writer, Mr. Moncure Conway, at the time of Lord Dufferin's appointment to our American colonies. He met the future Governor-General on the top of an omnibus running from Richmond Hill to Piccadilly, both, as Mr. Moncure Conway explains, having ascended to that eminence in order that they might enjoy a balmy April morning, and each, it is necessary to add, ignoring the name of his companion.

"By my side," the letter says, "there sat a middle-sized man, with a very intelligent countenance. We had a good deal of conversation. He was particularly interested in America, and indicated such an intimacy with its politics that he might have been mistaken for an American, especially as there was very little of the Englishman in his appearance. He had a face more Celtic than Saxon—a fine, intellectual forehead, a light, soft eye—in all, a face of delicate beauty, but at the same time vigorous in expression. I was much delighted with my companion's ideas of literature, art, and politics; while his charming voice and his beaming expression convinced me that I was in the presence of no ordinary man. By the time we reached Regent's - circus, cigars were ended; my new acquaintance alighted and disappeared among the millions of London, with a fair prospect of remaining with me for the time to

From a Photo. by] LORD DUFFERIN—VICEROY OF INDIA. *[Bourne & Shepherd, Bombay*

From a] THE VICEROY OF INDIA'S STATE BARGE. *[Photograph.*

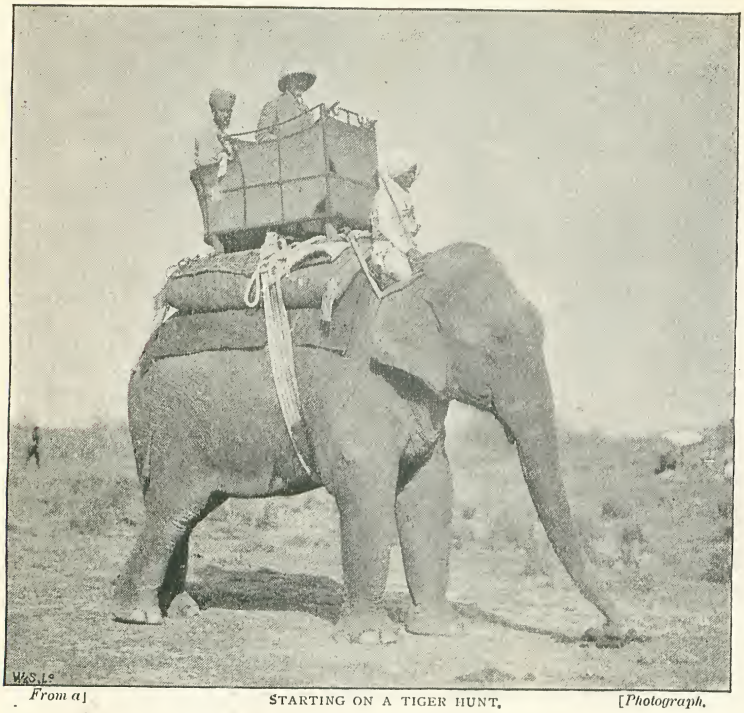
come, only as a pleasant omnibus-top memory.

"But it was not to be so. A few evenings afterwards, I happened to be in the strangers' section of the House of Lords. My eyes were wandering about from face to face, lingering here and there upon one which seemed like an historical figure-head of ancient historic England. But a voice struck me as one I had heard before. I could not be mistaken in that low clear tone. . . . It was my friend of the omnibus-top. Dry as the theme was — I have forgotten it — the speaker had invested it with interest. He had looked deeper into it than others, knew the point on which the question turned, and in a few simple words made the statement to which nothing could be added. Since then it has been my privilege to meet Lord Dufferin in society, to listen to him, to know something of his life, and my first impression has been more than confirmed. I am quite sure there is no one among the Peers of England who surpasses him in all that goes to make the gentleman, the true-hearted man, and the refined scholar. . . . Many most influential men at once named him as the right man to succeed Lord Mayo in India. There was, indeed, a slight disappointment in some quarters, that Lord Northbrook should have been preferred for the post in question. But Canada gains a great deal by it. England could send her no better man."

In 1879, at the moment when diplomatic relations between England and Russia were strained almost to snapping point, Lord Dufferin was appointed Ambassador to St. Petersburg. The threatened outbreak of hostilities averted, he was transferred to Constantinople. Of his sojourn on the Bosphorus and on the Nile mention has already been made.

In 1884 he proceeded as Viceroy to India,

From a] NATIVE FEEDING TIGER CUB WITH BABY'S BOTTLE. *[Photograph.*



From a] STARTING ON A TIGER HUNT. *[Photograph.*

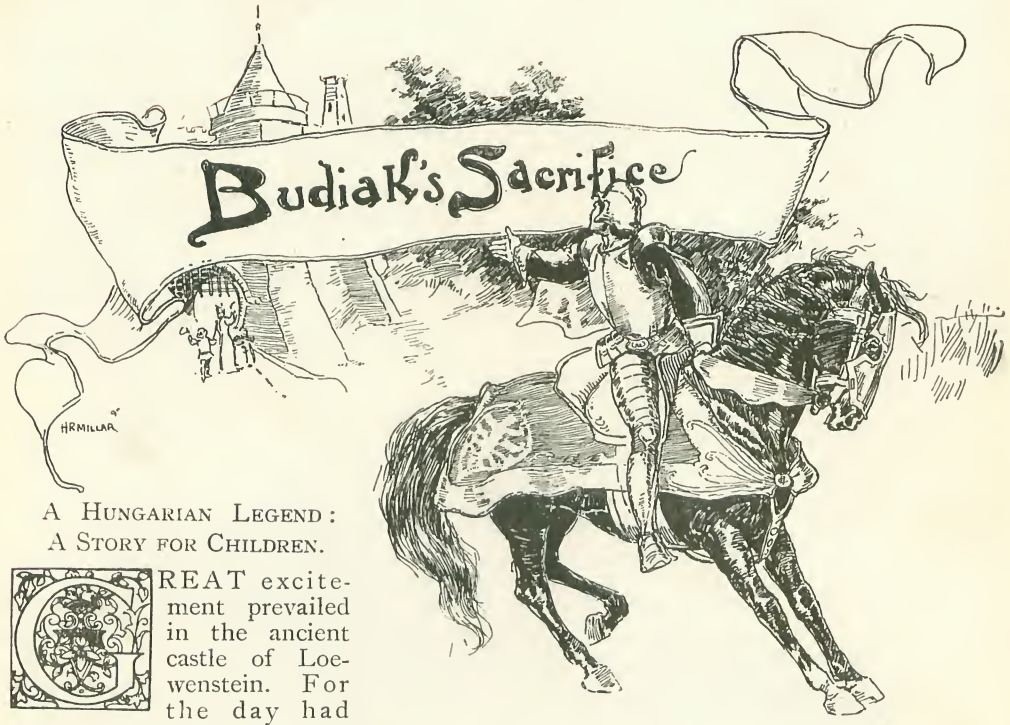
the conquest of Upper Burmah, which country he visited at the close of the war, and whence he derives his second title, being the leading event of his four years' brilliant rule in the East.

We give various illustrations of His Excellency's progress through the newly-conquered province. In magnificence and wealth of resource this journey can only be likened to the State processions of the ancient Byzantine Empire. As the *Clive*, which had conveyed the Viceroy and his staff from Diamond Harbour, Calcutta, steamed into that of Rangoon, a salute of thirty-one guns was fired, while the British men-of-war, the *Bacchante*, the *Woodlark*, the *Turquoise*, and the *Sphynx*, manned their yards, and saluted in their turn. The viceregal party then proceeded to a large temporary building, richly decorated and gilded, and which had been copied from a Burmese pagoda, after which the State carriage conveyed them to the palace. Later on, the State barge was placed in requisition to convey the representative of our Empress-Queen part of the way to his final destination, the city of Mandalay.

In 1888 Lord Dufferin was appointed Ambassador to Rome, a post he has held till the present moment, and during his tenure of which he has, in conjunction with Sir Evelyn Baring, carried through the work of the delimitation of the sphere of British influence in Africa.

Lord Dufferin has now entered a new sphere of action. On the lamented death of Lord Lytton, her Majesty's Government appointed him as Ambassador to Paris.

From a] AFTER THE HUNT. *[Photograph.*



A Hungarian Legend: A Story for Children.

GREAT excitement prevailed in the ancient castle of Loewenstein. For the day had come upon which the lord of the castle must start for the seat of war. The time of which we are writing is that of the early Crusades, when Hungary was invaded and overrun by a powerful Tartar tribe, led by a chief named Cadan. In this emergency, the Hungarian King appealed for aid to his nobles and vassals, amongst whom one of the most loyal was Emmerick, of Loewenstein. Emmerick had armed his retainers with great celerity, and a certain exhilaration of spirit; but now that the actual moment of departure had arrived, the cloud of grief was upon his brow. For he dearly loved his wife, the noble Lady Agnes, and also his fair sons and daughters, and to part from them, never, perhaps, to see them again in this world, was a terrible trial. Lady Agnes shared in these gloomy forebodings, for she knew only too well the half-savage, barbarous character of her country's foes.

"*I* will take care of him," said Andrew Budiak, seeking to comfort his lady. Andrew was the castellan of Loewenstein. Although past the prime of life, he was still as bold in the battlefield as he was true in the castle hall, and he insisted, despite all remonstrances, upon accompanying his master to the seat of war.

At length Emmerick tore himself from his wife's embrace, and the little procession rode away.

Few chieftains had armed with the promptitude of the lord of Loewenstein, and the Magyar force was a small and inefficient one. The result was that when the Hungarians and Tartars joined in battle the former were completely overpowered and defeated by the latter.

During that fierce and terrible battle, which caused the river of Lago to run red with blood, the knight Emmerick and his trusty servant fought and fell together. All night they lay upon the battlefield; and there, at dawn of day, they were found by some of the Tartars. Both men, having

partially recovered consciousness, and given unmistakable signs of life, were raised from the ground, borne to the Tartar camp, and became the property of the chief, Cadan.

They were barely allowed a few days of rest, in which to recover from their wounds. Then, when their new master was assured there was no longer danger of their dying by the way, he ordered them to be chained together. With a score of others, also linked in pairs, and attached by the centre of their fetters to the stirrup of a Tartar horseman, who bore a lance in his hand, a bow at his saddle, and a quiver of arrows at his back, they were driven onward, with curses and rough blows, towards their captor's home.

After weary months of agonising suspense, a report reached the Lady Agnes that her husband was dead. It is needless to say how great was her grief. Only her religion and her children afforded her any consolation.

The report, however, was a false one; Emmerick and Budiak were spending their days in toil, suffering, and tears. At last, one night, a gleam of hope visited them. As they sank down side by side upon their bed of leaves, Budiak caught sight of an axe, which had been accidentally left in their cell by one of the hired labourers employed in erecting additional sheds for the numerous and overcrowded captives; at the sight, Budiak felt a thrill of hope and gladness.

The night wore on. The watch had been set. Each prisoner had answered to his name, called by the captain of the guard, and the deep slumber of over-wrought strength had fallen upon the wretched band, ere Budiak ventured to reveal to the knight the secret of his newly acquired treasure. Each had the same thought. Chained together as they were, escape was impossible; but, if with this axe they could sever their fetters, they would have a chance of regaining their freedom. With great caution, muffling the sound of the iron links with the folds of their coarse garments, the

'THEY WERE DRIVEN ONWARD."

two captives began their attempt. Alas! all their efforts were in vain; in spite of all that they could do, the ponderous chain remained intact. In despair, each turned aside to weep.

"I am so grieved for *you*, my poor Budiak!" said Emmerick. "But for your fidelity to me, you would be still free and happy. I can never forget that!"

"Never mind about *me*, my good lord," answered Budiak; "I can well support my

own misery, for I am alone in the world. With you it is otherwise, for you have your wife and children to think of. You, moreover, were born to greatness, and have lost your birthright. But," he added, as a thought struck him, "it must be regained."

"Alas! there is no hope for either of us," murmured the knight, burying his face in his hands.

He was aroused by the sound of a heavy blow. Not one which had fallen upon a hard and resisting substance; it was a peculiar, smothered crash that, although he knew not then why, thrilled the very core of his heart.

"What have you done, Budiak?" he inquired, hurriedly.

"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, BUDIAK?"

"My dear lord," gasped out his follower, "there was but the accursed Tartar chain between you and freedom, and we could not break it. It detains you here no longer. Go back to your wife, and be happy. Tell her——"

He paused as if in agony, and Emmerick bent over him to ascertain the cause. With a start of horror, he exclaimed: "Tell me that I dream—I dare not—will not—believe that you have done this!"

"Calm yourself, my lord, and think of flight," replied the heroic vassal. As he spoke he raised himself by a violent effort, and wrenched away from the fetter with which it had been encircled the leg which he had sacrificed to his beloved master. "Let me fling off this useless limb, which has never served me so well as it has done this day. And now, be wary, my lord, and you are free; for our captors have trusted largely to this chain, and with silence and speed your success is almost certain."

"Never!" returned Emmerick, throwing his arms around the wounded man, "never will I leave you here alone, maimed for my sake; to die, perhaps, without one friendly voice to murmur peace in your last moments!"

"Must I then know," remonstrated Budiak, with great earnestness, "that I have done this thing in vain? Will you not accept my poor service? Will you double my sufferings by your participation in them? If we are found here at dawn, we shall both be the victims of an act for which I alone am responsible. You cannot surely be so cruel? Come, my dear, dear lord, rouse yourself, I implore you, and depart. Then I shall be able to forget my physical sufferings in my prayers for your safety and success, as I follow you in thought upon your homeward path."

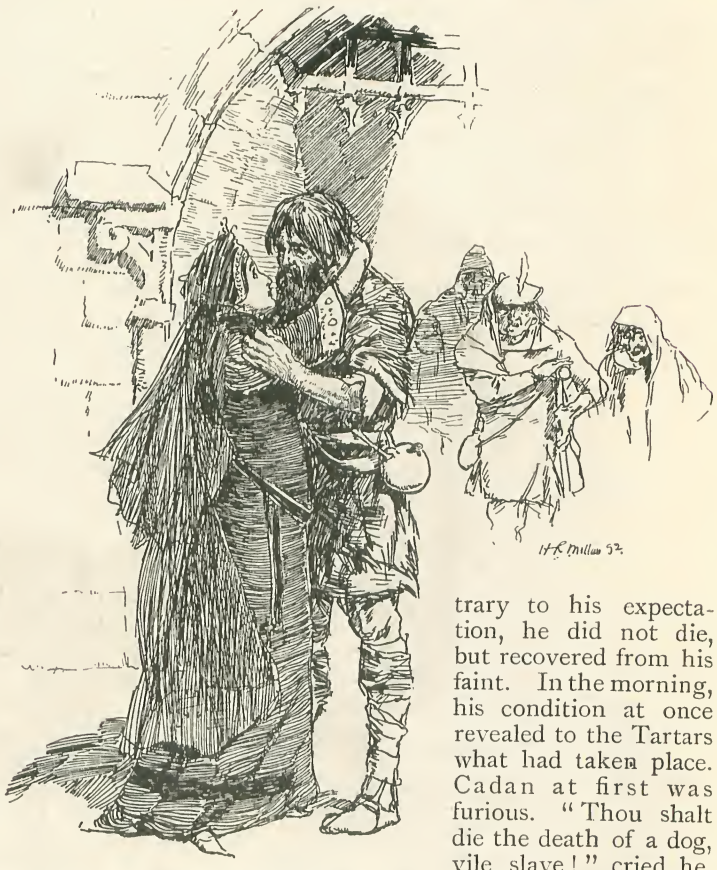
"I will *not* leave you thus," persisted the knight.

"Nay, then, have the truth," and once more the gallant castellan raised himself upon his arm, and struggled against the faintness that was rapidly overcoming him. "Even now I feel that I am dying. My heart flutters for a moment like a newly caged bird, and then stands still; and the life-blood is being drained from my veins. Farewell, my beloved master, farewell!"

Budiak's fast-failing strength scarcely sufficed for these last words. Utterly exhausted by the effort he had made, he fell back upon the earth cold, motionless, un-

conscious — to all appearance, lifeless. Emmerick doubted not for a moment that the brave soul had fled.

At first the knight could do nothing but weep over the body of his noble friend. But thoughts of home grew upon him. Budiak must not have died in vain. Perhaps his loving spirit was even now watching over his master, grieved and disappointed by his delay. Emmerick braced himself for action, and with but little difficulty effected his escape. But his homeward journey was a hard and toilsome one.



"'AGNES!' EXCLAIMED A WELL-REMEMBERED VOICE."

It was the second anniversary of the battle in which Emmerick was suppoesd to have fallen. After a solemn requiem in the chapel, the Lady Agnes, covered from head to foot in a long black veil, proceeded to the great gate of the castle, for the pious purpose of distributing alms to all such as should be there to receive them. Around her stood her children. Each recipient was expected to repay his benefactress by a prayer for her beloved dead. The distribution had begun, when her eldest son, Geysa, said, "Serve this good pilgrim soon, I pray you, mother, for he seems very faint and weary with toil and want. And he must be a good man; for, see! even amid his rags, he has preserved a picture of Our Lady, which he might have sold for food."

The lady, thus urged, turned towards the mendicant indicated by her son, and at once recognised in the relic a gift of her own made long ago to her husband. For a moment she stood speechless, gazing upon that gaunt, squalid figure; then, throwing back her veil, and displaying a countenance like that of one convulsed by a fearful dream, she gasped: "Speak! who and whence are you?"

"Agnes!" exclaimed a well-remembered voice, and the next instant the trembling woman was in her husband's arms.

We must now return to Budiak. Contrary to his expectation, he did not die, but recovered from his faint. In the morning, his condition at once revealed to the Tartars what had taken place. Cadan at first was furious. "Thou shalt die the death of a dog, vile slave!" cried he, "without help or pity."

"I care not," was the calm reply; "I have saved my master."

"A fine master he! He left thee to perish," sneered the Tartar chief.

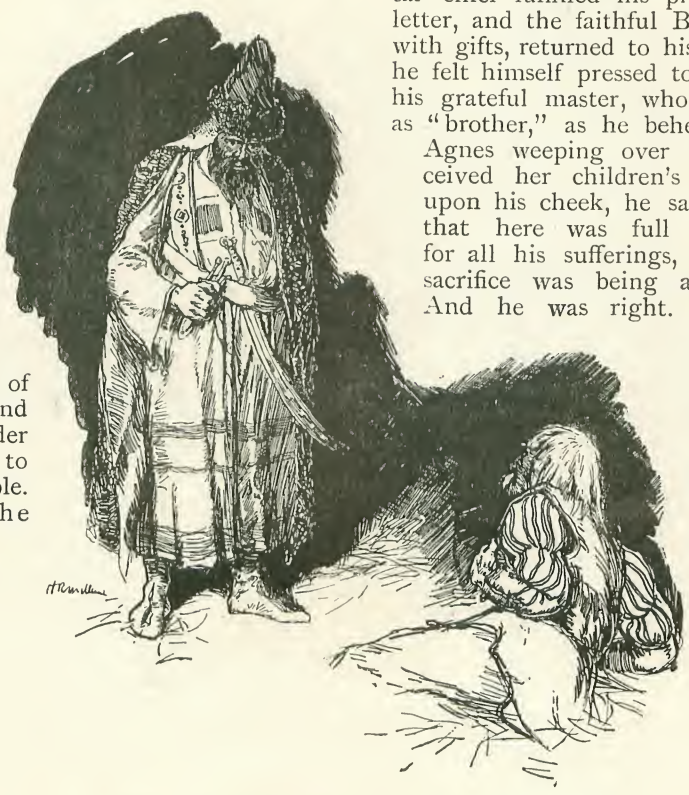
"He thought me dead," said Budiak. "I rejoice to think that he is now free, and will soon be in his own halls!"

"Only tell me that thou hast repented of the rash deed, and that, were it yet to do, thou wouldst refuse," urged the wondering chief.

"I may not pass away with a lie upon my lips," replied the castellan. "With this faithful right arm I would joyfully lop off every other limb, could I by the sacrifice ensure my master's happiness. And now, let me die; I have nothing more to live for. The only boon I would crave is that you would leave me in peace to pray for my

chief and my country, while yet I have breath to do it."

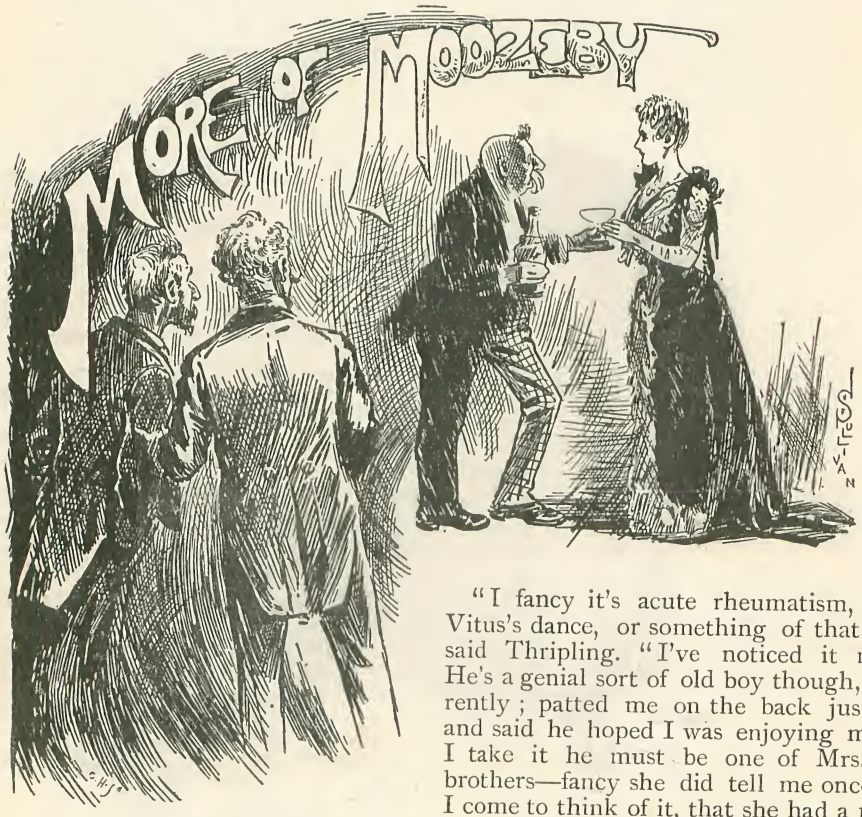
Cadan was conquered. He had never before known anything like this. With deep emotion, he said: "Christian, thou art stronger than I! The sun of success glitters to-day upon my arms, but its beam may glance off in some hour of peril, when such love as thine may be beyond all price. Strive against thy weakness, and live. Care and rest may yet restore thee; and I swear that for the sake of the noble lesson thou hast taught my followers, thou shalt no sooner be able to keep the saddle than I will give thee gold, and arms, and a steed worthy of a monarch, and send thee under a safe escort to thy own people. So shall the proud Hungarians learn that Cadan also can respect the virtue of fidelity."



"CHRISTIAN, THOU ART STRONGER THAN I."

Overcome by surprise and gratitude, the joyful Budiak endeavoured, maimed and suffering as he was, to cast himself at the feet of his generous captor; but, as he ceased speaking, the Tartar left the cell.

Hope is a potent physician. Combined with careful nursing, the prospect of home and freedom soon restored to the castellan some degree of strength. Then the Tartar chief fulfilled his promise to the letter, and the faithful Budiak, loaded with gifts, returned to his friends. As he felt himself pressed to the heart of his grateful master, who greeted him as "brother," as he beheld the Lady Agnes weeping over him, and received her children's warm kisses upon his cheek, he said to himself that here was full compensation for all his sufferings, and that his sacrifice was being amply repaid. And he was right. Legs, it is true, are very valuable appendages, but love is the *most* precious thing in the whole world.



SINCE poor Moozeby tried those experiments in precipitating trains and things, he has kept up his studies in Theosophy; but the results have not been at all encouraging.

We were all at Mrs. Moozeby's reception, and we all knew one another more or less, with the exception of one man who was a stranger to all of us. We could not help noticing him; for, besides being new to us all, his appearance and manner were rather remarkable.

"Who's that old boy?" said Pinniger to Thripling. "I never saw such a queer fish in my life. He seems to move about so awkwardly, as if he hadn't the proper use of his limbs."

"I fancy it's acute rheumatism, or St. Vitus's dance, or something of that sort," said Thripling. "I've noticed it myself. He's a genial sort of old boy though, apparently; patted me on the back just now, and said he hoped I was enjoying myself! I take it he must be one of Mrs. M.'s brothers—fancy she did tell me once, now I come to think of it, that she had a matter of a brother or two in Australia. He must be some relation, or he would hardly make himself quite so much at home, would he?"

"Tell you what," said Pinniger presently, "that old fellow is a regular study. The way he gets about is really lovely—like a crab on crutches. And his voice is so queer; every now and then it breaks and becomes a squeak, and at other times he seems to be trying to imitate Moozeby: in fact, now I come to think of it, his accent is very much like Moozeby's. I have it—he's a relation of Moozeby's, not Mrs. M.'s; there is a sort of family likeness all round. Never heard that Moozeby had a brother, but he may be a first cousin or something."

At this moment Mrs. Moozeby came up and whispered to Pinniger, "Do you know who that gentleman is? I thought he must

be a friend of Mrs. Wimbledon's; but she says she never saw him before in her life. Who has brought him? And I wonder why they didn't introduce him to me, or anything?"

Pinniger and Thripling shook their heads hopelessly.

"I don't at all like his manners!" continued Mrs. Moozeby. "He goes about as if my house belonged to him, and offers people wine and things! Just now, I do believe, he went down into the cellar and fetched up more champagne; and he addresses me as 'My dear' and 'My love'! I do wish my husband would come home! Look! look! He has actually had the impertinence to go up and fetch baby out of bed! I *won't* have it! It's *too* much! I don't care who brought him, I shall go and ask him what he means by it all!"

"It's all right, my love," said the stranger, tossing the baby up. "I'm sure baby's had a good sleep, and he wants to see the company. Don't you, Toddlums?"

"Actually knows baby's pet name!" exclaimed Mrs. Moozeby. "I have not the pleasure of knowing who you are, sir; but I consider that you are taking very great liberties in my house, and I must ask you to behave yourself if you remain here. Pray, who brought you here?"

The stranger stared a little at this speech, and then broke into a laugh of great enjoyment, though still with something of puzzledom in it.

"KITCHEE! KITCHEE!"

"Kitchee! kitchee!" he said between his chuckles. "Mummy's funny, isn't she, Toddlums? Funny, wunny, wee! Fun-ny, wun-ny, widdle-de, wee!"

The infant seemed to enjoy the joke intensely, and laid a slobbery finger on the stranger's nose; but Mrs. Moozeby indignantly snatched it away, and hurried with it upstairs, exclaiming at every step, "Of all the impertinence!" "To think of it!" "Well!"

"Very extraordinary!" exclaimed the stranger. "What in the name of heaven can have put her out? Never saw her in such a tantrum." And he rushed upstairs after her; then there came a scream from above, and we hurried up, to find Mrs. M. at bay in a corner, with the baby in a safe position behind her, stamping her foot at the stranger and pouring forth volumes of wild indignation.

The stranger stood in the middle of the room scratching his head in a perplexed way, and occasionally exclaiming "My love!" and "Tut, tut!"

"IN A SAFE POSITION.

"Gad!" said Pinniger, "mad! Better send for a policeman."

"I do believe she *is* mad," said the stranger. "But I don't think a policeman would know what to do. Aren't burnt feathers, or smelling salts, or arnica, or something like that, good for this sort of thing?"

"Oh, *why* doesn't Mr. Moozeby come home?" cried Mrs. M., beating an angry tattoo with her shoe.

The stranger gazed at us and shook his head. "Mad!" he murmured; then he said, "My love, don't you know me?"

"No," cried Mrs. Moozeby, "I do not; and what is more, whoever had the impertinence to bring you here shall never enter this house again!"

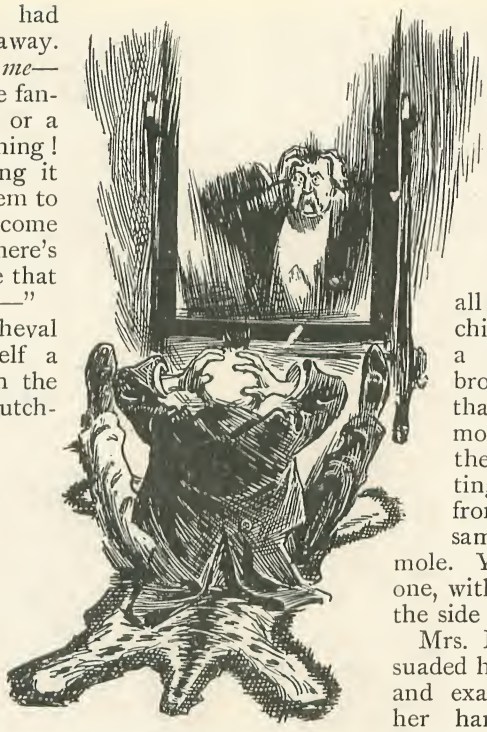
"I do hope she won't take to tearing baby limb from limb," said the stranger ner-

vously; "I think I had better try to get it away. If she doesn't know *me*—her husband—she'll be fancying baby is a rat, or a blackbeetle, or something! Kitchee, kitchee. Hang it—you fellows don't seem to know me! What's come to me? I do believe there's a something about me that—which—that isn't——"

He rushed to the cheval glass, gazed at himself a moment, then sank on the floor with his hands clutching at his hair.

"I've muddled it somehow!" he whispered to himself.

"It's all right," said Pinniger, soothingly, advancing with a Japanese fan he had hastily snatched up, and waving it gently before the stranger, to amuse and quiet him. "There's a nice cab coming to fetch you, and a man with nice, bright buttons all down his coat. So nice! Be here in a minute, if you sit nice and still."

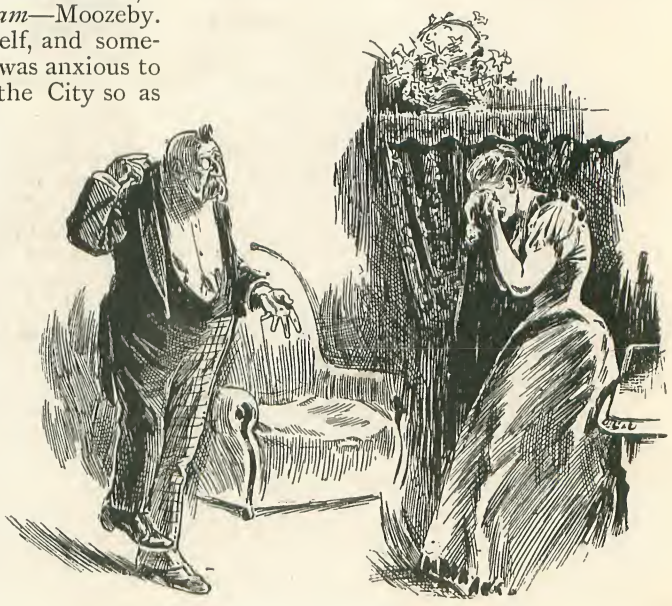


"CLUTCHING AT HIS HAIR."

"Pinniger, my dear fellow, don't!" said the stranger. "Can't you see I'm—no, I suppose you can't; but I *am*—Moozeby. I've been precipitating myself, and somehow muddled it. You see, I was anxious to get home here quickly from the City so as to receive the people; but I missed my train, so I found a nice quiet spot in the Temple Gardens and elementalised myself, so that I might re-precipitate myself here at once; but somehow (I fancy I was thinking of a business acquaintance whom I had just left at the bottom of Ludgate-hill) I muddled it, and mixed myself up somehow, and I seem to have come out something like him here and there. You see—yes—he has a little bit of hair right in the middle of his forehead, and here it is; and this is his heavy moustache; and his legs are much longer than mine, and I seem to have one of his and one of my own, and two different kinds of boots, too. Dear, dear! But look here, this mole at the back of my neck, that *is* mine. Look, my love, see? Mole! It's all right. I must really be chiefly myself, speaking in a general way and on broad lines, while I have that mole. Where that mole is *I* am; because they always used to distinguish me, as a baby, from other babies of the same size, by means of that mole. Yes, here it is; the large one, with the little tiny one by the side of it, for luck."

Mrs. Moozeby at length persuaded herself to approach him, and examine the mole; then her harrowed feelings found relief in sobs.

"I wish you had never seen those hateful Mahatma books, 'Hysteric Buddhism,' and the rest of them!" she said. "As if you had not quite enough irritating habits before, Robert! And now



"HER HARROWED FEELINGS FOUND RELIEF."

there's always this precipitating business going on ; and I always told you it was bad for your health, especially your digestion, which was always delicate, besides being wicked and flying in the face of Providence ! And *now* just see what you've done—mixed yourself up like this so that nobody can recognise you ; and a nice job for Doctor Coddles to get you right again ! And then that hateful moustache—very nice to be set against one's meals by festoons of soup and mayonnaise hanging to it ! You'll have the kindness, at least, to shave *that* off at once."

"I—really, my dear, I hardly like to. The fact is, I don't feel as if it were altogether my own property. You see, if I returned the other parts to Mownde—that's that business acquaintance, my dear—without the moustache, he mightn't altogether like—but, then, after all, I suppose this one is only a duplicate of his, and he's all right and complete as it is, and knows nothing about it. Oh, dear, it *is* puzzling ; I don't quite understand all the bearings of the thing yet——"

"No," said Mrs. Moozeby. "And it will come to having to keep an inventory of yourself, and go through it every morning to see if you are all there ; a nice waste of time, and pretty late it will make you for town ! Besides, the untidiness of leaving pieces of yourself all about in different places ! I'm sure George and Mary have quite enough work as it is, folding up your clothes that you throw all over the place ; and then what a nice example for baby to grow up with before its eyes ! How can you expect the servants to be tidy, and put things away, with you for ever asking where your legs are, or whether anyone has seen your nose? I'm sure if these hateful Mahatmas had to manage a house themselves, they would have thought twice before inventing this detestable nonsense !"

"'WHERE IS MY LEG? HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY NOSE?'"

Altogether that reception of Mrs. Moozeby's was a failure, and we all left early ; for we could not feel that Moozeby, in his existing state, was a proper substitute for himself ; and it was difficult to regard him as our host. It is true that the poor fellow did his very best to pull himself together and try to make us at home ; he came down and tried to get up some extempore *tableaux vivants*, but we could perceive that he was tired and out of sorts—in fact, he experienced a great deal of pain in the leg which was not one of his own, and came to the conclusion that that business acquaintance of his must suffer badly from gout or rheumatism, and we thought it would be a relief to him if we all went away.

Next day, being rather anxious about poor Moozeby, I called for Pinniger, and we went together to see how he was getting on. We found him at home as we had expected ; for, as he said, it would not be of much use to go to town, as neither the clerks nor anyone else would recognise him ; besides which, he had a morbid sensitiveness about venturing out and showing himself, being jerky and spasmodic in his movements in consequence of a difficulty in working the parts which were not his own, and which required practice to get used to.

He was very miserable, poor fellow ; among other things, he had developed a violent cold in his nose—or rather, in his business acquaintance's nose. He recollected having noticed Mownde standing in

a violent draught in town, and warning him against taking cold; and evidently he had taken cold. Then there was another thing—Moozeby's right hand, which was Mownde's, would keep taking out his watch and holding it up to be looked at, which convinced Moozeby that Mownde had some important engagement that morning; and Moozeby's misery was increased by the uncertainty whether Mownde was really complete in himself, or whether he was waiting for the missing parts before he could keep his appointment.

Poor Moozeby was fearfully perplexed how to act for the best. Several times he was tempted to elementalise himself, with a view to precipitating himself at Mownde's residence: but he was so upset by the muddle he had already made, that all sorts of vague apprehensions held him back,

"MOOZEBY AND HIS FOX-TERRIER."

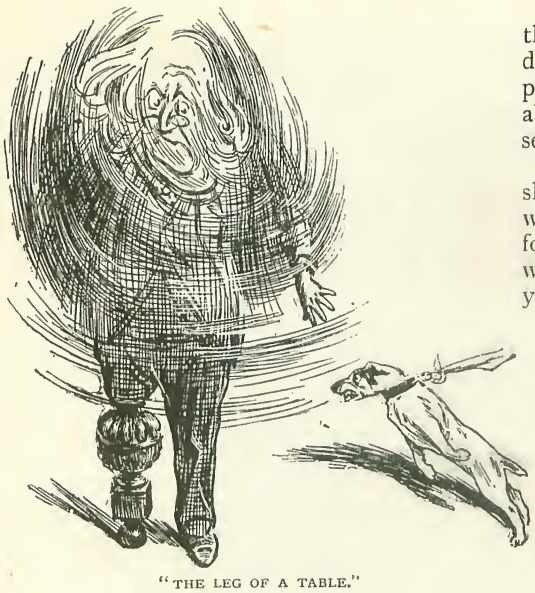
one of them being that he might lose Mownde's pieces irrecoverably on the way, thus doing irreparable harm.

The worst of it was, Moozeby's fox-terrier would spend his whole time in walking round and round Moozeby on the tips of his paws, and with his legs rigid like those of an automaton, and growling; and the possibility of his deciding on a bite was increased by Mownde's intense aversion to dogs, which caused Moozeby's right hand (in the intervals of taking out the watch) to seize all sorts of objects with the purpose of flinging them at the dog. As this would be absolutely certain to precipitate the threatened attack, Moozeby was forced to keep incessantly on the watch for the vagaries of that hand, which would occasionally (being very quick) seize a lump of coal or something while Moozeby's eye was turned away, and all but succeed in hurling it. Then that hand of Mownde's had a nasty twitch in it—some sort of paralysis—and would, every now and then, pinch Moozeby's ear, or pull his whiskers, causing him to grunt with pain. At length he settled matters for the time by sitting on that hand; and presently the dog went to sleep.

Several weeks passed before poor Moozeby could pluck up courage to attempt to set things right by a further experiment in elementalising himself; but, what with the pressure put upon him by Mrs. Moozeby, who declared her determination to go and live with her mother if he intended to continue going about *that* guy, and the general unsatisfactory state of the case, he at length braced up his nerves to the attempt. That dog resented the operations from the commencement, and Pinniger had to hold him back; and Mrs. Moozeby had insisted on having Dr. Coddles present in case of accidents.

The poor fellow could not concentrate his mind on the operation, a most essential condition of success. His thoughts *would* wander to the objects he saw; and at the first try he re-precipitated himself fairly all right, with the exception of the right leg, which was the leg of a table — a *facsimile* of those supporting the dining table in front of him. Then, while he was trying to concentrate his thoughts on that leg, the rest of him grew nebulous, and faded right away; and we feared the worst. But his voice, apparently from the centre of the earth, murmured: "All right, you fellows, I'm all here in the form of air; only I wish you would put a newspaper or something in front of the fire to prevent some of me being drawn up the chimney by the draught."

We waited breathlessly for a quarter of an hour, then we heard Moozeby's voice



"THE LEG OF A TABLE."

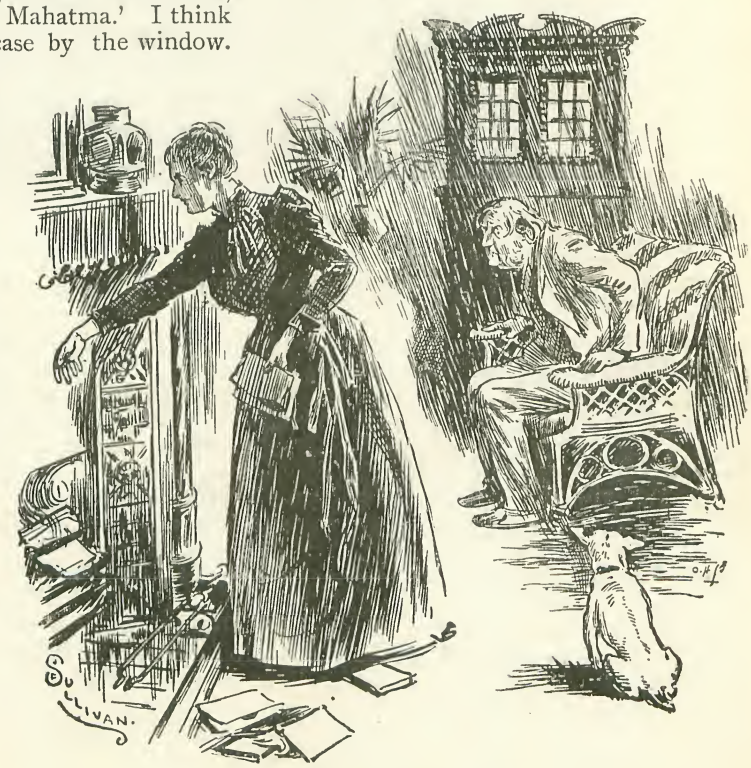
saying: "I say, just get down that book, 'Every Man his own Mahatma.' I think it's in that little bookcase by the window. That's it. Now, just turn to page 392, where it tells you how to unravel your elements when you've got 'em in a tangle. Thanks."

More suspense, and then a condensing nebula; and finally the form of Moozeby sitting on the mantelpiece. It *was* Moozeby this time, but with one strange—very strange—peculiarity; he had one black-and-tan ear like the terrier!

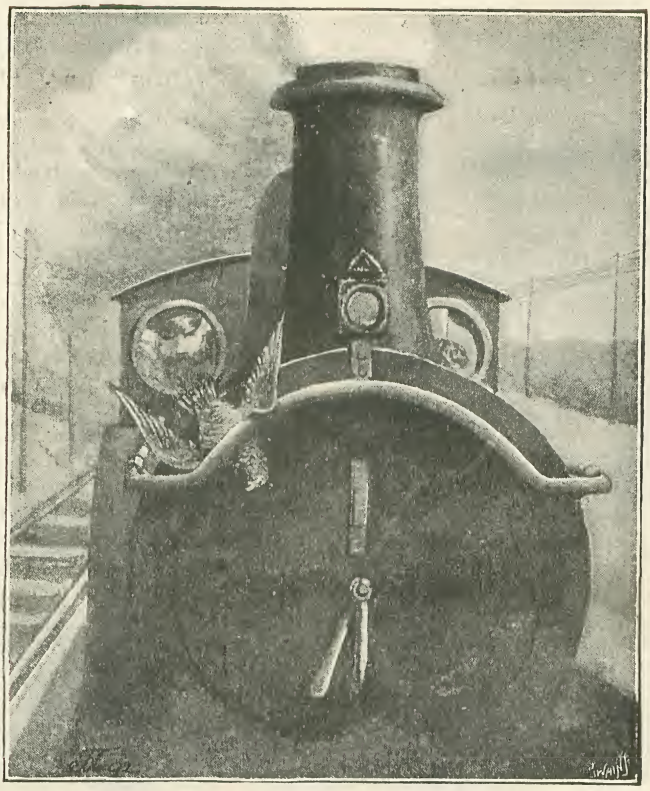
Mrs. Moozeby was dreadfully upset by that ear; and poor M., with a sigh of despair, offered to try again, but his wife put her foot down this once and for all, and absolutely forbade any more of the nonsense.

"We shall have you turning out next," she said angrily, speaking of him as if he were a blancmange, "with the door-knob for a nose, or something of that sort, which would show more! No, you must brush your hair down over that ear and make the best of it, and it serves you right!"

And we left poor Moozeby in a very despondent state, with his black-and-tan ear drooping, ruefully watching Mrs. M., who was employed in burning his collection of Theosophical pamphlets on the fire, while the terrier, who had already detected that ear, sat with one bright eye threateningly fixed upon it, making up his mind. J. F. SULLIVAN.

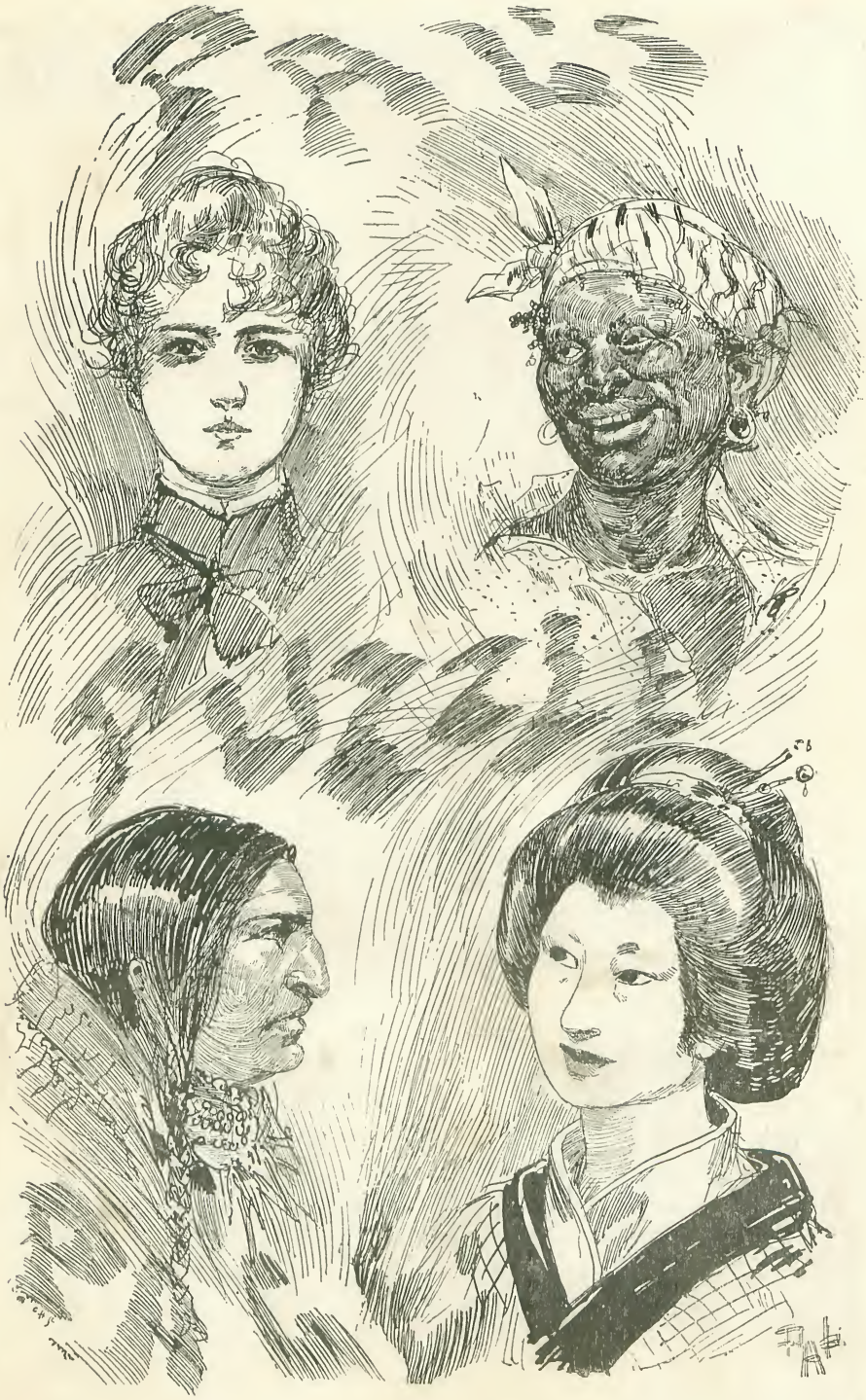


"A VERY DESPONDENT STATE."



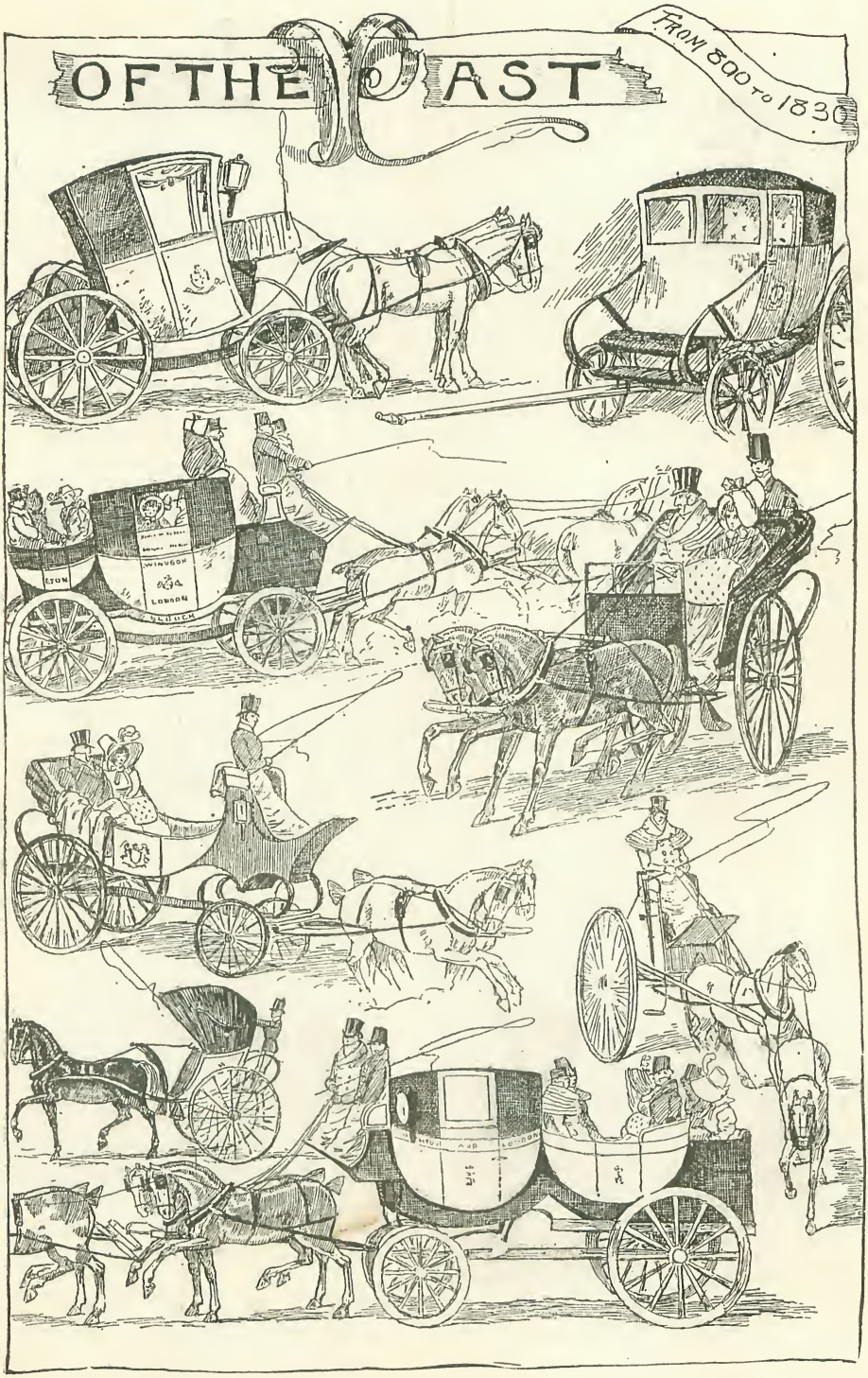
HAWK KILLED BY TRAIN.

TO railway officials it is a well-known fact that the engines of high speed expresses kill small and large heavy flying birds, such as partridges and grouse, in great quantities, sometimes carrying their bodies long distances. A few months ago the writer was shown by a locomotive superintendent of one of the principal northern lines, a dead bird which, strange to say, though a very rapid flyer, had met its doom through the agency of the iron horse. This bird was a sparrow-hawk, and it is now stuffed and may be seen in the Carlton-road Board School Museum, Kentish Town. The driver of the train relates that he was travelling between sixty and seventy miles an hour near Melton, when, just on the point of entering a long tunnel, he observed, fluttering in front of the engine, some object which he at first mistook for a rag, but when, on leaving the tunnel, he went forward, he discovered, to his astonishment, that it was a sparrow-hawk which had become entangled between the hand-rail and smoke-box of the engine, and was held there firmly by the pressure of the wind. It was not quite dead when taken out of this curious death trap, though one eye had been destroyed. There is no doubt that it met its death accidentally, as a hawk can fly quicker than the fastest trains travel—so the drivers say, who often observe them flying low down in the hedge-row and keeping up with the train till some unwary small bird, frightened by the noise, flies out of the fence, when the hawk pounces on it and devours it. This instance of a hawk being killed by a train on the above-mentioned line is unique, and will most probably be new and interesting to our readers.



FIND THEIR RESPECTIVE LORDS.

ROAD TRAVELLING


OF THE PAST
FROM 300 TO 1830
ETON
WINDSOR
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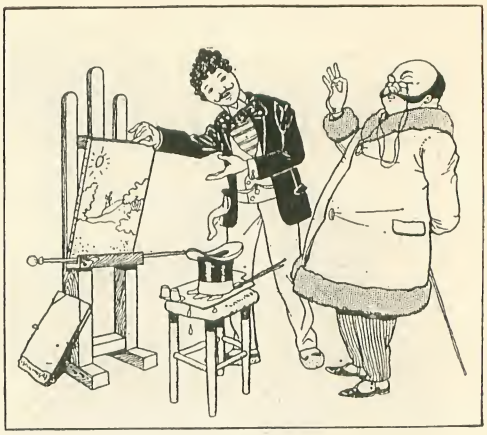
I.



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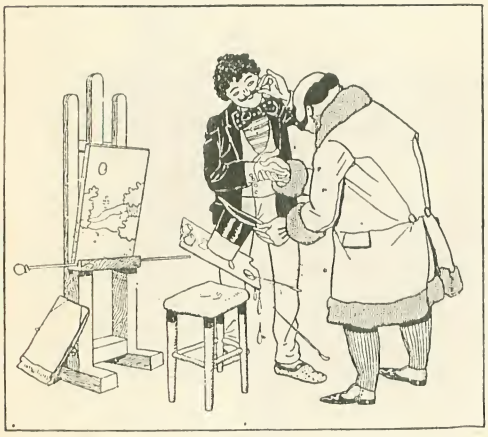

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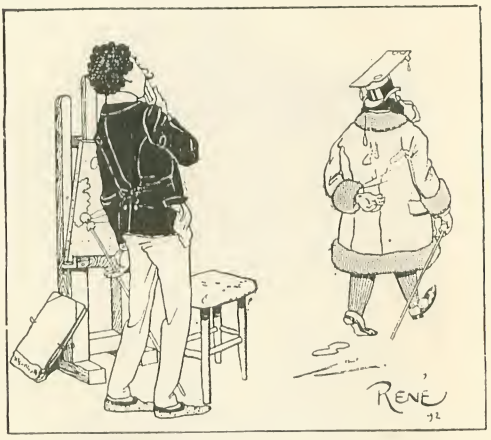


IV.

HOW I LOST PALETTE AND PATRON.

A LONG FAREWELL.

VISITOR: "WHY, WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT UMBRELLA?"

HOST: "I AM GOING TO LEND IT TO YOU, AND I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE SOMETHING TO REMEMBER IT BY."

BY INADVERTENCE.

THOUGHTLESS VISITOR: "YES, YOU KNOW, MRS. GRAYMAIRE, THE THEOSOPHISTS HOLD THAT THE SOUL, IN ITS MIGRATIONS, INHABITS ALTERNATELY A MALE AND A FEMALE BODY. NOW, FOR INSTANCE, YOU YOURSELF, IN YOUR LAST EXISTENCE, WERE A MEMBER OF THE GENTLER SEX—AH—ER—THAT IS, I MEAN TO SAY MR. GRAYMAIRE WAS.

CAPTAIN WOLSELEY AT LUCKNOW.

Illustrated Interviews.

No. XI.—LORD WOLSELEY, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., &c.

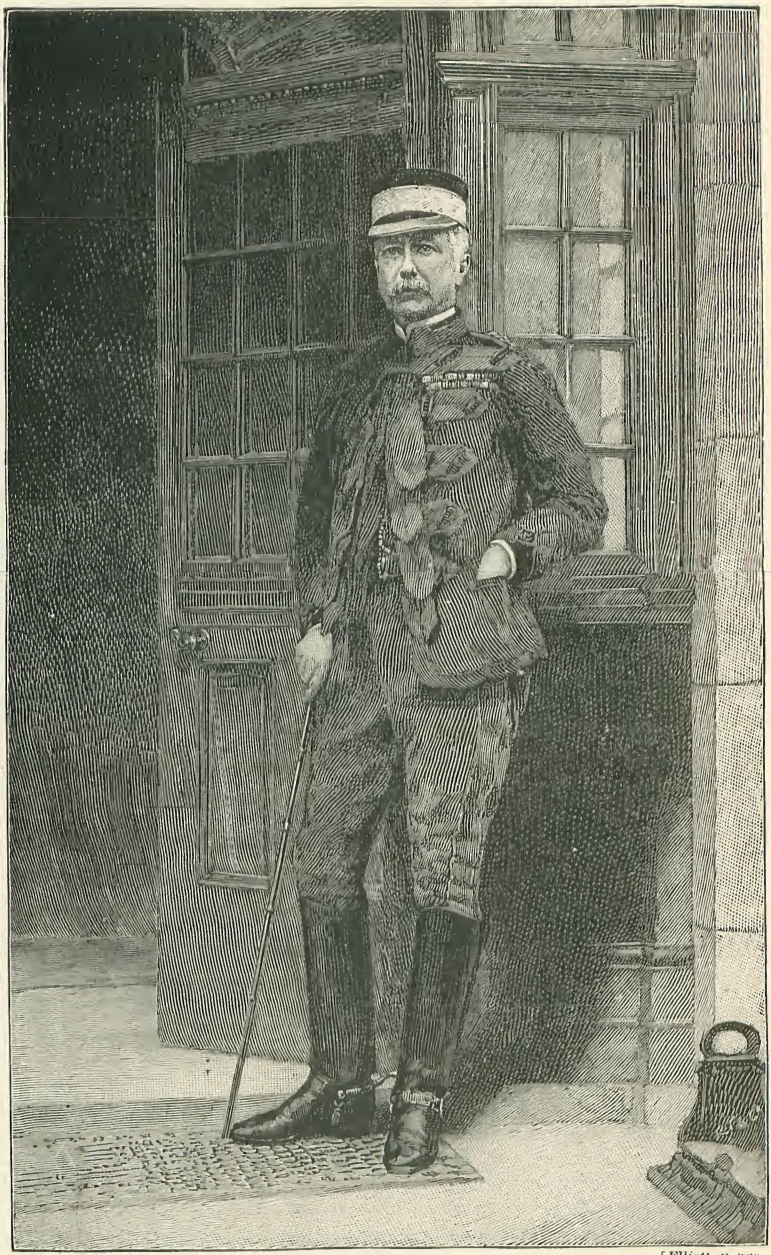
From a Photo. by LORD WOLSELEY'S QUARTERS, ROYAL HOSPITAL, KILMAINHAM. [*Elliott & Fry.*

IT is not intended that these papers should be so much biographical as retrospective. I meet a man. I ask him to glance through his life as he would through a volume of pictures. He passes by some quickly—they are ordinary and every-day subjects such as we all know and see; at others he lingers a long time—a picture here and a picture there revives more vividly some memorable incident in his career, and he almost lives it over again, so impressive does it become. To chronicle all the pictures scattered throughout Lord Wolseley's life would call for many pages; to inscribe his biography many volumes. His years have been full of countless incident, of action as brilliant as it has been brave; tact, discretion, unquenchable earnestness and enthusiasm has characterised his whole life. He has long since been recognised as our ablest soldier and commander. All this is the outcome of incessant work, and such work constitutes a history. Lord Wolseley's history is just now too much to remember, and far, far too long to write. This paper is but the happy recollection of a few days passed with him in Ireland, where many of the more striking incidents of his life were brought to light again.

As Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's forces in Ireland, Lord Wolseley's quarters are situated at the Royal Hospital, Kilmainham. Here the heroic survivors of many a battle are quietly "waiting." As Lord Wolseley and I wandered about the place many proofs were afforded of the kindness of heart of the great soldier for these older brothers in battle. He has a word for every one of them as they stand straight and at "attention." For example, we are talking together at the porch. An old fellow hurries along—he is a new arrival. What does he want? He just thought he would like to remind his lordship that "they had slept in many a cold bed together." The old man had been through the Crimea with Lord Wolseley. The next moment a band passes by. It is on its way to assist in paying a last military honour to an old Victoria Cross man who is to be buried to-day. "There is a death here almost every week," said Lord Wolseley, quietly.

Lord Wolseley is a trifle below the medium height. His face is bronzed, his hair white. His right eye is blind, and

there still remains evidence of a wound on the left cheek in the shape of a scar, the history of which I am to know by and by. He talks rapidly, earnestly, and speaks with all the force of a man who means what he says. One could not help connecting his training as a soldier with the ease of his posture when conversing. He would stand talking for a couple of hours without moving his position an inch. He is frank and honest in all he says, he has no fear of giving utterance to his convictions, and he says nothing which is not worth remembering. He throws his whole heart and soul into a conversation, with all the zeal and ardour he would put into a campaign.



From a Photo. by] LORD WOLSELEY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

We went from room to room of his delightful quarters, now and again joined by Lady Wolseley—to whose artistic ingenuity every piece of furniture owes its place. What a work it was! When Lord Wolseley received his appointment in Ireland—a position he will hold for five years—it was close on a year before the house was ready to receive Lady Wolseley and her daughter, the Hon. Frances Wolseley. Each article of furniture—every chair, cabinet, cushion, and footstool, was labelled in London by Lady Wolseley, and allotted to the very corner it was to occupy, so that when they entered the place it was like walking into their old home imported bodily from town.

"During that year of re-decoration," Lord Wolseley merrily remarked, "I was to be found at a hotel." The manner in which that little remark was made told that Lord Wolseley loved—home.

The entrance hall has on its walls some fine armour—designs are ingeniously executed with the aid of cutlasses, breastplates, pistols, and sabres. The walls are of terra

cotta, the chairs remind one of those generally associated with the Knights of the Round Table. Over the fireplace tiny Egyptian idols are set out, above the marble table is Arabi Pasha's pistol, and on the marble slab are a couple of Cetewayo's milk pails—yellow vases about one-and-a-half feet long. Underneath are more milk pails, a wooden dish big enough to hold half a sheep, and some Zulu pillows of wood. These were all taken from Cetewayo's kraal.

To the left are the small reception rooms leading into the drawing-room. The walls are of white enamel, and the colour of the various upholstery harmonises to perfection.

Every one of these apartments is the resting-place of something of striking interest. Flowers are in abundance. Lord Wolseley says that flowers make life happy—they are the perfume of life. Crocuses of all colours, snowdrops, violets, and lilies-of-the-valley, fill the vases. In the first apartment are a couple of oil-paintings of Lady Wolseley and her daughter, as a child. These were painted in 1884, by Julian Story, who married Miss Eames a few months ago. Here in a niche is a portrait of Lord Wolseley's great-great-grandfather, in armour, who fought in Ireland with William III. In the second room, over the mantelpiece is Frank Holl's picture of Lord Wolseley, given by the artist to Lady Wolseley. On the mantel-board are three dolphins in Japan ware, which had been at the bottom of the sea for over ninety years. Staffordshire pottery is plentiful. This was a great hobby of Lord Wolseley's; indeed, he has one of the finest collections of Staffordshire ware in the kingdom. His quaint old watches, with enamel backs, picturesquely set out under glass cases, and on cabinets, are distributed all over the house, and are of great value.

From a Photo. by] LADY WOLSELEY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Near the door is a glass case. Lord Wolseley opens it, and replaces the sword he has just been wearing. The weapon once belonged to King Coffee, and was taken from his palace. An inscription on one side reads that it was given by the Queen to the King of Ashantee; the other side tells how it was bought by Lord Wolseley's staff at a private sale, and presented to him. Another sword belonged to Lord Airey; a third cost £2,000.

"It was given to me by the people of Cairo," remarked Lord Wolseley, "and was richly studded with diamonds. However, I took the stones off and gave them to my wife."

"Who makes good use of them!" chimed in Lady Wolseley.

Another sword was presented by the City of London, and on the ledge below

From a Photo. by] ENTRANCE HALL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

are the six volumes containing the thanks of the nation from the Lords and Commons, an honour bestowed upon Lord Wolseley on three occasions.

The drawing-room is very beautiful. On the occasion of a ball the folding doors at the end are thrown open, and the great hall of the hospital is converted into a ball-room. Many old-time pictures are here, countless curiosities and antique knick-knacks are set out, and the walls are frequently decorated with rare fans, of which Lady Wolseley was at one time an ardent collector. Over the marble mantelpiece—on which rests some choice china—is a painting by Sir P. Lely of the "Duchess of Portsmouth." Another canvas depicts the "Death of Sir R. Abercrombie." On a table is a silver box from Coomassie. It is made of half-crowns, beaten out very thin. Here, too, is the gold and enamel box which contained the Freedom of the City. An inscription on a grandly cut crystal ball reads: "This crystal ball was fired out of a cannon by the rebels of Lucknow at the relief of the Residency, and fell amongst the 90th Regiment."

A "George Morland" stands on the grand piano. It is a dainty "bit of Surrey." The owner declares he would carry that tiny canvas with him wherever he went, as a reminiscence of England. Morland's genius was never more heartily recognised. A glass case reveals some objects of intense interest. One by one Lord Wolseley takes them out—the gold and enamel snuff-box from the Emperor of Russia; a large gold infant's rattle, brought from Coomassie, which Miss Wolseley used to play with as

From a Photo. by] FIRST RECEPTION-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

a child ; one of the few remaining decorations General Gordon had made for his brave fellows at Kartoum, and a couple of dollars used by him just before all his silver had vanished, and he was forced to issue notes ; a little silver cross which a French soldier took from a dead Russian's breast in the Crimea—its owner bought it from the Frenchman. Lord Wolseley is a great admirer of Pitt—here is a medallion of the famous Pitt Club. But his hero is Nelson ; to him he is the truest patriot England has ever seen ; anything associated with the great naval commander's name he buys. When the statue to Lord Nelson was erected in Sackville-street, Dublin, the fifteen committee men wore a medallion of Nelson, surmounted by a gold anchor ; this little case contains one, picked up in an old curiosity shop. A gold cigarette-case, with a horse-shoe in rubies, came from the Duchess of Edinburgh ; a curl of the hair of the Duke of Wellington is set in a pin, and I tried some of the snuff, for curiosity's sake, once belonging to the great Napoleon—but years have robbed it of its pungency.

ARAB BRINGING LORD WOLSELEY GORDON'S LETTER.

In a little gilt frame is one of the Government notes, issued in 1884 by Gordon in Kartoum, when all his money was gone. It is torn, and in Lord Wolseley's handwriting the following may be read on the back :—

"This is one of the notes issued by General Gordon in Kartoum. It is for ten piasters (about 1s. 8d.). It was found in the steamer in which Colonel Stewart was wounded, in September, '84, just before he was murdered. Korti, February, 1885."

GORDON'S LAST LETTER.

Possibly the most interesting of all the treasures is in the same frame. It is the last letter General Gordon ever wrote. Lord Wolseley had several missives from that brave man. Two days before Kartoum fell one was received which said : "Kartoum all right, can hold out for ever." Then came the last, still cheering—Gordon trusted to the last—"Kartoum all right. 14, 12, 84. C. E. Gordon." It was brought to Lord Wolseley at Korti, by an Arab messenger, rolled up in the hem of his clothing.

A frame of similar pattern contains two letters, one of which is of remarkable interest. On Lord Wolseley's return from Egypt he was banqueted by the Queen at Balmoral. Her Majesty proposed the great soldier's health.

"When my husband returned," Lady Wolseley said, as we looked at the framed letters together, "I asked him what the Queen said. He positively could not remember ! I wrote to Lady Ely, who was present at the banquet, asking her if she could possibly recollect, and if so if she would kindly write it down. It seems Lady Ely showed my letter to the Queen, and Her Majesty graciously wrote out the words herself."

The Queen wrote on the familiar buff-coloured paper :—

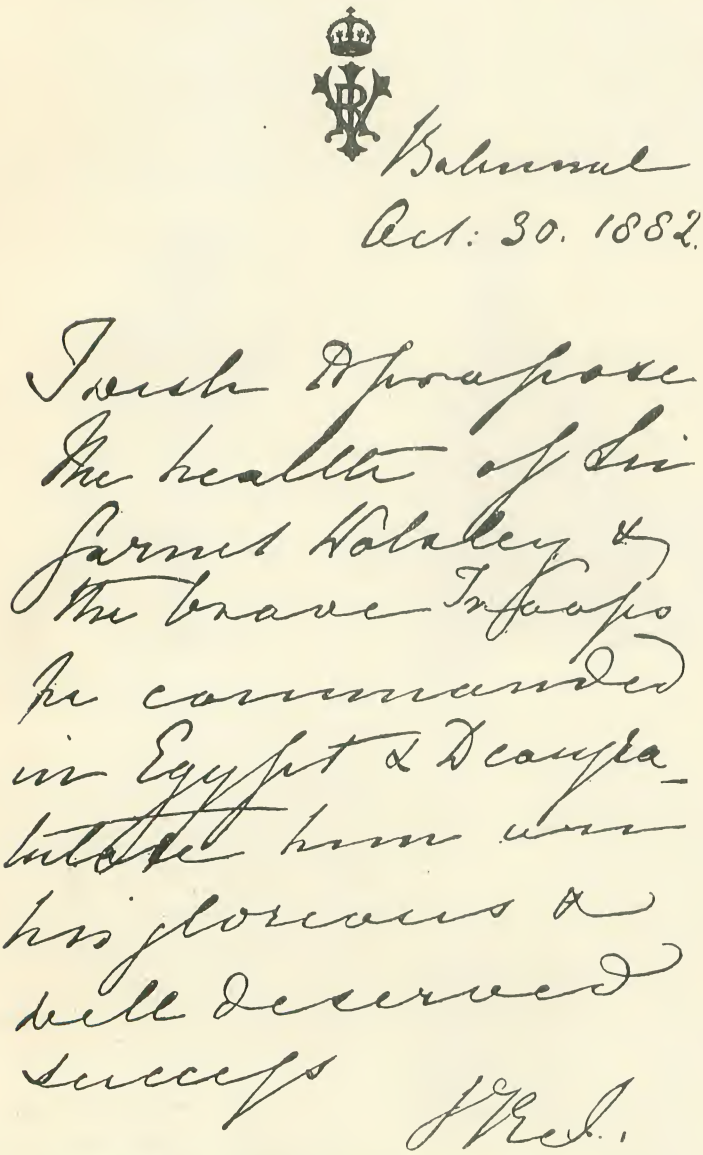
"Balmoral,
"Oct. 30, 1882.

"I wish to propose the health of Sir Garnet Wolseley and the brave troops he commanded in Egypt, and to congratulate him on his glorious and well-deserved success.

"V. R. I."

The dining-room opens from the drawing-room, and leads out on a green lawn. Its walls are a delicate blending of salmon and yellow, and the ceiling is supported by

four massive pillars of white marble. This room is principally noted for its portraits. The two pictures of Queen Charlotte and George III., at either end, and the "Battle of the Boyne," over the mantelpiece, belong to the house. Amongst the other pictures it includes one of the only poet in the Wolseley family of note—though it should be mentioned that Lord Wolseley's mother was gifted in verse—Summerville, who wrote "The Chase." The original study for the great picture of Wellington hangs near the door. It was here at luncheon-time that many capital hunting anecdotes and merry stories were told. The Honourable Miss Wolseley is a splendid horsewoman, and rides wonderfully straight. Only the day before, she had led the field all through the hunt on "Lady Alice"; so Major Childers—Lord Wolseley's military secretary—who was hunting, too, assured me. Captain Smithson, late adjutant of the 13th Hussars, and now A.D.C. to Lord Wolseley, was also present, together with Lord Edward Cecil, another *aide-de-camp*—a son of the Marquis of Salisbury, and whose height is 6 feet 4 inches—who, full of hilarity, told of a race he had had with a brother officer that same morning. Lord Edward persuaded his brother soldier to race down a hill, because he knew that if he once got the officer's horse to go the rider would never be able to keep his seat. Lord Edward was right!

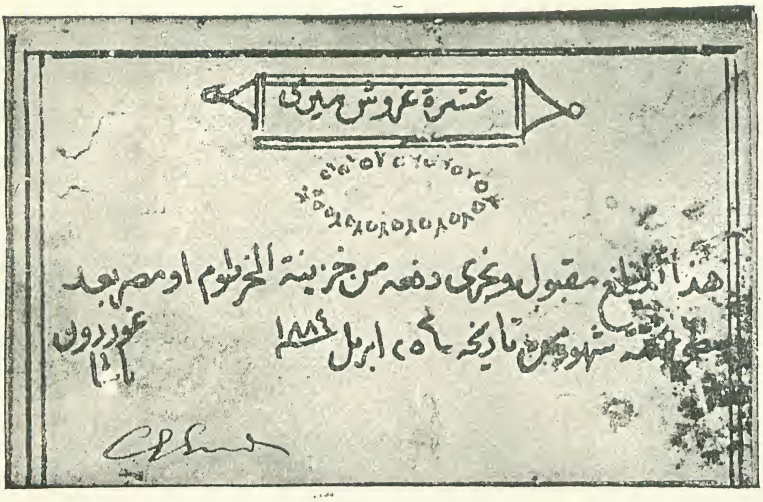


THE QUEEN'S TOAST TO LORD WOLSELEY, IN HER MAJESTY'S HANDWRITING.

The day was bright, and, luncheon over, it was suggested that a visit should be made to places of interest outside. Lord Wolseley's raven was gaily hopping about the lawn as we entered the great hall where the old pensioners were gathered round the fire, engaged in an innocent game of cards. There is some grand armour here—notably Cromwellian.

It was whilst standing here that Lord Wolseley referred to the late Duke of Clarence.

"The Duke was here to two or three little dances," he said. "He was devotedly fond of dancing. He was the most sincere young man I ever met. I would that we



GORDON'S BANK-NOTE.

had more like him. He never spoke an unkind word;" an expression in itself a monument to the late Prince's memory.

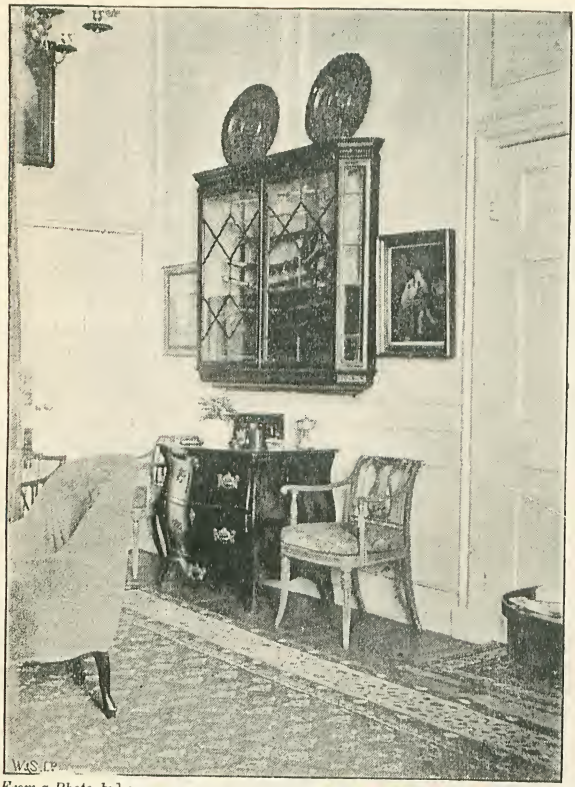
Then we looked into the chapel and admired the grand ceiling by Cipriani. Every Sunday Lord Wolseley and his staff sit in a great oak seat overshadowed by an oaken canopy in the gallery at the far end. At the conclusion of every service the band plays "God save the Queen." As we left the sacred edifice, and passed through the gardens, "Bully," a very ferocious dog, was met with. "Bully" is very ugly. "Bully" poses as a protector, not as a handsome creature. Lord Wolseley is very fond of dogs. He points me out a little mound of earth under a mulberry tree, on which crocuses are growing. The mulberry tree was planted there by James II., and underneath the earth and the crocuses lies "Cæsar"—a dog who was a great pet of Lady Wolseley.

A glorious avenue of trees leads down to the stables. On one side is a field freely provided with difficult hedge-rows, hurdles, and ugly water-jumps—the practice ground of Miss Wolseley. We stay for a moment to watch her "take" the water. Blackberry—a pretty mare—is a bit shy, but a good run and a little inducement does it, and Blackberry clears the water with a good foot of ground to spare. All the horses have their names over their stalls in the stables. Here is Chance, Sir Redvers, Brown Bess, Blue-bell, Blackberry, and Chem. A tiny cat practically lives on Chem's back—a sort of feline jockey. Go into the stables when you will, the cat is always mounted, and Chem seems delighted to afford her accommodation. One or two horses are laid up just now.

On our return to the house, Blackberry and Miss Wolseley were waiting. Lord Wolseley took the bridle, for Blackberry was not inclined to favour the presence of a sentry, and a convenient camera chronicled the picture. Then Lord Wolseley mounts Paddy, and Lord Edward Cecil stands at the horse's head, while another photograph is taken. Then the bark of a dog is heard. Lady Wolseley is now at the porch, and her pet dog—a fine specimen of the Dachshund breed—christened after King Coffee, takes up his position as well, and a third picture is secured.

Then we entered the house.

LORD WOLSELEY'S GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER.



From a Photo. by] SWORD-CASE IN SECOND RECEPTION-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

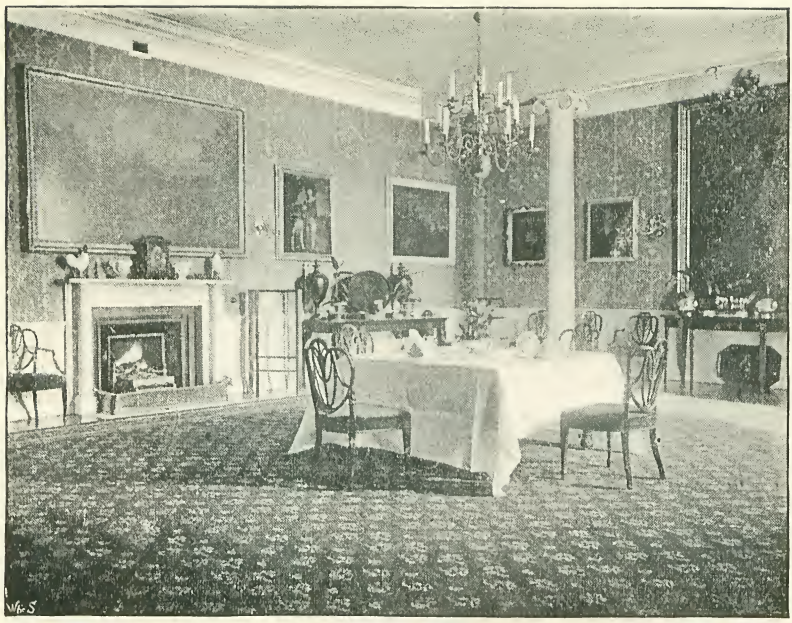
There was still very much more to be seen before the study of the great soldier was reached. The staircases are hung with many rare pieces of tapestry, and numbers of quaint specimens of "picture needlework" are on the walls in frames.

A pair of ironing boards, carved in oak and dated 1667, are in a corner—reminders of the days when ladies of high degree themselves ironed their own laces, collars, and frills. Near by is a handsomely carved gong from Burmah, a small oak cradle of the seventeenth century, and a reproduction of Boehm's bust of Lord Wolseley done in 1882. A great cabinet with glass doors reveals the fact that Lady Wolseley not only collects fans—and lace, by the bye—but just now is industriously engaged in collecting rare covers of old books. Many of these are of exquisite workmanship. Miss Wolseley's hobby is bookplates, of which she has over two thousand specimens.

The way to Lord Wolseley's study is to the right of the entrance hall. The first apartment passed through is Miss Wolseley's study. The tone of the walls is of white and blue, the furniture of rose-wood. There are some delightful water-colours here, principally of scenes in Cyprus. The only suggestion of matters military about the room is a small breastplate near the fireplace—the remnant of a suit of armour.

A door opens to a small corridor of white enamel. This is one of the most interesting corners of the house. One side—along which the windows run—is devoted to old military pictures, of which Lord Wolseley has a very choice collection. Here, too, are many of the playbills of performances given by the French Zouaves in the Crimea. The opposite side contains an excellent library, whilst in the spare spaces are

From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*



From a Photo. by] THE DINING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

set out the various testimonials and illuminated vellums presented at various times. There are quite a number of letters captured from the Mahdi. One of these has the following inscription :—"Letter from Mahamet El Kheir Emir, of Barbar, to Abdul Magid Wad Le Ralik, giving an account of the capture of Kartoum and death of Gordon (the accursed), picked up on the battle-field of El Kirbek, Feb. 11, 1885. Found by a soldier of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry in a donkey's saddle-bag."

This leads on to Lord Wolseley's dressing-room. With but few exceptions the pictures here are nearly all prints or engravings. One of the Queen has the following note of interest written beneath it :—"This picture was taken in the Ulandi Kraal in August, 1879, where it was hung in Cetewayo's private room." Over the door is a suggestive picture of General Gordon — "The Last Watch — Kartoum."

The study is decorated in blue and white. Many are the engravings of Nelson; there are no fewer than four in the immediate vicinity of the mantel-board. A clever crayon drawing of Bismarck, by Linbach, reminds Lord Wolseley to credit Bismarck with the most interesting conversation he has ever had with any man. There is a print of Warren Hastings—another hero of Lord Wolseley's. An engraving from Frank Holl's picture of Colonel Stewart suggests to its owner to tell how at Stewart's death his brother officers and friends were desirous of having a picture of him painted. Frank Holl—best and kindest-hearted of

From a Photo. by] THE GREAT HALL, USED AS A BALL-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

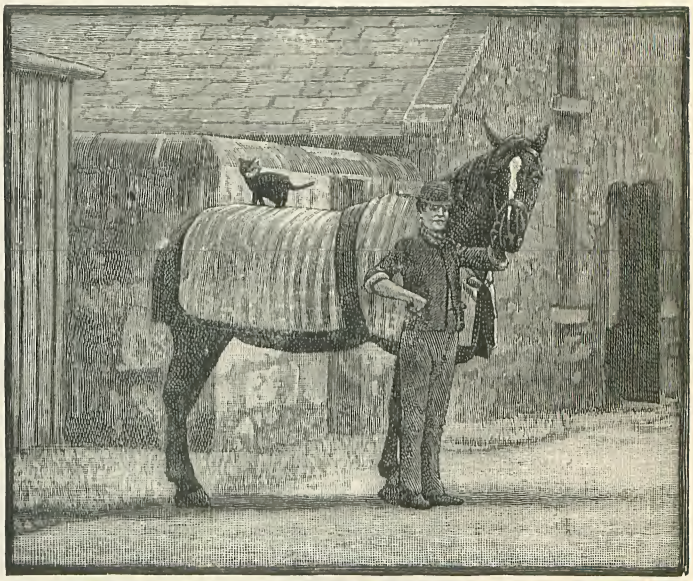
all artists—was asked if he would do it for £300. £300! No; he would do it for nothing. In a niche between the two windows are grouped together the autographed portraits received from members of the Royal Family. The centre is occupied by Her Majesty — dated Balmoral, October 31, 1882— and round the Queen are gathered Princess Beatrice, Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Duke of Cambridge, Emperor of Russia, William I., Emperor of Germany, and others.

From a Photo. by] "CÆSAR'S" GRAVE. *[Elliott & Fry.*

The volumes here are as numerous as they are varied and useful. Lord Wolseley considers books and horses among the greatest comforts a man can have. He has every work written on the life or times of the great Duke of Marlborough—a man whom he considers far greater than Wellington. The early hours of the day—for Lord Wolseley is down at six every morning — find him at work adding something to the history of the Duke which he is writing. Already a dozen bulky volumes of MSS. are completed. He works and writes, sometimes sitting at his table, sometimes standing at his desk. The mention of Wellington's name causes Lord Wolseley to take from a chair a small flag. Though the brilliancy of its colours—gold and red — has faded, it still betokens a former richness.

"When the Duke was buried," Lord Wolseley said, "the great pall was surrounded by six small flags. A short time ago the present Duke was asked to take these out of the crypt at St. Paul's. He took four of them. A friend of mine secured two, from whom I obtained this."

I then settled down to hear from his own lips some of the incidents which have formed part of a life which on more than one occasion may truly be said to have been charmed. He has had bullets run through the lappets and sleeves of his coat; shots have carried the cap off his head, but still have missed him. He has been laid low with wounds such as many a stronger man than he would have succumbed to, but he point blank refused to die, and he kept his word and held on to his decision. Look at his early training. True, he was a soldier from the first, but he was a better one at the end of eight years. During his first eight years in the army he was at war every year. In 1852 and 1853, in Burmah; 1854, 1855, and 1856, in the Crimea; 1857, 1858, and 1859, in the Indian Mutiny; and 1860 found him



From a Photo. by] "THE JOCKEY CAT." *[Elliott & Fry.*

From a Photo. by] LORD WOLSELEY AND THE HON. MISS WOLSELEY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

in the China war. He frankly says this is the secret of his success. Lord Wolseley accounts for his rapid promotion by the experience he gained during those eight years of preliminary training. At the time he was made a captain—within three years of joining—he was the youngest in the army; he was promoted to be a Major as soon as the allotted six years had passed, and nine months afterwards was Lieut.-Colonel—a record of rapid rising neither to be beaten nor equalled.

"We all have chances," said Lord Wolseley, "but a large proportion of men don't know it. The opportunities are waiting for them to grasp, and they won't put out their hands to take them. I had my chances, and had the knowledge to grasp them. Then I was fortunate enough to win approval. There is only one way for a young man to get on in the army. He must try and get killed in every way he possibly can! He must be absolutely indifferent to life. If he does not succeed in getting killed he is bound to get on—that is, always assuming he has intelligence and the instincts of a soldier."

Lord Wolseley comes from a family of soldiers, and is the son of the late Major G. J. Wolseley, and was born at Golden Bridge House—curiously enough, within a stone's throw of his present abode—on June 4, 1833. A portrait of his mother, here reproduced, stands on a table in his study. He was called Garnet, after Bishop Garnet, his father's great-uncle. He has practically little in the way of ancestry to hang his successful career on. The successful man—be he a soldier or what you will—lifts himself in life, and does not depend on the support of ancestral pillars. So says Lord Wolseley. He passed his early days in Dublin, occasionally coming over to England on holiday visits to Sir Richard Wolseley. He entered the army in 1850 as an ensign. The campaign in Burmah was his first war.

"The first man I ever saw killed was during a skirmish in Burmah," Lord Wolseley said, "and Lord Alcester—then

From a Photo. by] THE CORRIDOR. *[Elliott & Fry.*

a young naval commander—was responsible for it. I can scarcely tell you how I felt on going into my first action. It is a sensation hard to describe. Nine out of ten men don't know how they are going to behave. You look forward with eagerness to see what a battle is like. I know I was longing to get shot at. Nerve—nerve, is the great thing needed. The wise men who haven't got it give up, the fools stay on and come to grief. Your soldier may have spirit and enthusiasm, but nerve beats everything else. Spirit is not much use when death is in the air, enthusiasm of little avail when bullets are whistling about and trying to pick you out from amongst all the others. Nerve, nothing but nerve, tells in the long run.

"The first engagement I was in came about as follows. It was in Burmah:—

"I was at Rangoon at the time, and the news arrived there of the rout of a company commanded by Captain Lock. Every soldier who could be spared was to go up the river, push through the jungle and punish the enemy. Two hundred of the 80th Regiment went, under command of Sir John Cheape. We fought for nineteen days, until at last we worked our way up to the final position one afternoon, halted and began making arrangements for attacking the next morning. At daybreak, when the fog cleared, I was told off with four men to a certain point to skirmish. *I had never been drilled!* My four men—or rather boys, had neither been drilled nor even fired off a musket. I tell you this to illustrate the

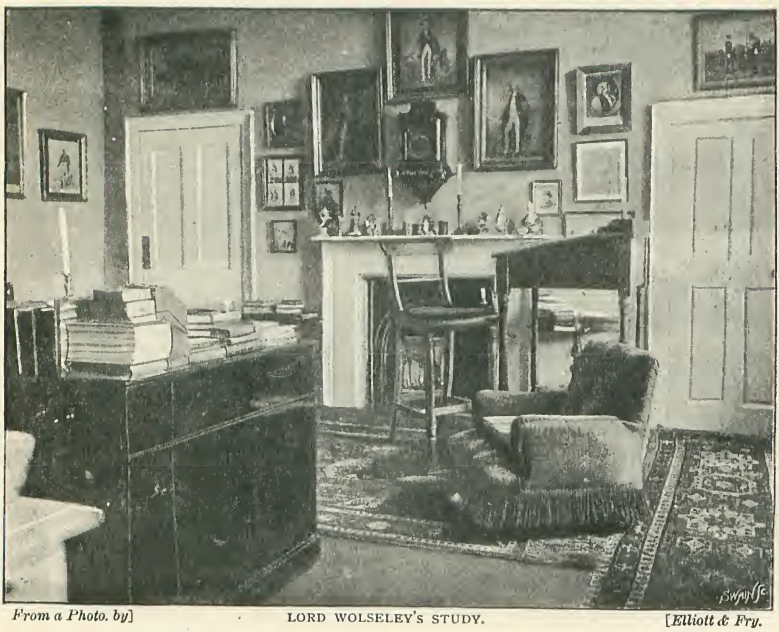
From a Photo. by] MISS WOLSELEY'S STUDY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

From a Photo. by] THE DRESSING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

great nonsense of some people's ideas, who state that the army to-day is inferior to that of thirty years ago. Though I had not been drilled I was well up in strategy tactics, of which I had been a student from my earliest days. We started, and suddenly came upon the enemy. The enemy heard us, and opened a heavy fire, killing my four men. More men now came up, and we were ordered to go on and charge. There was a native regiment of infantry extended in skirmishing order, and I well remember kicking a fat old native officer because he wouldn't go on. Then volunteers were called for the charging party. I said I would go, and with others—principally of the 80th—under the lead of the present General Allan Johnson, we went.

"When about thirty or forty yards from the enemy's works I fell into a great hole, dug some five feet deep, with a very formidable spike in the middle, and brambles, and twigs and leaves scattered over it; it was indeed a man-trap! I was stunned for some time. When I recovered I rose and crawled out — on the enemy's side! They commenced firing. I disappeared into my hole again. I waited awhile. Not a soul seemed to be stirring, though I could hear heavy firing. I got out of the hole and ran for my life. It was 150 yards to our lines, and I cannot tell you the sensation of that 150 yards' run, expecting every moment to provide a refuge for a dozen or twenty bullets in my body. I found our people lying down. It was not so easy to reach the enemy as had been anticipated, and consequently volunteers for a second storming party were asked for. Another man named Taylor led one detachment, and I led the other. I warned him of the hole, and we went stealing on, two and two, along the narrow

LORD WOLSELEY'S MOTHER.



From a Photo. by] LORD WOLSELEY'S STUDY. *[Elliott & Fry.*

path right and left of the dangerous trap. Taylor was shot through both legs, and died by my side afterwards. Only a few more yards and we were victors! I fell, shot through the left leg. I thought I was bleeding to death. The men saw me fall and were inclined to go back, and a sergeant named Quin wanted to carry me away. 'Go on! Go on!' I cried with what strength I could—"Go on, men—go on!' They did, scrambled over the parapet —and the enemy bolted."

Such was the first day's real work of the young ensign. He was so badly wounded that he had to lie up for three months, for the best part of two months lying on his back, and for a considerable time afterwards going about on crutches. On his recovery he obtained a lieutenancy in the 90th Light Infantry. Then came the news of the battle of Inkermann. This called him to the Crimea, and on November 19, 1854, he started from Ireland, where he was staying when the news arrived. Here again his conspicuous bravery brought him into prominence; in the Crimea, as in all his subsequent engagements, he practically snapped his fingers at the bullets, and held up his head as a bull's-eye for shells. He was twice wounded — once very badly, which resulted in the loss of the sight of one of his eyes, and the still visible scar on his cheek.

We now come to the week before Sebastopol was taken. Young Wolseley was an engineer officer, and, being short of men, experienced fellows were taken from the line for engineering work. The young officer had charge of the advance sap close up to the redoubts. He was to push on the sap at night as fast as possible. The place was very rocky.

"It was a glorious night," continued Lord Wolseley; "the moon was shining, and by its light I was sketching a plan of the place to pass on to the officer who was to relieve me. I paused for a moment to look at a certain battery, expecting them to open fire. Suddenly I saw a flash! A round shot fell amongst us, and struck the gabion which was filled with stones, scattering them with terrific force amongst us. Both the poor fellows by my side were killed. I fell to the ground. I was lifted up by two men and carried into the camp. My left cheek was lying on my jacket—I thought my jawbone was broken. I was hit all over the face, riddled with the stones and flint. They got me to the doctor's hut — through which a stream of wounded were passing all night—aye, we were losing a battalion a day then. They wanted to patch me up, but I wouldn't let them. I whispered that I had something in my cheek. They said it was my jawbone. But it was not. For the very next morning a sergeant gave me, wrapped in a newspaper, a piece of flint two-and-a-half inches long, which they had pulled out of my cheek with a pair of dentist's forceps."

Such is the story of the scar and the loss of sight of the right eye. Wolseley had to live in a dark cave for many days after this occurrence. He was wounded, however, previous to this, when he fought from sunrise to daybreak next morning—four-and-twenty hours. Utterly exhausted he fell from a wound in the thigh, received whilst getting over a parapet to go out, for

BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

he had to make a trench—the connecting link between the lines—himself. He was found amongst the dead and dying, where he was picked up by a brother officer.

"We won some of our engagements simply through shouting," Lord Wolseley said. "We had no men, and I don't believe we had twenty-five fellows the last time we attacked. We were shouting, shouting, shouting, and afterwards I could not speak for four days, whilst some of the officers lost their voices for a week. We were firing from behind a heap of dead bodies, and I told the bugler to blow his very loudest whilst we cheered, and so the enemy thought we had plenty of men in the rear."

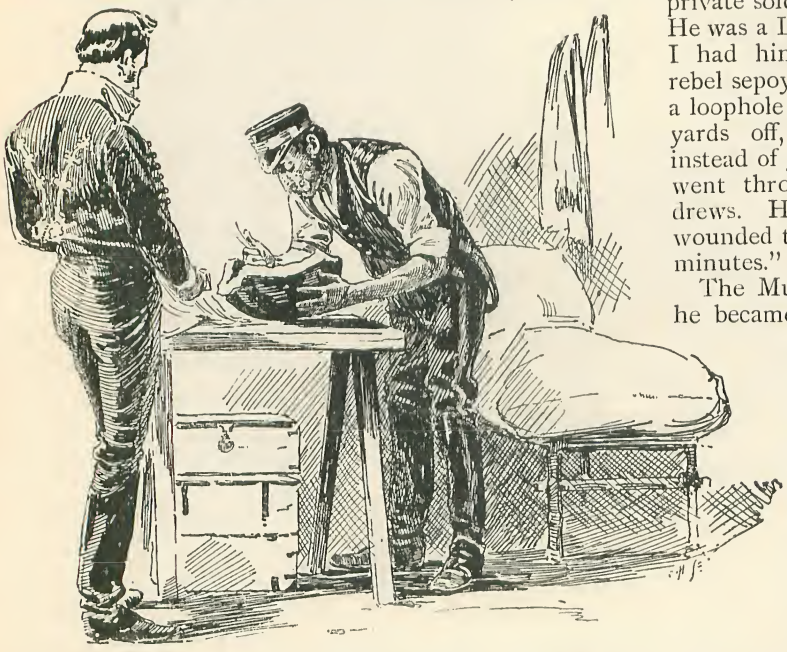
Lord Wolseley referred very merrily to a certain Christmas Day which he spent in the Crimea, and how he made a Christmas pudding, the result of which went a long way to prove that his culinary education had been neglected.

"In the Crimea we messed by companies," he said. "It was Christmas—Christmas in the Crimea. What more natural than—a plum-pudding! A brother officer and myself determined to make one. We had no bread nor flour, only biscuit, which we powdered up in a hollowed-out shell, with a shot for a pestle. No plums either. But we chopped up some figs, and managed to get a couple of pounds of very bad suet from Balaklava. We had some doubts in our mind as to whether it ought to be roasted or boiled, but finally decided on the latter, and wrapped our mixture up in a towel.

"Now in the ordinary course of events it was not our turn for the trenches, but the pudding had scarcely been boiling half an hour when an officer came in and ordered us out. What was to be done? Eat the Christmas concoction now or to-morrow? Decision—now. And, unmindful of the fact that Christmas puddings take a great deal longer than half an hour to boil, I confess to eating liberally. Away I went to the trenches. About twelve o'clock I thought I was going to expire. It was the only night I ever had to leave the trenches. A regimental doctor got hold of me, and I was on my way home, when the walk did me so much good that I went back again. Since then I have never made a pudding, either Christmas or otherwise."

Then came the Indian Mutiny. He was really bound for China when the Mutiny broke out, and the 90th were the first to

land. Whilst on his way to China in the *Transit*, he was shipwrecked in the Straits of Malacca. Together with his company, he was posted on the lower deck, the only light afforded being that of lanterns. How vivid and solemn is the picture! The ship sinking, a thousand souls on board, the men standing at "attention," silent, and waiting for death. In turn they made for the boats, until at last it fell to Wolseley with his 112 men to go on deck, and they were saved. The shipwrecked party lived at Malacca —an almost uninhabited spot — for ten days. They had saved some salt pork from the ship, and this was put into a pot with pieces of baboon!—a most sickening meat. At last Singapore was reached—Wolseley, having lost all he had in the *Transit*, buying a fresh kit at Calcutta, which the enemy eventually burnt at Cawnpore.



LORD WOLSELEY'S CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

Lord Wolseley led the storming party that eventually relieved Lucknow. Our frontispiece is a reproduction of Mr. Wollen's picture, which now hangs in the officers' mess-room of the Marine Artillery at Portsmouth, for which Lord Wolseley sat. In speaking of this picture, Lord Wolseley said:—

"It was at the storming party which I led against the Metee Mohul in November, 1857, which opened out the way into the Lucknow Residency. The picture represents me carrying off a wounded man out of fire to a neighbouring shelter. The wounded man was Private Andrews, of my company, one of the *very bravest* private soldiers I ever knew. He was a Londoner. When I had him in my arms a rebel sepoy fired at me from a loophole about six or seven yards off, and the bullet, instead of going through me, went through Private Andrews. He was thus badly wounded twice within a few minutes."

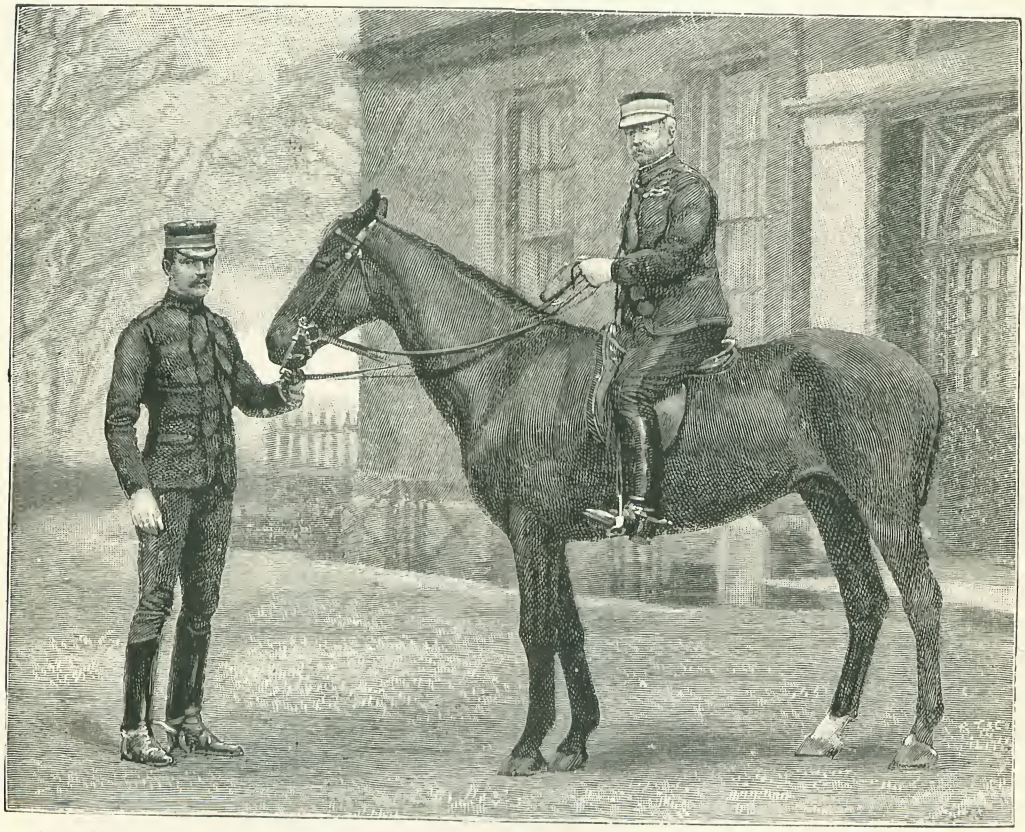
The Mutiny over, in 1858 he became a Major in the 90th Foot, and Lieut.-Colonel in 1859. In 1860 Wolseley was with Sir Hope Grant in China. Here he formed those very decisive and strong opinions of the Chinese which are as great a conviction with him to-day as in the sixties. He believes the Chinese to be the greatest race in the world; they possess all the elements of being a great people, they have courage, physical power, and absolute contempt for death. To-day in that country soldiering is looked down upon; only the "failures in life" enter the army. Let a Bismarck or a Napoleon rise up amongst them, and in two generations they would be the greatest nation and conquering power in the world. They only need a leader. Give them progress and they will conquer. Three hundred years ago they were the head of the world, but their growth was stunted. China wants a modern man with modern ambitions. Let their leader come, and they must revive again.

"So great is their aptitude for learning," Lord Wolseley said, "that I should be glad to have a force of Chinamen here, where, under the tuition of English Infantry officers, in one year they would turn out the finest soldiers in the world."

From China he went to Canada, where in 1870 he was in charge of the Red River

Expedition, of which he had supreme command. For this he was knighted. Then followed a period at the War Office, where he did more to convert our army into a modern fighting machine than any of his predecessors. A short campaign in Ashantee brought him the thanks of Parliament, a grant of £25,000, a K.C.B., and the freedom of the City of London. He was then sent out to Natal to carry out a change of Government. One of the papers stated that "a new Governor had come out to drown the independence of the country in champagne and sherry," so liberal was he in the entertainments he gave. After a year at the Indian Office he was appointed the first Governor of Cyprus, in 1878. Then the Zulu war broke out. Lord Wolseley had a most amusing anecdote to tell about Cetewayo.

"For six weeks," he said, "we were trying to capture him. He was eventually betrayed into my hands by his Prime Minister. He was surrounded in a kraal, and there was no escape for him. I never spoke to Cetewayo—I refused to—but I can see him now, walking into camp, very dignified, very fat, very kingly in appearance. When I took him he was accompanied by several hundred wives. I gave him three out of these, and shipped him away in a man-o'-war to an island in Table Bay. He was continually asking for more wives—a request I never granted. But at last, when he heard I was returning to England, he sent me a message to the effect that "if I wouldn't give him any more, would I exchange the three he had for three others!"



From a Photo. by] LORD WOLSELEY AND LORD EDWARD CECIL. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Not the least interesting part of the time spent at the Royal Hospital was passed in listening to stories associated with the Egyptian Campaign, and reminiscences of General Gordon.

"The Duke of Connaught," said Lord

Wolseley, "was the best brigadier I had there. He was a capital officer, devoted to his men, and a most keen soldier.

"Gordon left London on January 18, 1884; he started from my house, and when he left he said, 'I pray for three people every night of my life, and you are one of them.' When Gordon went to Kartoum he went for God. I think Charley Gordon was one of the two great heroes I have known in my life. I have met abler men, but none so sincere. He was full of courage and determination, honest in everything he did or ever thought of, and totally indifferent to wealth. His departure for the Soudan took place late in the afternoon. There he stood, in a tall silk hat and frock coat. I offered to send him anything he wanted.

"'Don't want anything,' he said.

"'But you've got no clothes!'

"I'll go as I am!" he said, and he meant it.

"He never had any money; he always gave it away. I know once he had some £7,000. It all went in the establishment of a ragged school for boys.

"I asked him if he had any cash.

"'No,' was his calm reply. 'When I left Brussels I had to borrow £25 from the King to pay my hotel bill with.'

"'Very well,' I said, 'I'll try and get you some, and meet you at the railway station with it.' I went round to the various clubs and got £300 in gold. I gave the money to Colonel Stewart who went with him: Gordon wasn't to be trusted with it. A week or so passed by when I had a letter from Stewart. He said, 'You remember the £300 you gave me? When we arrived at Port Said a great crowd came out to cheer Gordon. Amongst them was an old sheik to whom Gordon was much attached, and who had become poor and blind. Gordon got the money, and gave the whole of it to him!'

"I left England the August following his departure. Early in April I had pressed the Government to relieve him. My calculation was that he wouldn't hold out beyond November 15, 1884—based, of course, on the amount of provisions and ammunition which he possessed. Never in history was there such a race—about 1,800 miles up the Nile from the sea, when we lost at the post by a neck. The Mahdi made pretence that he had won a great victory by taking round a few helmets he had picked up. The people of Kartoum were starving—existing at last on herbs and roots. Charley Gordon would have been alive to-day had not poor Stewart been struck down.

"Colonel Stewart was the handsomest man in the army. He could do anything. I picked him up as a captain in Zululand. When I first landed, and, on reaching Korti, found Gordon in extremes, I had made up my mind to send the Camel Corps, which Stewart commanded, across the desert. But we couldn't move. Both men I sent were killed. I rode into the desert with Stewart when he was starting across the sandy plain.

"'Now, Stewart,' I said, 'I'll make use of an Irishism. I'll never forgive you if you get killed.'

"I won't!" he cried, and wrung my hand, as he rode away.

"Poor Stewart! When he was dying he wrote me a message, apologising for

"I'LL NEVER FORGIVE YOU IF YOU GET KILLED."

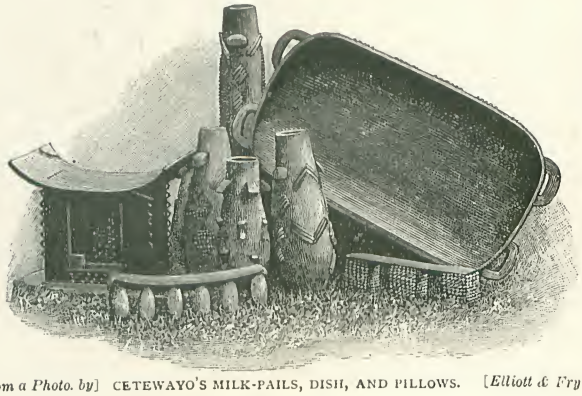
having got killed. When I heard he was wounded it was a great blow to me. I was connected by telegraph from Korti to England, and I wired to Lord Hartington—'Stewart wounded, chance of living, strongly recommend him a Major-General.' Within twelve hours the Queen made him a Major-General. I believe in the sudden delivery of good news to a wounded man in battle. It held Stewart up for days, but he finally succumbed, and was buried in the desert.

"I have never smoked since I was in the desert in 1885. I once used to smoke in all actions, and in India demolished some twenty cigars a day. I thought smoking injurious to the nerves, and I wanted every iota of nerve before I went up to take Kartoum. I remember, too, I did not smoke for a week before Tel-el-Kebir was won. I used to carry a case containing six regalias. After the fight was over and I had despatched my telegram to England, I went off to find a poor *aide-de-camp*. I lit a cigar. By the time I found him I had smoked a couple, and finally finished the whole half-dozen, and excellent cigars they were, too."

On Lord Wolseley's return from Egypt he was elevated to the rank of Viscount.

In reply to a question regarding compulsory service, Lord Wolseley said: "It is a mistake to imagine that I have ever advocated universal service for England. I have on more than one occasion pointed out the great benefits which must accrue to any nation that has the patriotism to adopt such a system. I have done so by balancing the pros and cons on this particular point. The advantages are, briefly, that you supplement your ordinary schools of education in which the mind alone is taught and trained. By a service of a couple of years in the army, such as the young German soldier receives, you develop his physical power, you make a man of him in body and in strength, as the schools he had been at previously had made a man of him mentally. You teach him habits of cleanliness, tidiness, punctuality, reverence for superiors, and obedience to those above him, and you do this in a way that no other species of machinery that I have ever been acquainted with could possibly fulfil. In fact, you give him all the qualities calculated to make him a thoroughly useful and loyal citizen when he leaves the colours, and returns home to civil life. And of this I am quite certain, that the nation which has the courage and the patriotism to insist on all its sons undergoing this species of education and training for at least two or three generations, will consist of men and women far better calculated to be the fathers and mothers of healthy and vigorous children than the nation which allows its young people to grow up without any physical training, although they may cram their heads with all sorts of scientific knowledge in their national schools. In other words, the race in two or three generations will be stronger, more vigorous, and therefore braver, and more calculated to make the nation to which they belong great and powerful. Such a system must necessarily be a burden upon the people, entailing upon the present generation a considerable loss of time, and many other drawbacks, all to be endured for a great future benefit to the nation. In fact, the plan means a certain amount of self-abnegation to the individual for the sake of the future of the nation to which that individual belongs."

HARRY HOW.



From a Photo. by] CETEWAYO'S MILK-PAILS, DISH, AND PILLOWS. [*Elliott & Fry*

IN THE INTERESTS OF SCIENCE

THE STORY OF A BURGLARY.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ALTHOUGH I had known George Martin a long time, he had only lately initiated me into the mysteries of his life. I knew well that he had been guilty of many kinds of excesses and indiscretions in his youth, nevertheless I was not a little astonished to hear that he had once sunk so low as burglary. Without further remark I here relate the chief episode out of the remarkable career of this strange man :—

"Yes," said he, "I had a hard time of it in those days, and finally I became a—burglar. When Robert Schmiedlein proposed to me that we should break into the somewhat retired house of two doctors, Dr. Engler and Dr. Langner, I thoughtlessly agreed. Both doctors were well known on account of their scientific researches, and one of them especially for his eccentric manner.

"Well, the night fixed for the carrying out of our design arrived, and we went to work with the greatest confidence, for all the circumstances were favourable for a burglary. It was pitch dark, neither moon nor stars visible, and in addition a strong west wind was blowing, which was very welcome to us, as it promised to drown every sound, however slight.

"It was towards two in the morning as we, assuming all was safe, began by filing through a chain which fastened a ladder to the wall. The ladder we placed under a window in the first story on the left side of the house. In less than five minutes we had opened the window, and, hearing nothing, Schmiedlein climbed through it and I followed him. After carefully reclosing the venetians we ventured to light a lantern, and then discovered that we were in a kind of lumber-room, the door of which was locked.

"After picking the lock, we determined first to explore the rooms on the ground floor, thinking we should thus run less risk of waking the inhabitants of the house.

"To our no little astonishment we perceived, as we crept downstairs, a light shining under the door of one of the rooms at the back of the building.

"At first we were both for beating a hasty retreat. Schmiedlein soon recovered himself, and proposed we should force our way into the room, bind and gag every

"PICKING THE LOCK."

occupant, and then obtain by threats all desirable information.

"I agreeing, we approached the door. While carefully throwing the light round, I noticed, about seven feet from the floor, a wire which appeared to pass through the door we were approaching, and on pointing it out to my companion, he thought it would be connected with some bell.

"I replied in a whisper that we should try and avoid an alarm by cutting the wire, and as I could just reach it with my hands I would hold it firm whilst Schmiedlein cut it between my hands, and thus prevent it jerking back and ringing the bell.

"Setting the lantern on the floor, I seized the wire, whilst Schmiedlein drew a pair of pincers out of his pocket. But the moment I touched it I felt a frightful shock, which quivered through and through me, so that I fell all of a heap, tearing the wire down with me. I remember hearing the loud ringing of a bell, whilst Schmiedlein—whom, moreover, I have never seen since—disappeared like lightning into the darkness and escaped, very likely by the way we had come.

"On falling down I struck my head

"I FELL ALL OF A HEAP."

violently against the opposite wall and became unconscious, whilst the electric bell —at that time a novelty—rang unceasingly.

"Regaining my senses, I found myself bound and helpless, which after all did not surprise me, as I concluded I had been caught where I fell. It soon struck me, however, that there were some peculiar circumstances connected with my captivity.

"I was nearly undressed, and lay on a cold slab of slate which was about the height of a table from the ground, and only a piece of linen protected my body from immediate contact with the stone. Straight above me hung a large lamp, whose polished reflector spread a bright light far around, and when I, as far as possible, looked round, I perceived several shelves with bottles, flasks, and chemical apparatus of all kinds upon them. In one corner of the room stood a complete human skeleton, and various odds and ends of human bodies hung here and there upon the walls. I then knew I was lying on the operation— or dissecting—table of a doctor, a discovery which naturally troubled me greatly; at the same time I perceived that my mouth also was firmly gagged.

"What did it all mean? Had some accident befallen me, so that a surgical operation was necessary for my recovery? But I remembered nothing of the kind, and also felt no pain; nevertheless here I lay, stripped and helpless, on this terrible table . . . gagged and bound, which indicated something extraordinary.

"It astonished me not a little that there should be such an operation-room in such a house, until I remembered that Dr. Langner, as the district physician, had to carry out the post-mortem examinations for the circuit, and that in the small provincial town no other room was available for such a purpose. I felt too miserable, however, to think anything more about it. But I soon noticed, after another vain effort to free myself, that I was not alone in the room, for I heard the rustling of paper, and then someone said in quiet, measured tones :—

"'Yes, Langner, I am quite convinced that this man is particularly suited for the carrying out of my highly important experiment. How long have I been wishing to make the attempt—at last, to-night, I shall be able to produce the proof of my theory.'

"'That would indeed be a high triumph

of human skill,' I heard a second voice reply; 'but consider, dear doctor, if that man there were to expire under our hands—what then?'

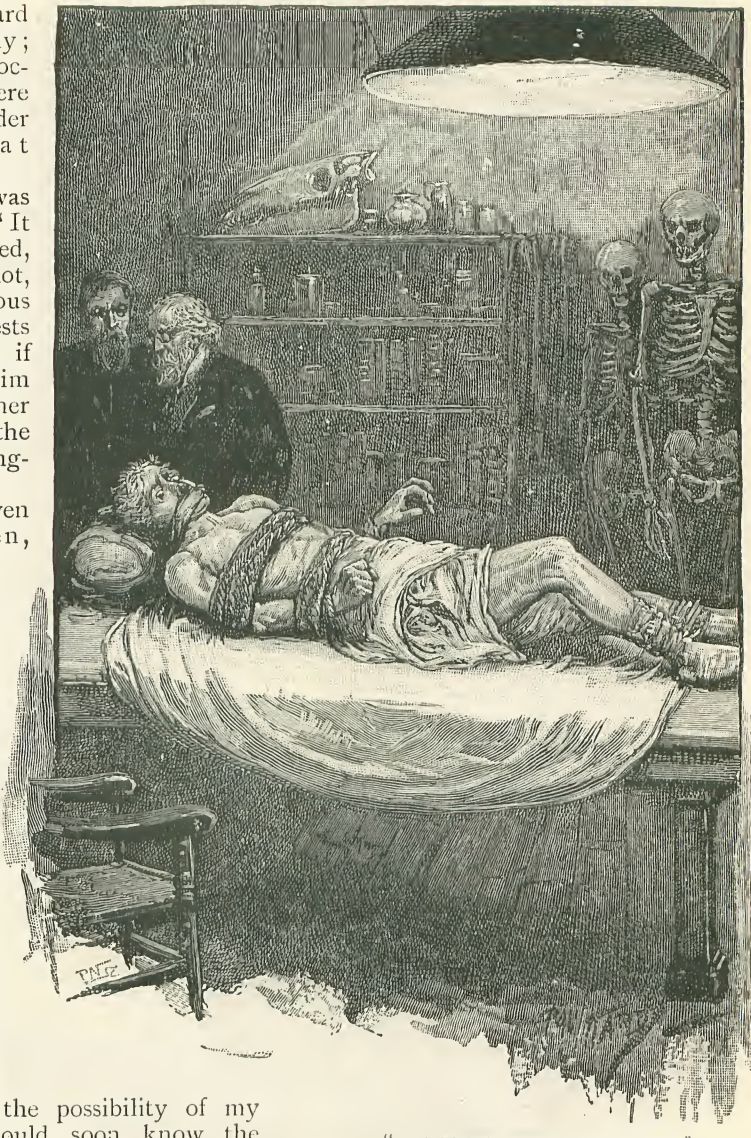
"'Impossible!' was the quick reply. 'It is bound to succeed, and even if it did not, he will die a glorious death in the interests of science; whilst, if we were to let him go, he would sooner or later fall into the hands of the hangman.'

"I could not even see the two men, yet their conversation was, doubtless, about me; and, hearing it, I shuddered from head to foot. They were proposing some dangerous operation on me, not for my benefit, but in the interests of medical science!

"At any rate, I thought, they won't undertake such a thing without my sanction; and what, after all, was their intention? It must be something terrible, for they had already mentioned the possibility of my succumbing. I should soon know the fearful truth, for, after a short pause, they continued—

"'It has long been acknowledged that the true source of life lies in the blood. What I wish to prove, dear Langner, is this. Nobody need die from pure loss of blood, and yet such cases occur only too often, whilst we must all the time be in possession of means to renew this highly important sap of life, and thus avoid a fatal result. We read of a few, but only a few, cases of a man who for some reason or other has lost so much blood that his death appeared inevitable, if some other noble-hearted man had not offered his own blood, in order to let it flow from his veins into the veins of the dying man. As you are aware, this proceeding has always had the desired effect. I consider it, however, a great mistake to deprive a fellow-being of necessary blood, for the one thereby only gains life and strength at the cost of another, who offers himself for an always dangerous sacrifice.'

"'Yes, I do not think that right either,' replied Dr. Langner. 'And, moreover, how seldom is a man found at the critical moment, ready to submit himself at once to such a dangerous loss of blood.'



"I SHUDDERED FROM HEAD TO FOOT."

"'That is very natural; no one lightly undertakes such a thing,' continued the other. 'So much greater will be our triumph if the operation succeeds. I hope to show you, dear colleague, that although we are thinking of taking that man's blood, even to the last drop, in a few hours we shall set him on his feet again.'

"'Just so! I do not see why we should not succeed. At any rate, in the interests of science we should prove in a practical manner the correctness of our theory.'

"'And this proof, dear friend, we will undertake without delay. Let me just repeat my instructions, for we cannot go to work too carefully to preserve the life of this man. I will open a vein in his thigh, and measure exactly the quantity of blood which flows out, at the same time watching the beating of the heart. Under ordinary circumstances nothing could possibly save him; but just before the extinction of the last spark of life, we will insert the warm blood of a living rabbit into his veins, as we have already arranged. If my theory is right, the pulsation of the heart will then gradually increase in strength and rapidity. At the same time, it is important to protect his limbs from cold and stiffness, which will naturally take place with the loss of all arterial blood.'

"The conversation of the two doctors overwhelmed me with deadly terror. I could scarcely believe I was really awake, and not the victim of some cruel nightmare.

"The fact remained, however, that I lay helpless on the dissecting-table, that a threatening skeleton stood in the corner of the room, and, above all, that terrible conversation which I had to listen to in silence filled me with a fear such as I had never before experienced. Involuntarily the thought forced itself upon me that I was at the mercy of two infatuated doctors, to whose mad theory I should here fall the victim.

"I said to myself that no doctor with a sound mind would propose such a frightful and murderous experiment upon a living man.

"The two doctors now approached the dissecting-table, and looked calmly into my face; then, smiling, took off their coats, and tucked up their sleeves. I struggled to get free, as only a desperate man under such extraordinary circumstances could have struggled. In vain. Their long-acquired experience knew how to render me completely helpless, and, to their satisfaction, I could not even make a sound.

"Dr. Engler now turned to a side-table, and I saw him open a chest of surgical instruments and take out a lancet, with which he returned to me. He at once removed the covering from my right thigh, and although I lay bound to the table in such a way that I could not see my limbs, I was able to watch the doctor busied with his preparations.

"Directly after removing the cloth I felt a prick in the side of my leg, and at once felt the warm blood rush forth and trickle down my leg. The conviction that he had opened the principal vein in the thigh would have sufficed to shake the strongest nerves.

"'There is no danger,' said Dr. Engler, looking into my staring, protruding eyes

"I STRUGGLED TO GET FREE."

with terrible calmness. 'You will not die, my good man. I have only opened an artery in your thigh, and you will experience all the sensations of bleeding to death. You will get weaker and weaker, and finally, perhaps, lose all consciousness, but we shall not let you die. No, no!

You must live, and astonish the scientific world through my great discovery!'

"I naturally could say nothing in reply, and no words can adequately express what I felt at that moment. I could, in one breath, have wept, implored, cursed, and raved.

"Meanwhile I felt my life's blood flowing, and could hear it drop into a vessel standing under the end of the table. Every moment the doctor laid his hand on my heart, at the same time making remarks which only increased my horror.

"After he had put his hand on me for at least the twentieth time, and felt the beating of the heart, he said to his assistant—

"'Are you ready with your preparations, Langner? He has now lost an enormous quantity of blood, and the pulsation is getting weaker and weaker. See, he is already losing consciousness,' and with these words he took the gag out of my mouth.

"A feeling of deadly weakness, as well as of infinite misery, laid hold of me when the physician uttered these words, and on my attempting to speak, I found that scarcely a whispering murmur passed my lips. Shadowy phantoms and strange colours flitted before my eyes, and I believed myself to be already in a state past all human aid.

"What happened in the next few minutes I do not know, for I had fainted. When I reopened my eyes, I noticed I no longer lay on the dissecting table, but was sitting in an arm-chair in a comfortable room, near which stood the two doctors looking at me.

"Near me was a flask of wine, several smelling-salts, a few basins of cold water, some sponges, and a galvanic battery. It was now bright daylight, and the two doctors smiled as they looked at me.

"When I remembered the terrible experiment, I shuddered with horror, and tried to rise. I felt too weak, however, and sank back helpless into the chair. Then the circuit physician, in a friendly but firm voice, addressed me—

"'Compose yourself, young man. You imagined you were slowly bleeding to death; nevertheless, be assured that you have not lost a single drop of blood. You have undergone no operation whatever, but have simply been the victim of your own imagination. We knew very well you heard every word of our conversation, a conversation which was only intended to deceive you as much as possible. What I maintained was, that a man's body will always completely lie under the influence of what he himself firmly believes, whilst my colleague, on the other hand, held the opinion that the body can never be hurt by anything which only exists in the imagination. This has long been an open question between us, which, after your capture, we at once determined to decide. So we surrounded you with objects of a nature to influence your imagination, aided further by our conversation; and, finally, your conviction, that we would really carry out the operation of which you heard us speak, completed the deception.

"'You have now the satisfaction of knowing that you are as safe and sound as ever you were. At the same time we assure you that you really showed all the symptoms of a man bleeding to death, a proof that the body can sometimes suffer from the most absurd unreality that the mind can imagine.'

"WHEN I REOPENED MY EYES I WAS SITTING IN AN ARM-CHAIR."

"Astonishment, joy, and doubt at finding myself neither dead nor dying struggled within me, and then rage at having been subjected to such an awful and heartless experiment by the two doctors, overcame me. I was quickly interrupted by Dr. Engler, however, on trying to give free scope to my indignation.

"'We had not exactly any right to undertake such an experiment with you,' he said; 'but we thought you would pardon us if we delivered you from certain punishment, instead of having to undergo a painful trial and a long imprisonment for burglary. You are certainly at liberty to complain about us; but consider, my good fellow, if such a step is in your interests? I do not think so. On the other hand, we are quite willing to make you a fitting compensation for all the agony you have suffered.'

"Under the circumstances," continued George Martin, "I considered it wise to accept their proposal, although I have not to this day forgiven the two men for so treating me.

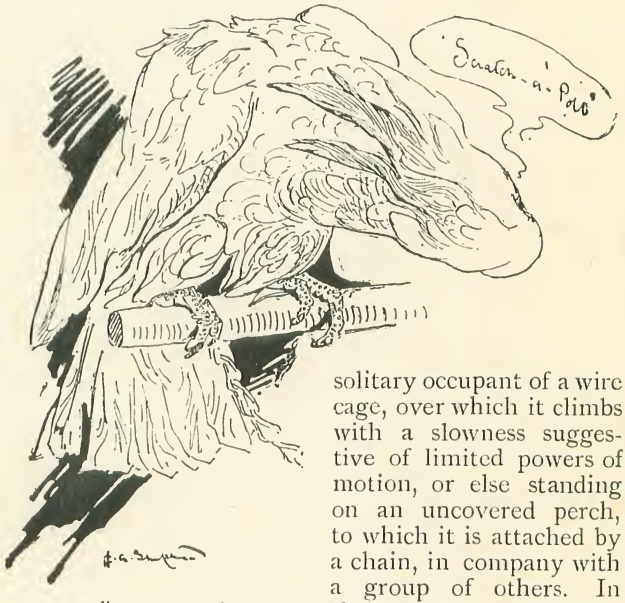
"The doctors kept their promise. They made me a very handsome present, and troubled themselves about me in other ways, so that since that time I have been a more fortunate, and, I hope, a better man. Still, I have never forgotten the hour when I lay on the dissecting-table—the unexpected victim of a terrible experiment—in the interests of science, as Dr. Engler explained."

Such was the strange story of my friend. His death, which recently took place, released me from the promise of secrecy given to him about an event, which he could never recall, even after a lapse of thirty years, without a feeling of unabated horror.

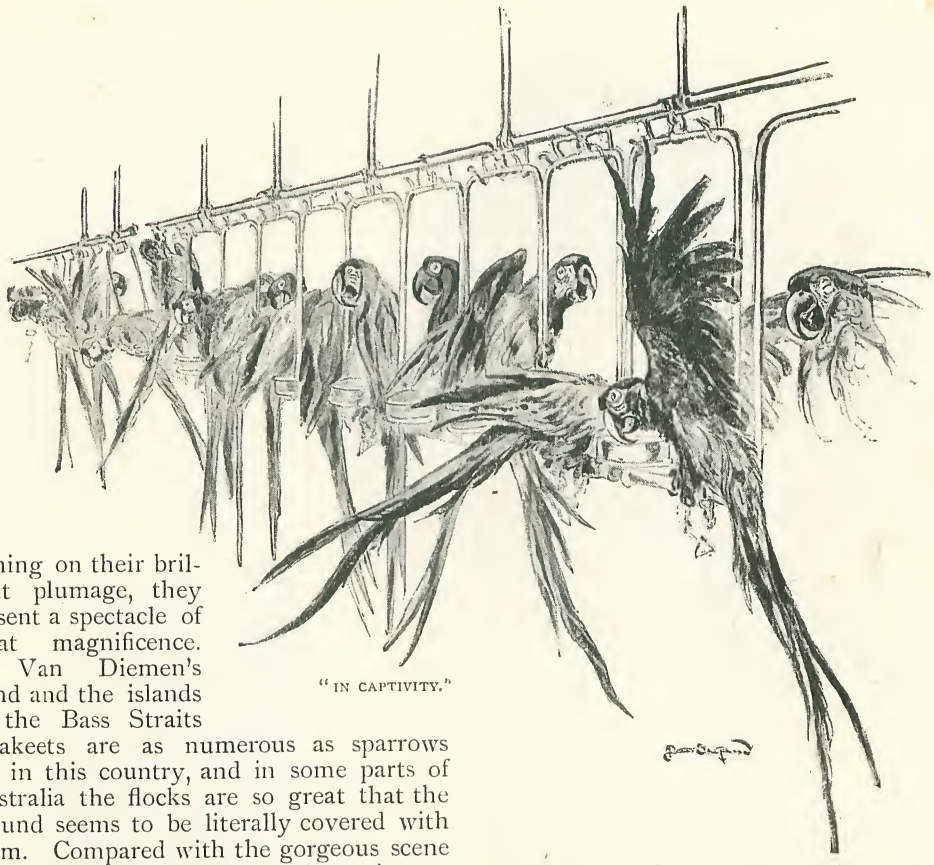
Parrot Stories.

OF all the members of the feathered tribes, there are none which have been greater favourites, and have been regarded with a greater degree of genuine attachment, than parrots. The beauty of their plumage, with its wealth and variety of gorgeous colours, their symmetry of form, and their gracefulness of manner, would alone have been sufficient to give them their popularity. But the closest link they have established with our affections is, of course, found in their wonderful faculty for the repetition of spoken words and various familiar sounds, together with their possession, in many instances, of a reasoning power which suggests that they are not always mere imitators, but really understand the general sense of what they say. Combined with this power of speech, the fond attachment which they are capable of showing towards those who feed or are otherwise kind to them leads to their being among the most favoured, as they seem to be also among the best fitted, companions of human beings. This place of honour in the animal world they have held for very many centuries. There was, indeed, a time when they were regarded in India and elsewhere as sacred; and anybody who dared to injure one of them was regarded as guilty of a dreadful crime. It is true that since then they have fallen somewhat from their high estate, and that in this more degenerate age the common Amazon parrot has been shot in great numbers in the eastern parts of Brazil for the prosaic purpose of making a particular kind of soup, to which the natives are partial; while the naturalist Gould waxes quite eloquent when he sounds the praises of parakeet pie. But, in our own country, though we do not go either to the one extreme of holding them sacred, or to the other extreme of putting them into pies, parrots still occupy a place of honour in our households; and a well-behaved "Pretty Poll" who has been duly instructed in the accomplishments of her kind, is still the source of as great a degree of pleasure as ever.

Yet those English people who do not travel far beyond the limits of their own land fail to see the parrot to the best advantage. Their acquaintance with the bird is chiefly confined to seeing it either the solitary occupant of a wire cage, over which it climbs with a slowness suggestive of limited powers of motion, or else standing on an uncovered perch, to which it is attached by a chain, in company with a group of others. In their native condition, however, the parrots are found in vast assemblies, which are often a thousand or more in number, and, seen clustered together and talking in loud and excited tones on the trees of some dark forest or sequestered swamp, or taking long, though low, flights through the air to their favourite watering places, with the sun



"PRETTY POLL!



"IN CAPTIVITY."

shining on their brilliant plumage, they present a spectacle of great magnificence. In Van Diemen's Land and the islands of the Bass Straits parakeets are as numerous as sparrows are in this country, and in some parts of Australia the flocks are so great that the ground seems to be literally covered with them. Compared with the gorgeous scene which they must present in these circumstances, even such a collection as may be found at the Zoological Gardens in London falls altogether into insignificance.

Le Vaillant, in his description of the habits of the *Psittachus infuscatus*, says that every bird keeps loyally to its own mate, and at daybreak the whole of the colony located in a particular district assemble with a great noise, perch on one or more dead trees, according to their number, and expose their plumage to the first rays of the rising sun, for the purpose of drying their feathers, which will have become soaked in the heavy dews of the night.

Altogether, something like 170 kinds of parrots have been enumerated as inhabiting various parts of the globe, and there are, naturally, great variations in size, plumage, and powers in the different species. In size they range from birds not much bigger than a thrush to others such as the great green macaw, and the red and blue macaw, which measure forty inches in length, the tail alone being nearly two feet long. In their plumage they may have all the colours of the rainbow, or one colour only, while in accomplishments they range from the deafening shrieks of macaws, to the "gentle soft warbling kind of song" of the grass or zebra parakeet of Australia, and the marvellous powers of speech of the true parrots. But the most talented of all these varieties is the grey parrot, which is a native of West Africa, and, when taken young, and well trained, displays some really wonderful gifts. In the days of sailing ships, the sailors who brought the birds home were able to spend a good deal of time in teaching them before they arrived here; but the shortening of the voyages, owing to the powerful steamers now in use, has led to the education of the parrots being less advanced when they reach England than was formerly the case. On the other hand, however, their vocabulary of sailors' expletives is not so extensive, and this is some consolation for the falling off in other respects, one oddity about parrots being that when once they learn really wicked words they never seem to forget them, and the most moral

"MATED."

training never completely frees their good manners from the corruption of evil communications.

Many parrots will live from twenty to

"LANGUAGE."

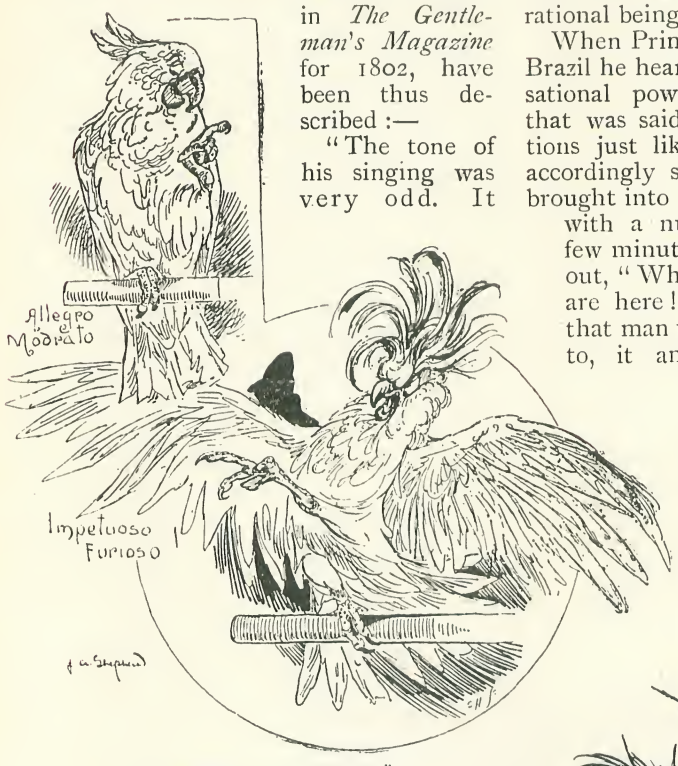
thirty years, and Le Vaillant mentions one which attained the venerable age of 93. It was the property of an Amsterdam merchant, and it talked remarkably well. It would fetch its master's night-cap and slippers, and would call out if any stranger came into the shop when no one was there to serve, screaming until somebody came. It had a good memory, and easily learnt sentences in Dutch ; but at 60 this faculty began to fail, at 65 the moulting was irregular, and at 90 the bird was decrepit, blind, and voiceless, gradually sinking into a kind of lethargy, in which condition it finally died.

Another famous parrot was that of Colonel O'Kelly, in whose family it had been for fifty years, being so much thought of that one hundred

"THE VENERABLE AGE OF 93."

guineas were refused for it. The accomplishments of this bird, whose death will be found recorded in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1802, have been thus described :—

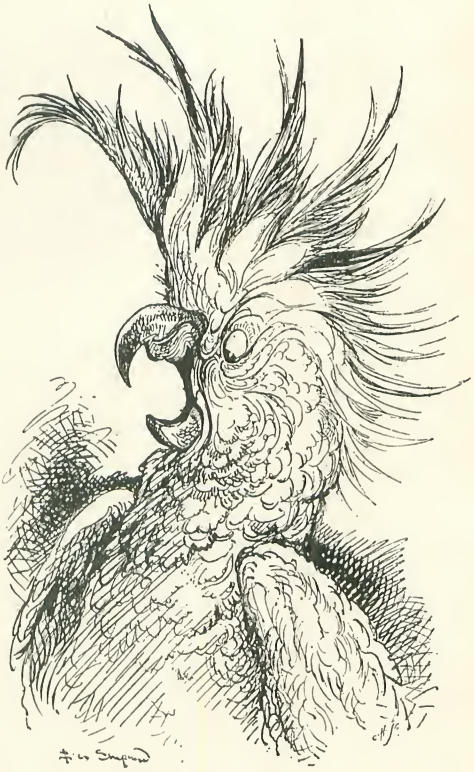
"The tone of his singing was very odd. It sounded like an automaton imitating the human voice. The maid prompted him to sing 'God Save the King.' He sang all the verses of it, but now and then wandered into 'The Banks of the Dee,' which seemed his favourite, and one or two Scotch songs, the names of which I forget. . . . Col. O'Kelly told us that his power of catching sounds was quite astonishing; that on one occasion when a newspaper had been read aloud in his presence, the Colonel, on coming into the room, half an hour after, had, as he opened the door, been convinced by the sound that the same person was still reading aloud, and was scarcely able to believe that it was the parrot repeating to himself inarticulate sounds precisely in the tone and manner of the reader."



"AN ACCURATE EAR FOR MUSIC."

Among other peculiarities of the same bird may be mentioned its possession of an accurate ear for music, so that it would beat time while it whistled, and if it mistook a note it would revert to the bar where the mistake occurred, and finish the tune quite correctly. It could, too, not only answer questions but give orders and express its wants in a manner strongly suggestive of a rational being.

When Prince Maurice was Governor of Brazil he heard of the remarkable conversational powers of a certain old parrot that was said to be able to answer questions just like a reasoning creature. He accordingly sent for the bird, which was brought into a room where the Prince was with a number of other persons. A few minutes afterwards the bird called out, "What a company of white men are here!" Asked "who he thought that man was," the Prince being pointed to, it answered, "Some general or other." The Prince then asked, "Where do you come from?" "From Marinnan," answered the bird. "To whom do you belong?" "To a Portuguese." "What do you do there?" "I watch the chickens." The Prince laughed, and asked, "You watch the chickens?" "Yes;

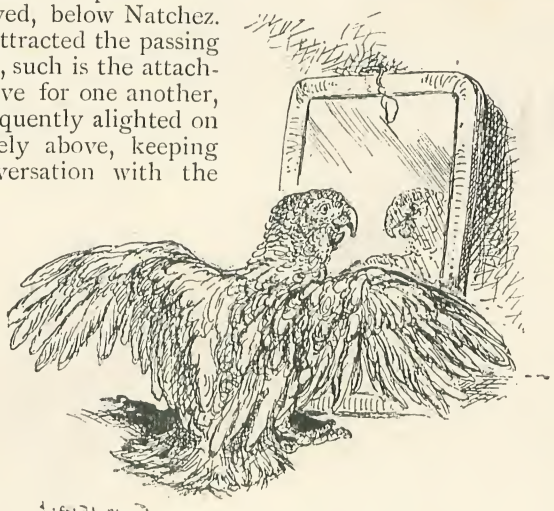


"GIVING ORDERS."

and I know how to do it well," rejoined the bird, which then called out three or four times, "chuck! chuck!" as though bringing a number of chickens together.

A friend of Buffon's possessed a yellow-winged parrot which showed great attachment to its master, but was very capricious in its temper, expecting a full return for every demonstration of its civility. It would, in play, sometimes bite a little too hard and then laugh heartily. If rebuked it became refractory, and could only be reclaimed by gentle and kind treatment. It was dull and silent if confined in its cage, but when set at liberty chattered incessantly, and repeated everything that was said.

Alexander Wilson, the author of "American Ornithology," while on one of his expeditions caught a parrot, which he put in a cage and placed under the piazza of a house where he stayed, below Natchez. By its call it soon attracted the passing flocks of parrots, and, such is the attachment these birds have for one another, numerous parties frequently alighted on the trees immediately above, keeping up a constant conversation with the prisoner. "One of these," Mr. Wilson continues, "I wounded slightly in the wing, and the pleasure Poll expressed on meeting with this new companion was really amusing. She crept close up to it as it hung on the side of the cage, chattered to it in a low tone of voice, as if sympathising in its misfortune, scratched about its head and neck with her bill, and both, at night, nestled as close together as possible, sometimes Poll's head being thrust among the plumage of the other. On the death of this companion she appeared restless and inconsolable for several days. On reaching New Orleans I placed a looking-glass beside the place where she usually sat, and the instant she perceived the image all her former fondness seemed to return, so that she could scarcely absent herself from it a moment. It was evident that she was completely deceived. Always when evening drew on, and often during the day, she laid her head close to that of the image in the glass, and began to doze with great composure and satisfaction. In this short space she had learnt to know her name, to answer and come when called on, to climb up my clothes, sit on my shoulder, and eat from my mouth."



"SHE WAS COMPLETELY DECEIVED."

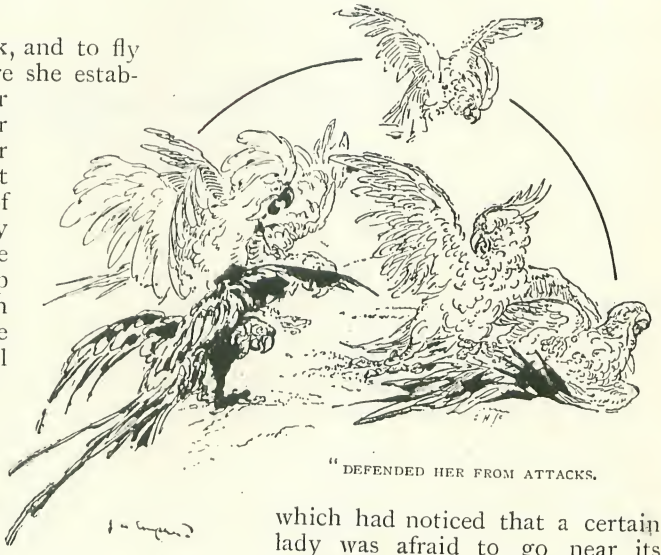
A friend of Mr. Wood's family had a grey parrot which became so energetic in her demonstrations of affection towards some young goldfinches she found in a nest in a rose tree, that she frightened the parents away, and then, seeing them deserted, herself became their foster-mother. "She was so attentive to her little charges that she refused to go back to her cage, and remained with the little birds by night as well as by day, feeding them carefully, and forcing them to open their beaks if they refused her attentions. When they were able to hop about they were very fond of getting on her back, where four of them would gravely sit, while the fifth, which was the youngest, or at all events the smallest, always preferred to perch on Polly's head. With all these little ones on her back Polly would very deliberately walk up and down the lawn as if to give them exercise, and would sometimes vary her performance by rising into the air, thus setting the ten little wings in violent motion, and giving the five little birds a hard task to remain on her back. By degrees they became less timid, and when she rose from the ground they would leave her back and fly down. They were but ungrateful little creatures after all; for when they were fully fledged they flew away, and never came back again to their foster-mother. Poor Polly was for some time in great trouble about the desertion of her foster-children, but soon consoled herself by taking care of another little brood. These belonged to a pair of hedge-sparrows, whose home had been broken up by the descent of some large bird. Polly found the little birds in dire distress, and contrived in some ingenious manner to get

"A FOSTER-MOTHER!"

them, one by one, on her back, and to fly with them to her cage. Here she established the little family, never entering the cage except for the purpose of attending to her young charge. The oddest part of the matter was that one of the parents survived, and Polly was seen to talk to her in the most absurd manner, mixing up her acquired vocabulary with that universal bird-language that seems to be common to all the feathered tribes, and plentifully interlarding her discourse with sundry profane expressions. At last the instinctive language conquered the human, and the two birds seemed to understand each other perfectly."

A somewhat similar instance is recorded by Mr. Buxton, as quoted by Darwin in his "Descent of Man." In this case a parrot took care of a frost-bitten and crippled bird of a distinct species, cleansed her feathers, and defended her from the attacks of the other parrots which roamed freely about the garden. The tender regard, too, which birds of this class may have for one another is still further shown by the experiences of Wilson, who says, concerning the parakeet, that when, on shooting at a flock, he wounded a number of them, the others did not move off, but continued sweeping around their prostrate companions, manifesting so much sympathy and regard for the wounded as to completely disarm him.

Parrots, too, occasionally display a decided sense of humour. A cockatoo



"DEFENDED HER FROM ATTACKS.

which had noticed that a certain lady was afraid to go near its perch thought it a good joke, whenever the lady did approach, to set up its feathers and yell and screech in the most hideous way, as if it intended to attack her, doing all this evidently for no other reason than the pleasure of seeing her run away terrified.

There is, too, a strong suspicion of "a good joke," on the part of the parrot, in a story told in Lord Dundonald's autobiography. This particular parrot was on board ship, and had picked up a number of nautical phrases. The vessel was visited one day by some

"THE TWO BIRDS SEEMED TO UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER PERFECTLY."

ladies, who were taken on board seated on a chair to which a rope, worked by a pulley, was attached. Two or three of the ladies had reached the deck safely, and another was in mid-air, when suddenly a clear voice rang out, "Let go!" The

"PUSSY MARCHED MAJESTICALLY ROUND THE ROOM."

sailors, thinking it was the boatswain who had given the order, obeyed it instantly, the result being that the lady had a cold bath in the sea. It is scarcely necessary to relate that the order to "Let go" came, not from the boatswain, but from the parrot!

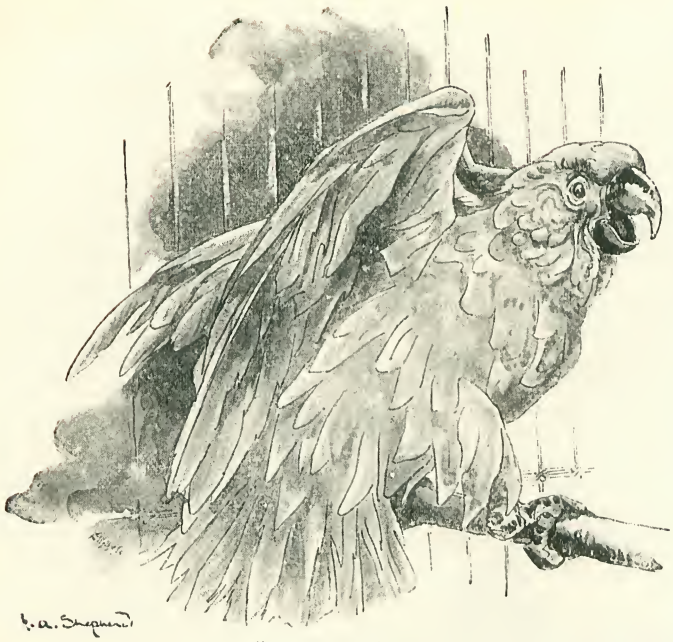
Mr. Wood gives an interesting account supplied to him by a correspondent concerning a ringed parakeet, which, on reaching Plymouth from Trincomalee, "was put into a rickety old cage, with two buns for her nourishment, and sent all by herself in the train to London. On her arrival there, she was forwarded to a person who had formerly been confidential servant to my wife. One morning this person, hearing a great chattering down-stairs, looked in at her back-parlour door, and there, to her infinite surprise, she saw Polly seated upon the cat's back, chattering away, while pussy was majestically marching round the room."

A parrot show was once held in the North of England, at which, among the prizes, there was one to be given to the bird that could talk the best. Several had been produced, and showed off their accomplishments; and then another was brought forward. The cover was taken off the cage, and thereupon the bird looked around and suddenly exclaimed, "By Jove, what a lot of parrots!" It was awarded the prize at once.

Another parrot we have heard of, which also endeavoured to rise to the occasion, was the property of a publichouse-keeper whose patrons were characteristic for their thirst rather than for their patience and politeness. One day the bird escaped from its cage in the bar. It was discovered shortly afterwards on a tree, surrounded by a flock of rooks who were pecking at it from every side while the parrot was calling out, "One at a time, gentlemen! One at a time!"

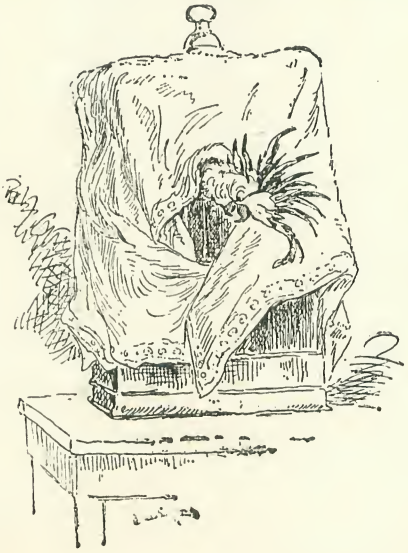
Mr. Jesse gives a remarkable account of a parrot which belonged to a resident at Hampton Court, whose sister had supplied him with the narrative. "As you wished me," says the lady,

"DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!"



"NO, YOU WON'T!"

"to write down whatever I could recollect about my sister's wonderful parrot, I proceed to do so, only premising that I will tell you nothing but what I can vouch for having myself heard. Her laugh is quite extraordinary, and it is impossible not to join in it oneself, more especially when, in the midst of it, she cries out, 'Don't make me laugh so! I shall die! I shall die!' and then continues laughing more violently than before. Her crying and sobbing are curious, and if you say, 'Poor Poll! What is the matter?' she says, 'So bad—so bad! Got such a cold!' and after crying for some time will gradually cease, and, making a noise like drawing a long breath, say, 'Better now,' and begin to laugh. The first time I ever heard her speak was one day when I was talking to the maid at the bottom of the stairs, and heard what I then considered to be a child call out, 'Payne' (the maid's name), 'I am not well—I am not well!' On my saying, 'What's the matter with that child?' she replied, 'It's only the parrot! She always does so when I leave her alone, to make me come back.' So it proved, for, on her going into the room, the parrot stopped, and then began laughing, quite in a jeering way. It is singular enough that when she is affronted in any way, she begins to cry; and, when pleased, to laugh. If anyone happens to cough or sneeze, she says, 'What a bad cold!' One day when the children were playing with her, the maid came into the room, and, on their repeating to her several things which the parrot had said, Poll looked up and said, quite plainly, 'No, I didn't!' Sometimes when she is inclined to be mischievous the maid threatens to beat her; and she often says, 'No, you won't!' Before I was well acquainted with her, as I am now, she would stare in my face for some time, and then say, 'How d'ye do, ma'am?' This she invariably does to strangers. One day I went into the room where she was, and said, to try her, 'Poll, where is Payne gone?' and to my astonishment, and almost dismay, she said, 'Downstairs!'"



The Lost Legion.

By Rudyard Kipling.

WHEN the Indian Mutiny broke out, and a little time before the siege of Delhi, a regiment of Native Irregular Horse was stationed at Peshawur on the frontier of India. That regiment caught what John Lawrence called at the time "the prevalent mania" and would have thrown in its lot with the mutineers, had it been allowed to do so. The chance never came, for, as the regiment swept off down south, it was headed off by a remnant of an English corps into the hills of Afghanistan, and there the tribesmen, newly conquered by the English, turned against it as wolves turn against buck. It was hunted for the sake of its arms and accoutrements from hill to hill, from ravine to ravine, up and down the dried beds of rivers and round the shoulders of bluffs, till it disappeared as water sinks in the sand — this officerless, rebel regiment. The only trace left of its existence to-day is a nominal roll drawn up in neat round-hand and countersigned by an officer who called himself "Adjutant, late —— Irregular Cavalry." The paper is yellow with years and dirt, but on the back of it you can still read a pencil note by John Lawrence, to this effect: "See that the two native officers who remained loyal are not deprived of their estates.—J. L." Of six hundred and fifty sabres only two stood the strain, and John Lawrence in the midst of all the agony of the first months of the Mutiny found time to think about their merits.

"SOMETIMES A GREYBEARD SPEAKS OF HIS SHARE IN THE MASSACRE."

That was more than thirty years ago, and the tribesmen across the Afghan border who helped to annihilate the regiment are now old men. Sometimes a greybeard speaks of his share in the massacre. "They came," he will say, "across the Border, very proud, calling upon us to rise and kill the English, and go down to the sack of Delhi. But we who had just been conquered by the same English knew that they were over-bold, and that the Government could account easily for those down-country dogs. This Hindustani regiment, therefore, we treated with fair words, and kept standing in one place till the redcoats came after them very hot and angry. Then this regiment ran forward a little more into our hills to avoid the wrath of the English, and we lay upon their flanks watching from the sides of the hills till we were well assured that their path was lost behind them. Then we came down, for we desired their clothes, and their bridles, and their rifles, and their boots —more especially their boots. That was a great killing— done slowly." Here the old man will rub his nose, and shake his snaky locks, and lick his bearded lips, grinning till the yellow tooth-stumps show. "Yea, we killed them because we needed their gear, and we knew that their lives had been forfeited to God on account of their sin —the sin of treachery to the salt which they had eaten. They rode up and down the valleys, stumbling and rocking in their saddles, and howling for mercy. We drove them slowly like cattle till they were all assembled in one place, the flat, wide valley of Sheor Kôt. Many had died

"'PULLING THEM DOWN WITH OUR HANDS, TWO AT A TIME.'"

from want of water, but there still were many left, and they could not make any stand. We went among them pulling them down with our hands two at a time, and our boys killed them who were new to the sword. My share of the plunder was such and such—so many guns, and so many saddles. The guns were good in those days. Now we steal the Government rifles, and despise smooth barrels. Yes, beyond doubt we wiped that regiment from off the face of the earth, and even the memory of the deed is now dying. But men say——"

At this point the tale would stop abruptly, and it was impossible to find out what men said across the Border. The Afghans were always a secretive race, and vastly preferred doing something wicked to saying anything at all. They would for months be quiet and well-behaved, till one night, without word or warning, they would rush a police-post, cut the throats of a constable or two, dash through a village, carry away three or four women, and withdraw, in the red glare of burning thatch, driving the cattle and goats before them to their desolate hills. The Indian Government would become almost tearful on these occasions. First it would say, "Please be good, and we'll forgive you." The tribe concerned in the latest depredation would collectively put its thumb to its nose and answer rudely. Then the Government would say: "Hadn't you better pay up a little money for those few corpses you left behind you the other night?" Here the tribe would temporise, and lie and bully, and some of the younger men, merely to show contempt of authority, would raid another police-post and fire into some frontier mud fort, and, if lucky, kill a real English officer. Then the Government would say:—"Observe; if you persist in this line of conduct, you will be hurt." If the tribe knew exactly what was going on in India, it would apologise or be rude, according as it learned whether the Government was busy with other things or able to devote its full attention to their performances. Some of the tribes knew to one corpse how far to go. Others became excited, lost their heads, and told the Government to "come on." With sorrow and tears, and one eye on the British taxpayer at home, who insisted on regarding these exercises as brutal wars of annexation, the Government would prepare an expensive little field-brigade and some guns, and send all up into the hills to chase the wicked tribe out of the valleys, where the corn grew, into the hill-tops, where there was nothing to eat. The tribe would turn out in full strength and enjoy the campaign, for they knew that their women would never be touched, that their wounded would be nursed, not mutilated, and that as soon as each man's bag of corn was spent they could surrender and palaver with the English General as though they had been a real enemy. Afterwards, years afterwards,

they would pay the blood-money, driblet by driblet, to the Government, and tell their children how they had slain the redcoats by thousands. The only drawback to this kind of picnic-war was the weakness of the redcoats for solemnly blowing up with powder the Afghan fortified towers and keeps. This the tribes always considered mean.

Chief among the leaders of the smaller tribes—the mean little clans who knew to one penny the expense of moving white troops against them—was a priestly bandit-chief whom we will call the Gulla Kutta Mullah. His enthusiasm for Border murder as an art was almost dignified. He would cut down a mail-runner in pure wantonness, or bombard a mud fort with rifle fire when he knew that our men needed sleep. In his leisure moments he would go on circuit among his neighbours, and try to incite other tribes to devilry. Also, he kept a kind of hotel for fellow-outlaws in his village, which lay in a valley called Bersund. Any respectable murderer of that section of the frontier was sure to lie up at Bersund, for it was reckoned an exceedingly safe place. The sole entry to it ran through a narrow gorge which could be converted into a death-trap in five minutes. It was surrounded by high hills, reckoned inaccessible to all save born mountaineers, and here the Gulla Kutta Mullah lived in great state, the head of a colony of mud and stone huts, and in each mud hut hung some portion of a red uniform and the plunder of dead men. The Government particularly wished for his capture, and once invited him formally to come out and be hanged on account of seventeen murders in which he had taken a direct part. He replied :—

"I am only twenty miles, as the crow flies, from your border. Come and fetch me."

"Some day we will come," said the Government, "and hanged will you be."

The Gulla Kutta Mullah let the matter from his mind. He knew that the patience of the Government was as long as a summer day ; but he did not realise that its arm was as long as a winter night.

Months afterwards, when there was peace on the Border, and all India was quiet, the Indian Government turned in its sleep and remembered the Gulla Kutta Mullah at Bersund, with his thirteen outlaws. The movement against him of one single regiment—which the telegrams would have translated as brutal war—would have been highly impolitic. This was a time for silence and speed, and, above all, absence of bloodshed.

You must know that all along the north-west frontier of India is spread a force of some thirty thousand foot and horse, whose duty it is to quietly and unostentatiously shepherd the tribes in front of them. They move up and down, and down and up, from one desolate little post to another ; they are ready to take the field at ten minutes' notice ; they are always half in and half out of a difficulty somewhere along the monotonous line ; their lives are as hard as their own muscles, and the papers never say anything about them. It was from this force that the Government picked its men.

One night at a station where the mounted night patrol fire as they challenge, and the wheat rolls in great blue-green waves under our cold northern moon, the officers were playing billiards in the mud-walled club-house, when orders came to them that they were to go on parade at once for a night drill. They grumbled, and went to turn out their men—a hundred English troops, let us say, two hundred Goorkhas, and about a hundred of the finest native cavalry in the world.

When they were on the parade ground, it was explained to them in whispers that they must set off at once across the hills to Bersund. The English troops were to post themselves round the hills at the side of the valley ; the Goorkhas would command the gorge and the death-trap, and the cavalry would fetch a long march round and get to the back of the circle of hills, whence, if there were any difficulty, they could charge down on the Mullah's men. But the orders were very strict that there should be no fighting and no noise. They were to return in the morning with every round of ammunition intact, and the Mullah and the thirteen outlaws bound in their midst. If they were successful, no one would know or care anything about their work ; but failure meant probably a small border war, in which the Gulla Kutta Mullah would be posed in the English newspapers as a popular leader against a big, bullying Power, instead of a common Border murderer.

Then there was silence, broken only by the clicking of the compass needles and snapping of watch-cases, as the heads of columns compared bearings and made appointments for the rendezvous. Five

"THE HEADS OF COLUMNS COMPARED BEARINGS."

minutes later the parade-ground was empty; the green coats of the Goorkhas and the overcoats of the English troops had faded into the darkness, and the cavalry were cantering away in the face of a blinding drizzle.

What the Goorkhas and the English did will be seen later on. The heavy work lay with the horse, for it had to go far and pick its way clear of habitations. Many of the troopers were natives of that part of the world, ready and anxious to fight against their kin, and some of the officers had made private and unofficial excursions into those hills before. They crossed the Border, found a dried river-bed, cantered up that, walked through a stony gorge, risked crossing a low hill under cover of the darkness, skirted another hill, leaving their hoof-marks deep in some ploughed ground, felt their way along another watercourse, ran over the neck of a spur praying that no one would hear their horses grunting, and so worked on in the rain and the darkness, till they had left Bersund and its crater of hills a little behind them, and to the left, and it was time to swing round. The ascent commanding the back of Bersund was steep, and they halted to draw breath in a broad level valley below the height. That is to say, the men reined up, but the horses, blown as they were, refused to halt. There was unchristian language, the worse for being delivered in a whisper, and you heard the saddles squeaking in the darkness as the horses plunged.

The subaltern at the rear of one troop turned in his saddle and said very softly:

"Carter, what the Blessed Heavens are you doing at the rear? Bring your men up, man."

There was no answer, till a trooper replied:

"Carter Sahib is forward—not there. There is nothing behind us."

"There is," said the subaltern. "The squadron's walking on its own tail."

Then the Major in command moved down to the rear, swearing softly and asking for the blood of Lieutenant Halley—the subaltern who had just spoken.

"Look after your rearguard," said the Major. "Some of your infernal thieves have got lost. They're at the head of the squadron, and you're a several kinds of idiot."

"Shall I tell off my men, sir?" said the subaltern sulkily, for he was feeling wet and cold.

"Tell 'em off!" said the Major. "*Whip* 'em off, by Gad! You're squandering them all over the place. There's a troop behind you *now!*"

"So I was thinking," said the subaltern calmly. "I have all my men here, sir. Better speak to Carter."

"Carter Sahib sends salaam and wants to know why the squadron is stopping," said a trooper to Lieutenant Halley.

"Where under heaven *is* Carter?" said the Major.

"Forward, with his troop," was the answer.

"Are we walking in a ring, then, or are we the centre of a blessed brigade?" said the Major.

By this time there was silence all along the column. The horses were still; but, through the drive of the fine rain, men could hear the feet of many horses moving over stony ground.

"We're being stalked," said Lieutenant Halley.

"They've no horses here. Besides they'd have fired before this," said the Major. "It's—it's villagers' ponies."

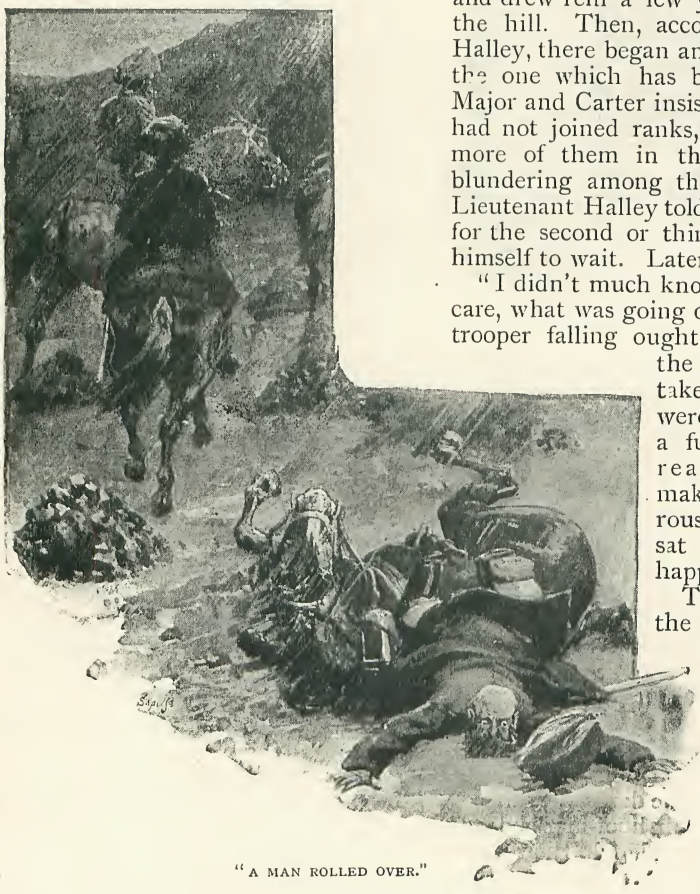
"Then our horses would have neighed and spoilt the attack long ago. They must have been near us for half an hour," said the subaltern.

"Queer that we can't smell the horses," said the Major, damping his finger and rubbing it on his nose as he sniffed up-wind.

"Well, it's a bad start," said the subaltern, shaking the wet from his overcoat. "What shall we do, sir?"

"Get on," said the Major; "we shall catch it to-night."

The column moved forward very gingerly for a few paces. Then there was an oath, a shower of blue sparks as shod hoofs crashed on small stones, and a man rolled over with a jangle of accoutrements that would have waked the dead.



"A MAN ROLLED OVER."

"Now we've gone and done it," said Lieutenant Halley. "All the hillside awake, and all the hillside to climb in the face of musketry fire. This comes of trying to do night-hawk work."

The trembling trooper picked himself up and tried to explain that his horse had fallen over one of the little cairns that are built of loose stones on the spot where a man has been murdered. There was no need to go on. The Major's big Australian charger blundered next, and the men came to a halt in what seemed to be a very graveyard of little cairns all about two feet high. The manœuvres of the squadron are not reported. Men said that it felt like mounted quadrilles without the training and without the music; but at last the horses, breaking rank and choosing their own way, walked clear of the cairns, till every man of the squadron re-formed and drew rein a few yards up the slope of the hill. Then, according to Lieutenant Halley, there began another scene very like the one which has been described. The Major and Carter insisted that all the men had not joined ranks, and that there were more of them in the rear clicking and blundering among the dead men's cairns. Lieutenant Halley told off his own troopers for the second or third time, and resigned himself to wait. Later on he said to me:—

"I didn't much know, and I didn't much care, what was going on. The row of that trooper falling ought to have scared half the country, and I would take my oath that we were being stalked by a full regiment in the rear, and *they* were making row enough to rouse all Afghanistan. I sat tight, but nothing happened."

The mysterious part of the night's work was the silence on the hillside. Everybody knew that the Gulla Kutta Mullah had his outpost huts on the reverse side of the hill, and everybody expected, by the time that the Major had sworn himself into a state of quiet, that the watchmen there would open fire. When nothing occurred, they thought that the gusts of the rain had deadened the sound of the horses, and thanked

Providence. At last the Major satisfied himself (*a*) that he had left no one behind among the cairns, and (*b*) that he was not being taken in rear by a large and powerful body of cavalry. The men's tempers were thoroughly spoiled, the horses were lathered and unquiet, and one and all prayed for the daylight.

They set themselves to climb up the hill, each man leading his mount carefully. Before they had covered the lower slopes or the breast-plates had begun to tighten, a thunderstorm came up behind, rolling across the low hills and drowning any noise less than that of cannon. The first flash of the lightning showed the bare ribs of the ascent, the hill-crest standing steely blue against the black sky, the little falling lines of the rain, and, a few yards to their left flank, an Afghan watchtower, two-storied, built of stone, and entered by a ladder from the upper story. The ladder was up, and a man with a rifle was leaning from the window. The darkness and the thunder rolled down in an instant, and, when the lull followed, a voice from the watchtower cried, "Who goes there?"

"WHO GOES THERE?"

The cavalry were very quiet, but each man gripped his carbine and stood to his horse. Again the voice called, "Who goes there?" and in a louder key, "O brothers, give the alarm!" Now, every man in the cavalry would have died in his long boots sooner than have asked for quarter; but it is a fact that the answer to the second call was a long wail of "Marf karo! Marf karo!" which means, "Have mercy! Have mercy!" It came from the climbing regiment.

The cavalry stood dumbfoundered, till the big troopers had time to whisper one to another: "Mir Khan, was that thy voice? Abdullah, didst *thou* call?" Lieutenant Halley stood beside his charger and waited. So long as no firing was going on he was content. Another flash of lightning showed the horses with heaving flanks and nodding heads, the men, white eyeballed, glaring beside them, and the stone watchtower to the left. This time there was no head at the window, and the rude iron-clamped shutter that could turn a rifle-bullet was closed.

"Go on, men," said the Major. "Get up to the top at any rate."

The squadron toiled forward, the horses wagging their tails and the men pulling at the bridles, the stones rolling down the hillside and the sparks flying. Lieutenant Halley declares that he never heard a squadron make so much noise in his life. They scrambled up, he said, as though each horse had eight legs and a spare horse to follow him. Even then there was no sound from the watchtower, and the men stopped exhausted on the ridge that overlooked the pit of darkness in which the village of Bersund lay. Girths were loosed, curb-chains shifted, and saddles adjusted, and the men dropped down among the stones. Whatever might happen now, they held the upper ground of any attack.

The thunder ceased, and with it the rain, and the soft, thick darkness of a winter night before the dawn covered them all. Except for the sound of running water among the ravines, everything was still. They heard the shutter of the watchtower below them thrown back with a clang, and the voice of the watcher calling: "Oh, Hafiz Ullah!"

The echoes took up the call—"La-la-la!"—and an answer came from a watchtower hidden round the curve of the hill, "What is it, Shahbaz Khan?"

Shahbaz Khan replied, in the high-pitched voice of the mountaineer: "Hast thou seen?"

The answer came back: "Yes. God deliver us from all evil spirits!"

There was a pause, and then: "Hafiz Ullah, I am alone! Come to me!"

"Shahbaz Khan, I am alone also; but I dare not leave my post!"

"That is a lie; thou art afraid."

A longer pause followed, and then: "I am afraid. Be silent! They are below us still. Pray to God and sleep."

"IF YOU CRY OUT, I KILL YOU."

The troopers listened and wondered, for they could not understand what save earth and stone could lie below the watchtowers.

Shahbaz Khan began to call again: "They are below us. I can see them. For the pity of God come over to me, Hafiz Ullah! My father slew ten of them. Come over!"

Hafiz Ullah answered to the darkness in a very loud voice, "Mine was guiltless. Hear, ye Men of the Night, neither my father nor my blood had any part in that sin. Bear thou thine own punishment, Shahbaz Khan."

"Oh, someone ought to stop those two chaps crowing away like cocks there," said Lieutenant Halley, shivering under his rock.

He had hardly turned round to expose a new side of him to the rain before a long-locked, evil-smelling Afghan rushed up the hill, and tumbled into his arms. Halley sat upon him, and thrust as much of a sword-hilt as could be spared down the man's gullet. "If you cry out, I kill you," he said, cheerfully.

The man was beyond any expression of terror: he lay and quaked, gasping. When Halley took the sword-hilt from between his teeth, he was still inarticulate, but clung to Halley's arm, feeling it from elbow to wrist.

"The Rissala! the dead Rissala!" he gulped at last. "It is down there!"

"No; the Rissala, the very much alive Rissala. It is up here," said Halley, unshipping his watering-bridle, and fastening the man's hands. "Why were you in the towers so foolish as to let us pass?"

"The valley is full of the dead," said the Afghan. "It is better to fall into the hands of the English than the hands of the dead. They march to and fro below there. I saw them in the lightning."

He recovered his composure after a little, and whispering, because Halley's pistol was at his stomach, said: "What is this? There is no war between us now, but the Mullah will kill me for not seeing you pass!"

"Rest easy," said Halley; "we are coming to kill the Mullah, if God please. His teeth have grown too long. No harm will come to thee unless the daylight shows thine as a face which is desired by the gallows for crime done. But what of the dead regiment?"

"I only kill within my own border," said the man, immensely relieved. "The Dead Regiment is below. The men must have passed through it on their journey—four hundred dead on horses, stumbling

among their own graves, among the little heaps—dead men all, whom we slew."

"Whew!" said Halley. "That accounts for my cursing Carter and the Major cursing me. Four hundred sabres, eh? No wonder we thought there were a few extra men in the troop. Kurruk Shah," he whispered to a grizzled native officer that lay within a few feet of him, "hast thou heard anything of a dead Rissala in these hills?"

"Assuredly," said Kurruk Shah with a chuckle. "When I was a young man I saw the killing in the valley of Sheor-Kôt there at our feet, and I know the tale that grew up therefrom. But how can the ghosts of unbelievers prevail against us who are of the Faith? Strap that dog's hands a little tighter, Sahib. An Afghan is like an eel."

"But a dead Rissala," said Halley, jerking his captive's wrist. "That is foolish talk, Kurruk Shah. The dead are dead. Hold still, *sag*." The Afghan wriggled.

"The dead are dead, and for that reason they walk at night. What need to talk? We be men, we have our eyes and ears. Thou canst both see and hear them, down the hillside," said Kurruk Shah.

Halley stared and listened long and intently. The valley was full of stifled noises, as every valley must be at night; but whether he saw or heard more than was natural Halley alone knows, and he does not choose to speak on the subject.

At last, and just before the dawn, a green rocket shot up from the far side of the valley of Bersund, at the head of the gorge, to show that the Goorkhas were in position. A red light from the infantry at left and right answered it, and the cavalry burnt a white flare. Afghans in winter are late sleepers, and it was not till full day that the Gulla Kutta Mullah's men began to straggle from their huts, rubbing their eyes. They saw men in green, and red, and brown uniforms, leaning on their arms, neatly arranged all round the crater of the village of Bersund, in a cordon that not a wolf could have broken. They rubbed their eyes the more when a pink-faced young man, who was not even in the Army, but represented the Political Department, tripped down the hillside with two orderlies, rapped at the door of the Gulla Kutta Mullah's hut, and told him quietly to step out and be tied up for safe transport. That same young man passed on through the huts, tapping here one cateran, and there another lightly with his cane; and as each was pointed out, so he was tied up, staring hopelessly at the crowned heights around where the English soldiers looked down with incurious eyes. Only the Mulla tried to carry it off by curses and high words, till a soldier who was tying his hands, said—

"None o' your lip! Why didn't you come out when you was ordered, instead o' keepin' us awake all night? You're no better than my own barrick-sweeper, you white-'eaded old polyanthus! Kim up!"

Half an hour later the troops had gone away with the Mullah and his thirteen friends; the dazed villagers were looking ruefully at a pile of broken muskets and snapped swords, and wondering how in the world they had come so to miscalculate the forbearance of the Indian Government.

It was a very neat little affair, neatly carried out, and the men concerned were unofficially thanked for their services.

Yet it seems to me that much credit is also due to another regiment whose name did not appear in the Brigade Orders, and whose very existence is in danger of being forgotten.

May Queens.

By Rev. W. Dallow, M.R.S.A.I.

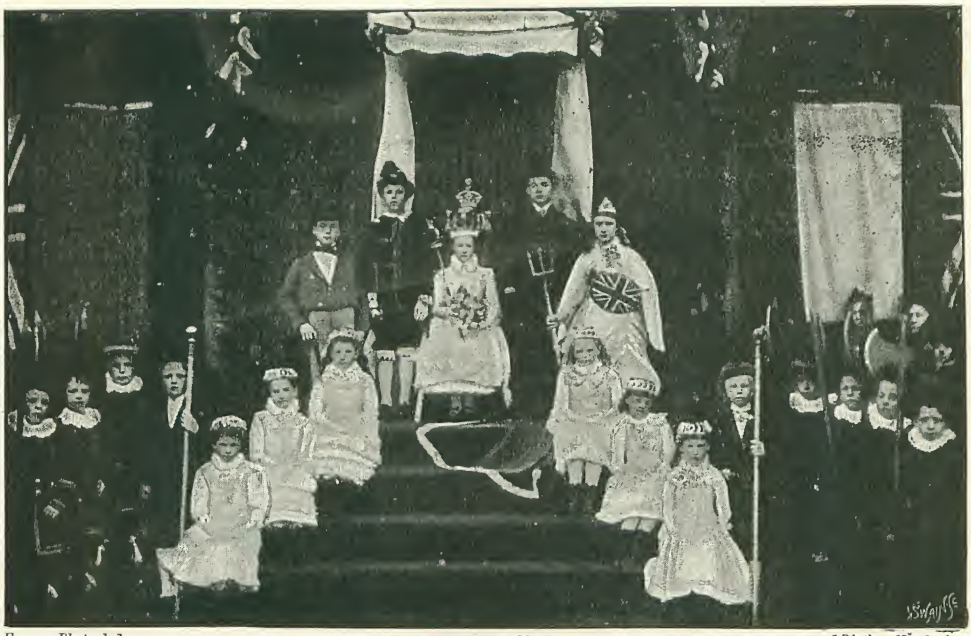
WE make bold to say that nowhere is May-Day kept with such real zeal, earnestness, and splendour, as at the quaint old Cheshire town of Knutsford. Though, owing to the extreme changeableness of our climate, the first of May is by no means a taste of the poet's "Gentle Spring," yet, never daunted, the plucky people have kept up this rural fête, despite all kinds of weather, with a resolution to be jolly worthy of Mark Tapley. Indeed, our usual English May-Day is but too often a shivering time, but fitfully cheered by occasional gleams of the sun. Yet the "Queen" and all the happy youngsters, some hundreds in number, who compose her Court, shrink not from the procession to the scene of the coronation, but enter heartily into the spirit of the entire affair. One year, the writer distinctly remembers how the slate-coloured sky threatened the pageant, and at three o'clock, as the Queen was crowned, a brief but terrific hail-storm burst over the ground.

MARY HICKSON, MAY-QUEEN, 1881.
(From a Photo. by J. Hill, Birkenhead.)

At Knutsford, the people have a curious custom of "sanding" the flags before their doors with various interesting patterns, a custom said to belong to this place alone. It is done on occasions of weddings and other festivities, and, of course, at no time so carefully as on May-Day. On this—the great annual festival of the town—its streets are festooned and adorned with a profusion of flags; a triumphal arch of greens and flowers spans the chief street, and as the hour approaches for the "Children's Fête," the merry chimes from the church-tower welcome the thousands of eager visitors. As Knutsford is in the heart of Cheshire, it is easily approached from Manchester, Liverpool, and Stockport, and special trains and special vehicles of every possible description bring in a vast crowd before two o'clock, which is the hour the procession starts. Before describing the actual festivities which occur on the occasion, it may not be out of place to give our readers a brief account as to their origin in recent years.

The May of 1864 was the first year which witnessed a revival of this ancient

LILIAN BEATRICE SANT, MAY-QUEEN, 1886.
(From a Photo. by G. B. Bradshaw & Co., Altrincham.)



From a Photo. by] MAY-DAY, 1887. *[Birtles, Northwich.*

The May-Queen and her Court waiting for the Visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

English rural festival, and the crowning of a May-Queen. On that occasion, "Her Majesty" was carried to the Green, or the "Heath," as it is called, in a chair, and, as but few of her liegemen and vassals gathered around her, the affair had but a poor effect, compared with the splendour of the present festival. Moreover, at the period alluded to, the whole fête was merely got up for the Church of England schools, and matters continued thus until 1877, when a new committee of the most public-spirited Knutsfordians was formed, who took upon themselves all responsibilities, and were determined to proceed in so open-handed a manner as to win support on every side. They resolved, therefore, to know neither sect nor party, and invited all the children of the township, whatever happened to be their belief or religious persuasion. The results far surpassed their most sanguine expectations, and the May-Day festival of Knutsford now proceeds on such a tide of popularity as to render its safety secure for all future time. Though, of course, the expenses of such a

MARY HOWARTH, MAY-QUEEN, 1887.
(From a Photo. by G. B. Bradshaw & Co., Altrincham.)

fête are very great, yet a very handsome dividend remains from year to year, when all bills have been duly paid and the balance-sheet issued to the public.

The "May-Queen" for each year is chosen by ballot, by the ladies and gentlemen of the committee; and she is always selected from the "maids of honour" who have attended on the previous "May-Queens." We give here the portraits of several of the May-Queens of former years. Whilst writing this article, the *new* Queen for May, 1892, has just been chosen, Nellie Lee, daughter of Mr. Robert Lee, Knutsford, whose portrait will be found at the end of this article.

Whilst rude carts and quaint vehicles pour in at noon on May-Day, their loads of rustic visitors, special trains every half hour are discharging well-dressed thousands from the large towns near at hand, and of these children form the large proportion, since it is *par excellence* their special festival. Shortly after noon, the children begin to gather in the Town Hall, which is close to the railway station. As two o'clock approaches, the vast crowds are kept on the side walks at the entrance of the town, and by the efforts of a host of constabulary (imported for the occasion) the roads are all cleared and the processions come forth amidst the sounds of martial music of two fine bands, the ringing of bells, and the admiring plaudits of the multitude. Here is the order of the *cortège*, which goes slowly around the chief streets, and reaches the Green by three o'clock, the hour fixed for the Queen's coronation :—

The Marshal of the Procession, on a white horse.
Battalion Band (3rd Cheshire), R.V.

MAY-DAY, 1889.
The May-pole Dance by the Characters.

The "Morris-dance," dancing as they proceed.
"Jack-in-the-Green."
Standard-bearer.
All the Schoolgirls of Town.
Children of the Workhouse.
All the Schoolboys of Town.
The Representatives of various Trades, viz. : butcher, baker, clogger, sweep, saddler, joiner, gardener, constable, lawyer, &c., each with their proper emblem.
Carts adorned with leaves and flowers, containing the Infant School Children.
Knutsford Temperance Brass Band.
The two Royal "Court Fools," in State carriage drawn by two donkeys tandem.
The Royal "Blue-Jackets" of Queen's "Navee."
The Boy-Soldiers of the Royal Foot Guards, in red.
Band of Flower Girls.

Party of Village Gleaners, with sickle and corn-sheaf.
Milkmaids, with stool and bucket.
Jack and Jill.
Dame Dorothy and Red Riding-hood.
Shepherd and Shepherdess, with pastoral crooks.
Bo-Peep and Boy-Blue.

ETHEL PEARSON, MAY-QUEEN, 1889.
(From a Photo. by Thorp, Knutsford.)

Cinderella and Witch.
A Gipsy King and Queen.
Italian Nobles (in fifteenth-century dress).
Italian Girls (modern Neapolitan dress, with tambourine).
Girls in representative characters of:—
Africa—with crown of feathers and assegai;
America—dress of "Stars and Stripes";
Australia; Canada (fur costume with skates on her arm);
India; Wales;
Scotland, and Ireland.
John Bull and Britannia (with her helmet, trident, and shield).
Two boys, as a Huntsman and a Jockey, both on horseback.
On a large lorrie, adorned with flowers and evergreen, Four Girls suitably dressed as "Four Seasons."
Battalion Band of 4th King's (Liverpool Regt.).
A Band of Foresters, in green velvet and silver, with bows and arrows, headed by Robin Hood.
Two Heralds, in full dress, with trumpets.
The Royal Falconer, with a Hooded Hawk.
The Royal Swordbearer, bearing a drawn "Sword of State."
The Sceptre-bearer.
A boy in MacDuff Highland costume, bearing on cushion the Royal Crown.
The "Yeomen of the Guard," in dress of red velvet and gold, as Beef-eaters.

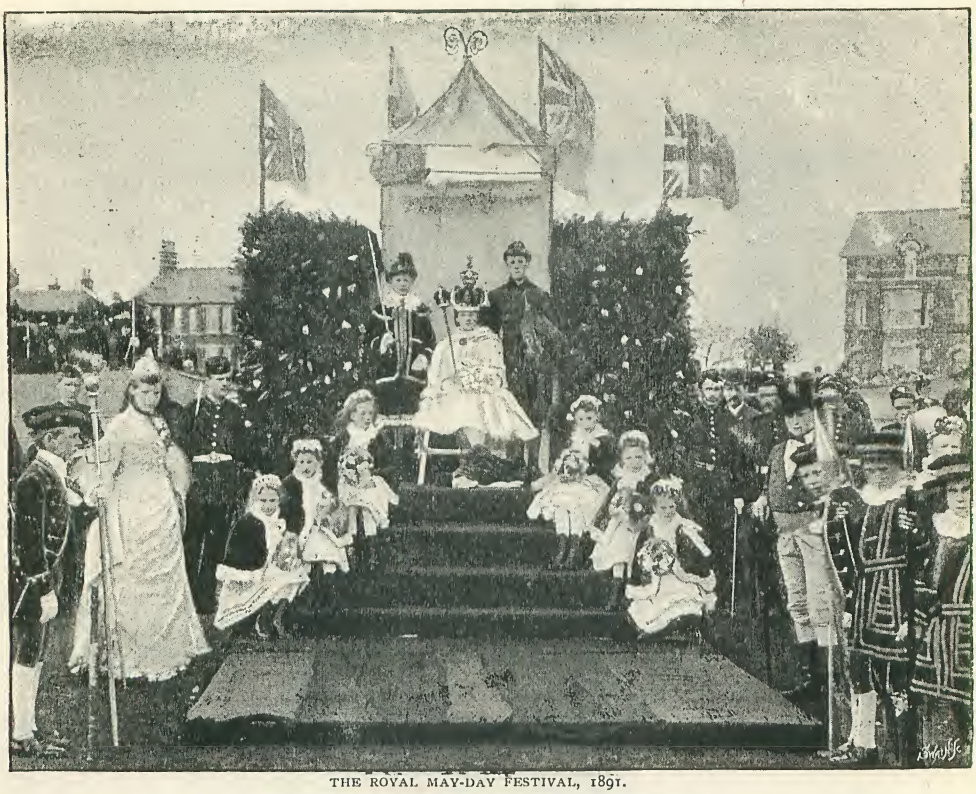
HENRIETTA WINFIELD,
MAY-QUEEN, 1890.
(From a Photo. by De Vipan, Knutsford.)

THE MAY-QUEEN,
in white and ermine, in her open carriage of State, drawn by four white horses, with postillion and two pages in red riding behind.
The six Maids of Honour, in white and purple velvet and ermine, in open carriage and pair.

This most beautiful *cortège* moves slowly around the town, the youthful "Queen-elect" bowing her thanks gracefully, in return for the many salutations and acclamations which greet on every side her progress to her throne on the Green. When all have arrived there, and the Queen has ascended the daïs, and taken her seat, all are grouped around to witness the ceremony of the coronation. The crown-bearer slowly advances to the throne, kneeling at intervals three times on one knee. Then, taking the crown from its beautiful velvet cushion, he raises it aloft, and places it on the brow of the young maiden as the three bands burst forth into a musical salute, and the loud cheers of the surrounding crowd rend

HENRIETTA NEWTON, MAY-QUEEN 1891.
(From a Photo. by De Vipan, Knutsford.)

the air. The sceptre is similarly presented to Her Majesty, and then the programme of the afternoon is gone through. This consists of a Maypole dance, a morris-dance, manœuvres of footguards and sailors, drill by Robin Hood and his foresters, and



THE ROYAL MAY-DAY FESTIVAL, 1891.

last, but not least, a Scotch reel danced by the chief characters. This is a beautiful sight, as the little boys and girls in their brilliant costumes of every shade and hue flit about to the Highland music, and produce, as seen from the "Grand Stand," a wondrous and kaleidoscopic effect.

At five o'clock the "National Anthem" by the massed bands warns the company that the gay scene is coming to an end, and the too short reign of the "May-Queen" is nigh ended.

Between a double row of guards, sailors, maidens in every costume and colour, the May-Queen walks slowly off the field in solemn state, her six maids of honour upholding her train of red velvet and ermine, to her Royal tent, to take tea with her Court. Here, in a glorious helter-skelter, Queen and jester, soldier and sailor, &c. — these little happy folks, once more again in private life, though gorgeously caparisoned—munch their buns and currant-loaf, and drink deep draughts of tea, as they innocently toast their May-Day Fête! Then, with an orange and a new penny each, they slip home, one by one, after what was to them such a red-letter day!

NELLIE LEE, MAY QUEEN, 1892.
(From a Photo. by Messrs. May & Co., Northwich.)

Dr. Freston's Brother.

I WAS Sister in a large male surgical ward of a well-known hospital in the North of England at the time when the following incident occurred.

A few months previously one of those disastrous colliery explosions, only too common in our neighbourhood, had taken place, and eight of the men, poor fellows, all badly injured, had been brought into the Martin ward. We all had a heavy time of it, and our house-surgeon — never very strong — had completely broken down under the strain of his devoted attention to his patients.

He had the satisfaction of seeing all the cases (with one exception) fairly started on the road to convalescence before he too came on the sick list, and was ordered absolute rest for several months. No man ever deserved a rest more than he.

By his constant and unwearied labours of love he had earned the blessing pronounced on Abou Ben Adhem as "one who loved his fellow men." We all greatly missed his cheery presence in the wards, and felt small interest in the doctor who came as his "locum," feeling sure that no one could take his place.

Dr. Freston, the temporary house-surgeon, however, made a favourable impression on his arrival, and soon showed that he thoroughly knew his work. He had a quiet, reserved manner, and we had worked together some days before I learned anything more about him. Then an accident, if there is such a thing, showed me the real man. One evening, on going his rounds, I reported a new case just come in, to him. It was a man who had been found lying in the road. He had evidently fallen against the curb-stone, and had received a scalp wound. That he was a stranger in the town was proved by some papers in his pocket, showing him to have been discharged from a sailing vessel at Hull a few days previously.

"I have not made out his history yet," I said, "he seems to be very poor, and apparently has no friends."

"No friends," repeated Dr. Freston, with an expression I had not seen on his face before. "Very few of us realise what those words mean, Sister. It means more than mere friendlessness. It means a man's life without any influence for good upon it—no restraint to keep him from sinking to the lowest depths. No anchor to hold him back from suffering shipwreck on the rocks which surround us all. Some seen, and some hidden ones more dangerous than all. No——." He seemed to have forgotten he was speaking to me, and remembering, checked himself.

"We see so many of such lives in our work," I said.

"Yes," he said slowly and absently, as if his thoughts were far away, "it must always be a sad sight, even if those who suffer are utter strangers to us."

He paused, then turned round to face me, and spoke more quickly, as if he wished to force himself to say something.

"To me it is the most painful sight of all, because I am haunted by the feeling that somewhere in this world there may

now be a man who is friendless and alone through my fault. Every fresh face I see I think may be his. Every morning I wake with the thought that I may see it before night."

I looked at him with intense interest. My woman's instinct, which so seldom errs, told me that he had never spoken of this to anyone before, and that it was a great relief to speak of it now.

I longed to hear more. He seemed to read the sympathy expressed in my face, and went on more quietly.

"I had a younger brother. There were only the two of us. I was older by three years, and both in appearance and

"I HAD A YOUNGER BROTHER."

character we were totally unlike. He had been spoilt by my father, who always let him have his own way, chiefly, I fancy, on account of the strong likeness he bore to our mother, who died when we were quite young. I was at Oxford, reading for a degree previous to entering the hospital, when my father died, and I—but do I bore you? I have no right to inflict all this on you; but somehow you always look as if you were used to hearing other people's troubles, I notice everyone comes to you."

"Please, go on;" I could not say more.

"My father had had a nasty fall in the hunting field, and was almost at the last before I got to him. All his affairs were in perfect order, but he was anxious about Jack—always his first thought.

"You will look after him, Tom," he said; "promise me you will look after him. If you promise, I know you won't go back; a promise is a promise with you, Tom; I could always trust you."

I did promise again and again, and, God knows, I meant to keep my word, and my old father died quite happy, with my promise still sounding in his ears, and his eyes resting to the last on his darling Jack. He never doubted me for a moment. How could he foresee? I am thankful he died happy. Do you think he knows now, Sister, how I kept my word?

I shook my head, but did not speak.

"I went back to Oxford and Jack entered the same college. That was the mistake. At a distance—if I had only seen him now and then—we might have got on well enough; but at my elbow, always bursting into my room when I wanted to read, filling his room with friends as noisy and light-hearted as himself, spending money recklessly on all sides, and turning everything I said into a joke—all this was a daily annoyance to me. It grew intolerable. I had no sympathy at all with any of his pursuits, and I grew more cold and more reserved, until one day, exasperated more than usual, I told him that if he wanted to go to the dogs he might go by himself. His temper was as quick as mine. His sharp answer drew a sharper one from me, which roused him to a fury. 'You won't see me again, so you need not trouble your head about it. I can work for myself,' and he was gone. Even then, Sister, if I had gone after him, I might have stopped him; but I was mad with him, and was glad that he was gone. As glad then to hear that he was gone as I should be glad now to hear that once again on this earth I might hope to see his face. I live for that, and one day it may come."

"And you never heard of him again?"

"No sound from that day to this. He went without money, and he could draw none except through me."

"YOU WON'T SEE ME AGAIN."

"Perhaps," I suggested, utterly at a loss what to say, "he found some work, or——"

"Work! Jack never did a day's work in his life; he was not made to work."

"Do you think that some of his friends ——" I began rather hopelessly.

"No," he replied, with a deep tone of sadness in his voice; "no; not one of his friends ever heard of him—that's four—no, five years ago. Five years—and night and day I think of those words, 'You will look after Jack, Tom.'"

There was a silence I did not know how to break.

"I think, Sister," he added, looking up with eyes which long sorrow had filled with wonderful depth of expression, "I think I should have put an end to my life before now; but I knew father's first question would be, 'Have you looked after him, Tom?'"

The door opened to admit the stretcher with a new case from the surgery, and Dr. Freston was in a moment the professional man, absorbed in investigating the extent of the new arrival's injuries.

Before leaving the ward he turned to the bedside of the patient whose friendless condition had led to our conversation. He took down the head-card to fill up the details.

"Name, Sister?"

"George Thomas."

"Age?"

"I do not know, he looks about forty; but he is very weather-beaten."

The doctor glanced at the tanned, scarred face, nearly hidden by bandages, and stood hesitating, pen in hand.

"Occupation—do you know?"

"Sailor."

"No other particulars, Sister?"

He laid the card on the table, and wiped his pen carefully—a methodical and orderly man in every detail of his work.

"I only found a few coppers and these old papers in his pocket," I said, showing the contents of a pocket-book, much the worse for wear. One crumpled piece of paper had the words, '15, Back Wells-court, Hull,' written upon it; probably the address of his last lodging. I proceeded to unfold another piece, and found an old, plain, gold locket, worn thin and bright; one side was smooth, on the other was a monogram still faintly legible, 'J. F.'"

I felt it suddenly snatched from my hands.

Dr. Freston had seized it, and, carrying it quickly across the ward, turned the gas full on, and gazed on the locket with eyes that seemed to pierce it through.

"Look, Sister!" he said, and his strong hand shook as he held it towards me, "there can be no mistake. I remember this locket so well. Jack gave it to my father with his photograph inside before he went to school, and after father died Jack kept it. It was an old joke of theirs to take each other's things, because they were marked with the same initials. I could swear to this anywhere, and I see quite clearly how it came here. Jack met

this man at Hull, perhaps he came off the same boat, and if he was hard up—but he must have been hard up before he would part with this, and then it's not much use to anyone else. No one would give a shilling for an old thing like this ; but here it is, and here is the address of where the man stayed. It's the first clue I have ever had, Sister," and his face was bright with hope, "Jack may be still there, I must go without losing a minute. I may catch him before he goes on further. Is there anything else you want me for to-night ? "

He was already near the door. "No, not to-night ; the others are all very comfortable. But do you not think it would be worth while to ask this man where he got the locket ? It may not have been in Hull at all, and you would have the journey for nothing. Give me the locket, and I will ask him."

He handed it to me without appearing to follow what I had said.

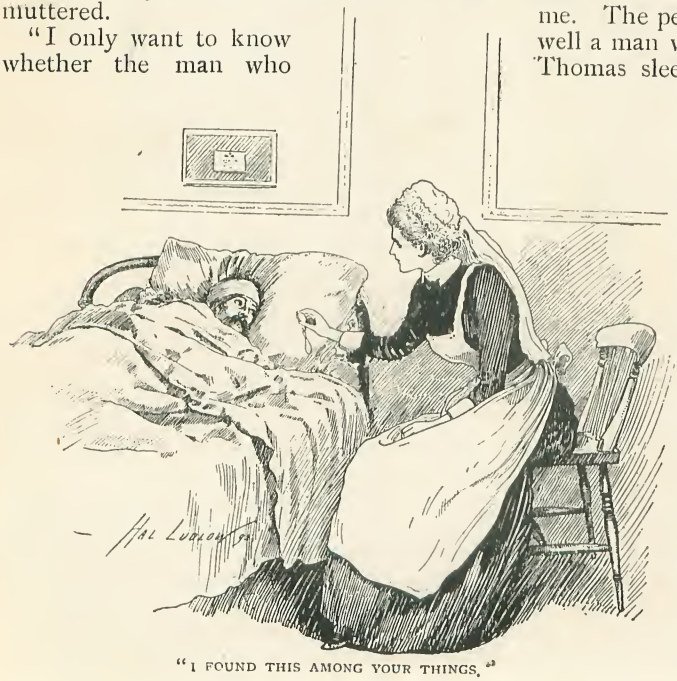
The idea of his brother being within reach had taken such hold of his mind that he could hardly endure a minute's delay before going off to seek him.

I bent over No. 7's bed.

"I found this among your things," I said. "Is it your own, or did someone sell it to you ? "

He looked up quickly and suspiciously. "What do you want to know for ? " he muttered.

"I only want to know whether the man who owned this first was with you at this address in Hull."



"I FOUND THIS AMONG YOUR THINGS."

He looked at me sharply, and did not answer for a minute.

"Yes," he said slowly, "the man who owned that was there when I was," and he turned round as if unwilling to say more.

I had learned all I wished, and repeated the information to Dr. Freston.

"Thank you very much," he said simply. "Good night, Sister ; I may not see you for a few days." He was already on the landing.

"Good night, Dr. Freston," but I doubt if he heard me. He was half way downstairs.

Next day Dr. Freston's work was done by the junior surgeon, and the ward routine went on as usual.

I could find out nothing more of No. 7's history, except that his real age was 28. He looked at least ten years older. He had knocked about a good deal in the world, he told some of his fellow patients.

His injuries proved to be very slight, and on the evening of the second day he was allowed to sit up for a short time.

On the day following, when it was growing dusk, the door of the ward opened, and Dr. Freston came quietly in.

I saw at a glance that he had not been successful in his search. There was nothing more to be learnt at that address, he told me. The people there remembered quite well a man who gave the name of George Thomas sleeping there for one night a week ago, but they were sure they had had no other lodger at the time. They knew nothing whatever about the man. He was evidently very poor, but had paid for what he had had.

I could see how keenly he felt his failure, and tried to say how grieved I was at his disappointment.

"I ought not to have built so many hopes upon so slight a foundation," he replied, with a poor attempt at a smile, and a tone of weary sorrow in his voice. "I have waited so long that I ventured to think that perhaps at last he—" then checking himself, and with an effort turning his thoughts elsewhere—"but I am late,

Sister. I must catch up my work. Have you anything for me to-night?"

"Will you sign No. 7's paper? The wound was very superficial, and Mr. Jones discharged him this morning. He is anxious to get on."

"I must speak to him first; he may be able to tell me something more," and he turned towards No. 7, sitting by the fire, and for the first time looked him in the face—the first time for five years rather! for I saw Dr. Freston pause as if transfixed, and the next moment he was at his brother's side.

"Jack!" he said, "Jack!" and could not say another word.

But that was all he had to say. Jack had been the thought of his life, night and day, for five years. And, now Jack was here, and he held him fast, what should he say but repeat "Jack!" again and again, until he could realise that this was no dream, but rather the awakening to a better and happier life than he had known before? Jack said nothing at all. For one moment he had looked round as if wishing to escape; but, if he would, he could not. And where in the world that he had found so hard and merciless could he hope to meet the warm welcome which strove to find utterance in his brother's broken words; but, finding feeble outlet there, shone so unmistakably in his brother's happy eyes, which gazed on the ragged figure before him as if he could never look enough.

That is all the tale. It gave the patients something to talk about for a day or two, and was then forgotten, in the ward at least.

But there are three people from whose memories no act or word recorded here can ever be effaced. Need I name them? They are Dr. Freston; Jack, his brother; and myself, Tom Freston's wife.

"JACK!"

From a Photo. by] AGE 8. *[Hemans & Plumer.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 19. *[Bertin, Brighton.*

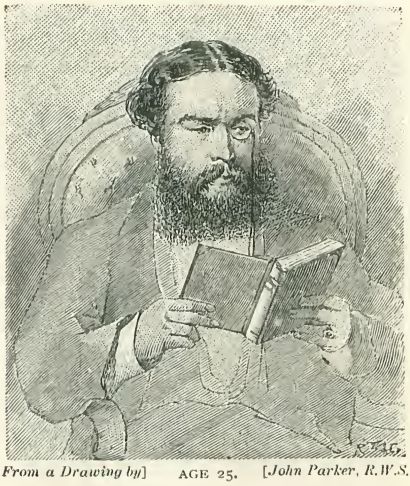
MADAME MARY DAVIES.

MADAME MARY DAVIES was born in London, her father, a Welsh sculptor, being precentor to the Welsh Chapel, Soho, where she received her first music lessons in the evening singing-class. At fourteen she became the pupil of Mr. Brinley Richards, and two years later made her first appearance in public at one of his concerts at the Hanover-square Rooms, where she sang "My mother bids me bind my hair" with the sweetness, feeling, and simplicity which have since rendered her, on the whole, the finest English ballad singer of her time. She married in 1888 Mr. Wm. Cadwaladr Davies, Secretary and Registrar of the University College for North Wales.

From a Photo. by] AGE 26. *[Alex. Bassano.*

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[W. & D. Downey.*

From a] AGE 15. [*Silhouette.*

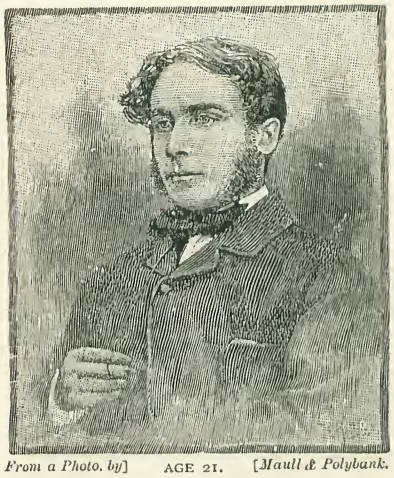


From a Drawing by] AGE 25. [*John Parker, R.W.S.*

WALTER BESANT.

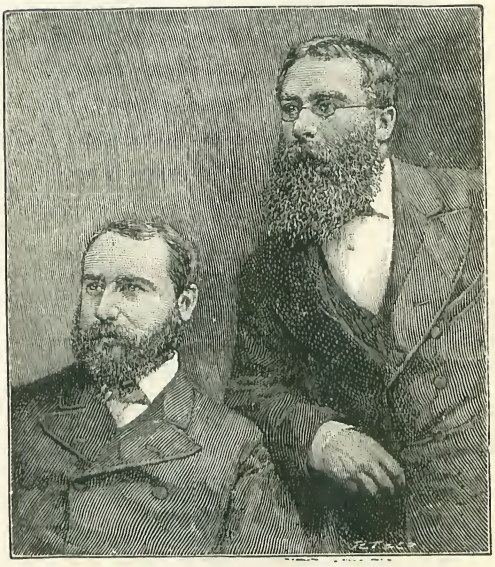
BORN 1838.

MR. WALTER BESANT was born at Portsmouth, and educated at King's College, London, and at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in high mathematical honours. He was intended for the Church, and took several theological prizes, but abandoned this career. He was then appointed Senior Professor in the Royal College of Mauritius, but was compelled by ill health to resign, and returned to England, where he gave himself up to literary work. His novels, produced at first in conjunction with Mr. James Rice



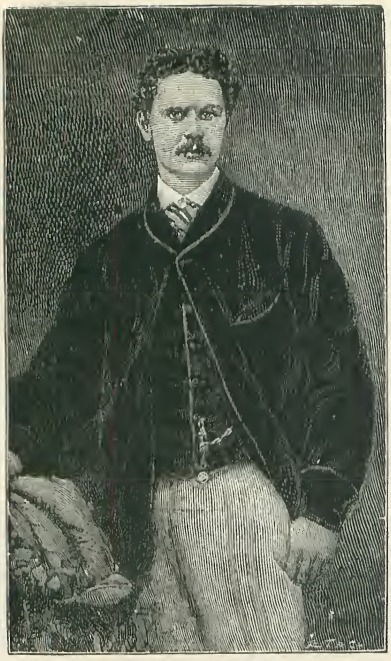
From a Photo. by] AGE 21. [*Maull & Polybank.*

(a very interesting portrait of whom we reproduce with one of Mr. Besant), and afterwards under his own name, are too well known to require mention.



JAMES RICE. WALTER BESANT, AGE 40.
From a Photo. by the London Stereo. Co.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [*Elliott & Fry.*



From a Photo. by] AGE 21. *[Disderi, Paris.*

MARCUS STONE, R.A.

BORN 1840.

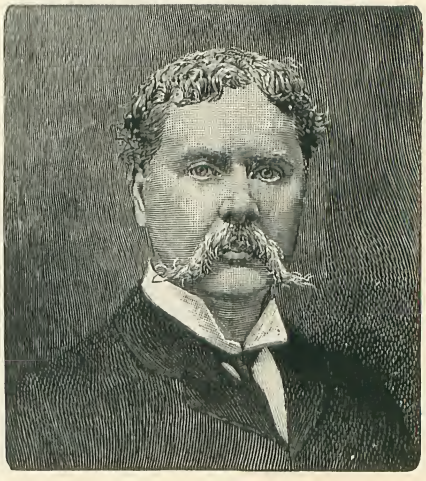
MR. MARCUS STONE, the son of the late Frank Stone, A.R.A., was born in London, and was educated by his father, never being a student in any Art school. As a very young man he illustrated Dickens. His first exhibited picture, "Rest,"

From a Photo. by] AGE 26. *[Watkins, London.*

was in the Royal Academy when he was eighteen, followed the next year by the marked success of "Silent Pleading." Until about the year 1877 (at which date he was elected an A.R.A.—his election as R.A. following ten years later) Mr. Marcus Stone's work consisted chiefly of historical subjects, but since that time he has mainly occupied himself with the charming pictures founded on the love-stories of our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers which

From a Photo. by] AGE 31. *[Vianelli, Venice.*

are known so well. "Two's Company, Three's None," in the present Royal Academy, is a fine example of Mr. Stone's work.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Brown, Barnes & Bell.*

From an] AGE 22. *[Etching.*

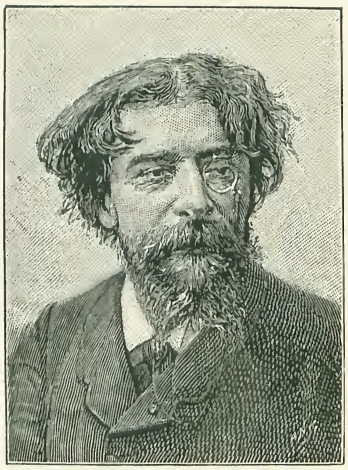
ALPHONSE DAUDET.

BORN 1840.

ALPHONSE DAUDET, the finest of living French novelists, was born at Nîmes. His parents were poor, and, after studying in the Lyceum at Lyons, he became an usher in a school at Alais—a life of misery and suffering which two years afterwards he depicted in the pages of the *Figaro* with such vivid power that, from

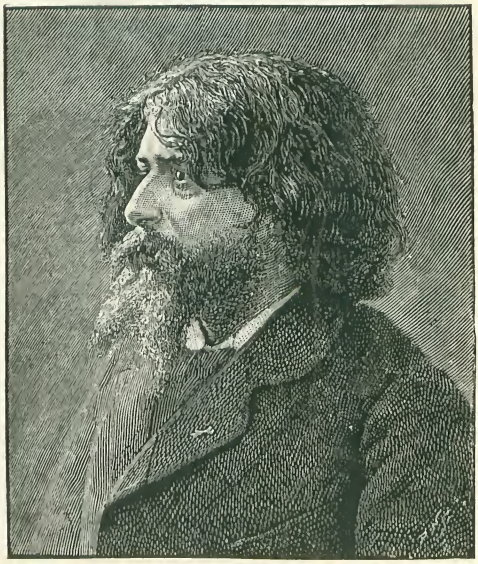
From a Photo. by] AGE 36. *[Mulnier, Paris.*

that time, his literary career was an assured success. Then, having taken up his residence in Paris, he began to write novels, plays, and articles for various publications, particularly the *Monde Illustré* and the *Figaro*, in which appeared his "Lettres de mon Moulin," a book which has been widely translated, and is well known in England. His greatest novel is "Fromart jeune et Risler aîné"—written at thirty-four—to which the French Academy awarded the Jouy Prize, and which was subsequently put on the stage with great



From a Photo. by] AGE 45. *[Pirou, Paris.*

success. His short stories (two of which appeared in our first number under the title of "Scenes of the Siege of Paris") are among the most finished and popular specimens of his work. In addition to his work as an author, M. Daudet is the theatrical critic of the *Journal Officiel.*

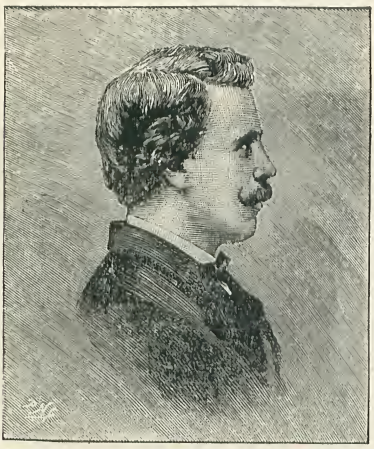


From a Photo. by] AGE 52. *[Nadarz, Paris*

From a] AGE 17. *[Photograph.*

LIONEL BROUGH.

MR. LIONEL BROUGH was born at Pontypool, and was educated at the Manchester Grammar School. His first employment was in the humble capacity of office-boy to Mr. J. Timbs, in the office of *The Illustrated London News*, in Douglas Jerrold's time. But Mr. Brough was one

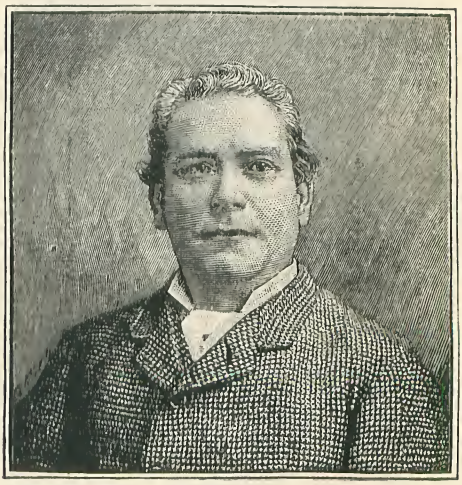


From a] AGE 21. *[Photograph.*

of those rare characters whom weight of adverse circumstances cannot keep from rising to the surface as surely as a cork in water. Subsequently he published the first number of *The Daily Telegraph*, and for some years was connected with *The Morning Star*. Going to Liverpool with other members of the Savage Club to give amateur theatrical performances in aid of the Lancashire Relief Fund, he achieved so decided a success that he was offered a regular engagement by Mr. A. Henderson, and made his first professional appearance in Liverpool in 1864, and in London in 1867. Since that time he has held

From a] AGE 33. *[Photograph.*

his place as one of the best and most popular actors of low-comedy characters at present on the stage.



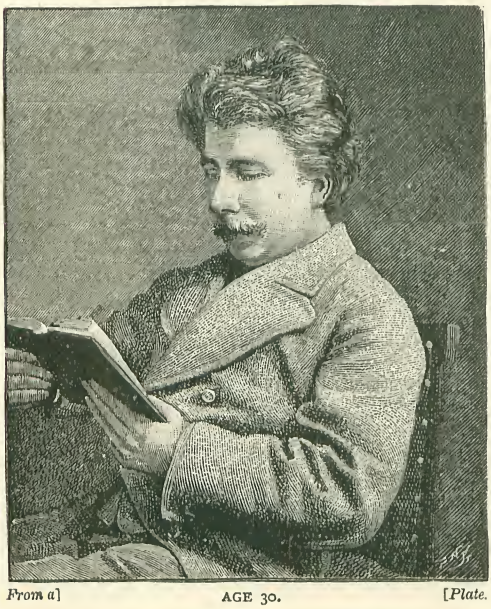
From a Photo.] PRESENT DAY. *[by Alfred Ellis.*

From a Photo. by] AGE 19. *[J. Laing, Shrewsbury.*

HENRY W. LUCY ("TOBY, M.P.").

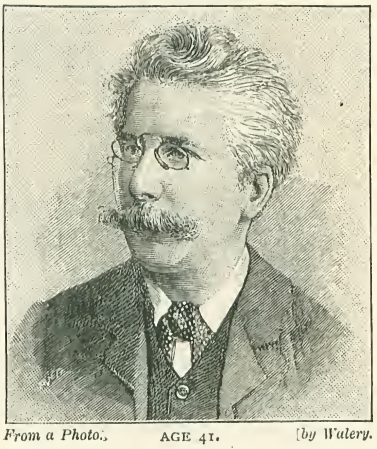
BORN 1845.

MR. HENRY W. LUCY was born at Crosby, near Liverpool, and was at first apprenticed to a merchant, but at the age at which he is represented in our first portrait he obtained an engagement as reporter to *The Shrewsbury Chronicle*. In the little story of real life which begins on the next



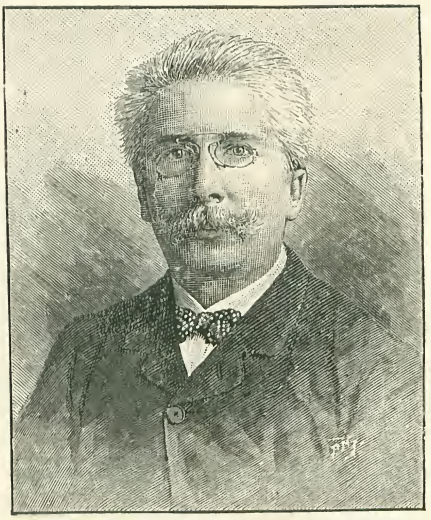
From a] AGE 30. *[Plate.*

page the reader will discover allusions to this and other incidents of his career. Subsequently he joined the staff of *The Pall Mall Gazette* and *The Daily News*, being chief of the Gallery staff on the latter paper. This post he held at the age of our second portrait, when he was also writing "Under the Clock" in *The World*. At thirty-seven he published his first novel — "Gideon Fleyce"—and a year later he made a journey round the world, an account of which appeared in the volume

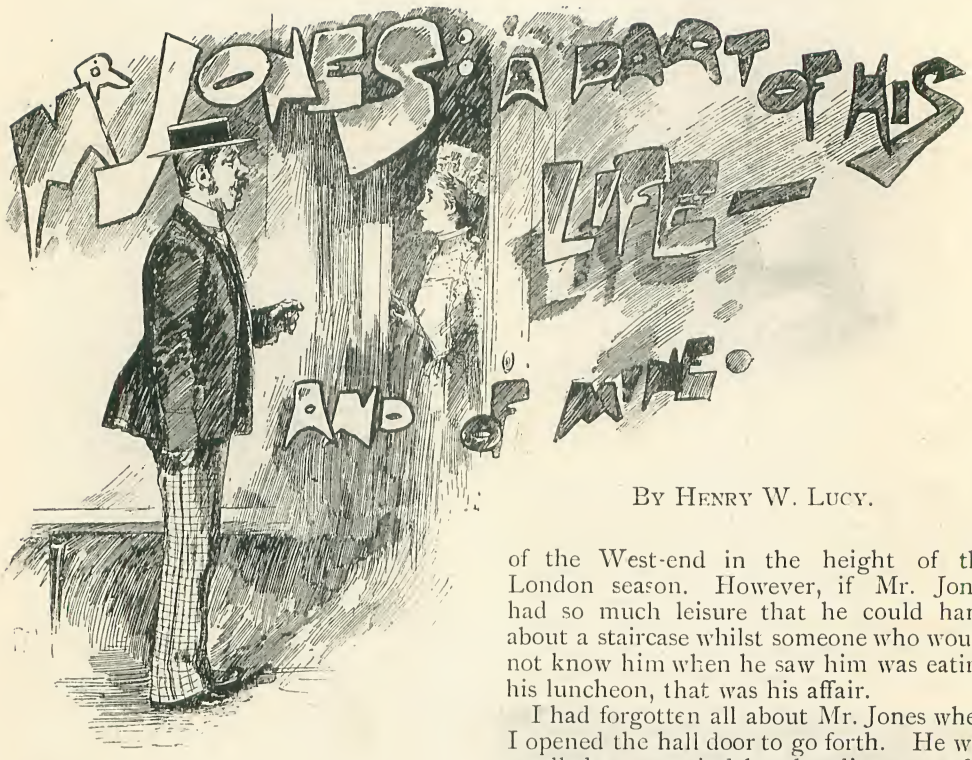


From a Photo. AGE 41. *[by Walery.*

entitled "East by West." At the age of our third portrait he was editor of *The Daily News*, a post which he soon resigned. On the death of Tom Taylor in 1880, Mr. Lucy took up the writing of the "Essence of Parliament" for *Punch*, which, under the title of "The Diary of Toby, M.P.," is still one of the brightest and most sparkling things appearing in the weekly press.



From a Photo. by] AGE 46. *[Alex. Bassano.*



By Henry W. Lucy.

"MR. JONES!"

It was the housemaid announcing a visitor at a somewhat unusual hour. We were just sitting down to luncheon, I having done a pretty fair morning's work with the prospect of a long night in the House of Commons. The name of the caller was not unfamiliar, but I did not care to see him just then.

"Say I'm engaged, and ask him if he'll be good enough to write."

The maid was back again in a few minutes. Mr. Jones was not in any hurry. He would wait. As for his business, that was indefinite, only he was sure I would not know him. Piqued by the mystery that surrounded the caller, I asked what he was like. "Was he a gentleman?"

"Well, sir," answered the maid, cautiously, "he wears a straw hat."

That seemed in some degree conclusive, straw hats not being usual amongst *habitués* of the West-end in the height of the London season. However, if Mr. Jones had so much leisure that he could hang about a staircase whilst someone who would not know him when he saw him was eating his luncheon, that was his affair.

I had forgotten all about Mr. Jones when I opened the hall door to go forth. He was recalled to my mind by the discovery of a straw hat on a level with the landing. At first it seemed to be floating there, but at another glance I discovered a figure under it. It was evidently Mr. Jones, who was standing half a dozen steps down the staircase, reflectively gazing at the far-away basement. At the sound of the closing door he turned and looked up at me with curious inquiring gaze, which presently broadened into a smile. He said nothing, nor did I. After all, it mightn't be Mr. Jones, though there was the straw hat. If it were, I had never been introduced to him, and it is an Englishman's inalienable privilege in such circumstances, not only to keep silence, but to look with a certain amount of suspicion at the stranger.

Mr. Jones had no such scruples. "Good morning," he said, slowly mounting the steps, and fixing me with a glittering, beady eye.

"Good morning," I replied, not to be led into ambush by the friendliness of his smile.

"You're Mr. Charlecotte?" he said interrogatively, but with a certain tone of assertion.

It was no use denying the soft impeachment. I stood on my own doorstep, and, though there was no nameplate on the door, there was one in the hall. Moreover, he had obtained a kind of admission of the fact from the housemaid, which convinced him that he was at least on the right track. So I boldly answered "Yes," and, with an indifference I did not entirely feel, rang the bell for the lift.

It was some time in coming, as it usually is. Mr. Jones's conversation seemed exhausted. He advanced upwards another step, still looking me all over with a curious gaze that conveyed a sort of proprietorship in me. As he emerged from the lower steps, I had opportunity of noting a curiously square-cut, nondescript coat, a pair of check trousers, evidently new, a blue necktie, and no gloves. Mr. Jones was evidently "dressed all in his best," prepared, if opportunity offered, "to walk abroad with Sally."

I caught myself peering down the staircase. Peradventure Sally was with him. But there was no one there, and presently the lift arrived.

"MR. JONES."

With it came a gleam of wild hope of deliverance. I live on the topmost range of our flats. Five flights of stairs interpose between me and mother earth. Supposing I went down in the lift and Mr. Jones walked, I should be at the hall door fully two minutes before he arrived, and could be out of sight before he reached the street. Still it would be horribly rude, the lift being there, not to offer him a share of its convenience.

"Won't you come down in the lift?" I said, though I'm afraid not succeeding in throwing much heartiness into the invitation.

"No," said Mr. Jones, still gazing at me with that mysterious look indicative of my being somebody belonging to him, "I'll just walk."

As the lift flashed downwards I caught what I believed to be a final sight of Mr. Jones, his head leaning over the banisters to get a last look at me, a gleam of amused interest in his eyes, and a friendly smile extending in a straight line across the lower part of his face.

Things happened as I had foreseen. When I reached the hall Mr. Jones was not anywhere in sight. Listening a moment, I heard footsteps pattering rapidly down the stone staircase. I made off as quickly as possible, short of a run. I was going across the Park to look in at the club for five minutes on my way to the House. There were all kinds of turnings, and Mr. Jones, presently emerging in the street, would be sure to take the wrong one. I hastened along Palace-road, making for Buckingham Gate and the Mall. I did not look back, but felt certain Mr. Jones was thrown off the scent. My spirits rose with a sense of deliverance from this mysterious man with his straw hat, his wholly unwarranted proprietorial air, and his resemblance to Mr. Alexander Bell, of Dundee.

"His name is Alexander Bell,
His home Dundee;
I do not know him quite so well
As he knows me."

I was beginning to be able to think of something else, when I heard footsteps behind. That is not an unusual phenomenon in a London street; but somehow, though I had never heard him walking before, I felt that this was Mr. Jones. I forbore to look back, and slightly increased my pace. The sound came nearer and nearer. Someone was walking at my right-hand side. I looked straight before me, but was conscious of the gleam of a straw hat in the sunshine, and felt in the small of my back the irritating influence of Mr. Jones's smile.

So we walked to the end of Palace-street, where I was to turn off to the right. In taking that direction, with Mr. Jones close at my right elbow, I must needs knock

up against him if I maintained the pretence of unconsciousness of his proximity. There was no help for it but to discover him.

"CLOSE AT MY RIGHT ELBOW."

"Ah!" I said, looking round.

That did not amount to much, but it was really all I had to say. Mr. Jones made no articulate response, and a few more steps brought us to Buckingham Palace-road.

"I'm going this way," I said, motioning towards Buckingham Gate. So was Mr. Jones, it seemed, for he turned off to the right.

"I suppose you don't know me?" he observed, after another pause, which I felt less awkward since I had really inaugurated conversation.

"No, indeed," I said, for the first time throwing real heartiness into my voice.

"Well, it's a goodish bit since you saw me before," said Mr. Jones, his smile developing into a chuckle. "I was at Watton's, *The Chronicle*, at Shrewsbury, when you were there. You remember Watton's?"

Well, indeed. As Mr. Jones spoke there flashed across my vision a sight I had not beheld for twenty-five years—a quaint, quiet street in an old town; a youth walking up it, a friendless youth, setting forth to seek his fortune,

> "Hoping still to meet
> The luck Arabian voyagers met,
> And find in Bagdad's moonlit street
> Haroun al Raschid walking yet."

In the meantime he was strolling up High-street, Shrewsbury, bent upon having a furtive look at the outside of a certain establishment before he announced himself as the Chief Reporter of "the leading county paper." He was very young—looked younger than he was—and had an impression (promptly confirmed upon his being ushered into the presence of the proprietor) that he was not exactly the kind of person to represent the dignity and importance of a leading county paper at cattle shows, bazaars, and meetings of local members. The proprietor, deluded by an enthusiastic letter of recommendation written by the editor of a Liverpool paper, had engaged him by telegraph, fearful of losing the treasure.

If ever the eyes of youth read anything rightly in the stare of mature middle age, a month's notice was delivered by the glance of mingled amazement and indignation which the proprietor of the leading county paper cast upon his new recruit. But the notice did not come in a month,

"A GLANCE OF MINGLED AMAZEMENT AND INDIGNATION."

or at any time, and possibly the impression was all a mistake.

"I was one of the printers at Watton's. I remember your coming to Shrewsbury. You've got on pretty well since," Mr. Jones added, looking me up and down with the same air of at least part proprietorship that had puzzled me from the first.

If he had taken my hat off in the Mall, under whose green trees we were walking, and had ruffled my hair, as Mr. Pumblechook used to ruffle Pip's when he reminded him how he had been "brought up by hand," I should not have been greatly surprised.

"I hope you've done well too," I said, trying to lead the conversation in another direction.

"Oh, yes, I've done pretty well!" said Mr. Jones, gazing, not with vain pride, but not entirely without satisfaction, on his new check trousers. "I'm having a holiday, and came to London for a day or two. I saw your likeness in *Punch* through a shop window this morning. Then I thought to myself, 'I'll go and see him—see if he's any different.'"

"And am I?" I asked.

Mr. Jones looked me up and down once more with steady gaze. He was not going to answer a question like that without preparation.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "you're older."

That was undeniable. It left me nothing to say, and Mr. Jones again lapsed into one of his intervals of silence. We walked on till we came to Marlborough House, where I turned to the right.

"Well," said Mr. Jones abruptly, "I'm glad to have seen you."

And he went up St. James's-street.

So the tide of life, swelling in London as it had slept in Shrewsbury, once more parted Mr. Jones and me.

BEAUTY IN NATURE.

BY

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART., M.P.

IV.—MOUNTAINS.

THE Alps are to many an inexhaustible source of joy and peace, of health, and even of life. We have gone to them jaded and worn, feeling, perhaps, without any external cause, anxious and out of spirits, and have returned full of health and strength and energy. Among the mountains, Nature herself seems freer and happier, brighter and purer than elsewhere. The rush of the rivers and the repose of the lakes, the pure snowfields and majestic glaciers, the fresh air, the mysterious summits of the mountains, the blue haze of the distance, the morning tints and the evening glow, the beauty of the sky and the grandeur of the storm, have all refreshed and delighted us time after time, and their memories can never fade away.

Even now, as I write, comes back to me a bright vision of some Swiss valley ; blue sky above, glittering snow, bare grey rock, dark pines here and there, mixed with bright green larches, then patches of smooth Alp, interspersed with clumps of trees and dotted with brown châlets ; then below them rock again, and wood, but this time with more deciduous trees, and then the valley itself, with emerald meadows, interspersed with alder copses threaded together by a silver stream ; and I almost fancy I can hear the delicious murmur of the rushing water. The endless variety and yet the sense of repose and power, the dignity of age, the energy of youth, the play of colour, the beauty of form, the mystery of their origin—all combine to invest mountains with a solemn beauty.

Another great charm of mountain districts is the richness of colour. "Consider,* first, the difference produced in the whole tone of landscape colour by the introduction of purple, violet, and deep ultramarine blue, which we owe to mountains. In an ordinary lowland landscape we have the blue of the sky ; the green of the grass, which I will suppose (and this is an unnecessary concession to the lowlands) entirely fresh and bright ; the green of trees ; and certain elements of purple, far more rich and beautiful than we generally should think, in their bark and shadows (bare hedges and thickets, or tops of trees, in

* Ruskin.

subdued afternoon sunshine, are nearly perfect purple and of an exquisite tone), as well as in ploughed fields and dark ground in general. But among mountains, in addition to all this, large unbroken spaces of pure violet and purple are introduced in their distances; and even near, by films of cloud passing over the darkness of ravines or forests, blues are produced of the most subtle tenderness, these azures and purples passing into rose colour of otherwise wholly unattainable delicacy among the upper summits, the blue of the sky being at the same time purer and deeper than in the plains. Nay, in some sense, a person who has never seen the rose colour of the rays of dawn crossing a blue mountain twelve or fifteen miles away, can hardly be said to know what tenderness in colour means at all. Bright tenderness he may, indeed, see in the sky or in a flower, but this grave tenderness of the far-away hill-purples, he cannot conceive."

"GREY MIST RESTS ON THE HILLS."

Tyndall, speaking of the scene from the summit of the little Scheideck,* says:—"The upper air exhibited a commotion which we did not experience; clouds were wildly driven against the flanks of the Eiger, the Jungfrau thundered behind, while in front of us a magnificent rainbow, fixing one of its arms in the valley of Grindelwald, and throwing the other right over the crown of the Wetterhorn, clasped the mountain in its embrace. Through jagged apertures in the clouds floods of golden light were poured down the sides of the mountain. On the slopes were innummerable châlets, glistening in the sunbeams, herds browsing peacefully and shaking their mellow bells; while the blackness of the pine trees, crowded into woods, or scattered in pleasant clusters over Alp and valley, contrasted forcibly with the lively green of the fields."

These were the summer scenes, but the autumn and winter again have a grandeur and beauty of their own.

"Autumn is dark on the mountains; grey mist rests on the hills. The whirlwind is heard on the heath. Dark rolls the river through the narrow plain. The leaves twirl round with the wind, and strew the grave of the dead." *

Even bad weather often only adds to the beauty and grandeur of mountains. When the lower parts are hidden, and the peaks stand out above the clouds, they look much loftier than if the whole mountain side is visible. The gloom lends a weirdness and mystery, while flying clouds give it additional variety.

Rain, moreover, adds vividness to the colouring. The leaves and grass become a brighter green. "Every sunburnt rock glows into an agate," and when fine weather returns the new snow gives intense brilliance to the scene, and invests the woods especially with the beauty of fairyland. How often in Alpine districts have I longed "for the wings of a dove" more thoroughly to enjoy and more completely to explore the mysteries and recesses of the mountains. The mind, however, can go, even if the body must remain behind.

Each hour of the day has a beauty of its own. The mornings and evenings, again,

* "The Glaciers of the Alps."

* Ossian.

glow with different and even richer tints. The cloud effects in mountain districts are brighter and more varied than in flatter regions. The morning and evening tints are seen to the greatest advantage, and clouds floating high in the heavens sometimes glitter with the most exquisite iridescent hues,

"That blush and glow
Like angels' wings." *

On low ground one may indeed be in the clouds, but not above them. But as we look down from mountains and see them floating far below us we almost seem as if we were looking down on earth from one of the heavenly bodies.

Not even in the Alps is there anything more beautiful than the "after glow" which lights up the snow and ice with a rosy tint for some minutes after the sun has set. Long after the lower slopes are already in the shade, the summit of Mont Blanc, for instance, is transfigured by the light of the setting sun glowing on the snow. It seems almost like the light from another world, and vanishes as suddenly and mysteriously as it comes.

As we look up from the valleys the mountain peaks seem like separate pinnacles projecting far above the general level. This, however is a very erroneous impression, and when we examine the view from the top of any of the higher mountains, or even from one of very moderate elevation, if well placed, such as, say, the well-known Piz Languard, we see that in many cases they must have once formed a dome, or even a tableland, out of which the valleys have been carved. Geologists tell us that the Alps were once, at least, twice as high as they are now, and the highest peaks are those which have suffered least from the wear and tear of time.

Geography, moreover, acquires a new interest when we once realise that mountains are no mere accidents, but that for every mountain chain, for every peak and valley, there is a cause and an explanation.

We used to speak of the everlasting hills, and are only beginning to realise the vast and many changes which our earth has undergone

"There rolls the deep where grew the tree;
O Earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There, where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands:
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go." *

The elevation of mountain chains was at first, naturally enough, attributed to direct upward pressure from below. It was supposed that forces acting from underneath raised them to their present position. To attribute them to subsidence seems almost a paradox, and yet it is not difficult to show that, in some cases at least, this is probably the real explanation. The earth, as we know, has been gradually cooling, and as it contracted in doing so the strata would necessarily be thrown into folds. When an apple dries and shrivels in winter the surface, as we all know, becomes covered with ridges. Or, again, if we were to place some sheets of paper

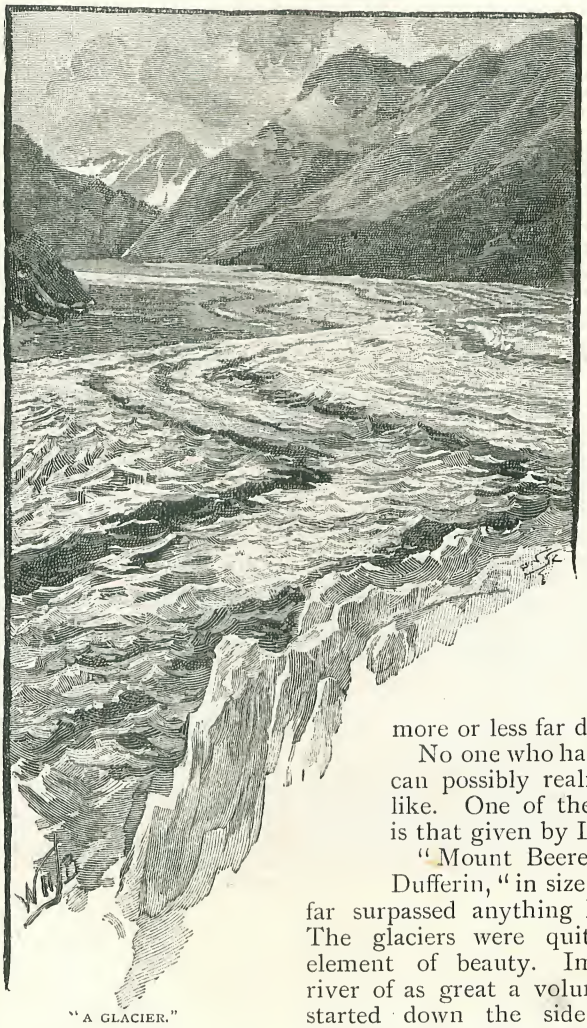
ANNECY.

* Bullar's "Azores."

* Tennyson.

between two weights on a table, and then bring the weights nearer together, the paper would be crumpled up.*

The suggestion of compression is consistent with the main features of Swiss geography. The principal axis follows a curved line from the Maritime Alps towards the north-east by Mount Blanc, Mount Rosa, and St. Gothard, to the mountains overlooking the Engadine. The geographical strata follow the same direction. North of a line running through Chambery, Yver, Neufchatel, Solothurn, and Olten to Waldshut on the Rhine are Jurassic strata; between that line and a second nearly parallel, and running through Annecy, Vevey, Lucerne, Wesen, Appenzell, and Bregenz on the Lake of Constance, is the lowland occupied by newer Tertiary strata; between this second line and another passing through Albertville, Saint Maurice, Leuk, Meiringen, and Altdorf lie a more or less broken band of older Tertiary strata; south of which again is a cretaceous zone, and then again another of Jurassic age.



"A GLACIER."

The tops of the Swiss mountains stand—probably have ever stood—above the range of ice, and hence their bold peaks. In Scotland, on the contrary, and still more in Norway, the sheet of ice which once, as is the case with Greenland now, spread over the whole country, has shorn off the summits, and reduced them almost to gigantic bosses; while in Wales the same causes, and still more the resistless action of time—for the Welsh hills are many times older than the mountains of Switzerland—has ground down the once lofty summits, and reduced them to mere stumps, such as, if the present forces are left to work out their results, the Swiss mountains will be thousands, or rather tens of thousands, of years hence.

The "snow-line" in Switzerland is generally given as being between 8,500 and 9,000 feet. Above this level, the snow or "neve" gradually accumulates until it forms "glaciers"—solid rivers of ice, which descend more or less far down the valleys.

No one who has not seen a glacier can possibly realise what they are like. One of the best descriptions is that given by Lord Dufferin.

"Mount Beerenberg," says Lord Dufferin, "in size, colour, and effect, far surpassed anything I had anticipated. The glaciers were quite an unexpected element of beauty. Imagine a mighty river of as great a volume as the Thames started down the side of a mountain, bursting over every impediment, whirled into a thousand eddies, tumbling and raging on from ledge to ledge in quivering cataracts of foam—then suddenly struck rigid by a power so instantaneous in its action that even the froth and fleeting wreaths of spray have stiffened to the immutability of sculpture. Unless you had seen it, it would be almost impossible to conceive the strangeness of the contrast between the actual tranquillity of these silent crystal rivers and the violent descend-

* Adapted from Bull's paper on "The Formation of Alpine Valleys and Lakes," Lond. and Ed. Phil. Soc. Trans., 1863, p. 96.

ing energy impressed upon their exterior. You must remember, too, all this is upon a scale of such prodigious magnitude, that when we succeeded subsequently in approaching the spot—where, with a leap like that of Niagara, one of these glaciers plunges down into the sea—the eye, no longer able to take in its fluvial character, was content to rest in simple astonishment at what then appeared a lucent precipice of grey-green ice, rising to the height of several hundred feet above the masts of the vessel." *

The most magnificent glacier tracks in the Alps are, in Ruskin's opinion, those on the rocks of the great angle opposite upper end, and a steep side below, clearly showing the direction of the great ice flow.

Many of the upper Swiss valleys contain lakes, as, for instance, that of the Upper Rhone the Lake of Geneva, of the Reuss the Lake of Lucerne, of the Rhine that of Constance. These lakes are generally very deep.

Among the Swiss mountains themselves, each has its special character. Tyndall thus describes a view in the Alps, certainly one of the most beautiful—that, namely from the summit of the Ægischhorn :—

"Skies and summits are to-day without a cloud, and no mist or turbidity interferes with the sharpness of the outlines. Jung-

LAKE LUCERNE.

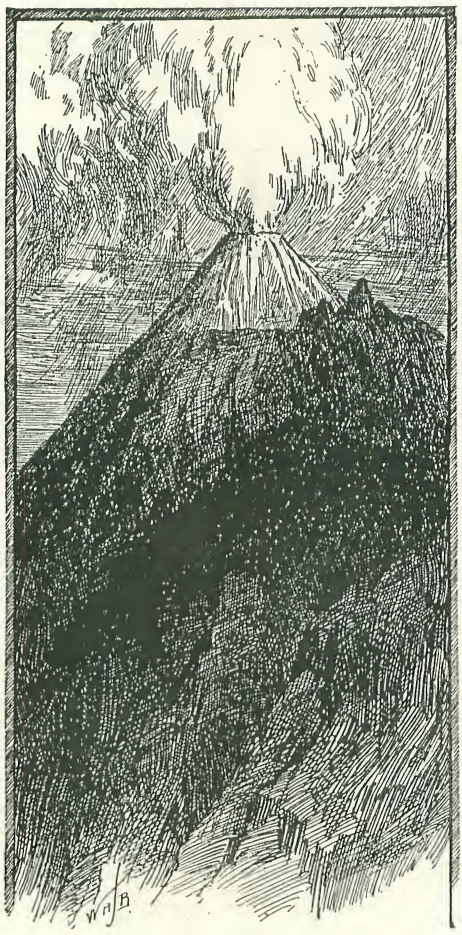
Martigny ; the most interesting are those above the channel of the Trient between Valorsine and the valley of the Rhone.

In Great Britain, I know no better illustration of ice action than is to be seen on the road leading down from Glen Quoich to Loch Hourn, one of the most striking examples of desolate and savage scenery in Scotland, so that its name in Celtic is said to mean the Lake of Hell. All along the roadside are smoothed and polished hummocks of rock, most of them deeply furrowed with approximately parallel striæ, presenting a gentle slope on the

frau, Monk, Eiger, Truberg, cliffy Strahlgrat, stately lady-like Aletschhorn, all grandly pierce the empyrean. Like a Saul of mountains, the Finisteraarhorn overtops all his neighbours ; then we have the Oberaarhorn, with the river glacier of Viesch rolling from his shoulders. Below is the Marjelin See, with its crystal precipices and its floating icebergs, snowy white, sailing on a blue-green sea. Beyond, is the range which divides the Valais from Italy. Sweeping round, the vision meets an aggregate of peaks which look, as fledglings to their mother, towards the mighty Dom. Then come the repellent crags of Mont Cervin ; the ideal of moral savagery, of

* "Letters from High Latitudes."

wild, untamable ferocity, mingling involuntarily with our contemplation of the gloomy pile. Next comes an object scarcely less grand, conveying, it may be, even a deeper impression of majesty and might than the Matterhorn itself—the Weisshorn, perhaps the most splendid object in the Alps. But beauty is associated with its force, and we think of it, not as cruel, but as grand and strong. Further to the right the great Combin lifts up his bare head; other peaks crowd around him; while at the extremity of the curve round which our gaze has swept rises the sovran crown of Mont Blanc. And now, as day sinks, scrolls of pearly clouds draw themselves around the mountain crests, being wafted from them into the distant air. They are without colour of any kind; still, by grace of form, and as the embodiment of lustrous light and most tender shade, their beauty is not to be described." *



COTOPAXI.

VOLCANOES.

Volcanoes belong to a totally different series of mountains.

It is practically impossible to number the volcanoes on our earth. Humboldt enumerates 223, which Keith Johnston raised to nearly 300. Some, no doubt, are always active, but in the majority the eruptions are occasional, and, though some are undoubtedly now extinct, it is impossible to distinguish those which are only in repose from those whose day of activity is over. Then, again, the question would arise, which should be regarded as mere subsidiary cones, and which are separate volcanoes. The slopes of Etna present more than 700 small cones, and on Hawaii there are several thousands.

In fact, most of the very lofty volcanoes present more or less lateral cones.

The mountain, commencing as a chasm, gradually builds itself up into a cone, often of the most beautiful regularity, such as the gigantic peaks of Chimborazo, Cotopaxi, and Fusiyama, and hence it is that the crater is so often at, or very near, the summit.

Perhaps no spectacle in Nature is more imposing or magnificent than a volcano in activity. It has been my good fortune to have stood at the edge of the crater of Vesuvius during an eruption; to have watched the lava seething below, while enormous stones were shot up high into the air. Such a spectacle can never be forgotten.

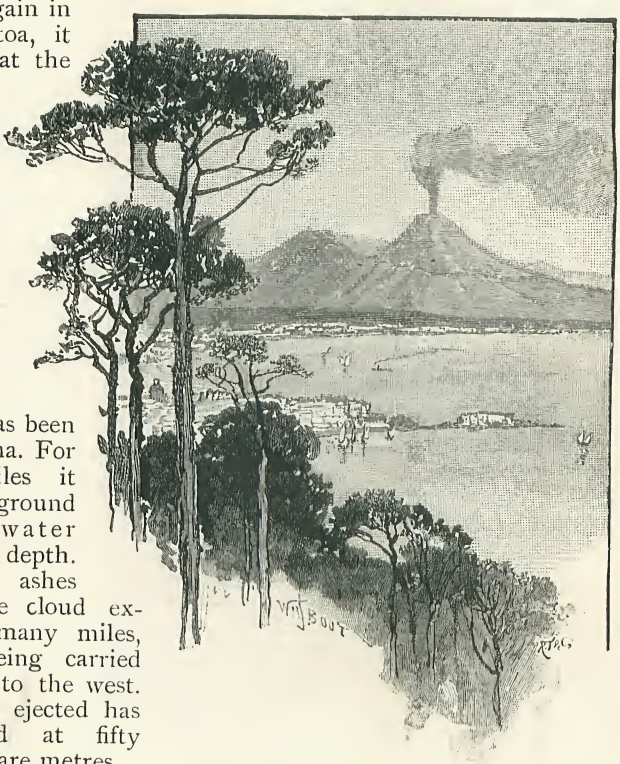
The most imposing crater in the world is probably that of Kilawea, at a height of 1,200 metres on the side of Mouna Loa, in the island of Hawaii. It has a diameter of 2,500 metres, and is elliptic in outline, with a longer axis of 5 kilometres, and a circumference of 11. The interior is a great lake of lava, the level of which is constantly changing. Generally it stands about 250 metres below the edge, and the depth is about 450 metres. The heat is intense, and, especially at night, when the clouds are coloured scarlet by the reflection from the molten lava, the effect is said to be magnificent. Gradually the lava mounts in the crater until it either bursts through the side, or runs over the edge, after which the crater remains empty, sometimes for years. A lava stream flows down the slope of the mountain like a burning river, at first rapidly, but, as it cools, scoriæ gradually form, and at length the molten matter covers itself

* "Mountaineering in 1861."

completely, both above and at the sides, with a solid crust, within which, as in a tunnel, it continues to flow slowly as long as it is supplied from the source, here and there breaking through the crust which, as continually, reforms in front. Thus the terrible, inexorable river of fire slowly descends, destroying everything in its course.

The stone, ashes, and mud ejected during eruptions are even more destructive than the rivers of lava. In 1851 Tomboro, a volcano on the island of Sumbava, cost more lives than fell in the battle of Waterloo. The earthquake of Lisbon in 1755 destroyed 60,000 persons. During the earthquake of Riobamba and the mud eruption of Tunguragua, and again in that of Krakatoa, it is estimated that the number who perished was between 30,000 and 40,000. At the earthquake of Antioch in 526, no less than 200,000 persons are said to have lost their lives.

Perhaps the most destructive eruption of modern times has been that on Cosequina. For twenty-five miles it covered the ground with muddy water sixteen feet in depth. The dust and ashes formed a dense cloud extending over many miles, some of it being carried twenty degrees to the west. The total mass ejected has been estimated at fifty milliards of square metres.



VESUVIUS AND SOMMA.

Though long extinct, volcanoes once existed in the English Isles: Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh, for instance, appears to be the funnel of a small volcano, belonging to the carboniferous period.

The summit of the mountain is often entirely blown away. Between my two first visits to Vesuvius 200 feet of the mountain had been thus blown up. Vesuvius itself stands in the ancient crater, part of which still remains and is now known as Somma, the greater part having disappeared in the great eruption of 79, when the mountain, waking from its long sleep, destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii.

As regards the origin of volcanoes there have been two main theories. Impressed by the magnitude and grandeur of the phenomena, enhanced as they are by their destructive character, many have been disposed to regard the craters of volcanoes as gigantic chimneys, passing right through the solid crust of the globe, and communicating with the central fire. Recent researches, however, have indicated that, grand and imposing as they are, volcanoes must yet be regarded as due mainly to local and superficial causes.

A glance at the map shows that volcanoes are almost always situated on, or near, the sea coast. From the interiors of continents they are entirely wanting. The number of active volcanoes in the Andes contrasted with their absence in the Alps and Ourals, the Himalayas and Central Asian chains, is very striking. Indeed, the Pacific Ocean is encircled, as Ritter pointed out, by a ring of fire. It seems probable that the friction and pressure which have led to the formation of mountain chains had given rise to areas of excessively high temperature, and that where water has access to such regions volcanoes are produced by the explosions.

Yet though we cannot connect volcanic action with the central heat of the earth, but must regard it as a minor and local manifestation of force, volcanoes still remain among the grandest, most awful, and at the same time most magnificent spectacles which the earth can afford.

Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

XI.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE BERYL CORONET.

"HOLMES," said I, as I stood one morning in our bow window looking down the street, "here is a madman coming along. It seems rather sad that his relatives should allow him to come out alone."

My friend rose lazily from his arm-chair, and stood with his hands in the pockets of his dressing-gown, looking over my shoulder. It was a bright, crisp February morning, and the snow of the day before still lay deep upon the ground, shimmering brightly in the wintry sun. Down the centre of Baker-street it had been ploughed into a brown crumbly band by the traffic, but at either side and on the heaped-up edges of the footpaths it still lay as white as when it fell. The grey pavement had been cleaned and scraped, but was still dangerously slippery, so that there were fewer passengers than usual. Indeed, from the direction of the Metropolitan Station no one was coming save the single gentleman whose eccentric conduct had drawn my attention.

He was a man of about fifty, tall, portly, and imposing, with a massive, strongly marked face and a commanding figure. He was dressed in a sombre yet rich style, in black frock-coat, shining hat, neat brown gaiters, and well cut pearl grey trousers. Yet his actions were in absurd contrast to the dignity of his dress and features, for he was running hard, with occasional little springs, such as a weary man gives who is little accustomed to set any tax upon his legs. As he ran he jerked his hands up and down, waggled his head, and writhed his face into the most extraordinary contortions.

"What on earth can be the matter with him?" I asked. "He is looking up at the numbers of the houses."

"I believe that he is coming here," said Holmes, rubbing his hands.

"Here?"

"Yes; I rather think he is coming to consult me professionally. I think that I recognise the symptoms. Ha! did I not tell you?" As he spoke, the man, puffing and blowing, rushed at our door, and pulled at our bell until the whole house resounded with the clanging.

A few moments later he was in our room, still puffing, still gesticulating, but with so fixed a look of grief and despair in his eyes that our smiles were turned in an instant to horror and pity. For a while he could not get his words out, but swayed his body and plucked at his hair like one who has been driven to the extreme limits of his reason. Then, suddenly springing

"WITH A LOOK OF GRIEF AND DESPAIR."

to his feet, he beat his head against the wall with such force that we both rushed upon him, and tore him away to the centre of the room. Sherlock Holmes pushed him down into the easy-chair, and, sitting beside him, patted his hand, and chatted with him in the easy, soothing tones which he knew so well how to employ.

"You have come to me to tell your story, have you not?" said he. "You are fatigued with your haste. Pray wait until you have recovered yourself, and then I shall be most happy to look into any little problem which you may submit to me."

The man sat for a minute or more with a heaving chest, fighting against his emotion. Then he passed his handkerchief over his brow, set his lips tight, and turned his face towards us.

"No doubt you think me mad?" said he.

"I see that you have had some great trouble," responded Holmes.

"God knows I have!—a trouble which is enough to unseat my reason, so sudden and so terrible is it. Public disgrace I might have faced, although I am a man whose character has never yet borne a stain. Private affliction also is the lot of every man; but the two coming together, and in so frightful a form, have been enough to shake my very soul. Besides, it is not I alone. The very noblest in the land may suffer, unless some way be found out of this horrible affair."

"Pray compose yourself, sir," said Holmes, "and let me have a clear account of who you are, and what it is that has befallen you."

"My name," answered our visitor, "is probably familiar to your ears. I am Alexander Holder, of the banking firm of Holder & Stevenson, of Threadneedle-street."

The name was indeed well known to us, as belonging to the senior partner in the second largest private banking concern in the City of London. What could have happened, then, to bring one of the foremost citizens of London to this most pitiable pass? We waited, all curiosity, until with another effort he braced himself to tell his story.

"I feel that time is of value," said he, "that is why I hastened here when the police inspector suggested that I should secure your co-operation. I came to Baker-street by the Undergound, and hurried from there on foot, for the cabs go slowly through this snow. That is why I was so out of breath, for I am a man who take very little exercise. I feel better now, and I will put the facts before you as shortly and yet as clearly as I can.

"It is, of course, well known to you that in a successful banking business as much depends upon our being able to find remunerative investments for our funds, as upon our increasing our connection and the number of our depositors. One of our most lucrative means of laying out money is in the shape of loans, where the security is unimpeachable. We have done a good deal in this direction during the last few years, and there are many noble families to whom we have advanced large sums upon the security of their pictures, libraries, or plate.

"Yesterday morning I was seated in my office at the Bank, when a card was brought in to me by one of the clerks. I started when I saw the name, for it was that of none other than—— well, perhaps even to you I had better say no more than that it was a name which is a household word all over the earth—one of the highest, noblest, most exalted names in England. I was overwhelmed by the honour, and attempted, when he entered, to say so, but he plunged at once into business with the air of a man who wishes to hurry quickly through a disagreeable task.

"'Mr. Holder,' said he, 'I have been informed that you are in the habit of advancing money.'

"'The firm do so when the security is good,' I answered.

"'It is absolutely essential to me,' said he, 'that I should have fifty thousand pounds at once. I could of course borrow so trifling a sum ten times over from my friends, but I much prefer to make it a matter of business, and to carry out that business myself. In my position you can readily understand that it is unwise to place oneself under obligations.'

"'For how long, may I ask, do you want this sum?' I asked.

"'Next Monday I have a large sum due to me, and I shall then most certainly repay what you advance, with whatever interest you think it right to charge. But it is very essential to me that the money should be paid at once.'

"'I should be happy to advance it without further parley from my own private purse,' said I, 'were it not that the strain would be rather more than it could bear. If, on

the other hand, I am to do it in the name of the firm, then in justice to my partner I must insist that, even in your case, every businesslike precaution should be taken.'

"'I should much prefer to have it so,' said he, raising up a square, black morocco case which he had laid beside his chair. 'You have doubtless heard of the Beryl coronet?'

"'One of the most precious public possessions of the Empire,' said I.

"'Precisely.' He opened the case, and there, embedded in soft, flesh-coloured velvet, lay the magnificent piece of jewellery which he had named. 'There are thirty-

"I TOOK THE PRECIOUS CASE."

nine enormous beryls,' said he, 'and the price of the gold chasing is incalculable. The lowest estimate would put the worth of the coronet at double the sum which I have asked. I am prepared to leave it with you as my security.'

"I took the precious case into my hands and looked in some perplexity from it to my illustrious client.

"'You doubt its value?' he asked.

"'Not at all. I only doubt——'

"'The propriety of my leaving it. You may set your mind at rest about that. I should not dream of doing so were it not absolutely certain that I should be able in four days to reclaim it. It is a pure matter of form. Is the security sufficient?"

"'Ample.'

"'You understand, Mr. Holder, that I am giving you a strong proof of the confidence which I have in you, founded upon all that I have heard of you. I rely upon you not only to be discreet and to refrain from all gossip upon the matter, but, above all, to preserve this coronet with every possible precaution, because I need not say that a great public scandal would be caused if any harm were to befall it. Any injury to it would be almost as serious as its complete loss, for there are no beryls in the world to match these, and it would be impossible to replace them. I leave it with you, however, with every confidence, and I shall call for it in person on Monday morning.'

"Seeing that my client was anxious to leave, I said no more; but, calling for my cashier, I ordered him to pay over fifty thousand-pound notes. When I was alone once more, however, with the precious case lying upon the table in front of me, I could not but think with some misgivings of the immense responsibility which it entailed upon me. There could be no doubt that, as it was a national possession, a horrible scandal would ensue if any misfortune should occur to it. I already regretted having ever consented to take charge of it. However, it was too late to alter the matter now, so I locked it up in my private safe, and turned once more to my work.

"When evening came, I felt that it would be an imprudence to leave so precious a thing in the office behind me. Bankers' safes had been forced before now, and why should not mine be? If so, how terrible would be the position in which I should find myself! I determined, therefore, that for the next few days I would always carry the case backwards and forwards with me, so that it might never be really out of my reach. With this intention, I called a cab, and drove out to my house at Streatham, carrying the jewel with me. I did not breathe freely until I had taken it upstairs, and locked it in the bureau of my dressing-room.

"And now a word as to my household, Mr. Holmes, for I wish you to thoroughly understand the situation. My groom and my page sleep out of the house, and may be set aside altogether. I have three maid-servants who have been with me a number of years, and whose absolute reliability is quite above suspicion. Another, Lucy Parr, the second waiting-maid, has only been in my service a few months. She came with an excellent character, however, and has always given me satisfaction. She is a very pretty girl, and has attracted admirers who have occasionally hung about the place. That is the only drawback which we have found to her, but we believe her to be a thoroughly good girl in every way.

"So much for the servants. My family itself is so small that it will not take me long to describe it. I am a widower, and have an only son, Arthur. He has been a disappointment to me, Mr. Holmes—a grievous disappointment. I have no doubt that I am myself to blame. People tell me that I have spoiled him. Very likely I have. When my dear wife died I felt that he was all I had to love. I could not bear to see the smile fade even for a moment from his face. I have never denied him a wish. Perhaps it would have been better for both of us had I been sterner, but I meant it for the best.

"It was naturally my intention that he should succeed me in my business, but he was not of a business turn. He was wild, wayward, and, to speak the truth, I could not trust him in the handling of large sums of money. When he was young he became a member of an aristocratic club, and there, having charming manners, he was soon the intimate of a number of men with long purses and expensive habits. He learned to play heavily at cards and to squander money on the turf, until he had again and again to come to me and implore me to give him an advance upon his allowance, that he might settle his debts of honour. He tried more than once to break away from the dangerous company which he was keeping, but each time the influence of his friend Sir George Burnwell was enough to draw him back again.

"And, indeed, I could not wonder that such a man as Sir George Burnwell should gain an influence over him, for he has frequently brought him to my house, and I have found myself that I could hardly resist the fascination of his manner. He is older than Arthur, a man of the world to his finger-tips, one who had been everywhere, seen everything, a brilliant talker, and a man of great personal beauty. Yet when I think of him in cold blood, far away from the glamour of his presence, I am convinced from his cynical speech, and the look which I have caught in his eyes, that he is one who should be deeply distrusted. So I think, and so, too, thinks my little Mary, who has a woman's quick insight into character.

"And now there is only she to be described. She is my niece; but when my brother died five years ago and left her alone in the world I adopted her, and have looked upon her ever since as my daughter. She is a sunbeam in my house—sweet, loving, beautiful, a wonderful manager and housekeeper, yet as tender and quiet and gentle as a woman could be. She is my right hand. I do not know what I could do without her. In only one matter has she ever gone against my wishes. Twice my boy has asked her to marry him, for he loves her devotedly, but each time she has refused him. I think that if anyone could have drawn him into the right path it would have been she, and that his marriage might have changed his whole life; but now, alas! it is too late—for ever too late!

"Now, Mr. Holmes, you know the people who live under my roof, and I shall continue with my miserable story.

"When we were taking coffee in the drawing-room that night, after dinner, I told Arthur and Mary my experience, and of the precious treasure which we had under our roof, suppressing only the name of my client. Lucy Parr, who had brought in the coffee, had, I am sure, left the room; but I cannot swear that the door was closed. Mary and Arthur were much interested, and wished to see the famous coronet, but I thought it better not to disturb it.

"'Where have you put it?' asked Arthur.

"'In my own bureau.'

"'Well, I hope to goodness the house won't be burgled during the night,' said he.

"'It is locked up,' I answered.

"'Oh, any old key will fit that bureau. When I was a youngster I have opened it myself with the key of the box-room cupboard.'

"He often had a wild way of talking, so that I thought little of what he said. He

"OH, ANY OLD KEY WILL FIT THAT BUREAU."

followed me to my room, however, that night with a very grave face.

"'Look here, dad,' said he, with his eyes cast down. 'Can you let me have two hundred pounds?'

"'No, I cannot!' I answered, sharply. 'I have been far too generous with you in money matters.'

"'You have been very kind,' said he; 'but I must have this money, or else I can never show my face inside the club again.'

"'And a very good thing, too!' I cried.

"'Yes, but you would not have me leave it a dishonoured man,' said he. 'I could not bear the disgrace. I must raise the money in some way, and if you will not let me have it, then I must try other means.'

"I was very angry, for this was the third demand during the month. 'You shall not have a farthing from me,' I cried, on which he bowed and left the room without another word.

"When he was gone I unlocked my bureau, made sure that my treasure was safe, and locked it again. Then I started to go round the house to see that all was secure—a duty which I usually leave to Mary, but which I thought it well to perform myself that night. As I came down the stairs I saw Mary herself at the side window of the hall, which she closed and fastened as I approached.

"'Tell me, dad,' said she, looking, I thought, a little disturbed, 'did you give Lucy, the maid, leave to go out to-night?'

"'Certainly not.'

"'She came in just now by the back door. I have no doubt that she has only been to the side gate to see someone, but I think that it is hardly safe, and should be stopped.'

"'You must speak to her in the morning, or I will, if you prefer it. Are you sure that everything is fastened?'

"'Quite sure, dad.'

"'Then, good-night.' I kissed her, and went up to my bedroom again, where I was soon asleep.

"I am endeavouring to tell you everything, Mr. Holmes, which may have any bearing upon the case, but I beg that you will question me upon any point which I do not make clear."

"On the contrary, your statement is singularly lucid."

"I come to a part of my story now in which I should wish to be particularly so. I am not a very heavy sleeper, and the anxiety in my mind tended, no doubt, to make me even less so than usual. About two in the morning, then, I was awakened by some sound in the house. It had ceased ere I was wide awake, but it had left an impression behind it as though a window had gently closed somewhere. I lay listening with all my ears. Suddenly, to my horror, there was a distinct sound of footsteps moving softly in the next room. I slipped out of bed, all palpitating with fear, and peeped round the corner of my dressing-room door.

"'Arthur!' I screamed, 'you villain! you thief! How dare you touch that coronet?'

"AT MY CRY HE DROPPED IT."

"The gas was half up, as I had left it, and my unhappy boy, dressed only in his shirt and trousers, was standing beside the light, holding the coronet in his hands. He appeared to be wrenching at it, or bending it with all his strength. At my cry he dropped it from his grasp, and turned as pale as death. I snatched it up and examined it. One of the gold corners, with three of the beryls in it, was missing.

"'You blackguard!' I shouted, beside myself with rage. 'You have destroyed it! You have dishonoured me for ever! Where are the jewels which you have stolen?'

"'Stolen!' he cried.

"'Yes, you thief!' I roared, shaking him by the shoulder.

"'There are none missing. There cannot be any missing,' said he.

"'There are three missing. And you know where they are. Must I call you a liar as well as a thief? Did I not see you trying to tear off another piece?'

"'You have called me names enough,' said he, 'I will not stand it any longer. I shall not say another word about this business since you have chosen to insult me. I will leave your house in the morning, and make my own way in the world.'

"'You shall leave it in the hands of the police!' I cried, half mad with grief and rage. 'I shall have this matter probed to the bottom.'

"'You shall learn nothing from me,' said he, with a passion such as I should not have thought was in his nature. 'If you choose to call the police, let the police find what they can.'

"By this time the whole house was astir, for I had raised my voice in my anger. Mary was the first to rush into my room, and, at the sight of the coronet and of Arthur's face, she read the whole story, and, with a scream, fell down senseless on the ground. I sent the housemaid for the police, and put the investigation into their hands at once. When the inspector and a constable entered the house, Arthur, who had stood sullenly with his arms folded, asked me whether it was my intention to charge him with theft. I answered that it had ceased to be a private matter, but had become a public one, since the ruined coronet was national property. I was determined that the law should have its way in everything.

"'At least,' said he, 'you will not have me arrested at once. It would be to your advantage as well as mine if I might leave the house for five minutes.'

"'That you may get away, or perhaps that you may conceal what you have stolen,' said I. And then realising the dreadful position in which I was placed, I implored him to remember that not only my honour, but that of one who was far greater than I was at stake; and that he threatened to raise a scandal which would convulse the nation. He might avert it all if he would but tell me what he had done with the three missing stones.

"'You may as well face the matter,' said I; 'you have been caught in the act, and

no confession could make your guilt more heinous. If you but make such reparation as is in your power, by telling us where the beryls are, all shall be forgiven and forgotten.'

"'Keep your forgiveness for those who ask for it,' he answered, turning away from me with a sneer. I saw that he was too hardened for any words of mine to influence him. There was but one way for it. I called in the inspector, and gave him into custody. A search was made at once, not only of his person, but of his room, and of every portion of the house where he could possibly have concealed the gems; but no trace of them could be found, nor would the wretched boy open his mouth for all our persuasions and our threats. This morning he was removed to a cell, and I, after going through all the police formalities, have hurried round to you, to implore you to use your skill in unravelling the matter. The police have openly confessed that they can at present make nothing of it. You may go to any expense which you think necessary. I have already offered a reward of a thousand pounds. My God, what shall I do! I have lost my honour, my gems, and my son in one night. Oh, what shall I do!"

He put a hand on either side of his head, and rocked himself to and fro, droning to himself like a child whose grief has got beyond words.

Sherlock Holmes sat silent for some few minutes, with his brows knitted and his eyes fixed upon the fire.

"Do you receive much company?" he asked.

"None, save my partner with his family, and an occasional friend of Arthur's. Sir George Burnwell has been several times lately. No one else, I think."

"Do you go out much in society?"

"Arthur does. Mary and I stay at home. We neither of us care for it."

"That is unusual in a young girl."

"She is of a quiet nature. Besides, she is not so very young. She is four and twenty."

"This matter, from what you say, seems to have been a shock to her also."

"Terrible! She is even more affected than I."

"You have neither of you any doubt as to your son's guilt?"

"How can we have, when I saw him with my own eyes with the coronet in his hands."

"I hardly consider that a conclusive proof. Was the remainder of the coronet at all injured?"

"Yes, it was twisted."

"Do you not think, then, that he might have been trying to straighten it?"

"God bless you! You are doing what you can for him and for me. But it is too heavy a task. What was he doing there at all? If his purpose were innocent, why did he not say so?"

"Precisely. And if it were guilty, why did he not invent a lie? His silence appears to me to cut both ways. There are several singular points about the case. What did the police think of the noise which awoke you from your sleep?"

"They considered that it might be caused by Arthur's closing his bedroom door."

"A likely story! As if a man bent on felony would slam his door so as to wake a household. What did they say, then, of the disappearance of these gems?"

"They are still sounding the planking, and probing the furniture in the hope of finding them."

"Have they thought of looking outside the house?"

"Yes, they have shown extraordinary energy. The whole garden has already been minutely examined."

"Now, my dear sir," said Holmes, "is it not obvious to you now that this matter really strikes very much deeper than either you or the police were at first inclined to think? It appeared to you to be a simple case; to me it seems exceedingly complex. Consider what is involved by your theory. You suppose that your son came down from his bed, went, at great risk, to your dressing-room, opened your bureau, took out your coronet, broke off by main force a small portion of it, went off to some other place, concealed three gems out of the thirty-nine, with such skill that nobody can find them, and then returned with the other thirty-six into the room in which he exposed himself to the greatest danger of being discovered. I ask you now, is such a theory tenable?"

"But what other is there?" cried the banker with a gesture of despair. "If his motives were innocent, why does he not explain them?"

"It is our task to find that out," replied Holmes, "so now, if you please, Mr. Holder, we will set off for Streatham together, and devote an hour to glancing a little more closely into details."

My friend insisted upon my accompanying them in their expedition, which I was eager enough to do, for my curiosity and sympathy were deeply stirred by the story to which we had listened. I confess that the guilt of the banker's son appeared to me to be as obvious as it did to his unhappy father, but still I had such faith in Holmes' judgment that I felt that there must be some grounds for hope as long as he was dissatisfied with the accepted explanation. He hardly spoke a word the whole way out to the southern suburb, but sat with his chin upon his breast, and his hat drawn over his eyes, sunk in the deepest thought. Our client appeared to have taken fresh heart at the little glimpse of hope which had been presented to him, and he even broke into a desultory chat with me over his business affairs. A short railway journey, and a shorter walk, brought us to Fairbank, the modest residence of the great financier.

Fairbank was a good-sized square house of white stone, standing back a little from the road. A double carriage sweep, with a snowclad lawn, stretched down in front to the two large iron gates which closed the entrance. On the right side was a small wooden thicket which led into a narrow path between two neat hedges stretching from the road to the kitchen door, and forming the tradesmen's entrance. On the left ran a lane which led to the stables, and was not itself within the grounds at all, being a public, though little used, thoroughfare. Holmes left us standing at the door, and walked slowly all round the house, across the front, down the tradesmen's path, and so round by the garden behind into the stable lane. So long was he that Mr. Holder and I went into the dining-room, and waited by the fire until he should return. We were sitting there in silence when the door opened, and a young lady came in. She was rather above the middle height, slim, with dark hair and eyes, which seemed the darker against the absolute pallor of her skin. I do not think that I have ever seen such deadly paleness in a woman's face. Her lips, too, were bloodless, but her eyes were flushed with crying. As she swept silently into the room she impressed me with a greater sense of grief than the banker had done in the morning, and it was the more striking in her as she was evidently a woman of strong character, with immense capacity for self-restraint. Disregarding my presence, she went straight to her uncle, and passed her hand over his head with a sweet womanly caress.

"You have given orders that Arthur should be liberated, have you not, dad?" she asked.

"SHE WENT STRAIGHT TO HER UNCLE."

"No, no, my girl, the matter must be probed to the bottom."

"But I am so sure that he is innocent. You know what women's instincts are. I know that he has done no harm, and that you will be sorry for having acted so harshly."

"Why is he silent, then, if he is innocent?"

"Who knows? Perhaps because he was so angry that you should suspect him."

"How could I help suspecting him, when I actually saw him with the coronet in his hand?"

"Oh, but he had only picked it up to look at it. Oh, do, do take my word for it that he is innocent. Let the matter drop, and say no more. It is so dreadful to think of our dear Arthur in prison!"

"I shall never let it drop until the gems are found—never, Mary! Your affection for Arthur blinds you as to the awful consequences to me. Far from hushing the thing up, I have brought a gentleman down from London to inquire more deeply into it."

"This gentleman?" she asked, facing round to me.

"No, his friend. He wished us to leave him alone. He is round in the stable lane now."

"The stable lane?" She raised her dark eyebrows. "What can he hope to find there! Ah! this, I suppose, is he. I trust, sir, that you will succeed in proving, what I feel sure is the truth, that my cousin Arthur is innocent of this crime."

"I fully share your opinion, and, I trust with you, that we may prove it," returned Holmes, going back to the mat to knock the snow from his shoes. "I believe I have the honour of addressing Miss Mary Holder. Might I ask you a question or two?"

"Pray do, sir, if it may help to clear this horrible affair up."

"You heard nothing yourself last night?"

"Nothing, until my uncle here began to speak loudly. I heard that, and I came down."

"You shut up the windows and doors the night before. Did you fasten all the windows?"

"Yes."

"Were they all fastened this morning?"

"Yes."

"You have a maid who has a sweetheart? I think that you remarked to your uncle last night that she had been out to see him?"

"Yes, and she was the girl who waited in the drawing-room, and who may have heard uncle's remarks about the coronet."

"I see. You infer that she may have gone out to tell her sweetheart, and that the two may have planned the robbery."

"But what is the good of all these vague theories," cried the banker, impatiently, "when I have told you that I saw Arthur with the coronet in his hands?"

"SOMETHING LIKE FEAR SPRANG UP IN THE YOUNG LADY'S EYES."

"Wait a little, Mr. Holder. We must come back to that. About this girl, Miss Holder. You saw her return by the kitchen door, I presume?"

"Yes; when I went to see if the door was fastened for the night I met her slipping in. I saw the man, too, in the gloom."

"Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes; he is the greengrocer who brings our vegetables round. His name is Francis Prosper."

"He stood," said Holmes, "to the left of the door—that is to say, further up the path than is necessary to reach the door?"

"Yes, he did."

"And he is a man with a wooden leg?"

Something like fear sprang up in the young lady's expressive black eyes. "Why,

you are like a magician," said she. "How do you know that?" She smiled, but there was no answering smile in Holmes' thin, eager face.

"I should be very glad now to go upstairs," said he. "I shall probably wish to go over the outside of the house again. Perhaps I had better take a look at the lower windows before I go up."

He walked swiftly round from one to the other, pausing only at the large one which looked from the hall on to the stable lane. This he opened, and made a very careful examination of the sill with his powerful magnifying lens. "Now we shall go upstairs," said he, at last.

The banker's dressing-room was a plainly furnished little chamber with a grey carpet, a large bureau, and a long mirror. Holmes went to the bureau first, and looked hard at the lock.

"Which key was used to open it?" he asked.

"That which my son himself indicated—that of the cupboard of the lumber-room."

"Have you it here?"

"That is it on the dressing-table."

Sherlock Holmes took it up and opened the bureau.

"It is a noiseless lock," said he. "It is no wonder that it did not wake you. This case, I presume, contains the coronet. We must have a look at it." He opened the case, and, taking out the diadem, he laid it upon the table. It was a magnificent specimen of the jeweller's art, and the thirty-six stones were the finest that I have ever seen. At one side of the coronet was a crooked cracked edge, where a corner holding three gems had been torn away.

"Now, Mr. Holder," said Holmes; "here is the corner which corresponds to that which has been so unfortunately lost. Might I beg that you will break it off."

The banker recoiled in horror. "I should not dream of trying," said he.

"Then I will." Holmes suddenly bent his strength upon it, but without result. "I feel it give a little," said he; "but, though I am exceptionally strong in the fingers, it would take me all my time to break it. An ordinary man could not do it. Now, what do you think would happen if I did break it, Mr. Holder? There would be a noise like a pistol shot. Do you tell me that all this happened within a few yards of your bed, and that you heard nothing of it?"

"I do not know what to think. It is all dark to me."

"But perhaps it may grow lighter as we go. What do you think, Miss Holder?"

"I confess that I still share my uncle's perplexity."

"Your son had no shoes or slippers on when you saw him?"

"He had nothing on save only his trousers and shirt."

"Thank you. We have certainly been favoured with extraordinary luck during this inquiry, and it will be entirely our own fault if we do not succeed in clearing the matter up. With your permission, Mr. Holder, I shall now continue my investigations outside."

He went alone, at his own request, for he explained that any unnecessary footmarks might make his task more difficult. For an hour or more he was at work, returning at last with his feet heavy with snow and his features as inscrutable as ever.

"I think that I have seen now all that there is to see, Mr. Holder," said he; "I can serve you best by returning to my rooms."

"But the gems, Mr. Holmes. Where are they?"

"I cannot tell."

The banker wrung his hands. "I shall never see them again!" he cried. "And my son? You give me hopes?"

"My opinion is in no way altered."

"Then for God's sake what was this dark business which was acted in my house last night?"

"If you can call upon me at my Baker-street rooms to-morrow morning between nine and ten I shall be happy to do what I can to make it clearer. I understand that you give me *carte blanche* to act for you, provided only that I get back the gems, and that you place no limit on the sum I may draw."

"I would give my fortune to have them back."

"Very good. I shall look into the matter between this and then. Good-bye, it is just possible that I may have to come over here again before evening."

It was obvious to me that my companion's mind was now made up about the case, although what his conclusions were was more than I could even dimly imagine. Several times during our homeward journey I endeavoured to sound him upon the point, but he always glided away to some other topic, until at last I gave it over in despair. It was not yet three when we found our-

"DRESSED AS A COMMON LOAFER."

selves in our room once more. He hurried to his chamber and was down again in a few minutes dressed as a common loafer. With his collar turned up, his shiny seedy coat, his red cravat, and his worn boots, he was a perfect sample of the class.

"I think that this should do," said he, glancing into the glass above the fireplace. "I only wish that you could come with me, Watson, but I fear that it won't do. I may be on the trail in this matter, or I may be following a will o' the wisp, but I shall soon know which it is. I hope that I may be back in a few hours." He cut a slice of beef from the joint upon the sideboard, sandwiched it between two rounds of bread, and, thrusting this rude meal into his pocket, he started off upon his expedition.

I had just finished my tea when he returned, evidently in excellent spirits, swinging an old elastic-sided boot in his hand. He chucked it down into a corner and helped himself to a cup of tea.

"I only looked in as I passed," said he. "I am going right on."

"Where to?"

"Oh, to the other side of the West-end. It may be some time before I get back. Don't wait up for me in case I should be late."

"How are you getting on?"

"Oh, so so. Nothing to complain of. I have been out to Streatham since I saw you last, but I did not call at the house. It is a very sweet little problem, and I would not have missed it for a good deal. However, I must not sit gossiping here, but must get these disreputable clothes off and return to my highly respectable self."

I could see by his manner that he had stronger reasons for satisfaction than his words alone would imply. His eyes twinkled, and there was even a touch of colour upon his sallow cheeks. He hastened upstairs, and a few minutes later I heard the slam of the hall door, which told me that he was off once more upon his congenial hunt.

I waited until midnight, but there was no sign of his return, so I retired to my room. It was no uncommon thing for him to be away for days and nights on end when he was hot upon a scent, so that his lateness caused me no surprise. I do not know at what hour he came in, but when I came down to breakfast in the morning, there he was with a cup of coffee in one hand and the paper in the other, as fresh and trim as possible.

"You will excuse my beginning without you, Watson," said he; "but you remember that our client has rather an early appointment this morning."

"Why, it is after nine now," I answered. "I should not be surprised if that were he. I thought I heard a ring."

It was, indeed, our friend the financier. I was shocked by the change which had come over him, for his face, which was naturally of a broad and massive mould, was now pinched and fallen in, while his hair seemed to me at least a shade whiter. He entered with a weariness and lethargy which was even more painful than his violence of the morning before, and he dropped heavily into the arm-chair which I pushed forward for him.

"I do not know what I have done to be so severely tried," said he. "Only two days ago I was a happy and prosperous man, without a care in the world. Now I am left to a lonely and dishonoured age. One sorrow comes close upon the heels of another. My niece, Mary, has deserted me."

"Deserted you?"

"Yes. Her bed this morning had not been slept in, her room was empty, and a note lay for me upon the hall table. I had said to her last night, in sorrow and not in anger, that if she had married my boy all might have been well with him. Perhaps it was thoughtless of me to say so. It is to that remark that she refers in this note: 'My dearest Uncle,—I feel that I have brought trouble upon you, and that if I had acted differently this terrible misfortune might never have occurred. I cannot, with this thought in my mind, ever again be happy under your roof, and I feel that I must leave you for ever. Do not worry about my future, for that is provided for; and, above all, do not search for me, for it will be fruitless labour, and an ill service to me. In life or in death, I am ever your loving,—MARY.' What could she mean by that note, Mr. Holmes? Do you think it points to suicide?"

"No, no, nothing of the kind. It is perhaps the best possible solution. I trust, Mr. Holder, that you are nearing the end of your troubles."

"Ha! You say so! You have heard something, Mr. Holmes; you have learned something! Where are the gems?"

"You would not think a thousand pounds apiece an excessive sum for them?"

"I would pay ten."

"That would be unnecessary. Three thousand will cover the matter. And there is a little reward, I fancy. Have you your cheque-book? Here is a pen. Better make it out for four thousand pounds."

With a dazed face the banker made out the required cheque. Holmes walked over to his desk, took out a little triangular piece of gold with three gems in it, and threw it down upon the table.

With a shriek of joy our client clutched it up.

"You have it!" he gasped. "I am saved! I am saved!"

The reaction of joy was as passionate as his grief had been, and he hugged his recovered gems to his bosom.

"There is one other thing you owe," Mr. Holder," said Sherlock Holmes, rather sternly

"Owe!" He caught up a pen. "Name the sum, and I will pay it."

"No, the debt is not to me. You owe a very humble apology to that noble lad, your son, who has carried himself in this matter as I should be proud to see my own son do, should I ever chance to have one."

"Then it was not Arthur who took them?"

"I told you yesterday, and I repeat to-day, that it was not."

"You are sure of it! Then let us hurry to him at once, to let him know that the truth is known."

"He knows it already. When I had cleared it all up I had an interview with him, and, finding that he would not tell me the story, I told it to him, on which he had to confess that I was right, and to add the very few details which were not yet quite clear to me. Your news of this morning, however, may open his lips."

"For Heaven's sake, tell me, then, what is this extraordinary mystery!"

"I will do so, and I will show you the steps by which I reached it. And let me say to you, first, that which it is hardest for me to say and for you to hear. There has been an understanding between Sir George Burnwell, and your niece Mary. They have now fled together."

"My Mary? Impossible!"

"It is, unfortunately, more than possible; it is certain. Neither you nor your son knew the true character of this man when you admitted him into your family circle. He is one of the most dangerous men in England—a ruined gambler, an absolutely desperate villain; a man without heart or conscience. Your niece knew nothing of such men. When he breathed his vows to her, as he had done to a hundred before her, she flattered herself that she alone had touched his heart. The devil knows best what he said, but at least she became his tool, and was in the habit of seeing him nearly every evening."

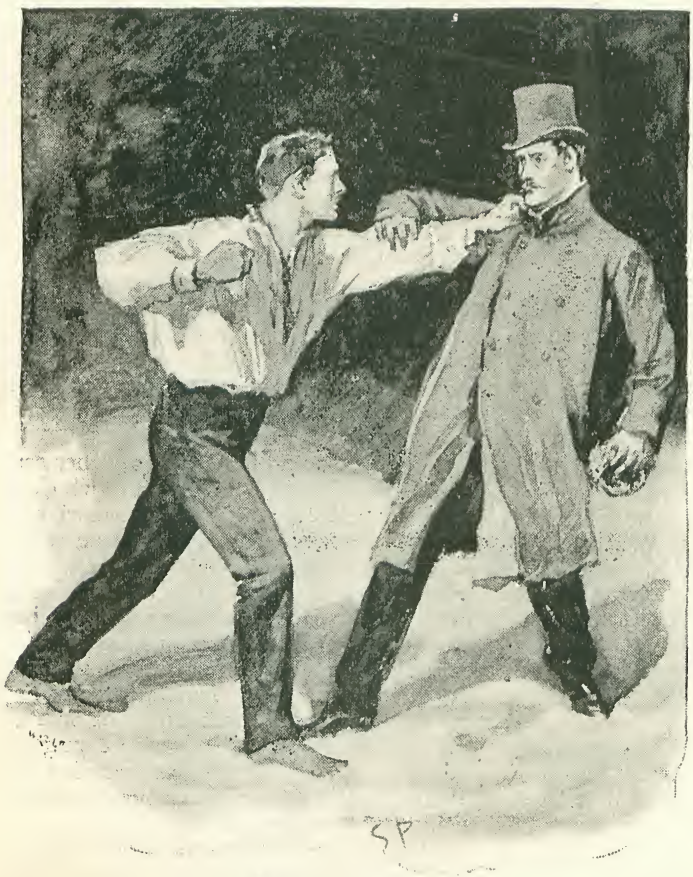
"I cannot, and I will not, believe it!" cried the banker, with an ashen face.

"I will tell you, then, what occurred in your house last night. Your niece, when you had, as she thought, gone to your room, slipped down and talked to her lover through the window which leads into the stable lane. His footmarks had pressed right through the snow, so long had he stood there. She

told him of the coronet. His wicked lust for gold kindled at the news, and he bent her to his will. I have no doubt that she loved you, but there are women in whom the love of a lover extinguishes all other loves, and I think that she must have been one. She had hardly listened to his instructions when she saw you coming down stairs, on which she closed the window rapidly, and told you about one of the servants' escapade with her wooden-legged lover, which was all perfectly true.

"Your boy, Arthur, went to bed after his interview with you, but he slept badly on account of his uneasiness about his club debts. In the middle of the night he heard a soft tread pass his door, so he rose, and looking out was surprised to see his cousin walking very stealthily along the passage, until she disappeared into your dressing-room. Petrified with astonishment the lad slipped on some clothes, and waited there in the dark to see what would come of this strange affair. Presently she emerged from the room again, and in the light of the passage lamp your son saw that she carried the precious coronet in her hands. She passed down the stairs, and he, thrilling with horror, ran along and slipped behind the curtain near your door, whence he could see what passed in the hall beneath. He saw her stealthily open the window, hand out the coronet to someone in the gloom, and then closing it once more hurry back to her room, passing quite close to where he stood hid behind the curtain.

"As long as she was on the scene he could not take any action without a horrible exposure of the woman whom he loved. But the instant that she was gone he realised how crushing a misfortune this would be for you, and how all-important it was to set it right. He rushed down, just as he was, in his bare feet, opened the window, sprang out into the snow, and ran down the lane, where he could see a dark figure in the moonlight. Sir George Burnwell tried to get away, but Arthur caught him, and there was a struggle between them, your lad tugging at one side of the coronet, and his opponent at the other. In the scuffle, your son struck Sir George, and cut him over the eye. Then something suddenly snapped, and your son, finding that he had the coronet in his hands, rushed back, closed the window, ascended to your room, and had just observed that the coronet had been twisted in the struggle, and was endeavouring to straighten it, when you appeared upon the scene."



"ARTHUR CAUGHT HIM."

"Is it possible?" gasped the banker.

"You then roused his anger by calling him names at a moment when he felt that he had deserved your warmest thanks. He could not explain the true state of affairs without betraying one who certainly deserved little enough con-

sideration at his hands. He took the more chivalrous view, however, and preserved her secret."

"And that was why she shrieked and fainted when she saw the coronet," cried Mr. Holder. "Oh, my God! what a blind fool I have been. And his asking to be allowed to go out for five minutes! The dear fellow wanted to see if the missing piece were at the scene of the struggle. How cruelly I have misjudged him!"

"When I arrived at the house," continued Holmes, "I at once went very carefully round it to observe if there were any traces in the snow which might help me. I knew that none had fallen since the evening before, and also that there had been a strong frost to preserve impressions. I passed along the tradesmen's path, but found it all trampled down and indistinguishable. Just beyond it, however, at the far side of the kitchen door, a woman had stood and talked with a man, whose round impressions on one side showed that he had a wooden leg. I could even tell that they had been disturbed, for the woman had run back swiftly to the door, as was shown by the deep toe and light heel-marks, while Wooden-leg had waited a little, and then had gone away. I thought at the time that this might be the maid and her sweetheart, of whom you had already spoken to me, and inquiry showed it was so. I passed round the garden without seeing anything more than random tracks, which I took to be the police; but when I got into the stable lane a very long and complex story was written in the snow in front of me.

"There was a double line of tracks of a booted man, and a second double line which I saw with delight belonged to a man with naked feet. I was at once convinced from what you had told me that the latter was your son. The first had walked both ways, but the other had run swiftly, and, as his tread was marked in places over the depression of the boot, it was obvious that he had passed after the other. I followed them up, and found that they led to the hall window, where Boots had worn all the snow away while waiting. Then I walked to the other end, which was a hundred yards or more down the lane. I saw where Boots had faced round, where the snow was cut up as though there had been a struggle, and, finally, where a few drops of blood had fallen, to show me that I was not mistaken. Boots had then run down the lane, and another little smudge of blood showed that it was he who had been hurt. When he came to the high road at the other end, I found that the pavement had been cleared, so there was an end to that clue.

"On entering the house, however, I examined, as you remember, the sill and framework of the hall window with my lens, and I could at once see that someone had passed out. I could distinguish the outline of an instep where the wet foot had been placed in coming in. I was then beginning to be able to form an opinion as to what had occurred. A man had waited outside the window, someone had brought him the gems; the deed had been overseen by your son, he had pursued the thief, had struggled with him, they had each tugged at the coronet, their united strength causing injuries which neither alone could have effected. He had returned with the prize, but had left a fragment in the grasp of his opponent. So far I was clear. The question now was, who was the man, and who was it brought him the coronet?

"It is an old maxim of mine that when you have excluded the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth. Now, I knew that it was not you who had brought it down, so there only remained your niece and the maids. But if it were the maids, why should your son allow himself to be accused in their place? There could be no possible reason. As he loved his cousin, however, there was an excellent explanation why he should retain her secret—the more so as the secret was a disgraceful one. When I remembered that you had seen her at that window, and how she had fainted on seeing the coronet again, my conjecture became a certainty.

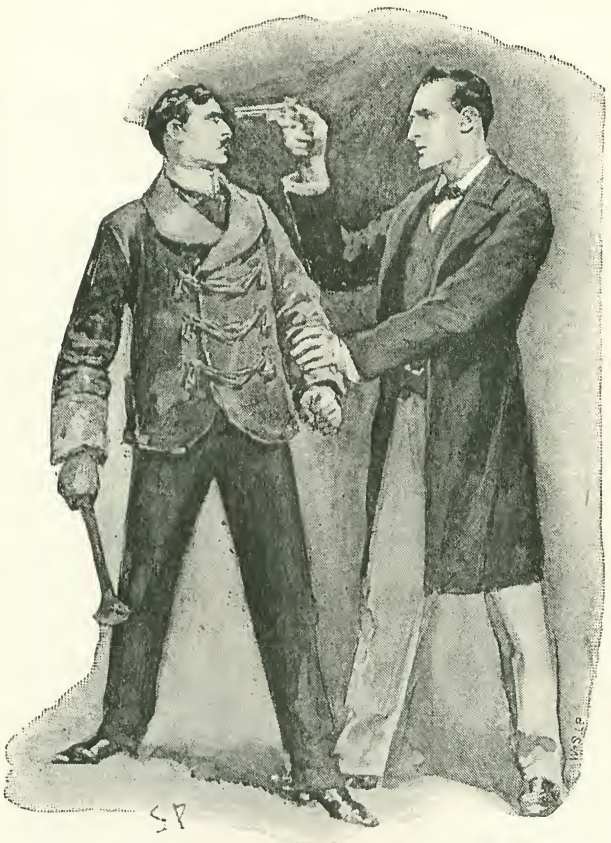
"And who could it be who was her confederate? A lover evidently, for who else could outweigh the love and gratitude which she must feel to you? I knew that you went out little, and that your circle of friends was a very limited one. But among them was Sir George Burnwell. I had heard of him before as being a man of evil reputation among women. It must have been he who wore those boots, and retained the missing gems. Even though he knew that Arthur had discovered him, he might still flatter himself that he was safe, for the lad could not say a word without compromising his own family.

"Well, your own good sense will suggest what measures I took next. I went in the

shape of a loafer to Sir George's house, managed to pick up an acquaintance with his valet, learned that his master had cut his head the night before, and finally, at the expense of six shillings, made all sure by buying a pair of his cast-off shoes. With these I journeyed down to Streatham, and saw that they exactly fitted the tracks."

"I saw an ill-dressed vagabond in the lane yesterday evening," said Mr. Holder.

"Precisely. It was I. I found that I had my man, so I came home and changed my clothes. It was a delicate part which I had to play then, for I saw that a prosecution must be avoided to avert scandal, and I knew that so astute a villain would see that our hands were tied in the matter. I went and saw him. At first, of course, he denied everything. But when I gave him every particular that had occurred, he tried to bluster, and took down a life-preserver from the wall. I knew my man, however, and I clapped a pistol to his head before he could strike. Then he became a little more reasonable. I told him that we would give him a price for the stones he held—a thousand pounds apiece. That brought out the first signs of grief that he had shown. 'Why, dash it all!' said he, 'I've let them go at six hundred for the three!' I soon managed to get the address of the receiver who had them, on promising him that there would be no prosecution. Off I set to him, and after much chaffering I got our stones at a thousand apiece. Then I looked in upon your son, told him that all was right, and eventually got to my bed about two o'clock, after what I may call a really hard day's work."



"I CLAPPED A PISTOL TO HIS HEAD."

"A day which has saved England from a great public scandal," said the banker, rising. "Sir, I cannot find words to thank you, but you shall not find me ungrateful for what you have done. Your skill has indeed exceeded all that I have ever heard of it. And now I must fly to my dear boy to apologise to him for the wrong which I have done him. As to what you tell me of poor Mary, it goes to my very heart. Not even your skill can inform me where she is now."

"I think that we may safely say," returned Holmes, "that she is wherever Sir George Burnwell is. It is equally certain, too, that whatever her sins are, they will soon receive a more than sufficient punishment."

Champions.

Frederick John Osmond.

THIS gentleman is one of the few champions among champions of sport—one of those Ormondes of the wheel compared to whom the ordinary run of champions are second raters. Cortis was the first phenomenon of this kind produced among cyclists, and Furnivall the second—Osmond is the only other as yet. Born in 1867, Mr. Osmond began cycle-racing before he was 19, being at that time a tall, pale slip of a lad, whom few outsiders would have selected as a champion athlete. Mr. G. L. Hillier, however, who can find good form no matter where hidden, persuaded him to take up racing, and with the probably unique result that at his very first race meeting the subject of our sketch won each of his races, one being a scratch race. Since that day (June 19, 1886) his mark in a handicap has been permanently fixed at scratch. In 1887 Mr. Osmond took to the tricycle and began to capture championships. At this period of his career, however, Mr. Osmond was by no means a stranger to defeat, and it is well to remember that even in the case of so exceptional a performer as he, hard work, perseverance, and occasional disappointment are the unavoidable lanes which lead to success. In 1888 he had to be content with second place in the one-mile bicycle championship—the "blue ribbon" of cycling—being beaten by Mr. Synyer. He avenged himself, however, on the following day by beating Synyer over the same distance at Aston. Championships and other scratch races fell to him, including those for each of the three great cups. In the following year he made the Brixton cup finally his own, and won the twenty-five miles bicycle championship. 1890 was a brilliant year for Mr. Osmond, albeit beginning badly with a defeat—when insufficiently trained—from his old opponent Mr. Synyer. Perhaps strung up by this, he made a clean sweep of all the bicycle championships of the year—the one, five, twenty-five, and fifty miles, to wit. In this year he also lowered the mile bicycle record to 2 minutes 28⅘ seconds, and made the Surrey cup finally his own property. In 1890, too, he fought out the last of his contests with his most formidable antagonist, Synyer, and won. Last year, owing to a bad accident early in the season, he rode little; but won each championship and scratch race he was able to ride for, and made a series of records of an astounding character, upon the safety bicycle—one mile being covered in 2 minutes 16 seconds, and only 500 yards short of twenty-four miles in an hour, breaking all records for shorter distances on the fiery way. Mr. Osmond is an engineer by profession, and his latest records have been made upon

From a Photo. by] FREDERICK JOHN OSMOND. [*H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.*

a machine of his own design—the "Whitworth." Standing now 6 feet 2 inches high, and weighing 12 stone, he bids fair to remain our premier racing cyclist for some time.

George Pilkington Mills.

As Mr. Osmond is a king among cycling champions on the racing path, so Mr. G. P. Mills is a king among those of the road. Like Mr. Osmond, too, Mr. Mills is an engineer, and also like him he has devoted some of his professional knowledge to the design of cycles. Further, both were born in the same year, Mr. Mills, however, being somewhat the elder. Although a Londoner by birth (having been born in Bayswater), the earlier of his great feats were credited to him as a Liverpudlian, the Mersey city being his place of residence at the time. Like many famous cyclists, Mr. Mills "began early," by riding, at the age of thirteen, a 44-inch ordinary bicycle—and riding it well, too. At the age of fifteen lengthened legs brought a taller machine, and in the following year he won his first prize in a two-mile race at his school (Liverpool College) sports. The list of his early road-riding feats—even from the age of sixteen—is, though wonderful, beyond our space. On July 6, 1885, he accomplished on a tricycle what was at that time considered the wonderful distance of 202 miles, and added some equally fine performances on the tall bicycle.

From a Photo. by] GEORGE PILKINGTON MILLS. *[Barraud.*

On August 22 he secured his first world's record, by winning the Anfield Club's twenty-four hours race, covering 259 miles on his 53-inch bicycle, and beating the second man by a trifle of 50 miles. Not bad for a lad of eighteen. In July of 1886 he made the first of his famous journeys from Land's End to John o' Groat's, astounding the wheel world by accomplishing the long and difficult ride in 5 days 1¾ hours, on an "ordinary," beating the previous record by 30¼ hours. A month after, he beat his own twenty-four hours ordinary bicycle record by riding 273 miles—a record which stood until last year, when it was beaten by the rider of a pneumatic. The rest of this year was signalised by a series of equally brilliant feats. He broke the Land's End to John o' Groat's tricycle record by 29½ hours, won the North Road Club's twenty-four hours race, beat the 50 miles tandem record with Mr. A. J. Wilson, and beat the 50 miles safety record in time which few men indeed could now equal on modern pneumatic machines. The year's work was crowned by another attack on the twenty-four hours record, which was raised to 295 miles, the machine breaking twenty minutes before the finish. In 1887, after beating the Southern Counties' 50 miles record, he did a little path work, and much surprised those who believed him to be a road rider alone, by beating the redoubtable Cripps level in a mile tricycle race, and winning medals in the tricycling championships. Soon, however, he left this for his more legitimate sphere, the road. On June 10 he beat the 50 mile tricycle record against a bad wind. In July he visited Holland, and astonished the natives by winning their 100 kilomètre road championship in the most hollow fashion, beating the second man by half an hour. The North Road Club's twenty-four hours ride this year gave him the opportunity of beating the twenty-four hours tricycle record, and this he did by covering 264 miles, with five hours of rain and wind storm.

Three weeks after, in another race held by the North Road Club, he beat the 100 miles tricycle record, and a week after this, with Mr. R. Tingey, he again beat the twenty-four hours tandem record—riding 298½ miles. By this time Mr. Mills's records were put at such a figure as to be regarded as unassailable. Nevertheless, since nobody else tried, he set to work in 1888 and beat

some of his own records—the twelve hours, 50 miles, and 100 miles tricycle. 1889 was a quieter year, in which Mr. Mills returned for a little to the path, and won a few prizes. In 1890 he did not race at all, but devoted himself, with some success, to rifle shooting. His two great feats of 1891 are fresh in everybody's remembrance. A great international race from Bordeaux to Paris resulted in the competing Englishmen completely outclassing the Continental riders, and in Mr. Mills almost equally out-classing the other Englishmen, riding the whole distance of 360 miles in 26 hours 34 minutes, and beating Mr. Holbein, the second man, by an hour and a quarter. It is noticeable that Mr. Mills had never ridden a safety bicycle at all for twenty-four hours since October, 1886, until this race, while the fact that he was run into early in the ride, and his machine disabled, so that he was obliged to ride various unsuitable borrowed machines for the rest of the distance, makes the feat all the more wonderful. Mr. Mills' second feat of last year was his great ride from Land's End to John o' Groat's, beating his former record by fourteen hours. Virtually the record was beaten by twenty-one hours, but four miles from the finish a fit of sleep knocked the record-breaker over for the other seven hours, so that the actual journey took 4 days 11¼ hours, with drenching rain most of the way and soddened roads.

Mr. Mills is 5 feet 10½ inches high, and weighs 11 stone 4 lbs. Our portrait shows him in the uniform of the 3rd Volunteer Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment, in which he is the Lieutenant Commanding the Cyclist Section.

GUY NICKALLS.

The original of this portrait is a fine specimen of English athleticism. Born in 1866, Mr. Guy Nickalls was educated at Eton and at Magdalen College, Oxford, taking his degree in December, 1890. Always to the fore in active sports, he swam and ran with the best at school and college. At the present time he makes a good straight line across country after the fox, and is fond of shooting. It is, however, as an oar and a sculler that Mr. Nickalls has chiefly shone. Beginning in 1880, at Eton (where, if a boy has it in him to row at all, he will demonstrate the fact sooner or later), he made a great mark in the school boats until in 1886 he went to Oxford, and was one of the winning University four and one of the losing trial eight. Next year saw Mr. Nickalls rowing in the Oxford eight against Cambridge, Cambridge winning. After winning the University sculls, he rowed in the (losing) Magdalen four and in the winning trial eight. At Henley he rowed with the Oxford Etonians for the Grand Challenge Cup, but his crew were not successful. At this Henley meeting began the series of manful tussles between Mr. Guy Nickalls and Mr. J. C. Gardner, of Cambridge University. Mr. Gardner won the Diamond Sculls, but Mr. Nickalls afterwards equalised matters by winning the Wingfield Sculls—carrying the Amateur Championship. In 1888, again, Mr. Nickalls was one of the losing Oxford eight against Cambridge. After, with Mr. W. F. D. Smith, he won the University pairs. His college boat (of course, with himself in it) this year attained the head of the river, and soon after this Mr. Nickalls became secretary to the University Boating Club. He rowed at Henley eights for the Leander, and this year won both the Diamond Sculls and the Amateur Championship. Once more—in 1889—Mr. Nickalls experienced the disappointment of the defeat of Oxford by Cambridge. He repeated his last year's performance in winning the pairs—this time in company with Lord Ampthill—and soon after became pre-

From a Photo. by] GUY NICKALLS. *[Hills & Saunders.*

sident of the O.U.B.C. Then came Henley, and, although one of the beaten pair for the Goblets—won by Messrs. Muttlebury and Gardner—he repeated his last year's feat of winning both the Diamond Sculls and the Amateur Championship. He was stroke, too, to the winning University four. In 1890 the spell of Oxford defeat was broken, and, as president of the Oxford Club, Mr. Nickalls had the gratification of beating Cambridge by a length. Again, with Lord Ampthill, he won the University pairs, and the Diamond Sculls at Henley. He managed a variation on the 1889 programme, however, by winning (still with Lord Ampthill) the Goblets. Another variation was not so gratifying; for, in the Amateur Championship, he suffered defeat at the hands of Mr. Gardner.

Last year again saw Mr. Nickalls triumphant in the Oxford boat in the Inter-'Varsity race. At Henley he had a seat in the winning boat for the Grand Challenge, and, once more with Lord Ampthill, won the Goblets. Feeling, no doubt, that by three successive wins he had sufficiently asserted his claim on the Diamond Sculls, he resigned in favour of his brother. But the Amateur Championship was a different matter; for, after three successive wins (the last a walk over), it had been wrested from him, in 1890, by Mr. Gardner. Wherefore he girded up his flannels and recovered the title. Now, after his brilliant career as an athlete, Mr. Guy Nickalls enters the serious race of life as a stockbroker.

From a Photo. by] JAMES KIBBLEWHITE. *[H. Hemmins, Swindon.*

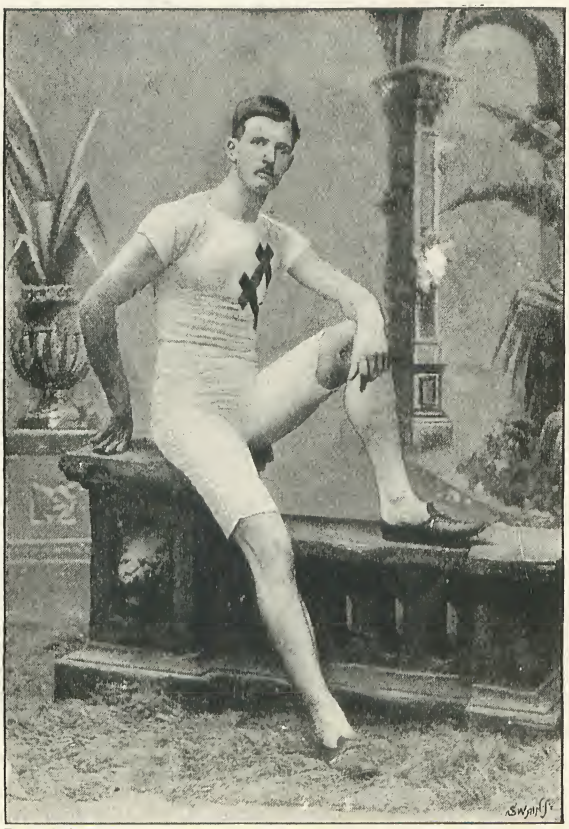
James Kibblewhite.

Of form and feature as here pictured, with a first birthday in 1866, a height of 5 feet 9½ inches and a weight, in running costume, of 10 stone, Mr. James Kibblewhite is our one and ten mile amateur champion pedestrian. Trophies to the value of more than £1,000 he has collected during his successful running career, and some are here shown. Among his spoils the 50-guinea Challenge Cup of the Salford Harriers, the Colmore Challenge Cup, and the Cheltenham Trophy of a similar kind are conspicuous. His distance begins at a mile, and extends up to as far as an amateur usually has an opportunity of running in competition. Beginning the sport in 1884, when eighteen years of age, Mr. Kibblewhite has had several years of very hard leg-work, and has victoriously fought out many a hard scamper. His mile running has curiously "favoured" the figures 4 minutes 23⅕ seconds, that being his recorded time for the distance again and again. He made that same time once in a handicap, in which he had to catch and pass 150 men; let that runner who has accomplished such a feat tell what it means. For a mile race on a grass track his time was once recorded as 4 minutes 20 seconds, but his best record is undoubted, his three miles in 14 minutes 29⅗ seconds at Stamford Bridge, which still stands as a world's record, amateur or professional. He runs across country as well as on the flat, and has won the Ten-miles Southern Counties Cross Country Championship twice, and the National Championship of the same class and distance once. Running on the flat he has placed to his credit the One-mile Amateur Championship three times, the four miles once, the ten miles once, the Two-miles

Northern Counties Championship once, and the Half-mile Championship of the same district once ; while, since the greater includes the less, it is not surprising to learn that he has thrice won the Championship of Wilts, in which county lies Purton, where he resides.

Mortimer Remington.

Our quarter-mile Amateur Championship is held by an American ; but we have the satisfaction of knowing, at any rate, that he is a good man. His name is Mortimer Remington. He was born in 1868. His bodily height is 5 feet 11 inches, and his weight, when in training and "peeled" ready to run, is 10 stone 10 lbs. He ran his first race in November, 1889—a 100 yards sprint for novices — and won—in rubber shoes! Other wins followed, and by the season of 1890, he had very nearly reached the scratch mark. At the beginning of September he signalised his first triumph in an open level race, by beating F. Westing in a 100 yards—time, 10⅗ seconds ; and winning the level 220 in 22⅗ seconds. The 27th of the same month brought Mr. Remington his first championship at Montreal, where he won the quarter-mile in 50⅗ seconds, Mr. W. C. Downes being second. From Montreal he travelled West with the Salford Harriers' team, then in America, picking up triumphs as he went along—at Detroit, Boston, and Chicago. Everybody expected him to win the quarter-mile American Championship, but—another competitor stumbled exactly in front of him, knocking him out of his stride, and giving the race to his old opponent, Downes. Other events Mr. Remington took part in, but the next of great importance was our own 440 yards championship, which he won. While on this side he made the best of his time, winning a 400 mètre race at Paris, a 100 yards and quarter-mile level at Stamford Bridge, a 100 yards level and a 300 yards handicap from scratch at Paddington, the level quarter at the Salford Harriers sports, and the quarter handicap on the same occasion, running two heats from scratch, and getting through a thick field in 50 seconds. Altogether a very fine burst of work, most of his hundreds being done in the "even ten." Returning to America, he again beat Downes in the Metropolitan District Championship of 440 yards ; but after that "went stale," lost weight and condition, and was twice defeated by Downes in comparatively slow time. This year, no doubt, he will do something to retrieve his losses. Mr. Remington is a journalist, and one of those gentlemanly Americans who form the quiet majority of his countrymen.



From a Photo. by] MORTIMER REMINGTON. *[Banks, Manchester.*

Daniel Delany Bulger.

This gentleman possesses an extraordinary record as an all-round athlete—runner, jumper, and performer over hurdles. This may be understood from the fact that of forty-seven championship contests of one kind and another in which he has taken part he has won thirty, and taken second place in ten. Twenty-six years of age, born at Kilrush, County Clare, edu-

From a Photo. by] DANIEL DELANY BULGER. *[Lafayette, Dublin.*

cated at the French College and Dublin University (where he took his B.A. in 1886), no room is left for doubt as to the emerald character of his birth and upbringing. At school he showed quality, and in 1885 began sprint training, winning the 220 yards championship of Ireland. The 1886 Irish 220 yards, and the 1887 Irish 100 and 220 yards flat and 120 yards hurdle championships were his, and many other hurdle races in this latter year. Next year brought him the Irish 100 yards and long jump championships, and many other races.

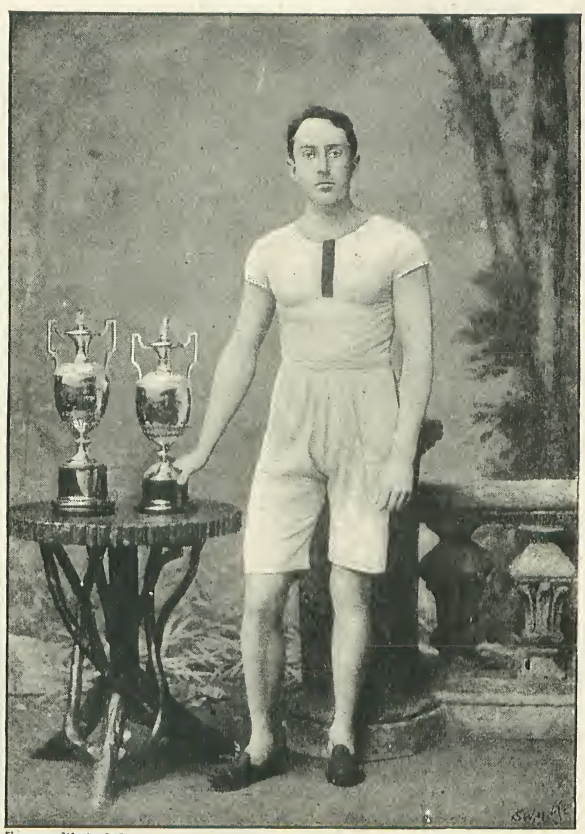
He came to England for the first time in the August of 1888, and, among other things, defeated Mr. E. H. Pelling for the Stourbridge Challenge Cup. The year 1889 was signalised by Mr. Bulger's first appearance in an English championship; and, although defeated in the 100 yards, he won the long jump with 21 feet 9 inches. Next Saturday, at Crewe, he again defeated Mr. Pelling (champion) for the Northern Counties 100 yards Championship, this being without a doubt his best sprint performance. Irish championships and numerous other events fell to him in this year and 1890, and he crowned the latter season by beating the Irish record over 120 yards of hurdles by one-fifth of a second—some watches made it two-fifths. Last year hurdle racing chiefly occupied his attention. After a dead heat with Mr. Godfrey Shaw for the Northern Counties Championship he was beaten by that redoubtable performer in the run-off. Strictly attending to training he won the race which now gives him his title of Amateur Champion of England at 120 yards of hurdles, although, through the neglect of the authorities in not properly marking out each man's course, a misunderstanding arose which led to an order to run off again, when Mr. Bulger ran alone, the other two competitors declining to turn out. It was a most unfortunate affair, which no one regretted more than Mr. Bulger himself. Later in the same afternoon he tied with Mr. M. W. Ford for the long jump championship. The inter-club contest between the London Athletic Club and the Dublin University gave him an opportunity of distinguishing himself, which he did by winning the long jump with 22 feet 2 inches, his best jump. Mr. Bulger's reputation as an athlete rests largely on his extraordinary versatility, most men finding it impossible successfully to combine high and long jumping with sprinting and hurdle work. Mr. Bulger is by profession a stockbroker, being the junior partner in the firm of D. S. Bulger & Son, of Dublin.

Godfrey Shaw.

This gentleman has confined his attention to hurdle-racing, in which he is really a wonderful performer. He holds the world's record (amateur or professional) for a quarter-mile over ten 3 ft. 6 in. hurdles, his time (made first in New Zealand) being

From a Photo. by] GODFREY SHAW. *[Mayall & Co., Brighton*

sixty-two seconds. Mr. Shaw began with a great all-round burst, at his very first sports meeting winning five mixed events. The famous three-stride trick over hurdles he first learned in November, 1885, when one of the groundmen at Cambridge (Mr. Shaw's University) taught him. Mr. Shaw's cleverest use of this method of progression was in Paris in 1886, when winning the 120 mètres hurdle race ; the hurdles were placed $10\frac{9}{10}$ yards apart, and Mr. Shaw accomplished the very ticklish task of keeping his "three-step" all the way. Immediately after this he went to live for some time in New Zealand, where he won very nearly every hurdle championship but one. At the Christchurch sports he made his great quarter-mile hurdle record, and at the same meeting he won the 120 yards hurdle handicap, actually from 25 yards *behind* scratch, making his whole distance in $18\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, both in heat and final. This was the fastest handicap ever run, and the longest starts ever successfully conceded. May, 1890, saw him back in England, and the mere list of his wins here would be tedious. Notably, however, he won the North of England Championship, beating Mr. Bulger, and the L.A.C. Hurdle Challenge Cup. In the English championship he was unplaced, refusing to turn out, after the misunderstanding alluded to in treating of Mr. Bulger's career. This was altogether a most unfortunate race, for Mr. B. C. Green, whom we shall presently speak of, and who, with Messrs. Bulger and Shaw, would probably have made a gallant fight, fell in his heat. The account of races between Messrs. Bulger and Shaw stands at two wins for the latter out of three meetings, in 120 yards hurdle contests, while at longer distances Mr. Shaw gives everybody starts. Last year, also, he beat the world's record for a quarter of a mile over ten 3 ft. hurdles, his time being $57\frac{1}{5}$ seconds—a really marvellous feat—and followed it up by equalling his New Zealand quarter-mile record over the higher hurdles, of 62 seconds, turning an involuntary summersault over his last hurdle. Mr. Shaw is 5 feet $9\frac{1}{4}$ inches high, and weighs, when trained, 10 stone 8 lbs., and is twenty-six years of age.



From a Photo. by] BERNARD C. GREEN. *[Whiteley, Bayswater, W.*

Bernard C. Green.

This gentleman may fairly be called the all-round champion medical athlete. He is a student at St. Bartholomew's, and has had a most brilliant career in the departments of the high jump, the long jump, sprint racing on the flat, and hurdlework. He made his mark at many school sports, and the enumeration of half his early wins would be an impossibility in this article. Again and again he has worthily represented the United Hospitals Athletic Club in their matches with the Edinburgh University and the L.A.C. In 1890, in the match with Edinburgh University, he won the 100 yards, the quarter-mile, and the 120 yards over hurdles. The 100 yards race in the match with the L.A.C., in the same year, brought about a wonderful finish, Mr. Green, Mr. Pelling, and Mr. G. S. S. Marshall running a treble dead-heat. In the 1891 match with the Edin-

From a Photo. by] THOMAS JENNINGS. *[Stearn, Cambridge.*

burgh University, the 100 yards, the 440 yards, and the long jump were his. Fighting for his own hospital at the United Hospital sports, he won for it the 100 yards, the 220 yards, the quarter-mile and the 120 yards hurdles in 1890, and at the same meeting next year he gave "Bart's" the 100 yards, 220 yards, the hurdles, and the long jump. This last measured 21 ft. 10 in.—a hospital record. Fighting for the L.A.C. against Oxford University in 1890, he defeated both the Oxford representatives in the hurdle race. In the competition between the L.A.C. and Cambridge last year again he won the hurdles, beating Mr. W. Fleming, who shortly after won the Inter-'Varsity race of the same kind. In the match with Dublin University last year he dead-heated with Mr. Bulger. On his own private account he won, in 1890, the L.A.C. 250 yards Challenge Cup, and the same club's Challenge Cup for 440 yards over hurdles; the long jump at three L.A.C. meetings last year, on one occasion beating Mr. M. W. Ford, the American representative; and the 100 yards, long jump, and hurdle championships of Scotland, at Glasgow again last year. In the English 120 yards hurdle championship he had the misfortune to fall.

THOMAS JENNINGS.

Mr. Jennings is our high-jump amateur champion. He was born in Cork on January 21, 1869, and is Irish by descent. He went to Cambridge in 1888, and not only took his "blue" in his first year, but won the English high-jump championship and tied for the Irish. At the next English championship, in 1889, he had to be content with second place; but last year, in his third Cambridge year, he regained the title, holding at the time the additional distinction of the presidency of the Cambridge University Athletic Club. He has, of course, won many prizes besides the championships, but, like a good amateur, holds them in comparatively cheap estimation. Physically Mr. Jennings is a model athlete, standing full 6 feet high, measuring 42 inches round the chest, and weighing, normally, 14 stone 4 lbs., and when trained a stone less. He has won many prizes in first-rate company in many sports besides the high jump—notably in hurdle events, hammer throwing and weight putting, the long jump, the quarter-mile on the flat, and throwing the cricket ball. He is a first-flight man behind the hounds in winter, and owns a pack of otter hounds which he hunts in the summer—thus following a branch of sport in which few can now indulge in this country, since otters have become so scarce.

JAMES SMART.

Notwithstanding the general unpleasantness of our climate, we rarely find it cold enough to provide anything like good skating for long together, wherefore we may, with justice, be the more proud of the many fine skaters which the country has

From a Photo. by] JAMES SMART. *[John Kennerell, Wisbech.*

produced. James Smart, the subject of this sketch, is a brother of the famous "Fish" Smart, who so long held the championship, but whom James defeated in 1889 at Lingay Fen, thus taking the title. Born in 1865, James Smart began racing on skates in 1887, when he beat Benedict Kingma, the Dutchman, in a mile race in the splendid time of 2 minutes 53⅗ seconds. Victory in a ten-mile race at Spalding followed this, the time again being first-rate—36 minutes 39 seconds. On February 28, 1888, he won the Dutch Scarf in competition with twenty-four of the best Dutch skaters, beating, among the others, Vanden Berg and Kingma; this scarf, with the colours of the Amsterdam Club, he still holds. The skating season of 1889 saw him English champion in virtue of his defeat of his brother already alluded to. Since that time he has won many races, at Leytonstone, Tottenham, Boston, Littleport, Cambridge, Chatteris, Huntingdon, St. Ives, Wisbech, and other places, one of the most notable of these contests being the mile race open to the world for £100 at Heerenveen in Holland. The skating season just past saw him the winner of a few more races in this country, but most of it he spent in Norway, unfortunately not always skating with success, the long racing skates used in that country being new to him. Smart is about 5 feet 10 inches in height, and weighs 11½ stones. The skating traditions of the Smart family are great ones, and no doubt James will maintain them as well in the future as of old.

From a Photo. by] S. W. GREASLEY. *[Heawood, Leicester.*

S. W. Greasley.

Mr. Greasley is a representative amateur of swimming. Many admirable performances in earlier years heralded his victory in the Midland Championships, at 100 yards, 220 yards, quarter-mile, and half-mile in 1889. In 1890 he was fortunate with the mile National Championship, winning it in 29 minutes 31 seconds—fastest on record for a swimmer wearing costume. In this race he beat the famous Evans, of Manchester, who holds championships of many shorter distances. At Leamington, however, the tables were turned by Evans in a 500 yards race, whereat Greasley had to put up with second place. The year was well completed by the acquisition of the mile championship of Great Britain at Kidsgrove—a runaway win by some sixty yards. The following year brought forth at Exminster the most exciting race swimmers had ever seen, when Greasley swam the half-mile championship neck and neck the whole way with Evans, just winning in 13 minutes 42⅘ seconds—a world's record, amateur or professional, by nearly four seconds for the distance in open water. After again succumbing to Evans in two of the shorter distance championships, Greasley won the Mersey championship in tidal salt water in the remarkable time of 24 minutes. After this he set to work upon the mile record, and, entirely without the assistance of pacemakers, brought it down to 29 minutes 4 seconds—25 seconds better than the old record. To show that he could swim a fast short distance when he wanted, he beat the 120 yards record at Coventry, making the distance in 1 minute 24 seconds. His many wins in races of smaller importance are much too numerous to be chronicled here. Mr. Greasley is not yet 25 years of age, his height is 5 feet 2½ inches, and he weighs 10 stone 8 lbs.

A Story for Children.

From the Servian.

THERE were once a King and a Queen who had an only daughter—a princess with golden locks, whose beauty surpassed any that was ever seen or heard of. Her forehead had the brightness of the full moon, her lips the freshness of the rose, her complexion the white purity of the lily, and her breath the sweet odour of the jessamine blossom; her voice and looks were so enchanting that no one could help listening to her and gazing upon her.

The first seventeen years of this lovely princess's life were passed in her maiden apartment, and filled with joy the King, the Queen, her governesses and servants. Nobody else saw her, for all approach to her apartment was forbidden to the sons of kings and princes, and she herself never quitted it, nor ever cast her eyes on the external world, nor ever breathed the air without.

For some years past, sons of kings and other princes had sought her hand in marriage, either in person or by ambassadors; but the King had always deferred to another time the giving of his answer. Now, however, after having long deliberated with the Queen, he sent off couriers in all directions to spread the news that, in conformity with the wishes of her parents, the princess would choose a husband, and that he towards whom her heart might incline would obtain, besides the possession of her charms, the right of succession to the kingdom.

Great was the joy of the princess as soon as she was informed of this decision. She took to gazing into the garden through the gilded trellis of her window, dreamed there for a long time, and finished by feeling an irresistible desire to descend into the garden and walk about upon the fresh greensward. So earnestly did she ask permission of her governesses that they could not refuse to allow her to walk in the garden for a little while in their company.

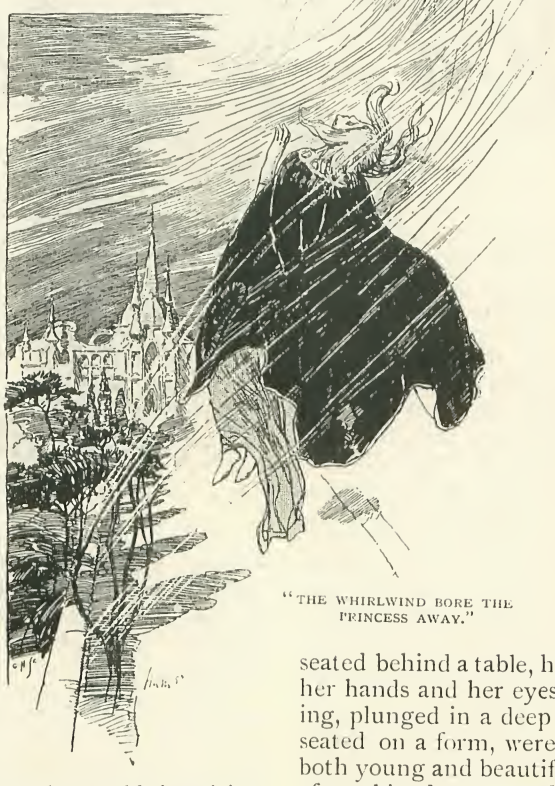
The crystal doors opened, the double doors of oak enclosing the orchard creaked upon their hinges, and the princess stepped upon a velvet lawn. She set off running about the garden, plucking the flowers and inhaling their perfume, and chasing the many-hued butterflies.

Prudence was not yet much developed in her young head; she strayed far away

from her governesses, her face was uncovered, her beauty displayed itself unveiled.

And now an impetuous whirlwind, such as has never been seen or recorded, even in fabulous story, burst over the garden. It roared and raged, and, snatching up the princess, bore her away.

The King and Queen, speechless with sorrow, knew not what to do. At this very time a crowd of princes had arrived at the palace. Seeing the King a prey to so much distress, they asked of him the cause.



"THE WHIRLWIND BORE THE PRINCESS AWAY."

"Woe to my white hair!" cried the King. "A Vikhar (whirlwind) has carried off my beloved daughter, the lovely princess with the golden locks, and I know not whither he has borne her. He who finds her and brings her back to me shall have her for his bride, and with her and at once the half of my kingdom, and the rest of my fortune and titles after my death."

On hearing these words spoken, the princes and knights sprang upon their horses and set forth to scour the world, inquiring everywhere for the princess with the golden locks who had been carried away by a whirlwind.

Among the most distinguished of all these was the son of a king.

His eyes resembled those of a falcon and his eyebrows those of the sable. His right hand was of pure gold. His bearing was so majestic as to excite astonishment in all who saw him.

The young prince set off, straight before him—over deep rivers and over stupendous mountains.

At length, arrived at a dark forest, he perceived at a distance a cabin perched on the claws of a cock. About the cabin there was a field full of poppies in bloom. The prince went towards it, and suddenly felt himself overcome by a strong desire to go to sleep—a desire so strong as to be almost irresistible. But he set spurs to his steed and, trampling down the heads of the poppies in his course, presently arrived in front of a cabin perched on a cock's claws and called out—

"Turn, cabin, turn!—turn on your claws, your back to the forest, your front to me!"

Instantly the cabin turned about with a grating sound, and brought its door on the side of the prince.

He entered and found within a stunted old woman with white hair and face all covered with wrinkles and stains, hideous to see. She was seated behind a table, her head resting upon her hands and her eyes fixed upon the ceiling, plunged in a deep reverie. Near her, seated on a form, were her two daughters, both young and beautiful, with complexions of combined roses and lilies, most pleasing to the sight.

"How do you do, prince with the hand of gold?" asked the old woman, whose name was Yaga. "What has brought you to my dwelling?"

The prince having informed her as to the motive of his travels, she said to him—

"Many have perished on the mountain which touches the clouds, while they were searching for the princess with the golden locks carried off by Vikhar, the Whirlwind."

"How can I reach that abductor?" asked the prince.

"Ah, my poor child!—he will swallow

you up like a fly ; even I am afraid of him. For a hundred years I have not stirred out of this cabin, for fear lest he should bear me away to his mountain which touches the clouds."

"He will not carry me off, for I am not so beautiful ; and he will not carry me off for another reason—I have a hand of gold with which I can break everything."

"Well, my dove, if you are not afraid, I will help you ; but give me your word that you will bring me from that mountain some of the water of Jouvence, which possesses the virtue of instantly restoring to youthfulness whoever sprinkles herself with it."

"I promise to bring you some of it."

"This is what you must do, then. I'll give you a ball of thread to guide you ; you must throw it before you and follow it wherever it goes. It will lead you up the mountain which touches the clouds, which, in the absence of Storm, is guarded by the Tempest of the North and the Wind of the South. If, while following the ball of thread upon the mountain, you feel yourself being overcome by cold, put on this warming-cap. When you have gone further and a burning heat begins to suffocate you, drink of this refreshing flask. By the aid of these three things you will reach the summit of the mountain, where Vikhar has imprisoned the princess with the golden locks. As to how you will deal with him, that is your affair ; only, don't forget to bring me back with you some of the water that restores lost youthfulness."

The prince took the warming-cap, the refreshing-flask, and the guiding-ball of thread, and bowing to old Yaga and her two pretty daughters, sprang upon his horse, threw the ball of thread as far as he could throw it, and galloped away in the direction it indicated.

After passing across two kingdoms, he found himself in the centre of a third, in a beautiful and far-extending valley, above which rose a mountain, the top of which touched the clouds ; its summit, indeed, was so prodigiously high as almost to reach the moon.

Leaving his horse to feed at liberty, the prince, still following his guiding-ball of thread, began to ascend the steep and stony side of the mountain. Higher and higher he mounted, until he had accomplished half the ascension.

Suddenly the north wind began to blow violently ; the cold became so intense that the trunks of trees creaked and the breath congealed into ice. The young prince felt himself becoming benumbed.

Instantly he drew from his pocket the warming-cap and placed it on his head, crying as he did so—

"Warming-cap, lend me your warmth, that the cold may harm me not."

The north wind redoubled its fury at that moment, but the prince was so warm as to be obliged to unbutton his doublet, and with his handkerchief to wipe the perspiration from his brow.

Still upwards he followed the guiding-ball of thread, which, after a while, stopped short upon a little eminence covered with snow. The prince cleared away the snow from the surface, and discovered two frozen bodies, which he concluded must be those of two former adventurers. Kneeling down, he uttered a prayer over them. That done, he followed the guiding-ball,

"WARMING-CAP, LEND ME YOUR WARMTH."

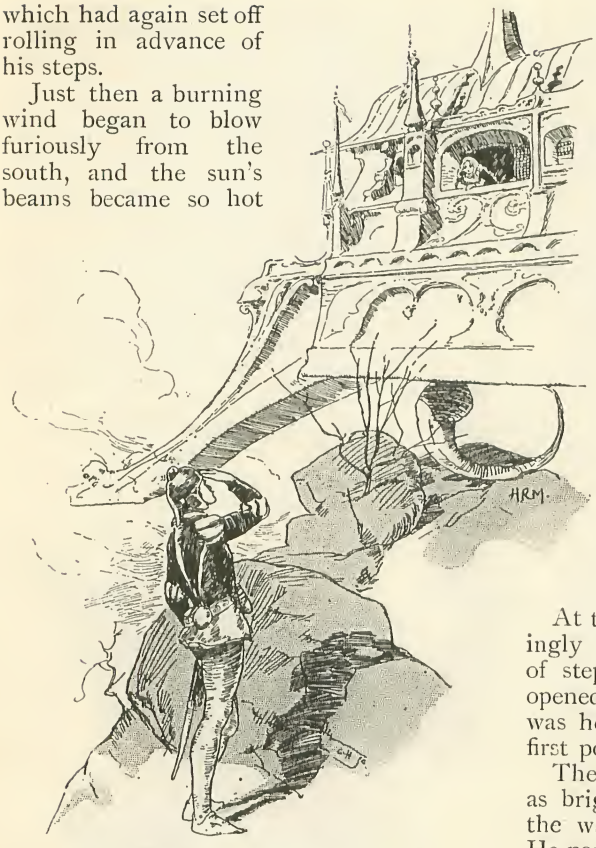
which had again set off rolling in advance of his steps.

Just then a burning wind began to blow furiously from the south, and the sun's beams became so hot that the leaves of the trees shrivelled, the grass dried up, and the earth opened in wide chasms. Thirst, heat, and fatigue began to overcome the prince, but he drew from his pocket the refreshing-flask, and cried—

"Flask of refreshing powers, preserve me from all harm."

He drank freely of its contents, and presently, feeling himself become stronger than ever, continued his way up the mountain. Not only did he suffer no more from the heat, but he was even obliged to button up his doublet, so cool had he become.

The guiding-ball still mounted, and the prince, keeping closely up with it, passed through the region of clouds, and at last reached the summit of the mountain.



"THERE HE FOUND A MARVELLOUS PALACE"

There he found a marvellous palace, made entirely of silver, with steel-barred gates, and roofed with gold. Standing upon a single cock's claw, the flight of steps leading up to its main entrance was turned towards a deep abyss, so that no living creature could gain access to it. From one of its windows the princess with the golden locks was looking forth, her beautiful hair streaming in the wind, her eyes shedding light, her breath embalming the air. The prince had hardly seen her before he sprang forward and cried—

"Palace, palace, turn upon your sustaining claw—turn your back towards the precipice, your front towards me."

At these words, the palace turned creakingly upon its support, and set its flight of steps before the prince, who speedily opened the door and entered. No sooner was he within than the palace resumed its first position.

The prince penetrated a room that was as bright as the sun, of which the floor, the walls, and the ceiling were of glass. He paused, full of astonishment, for instead of one princess, he perceived twelve—all

"THE YOUNG PRINCE EMPTIED IT AT A DRAUGHT."

of the same beauty, all having the grace, all the same golden locks as the true princess.

As soon as the princess set eyes on the prince, she uttered a cry of joy and sprang to meet him.

"If life is dear to you," she cried, "fly from hence, for Vikhar may return at any moment, and he could kill you with a look!"

"If I fail to rescue you, of what value to me will my life be? But I am of good hope; only give me to drink from the heroic well some of the water drunk by Vikhar."

The princess, having drawn a pailful, handed it to him. The young prince emptied it at a draught, and asked for a second. Though somewhat astonished at this, the princess drew him another pailful, which he drank off as before. After which he said—

"Princess, permit me to sit down for a moment to recover breath."

She handed him an iron chair, on which he seated himself, but which broke under him in a thousand pieces. She then brought the chair used by Vikhar himself, but though it was made of steel, the prince had no sooner sat down upon it than it cracked and bent under his weight.

"You see, princess, that I have become heavier than your invincible Storm. But, before he returns, tell me, I beg, how you pass your time here?"

"Alas! I pass my time in tears and sorrow; my only consolation is that, so far, I have been able to resist the importunities of my persecutor, who vainly solicits me to become his wife. I have told him that I will never marry anyone but the man who succeeds in finding the answers to six enigmas which I have composed; thus two years have passed and, in spite of all his efforts, he has failed. The last time he went from the palace he announced to me that if, on returning, he was still unable to answer my enigmas, he would compel me to marry him in spite of my opposition."

"Then *I* will be the priest on that occasion—and wed him to death."

At that instant a horrible hissing sound was heard.

"Be on your guard, prince," cried the princess. "Vikhar is coming."

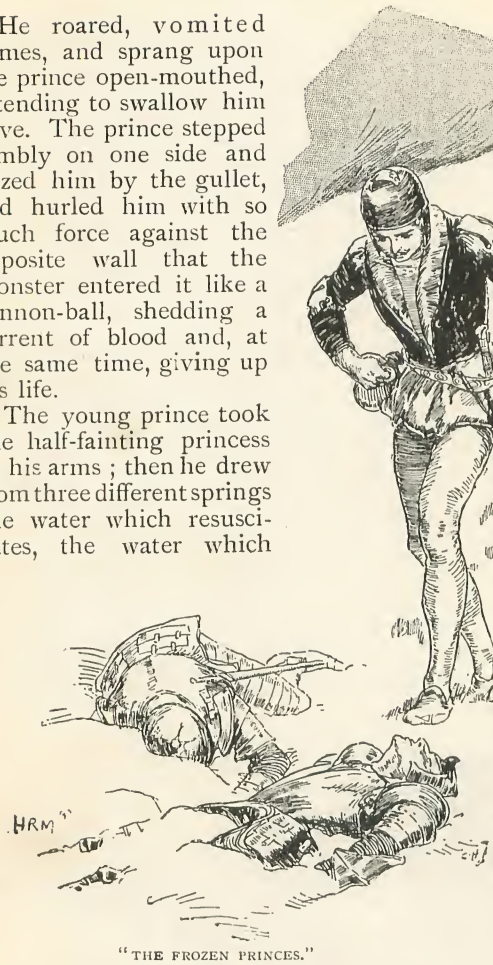
The palace began to turn rapidly on the claw which supported it. Frightful noises arose on all sides, thousands of ravens and other birds of ill omen croaked, and all the doors flew open of themselves with a terrifying crash.

Mounted upon a winged steed which snorted flames, Vikhar dashed into the glass room, and beheld the presence of the prince with astonishment. The impatient horse reared and beat its wings. Vikhar had the body of a giant and the head of a dragon.

"THE PRINCE SEIZED HIM BY THE GULLET."

He roared, vomited flames, and sprang upon the prince open-mouthed, intending to swallow him alive. The prince stepped nimbly on one side and seized him by the gullet, and hurled him with so much force against the opposite wall that the monster entered it like a cannon-ball, shedding a torrent of blood and, at the same time, giving up his life.

The young prince took the half-fainting princess in his arms ; then he drew from three different springs the water which resuscitates, the water which revives, and the water which restores lost youthfulness. That done, he seized the bridle of the winged horse, which appeared to be petrified, and pointed toward the spot where the two dead and frozen princes lay. The horse threw up its head, reared, beat its wings, rose high into the air, and at length descended gently at the spot where the two dead princes were lying. The prince with the golden hand sprinkled their frozen bodies with the water which resuscitates. The chill of death was dissipated, and the hue of life returned to their faces. Next he sprinkled them with the water which reanimates. Their eyes opened, and they rose.



"THE FROZEN PRINCES."

The prince with the hand of gold related to them all that had happened. They embraced each other tenderly. Taking them up with the princess on to his horse's back, he pointed to the place where the cabin of old Yaga stood upon its cock's claws. Tossing its head, the steed reared, spread its wings, and mounted to the clouds, clearing high forests in its course, and at length descended at the spot to which it had been directed.

The prince cried—

"Cabin, cabin, turn on your claws—your back to the forest, your front to me."

Immediately the cabin turned round creakingly, and presented its door in face of the prince. Old Yaga came out to meet him, and having received a phial full of the water of Jouvence, instantly sprinkled herself with its contents. All signs of age at once disappeared from her features, and, from being ugly, she became young and charming. So happy was she in the change, that she kissed the hands of the princes, and said—

"Ask of me what you will ; I can refuse you nothing."

At that moment, her two young and pretty daughters, fresh as rosebuds, looked out of their windows. The sight of them so pleased the two princes that they cried, in one voice—

"HER TWO YOUNG AND PRETTY DAUGHTERS LOOKED OUT OF THEIR WINDOWS."

"Give us your two daughters to be our wives."

"I give them to you," replied the young mother.

She motioned to her daughters to come from the cabin, saluted her future sons-in-law, burst into laughter, and disappeared. The elder princes took up their betrothed on the same horse, and an hour or two afterwards it descended, as its master had commanded, in front of the palace of the princess's parents.

The King and Queen, on seeing their only daughter returned, flew to meet her with cries of delight, embraced her tenderly, and thanked her liberator.

Embracing her father tenderly, the princess with the golden locks said—

"My most honoured king and lord, the prince, my betrothed, knows the vow I made when I was carried away by Vikhar the Storm—only to give my hand to him who should succeed in guessing my six enigmas. Is a princess with golden locks permitted to break her word?"

The King made no answer, but the prince cried—

"I am ready; speak, princess, I listen."

"This is my first enigma," said the princess. "Two of my extremities form one sharp point; the two others, each a ring; and, in the middle, there is a rivet."

"Scissors," said the prince.

"Well guessed. Here is the second: I pass round the table on a single foot, but if I am broken my injury is past remedy."

"A wineglass."

"Very good. My third enigma: Though tongueless, I answer faithfully; nobody sees me; all hear me."

"Echo."

"True. Here is my fourth: Fire does not light me and the broom cannot sweep me away; no painter can paint me, no prison can hold me."

"The light of the sun."

"Even so. Listen to my fifth enigma: I existed before Adam was created; I have always alternated the two colours of my dress; thousands of years have passed, yet I have changed neither in form nor colour."

"Time—made up of day and night."

"You have guessed the five that were the most difficult, the last one is simpler: By day a ring, by night a serpent—whoever guesses that shall be my husband."

"A waist-belt."

"You have guessed them all aright," said the princess, placing her hand in that of the young prince.

Both knelt at the feet of the King and Queen. The marriage of the three couples was celebrated that same evening. A splendid banquet was prepared, to which a host of noble guests were invited, and the festivities were joyously continued far into the next day.

The Queer Side of Things.

"THE RETALIATOR."

I HAD often wondered acutely how public men felt on opening their comic paper and seeing some atrocious caricature of themselves, and my curiosity, gathering force as time passed, at length oppressed me to such an extent as to render me incapable of other thoughts. At length, after a sleepless night, I determined to satisfy, if possible, that devouring curiosity. At five a.m. I came to the decision to go and ask the public men; and, the decision once arrived at, my eagerness was such that, after another hour of intense longing, I dressed myself hurriedly and went out to make my first call.

I have intentionally suppressed all names in the following report, being anxious to avoid wounding any susceptibilities; and an impenetrable veil of disguise is therefore thrown over the identity of those of whom there is occasion to treat. My first act was to take the train for North Wales, in order to effect an interview with Mr. G——, whom I had the good fortune to find reposing upon the root of a tree, an axe by his side. While I tendered my question he fixed upon me a severe yet attentive eye; then, while a harrowing expression of profound and overpowering mental pain too potent for words passed over his face, he replied:

"You ask how we feel. While disclaiming all authority to express or delineate, and indeed any sort of warrant or justification in expressing or delineating, the mental and moral sensations or experiences of others under the circumstances to which you so pointedly and unequivocally refer in your inquiry, I may tell you that (although I usually conceal my emotion behind that dignified reserve so essential to the decorous conduct and development of a political career), that I feel that mad with 'em that I could—" and his hand wandered significantly to the axe. "What I hate," he said, warming to his subject, "what I hate is to be represented with wide trousers as stiff as boards, and with an enormous nose perpetually in the air; though I'm not sure that I have any less aversion to being always drawn with very narrow trousers covered with angular creases over the boots, which are horribly wrinkled, and invariably turned out as in the fifth position; and my arms fixed (as

"REPOSING ON THE ROOT OF A TREE."

no human arm ever *was* fixed) on to shoulders forming a perfect right angle, and my features woolly with an infinity of microscopic lines; and I hate to have my face composed entirely of coarse lines, and marked by an invariable expression of wild astonishment, and surrounded by hair like snakes; but what I loathe worst of all is to be reduced to two black dots and two acute angles — *that's* the most maddening thing of the whole lot!"

He stopped for breath, panting with long pent-up sense of wrong.

"But, if you'll swear solemnly, on this chip, to breathe a word of it to no living creature, I'll tell you something—a great secret. We—the public men, I mean—have held a quiet meeting on this very subject, and we've decided to take the matter into our own hands, and defend ourselves. We have conceived a plan for protection, not unamplified by revenge, and we're taking steps to carry it out—but here's Sally coming across the grass; he's in it, of course, and he'll tell you all about it."

Turning, I perceived approaching, with ponderous tread, the Marquis of S——, who presently seated himself weightily upon a large fallen trunk, breaking it.

"Look here, Sally," said Mr. G——, "this young man wants to know all about our Public Men's Mutual Protection and Revenge Union——"

"Hum! State secret!" began Lord S——; but, perceiving it was all right, he turned to me, and said: "They're at it again this week—more atrocious than ever! There I am, sir, in one of the cartoons, perfectly spherical, with my clothes tense with horizontal wrinkles, and looking as if I were about to burst, and with my nose in the air as usual; and there I am again with legs just as thin as G——'s here, and in a pair of trousers made by the same tailor, and having a mass of wrinkles over the boots, just like his; as if he and I had only one pair of trousers between us! And there I am again, like a football, with no legs to speak of, and——"

"Pooh! what's *that?* Trivial, compared with the tortures *I* undergo!" thundered a voice behind me; and there stood Sir W—— H——. "I tell you solemnly, Sally, that I appear in one paper this week with no less than seventeen distinct chins—seventeen, sir! It's disgraceful—it's maddening—I'll commit suicide!"

"That's better than being represented like a collection of clothes-props," said Mr. B—— (arriving at that moment), in a voice tremulous with emotion. Those who have represented Mr. B—— as phlegmatic and unsusceptible should have seen him as I saw him at that pathetic moment! "With legs, gentlemen," he continued, clasping his forehead, "of exactly the same thickness as the golf stick I am supposed to invariably carry!"

"Well, young man," said the Marquis of S——, turning to me, "our plan is maturing, and almost ready to burst upon the crew of caricaturists, scattering destruction and dismay in their confounded midst. We have, each of us, secured the services of ——but show him yours, G——; that is, if he isn't *too* savage."

Mr. G—— led the way toward the back yard of the house. As we approached we became conscious of a low growling, intensifying as we approached. "Do not be apprehensive," said Mr. G——, throwing open the gate of the yard, "he is chained."

At the sight of us a wild figure sprang forward with an angry yell, but was fortunately checked by the stout chain which it strained to its utmost tension: it shook its fist at us menacingly, shouting angrily, "Confound every one of you—*I'll* take you off before you know where you are! Just stand like that—yah!—head a little more round. I'll caricature every man jack of you—such guys! Aha! oho! Noses as

"CONFOUND EVERY ONE OF YOU!"

big as your bodies, and fangs for teeth! Confound you!"

The ground all around him was littered with wild caricature sketches of all sorts of persons—the stable-boy who brought his food, Mr. G—— himself, and his friends and others.

"There, sir," said Mr. G——, "*that's* what I'm preparing for them: *that's* the rod I have in pickle! My private caricaturist, sir; Sally and the rest of us have one each,"

"But what do you purpose to do with him?" I asked.

"Do with him?" said Mr. G——. "Why, set him on to the caricaturists of the papers who caricature *me*, of course; to rend them—pictorially—limb from limb."

"But why do you keep him chained up?"

"To make him savage, of course. Sometimes we keep him without food for a day or two, and then his productions *are* severe, I can tell you—every one of us comes out as a demon, with horn and a pitchfork. Regularly every morning we tickle him with straws, throw pepper over him to make him sneeze, and make faces at him; and when he really *is* vexed he's a sight to see. Just come outside, and I'll show you a dummy of the first number of the new magazine we intend to bring out—*The Retaliator*."

"THE SERVANT ANNOUNCED A GENTLEMAN."

It was some weeks after the foregoing occurrences that I was conversing with an eminent caricaturist, when the servant announced that a gentleman wished to speak with him. On the visitor being shown up, I could not help a feeling of recognition which told me that I had seen him before, although I could not remember where. He had come to interview the eminent caricaturist; and, while he conversed persuasively with him and drew him out, I observed that he kept a glittering eye fixed penetratingly upon the object of his interview; nothing about my friend the caricaturist seemed to escape him; and when at length he arose with an air of triumph, and retired towards the door, he suddenly whipped out a small sketch-book and dashed in a rapid sketch of the eminent one.

"Going to put my portrait in too?" asked the latter. The appalling intensity of the gleam in the visitor's eye absolutely held me spellbound, as he hissed "Yes!" then he was gone. Then at last a revelation flashed upon me, and a tear rose to my eye as I thought of the fate of my acquaintance the caricaturist—the fate, hanging, like an invisible sword, over his yet unconscious head; and, when I bade him good-bye a short time after, I felt that I was squeezing his hand in silent sympathy. I could not bring myself to tell him the awful truth; it would have choked me.

Next week the first number of *The Retaliator* appeared, and in its midst a fearful caricature of my acquaintance the eminent caricaturist.

Instantly I hurried to his studio to learn the worst, and found him lying back in an

easy-chair, limp like a wet rag, his glazed eyes fixed upon the hideous caricature. He did not know me at first, but gazed round in a dazed way, and asked for a soda and brandy. Then he gradually came to, and we sat staring hopelessly at each other.

"Cruel!" was all he could murmur for some time.

"What shall you do?" I asked, taking his hand in mine.

"I don't know. It is a terrific blow. I am not used to it. I am not prepared to be caricatured. It never, never struck me that the thing was possible, you know—didn't know it *could* be done. Why—hang it—I'm a caricaturist!"

"LIMP LIKE A WET RAG."

He had no heart for his work, poor fellow; he had to knock off and go round to the club and have seven whisky-and-sodas.

The occurrence sent a chill of apprehension through the whole caricaturist profession. The caricaturists met at the clubs, and in the studios, and whispered apprehensively in knots; they began to grow pale and worn, and a cloud seemed to hover over their spirits. Then next week came out the second number of *The Retaliator*, containing a cartoon of another eminent caricaturist, even more crushing than the former one. Every point about its victim was exaggerated to a pitch that numbed the observer with horror; the ignorant public began to snigger at the expense of the profession; and every member of the latter knew that his fate was sealed—that, sooner or later, his turn was to come. The profession was disorganised and demoralised; the graphic and satiric pencil vibrated in the nerveless hand of the comic artist, or dropped helplessly from it.

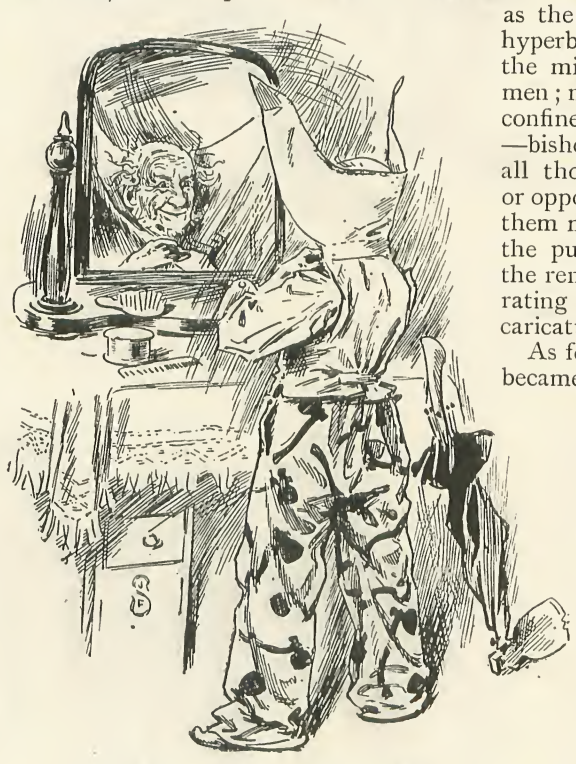
Actions for libel were wildly talked of in cartoonist circles—actions for libel—tort—breach of promise—anything.

All this while, at all times of the day and night, in all places likely or unlikely, under all circumstances, mysterious and gliding figures were to be dimly seen, sketch-book in hand, dogging the footsteps of the caricaturists, studying their gait manner and habits. On all sorts of pre-

"THE CARICATURISTS WHISPERED APPREHENSIVELY."

texts, suspicious strangers would call at the abode of comic artists to spy out the land—to do a bit of plumbing, look at the gas-meter, measure for clothes and boots, tune the piano, beg on behalf of a charity. The caricaturist was never for a moment secure, sleeping or waking; until he trembled at the opening of a door or the ringing of a bell. It was a terrible state of things, not unlike the great plague.

Then caricatures began to appear in *The Retaliator* of their relations—their mothers, and aunts, and cousins. Several caricaturists emigrated, some sank under it, some became hopelessly imbecile and had to retire to asylums. The page for the cartoon in the comic paper appeared as a blank sheet week after week, no new spirit being found bold enough to take up the pencil dropped from the old hand. At last the only caricatures which appeared were those in *The Retaliator*. It was, indeed, tragic.



"MR. G.'S COLLARS ACTUALLY INCREASED DAILY IN SIZE."

Then there came about a result which all observant thinkers had foreseen: untrammelled by the salutary check of wholesome satire, freed from the beneficent curb of pictorial criticism, fearing no longer the reflection of that mirror of humorous delineation which, by magnifying, more effectually emphasises faults and weaknesses of style and deportment, our public men began to embrace those extravagances against whose graphic delineations they had formerly murmured. Mr. G——'s collars actually increased daily in size, and his eyes became daily more like black dots in very perverse ecstasy of triumphant defiance; while he ventured, on one occasion, to actually appear in his place in the House, armed with an enormous axe; Sir W—— H——, in the arrogant joy of unflagellated licence, added daily to his chins and his luxurious prodigality of perimetry; Mr. B—— revelled ever increasingly in a wanton extravagance of irresponsible tenuity and length which threatened to surpass the wildest efforts of the suppressed caricaturist; the weight of the Marquis of S—— increased to tons; Mr. Ch—— habitually wore the lens of a railway lamp for an eyeglass, and covered himself completely with orchids; and Lord R—— C—— attained a reckless and overweening diminutiveness, bordering on invisibility, and wholly incompatible with a wealth of moustache absolutely preposterous in its prodigality.

Public affairs were coming to a standstill, as the mania of physical hyperbole wholly absorbed the minds of our statesmen; nor was the epidemic confined to political circles—bishops, actors, judges, all those whose vocation or opportunities presented them more or less before the public, suffered from the removal of the moderating hand of beneficent caricature.

As for the judges, they became all wig, nose, and spectacles, to the entire disappearance of the judge; thin public men attained to an arrogance of attenuation as unreasonable as it was repellent; fat ones became spherical in the unrestrained jubilation of the newfound licence.

This state of things could not go on long. It simply meant ruin—effacement—chaos: one by one those public men began to vaguely feel that this was so. I called at H——tf——ld (the princely residence of the Marquis of S——) one evening, and found them holding high revel—a sort of masque, a pandemonium. At the end of a great hall sat Lord S——, holding aloft a huge stage-goblet, while at his feet crouched his comic artist, in cap and bells, enter-

taining his master by drawing wild caricatures of all comers; Mr. G—— hovered about the apartment, cutting off the mouldings of the oak panelling, and gashing the picture-frames with a ponderous axe, while his collar trailed along the floor and tripped everybody up; Sir W—— H—— (to admit whom, the door being too narrow, a large piece of the wall had to be taken down) occupied three large chairs, and had a special footman to attend to each of his chins; Lord R—— Ch——, but the scene was too terrible to describe. It will linger for ever in the memory of the horrified observer.

Suddenly the Marquis of S—— paused in the wild and hyperbolic revel; his goblet fell crashing from his hand on to the head of his comic artist, crushing him flat.

"Gommie, old boy," he said, solemnly, and in a voice whose vibrations echoed to the uttermost limits of the hall; "IT'S TOO HOT! IT WON'T DO!"

Mr. G—— paused in his wild work of havoc. He smote thrice on his breast. "NO!" he said, slowly—hollowly.

* * * *

That very day *The Retaliator* was suppressed; and a short Bill was passed offering a handsome annuity to all caricaturists who would come back and resume their function of satirising public men. The latter, wise before it was too late—awakening to the truth in the very nick of time—had grasped the fact of the need of hostile caricature for the restraining of those fatal vagaries of deportment and aspect which public men, free from all salutary restraint, would carry to a pitch which makes one shudder to contemplate. It is all right again now—the public satirists are reinstated, and receive an honorarium from the Government.

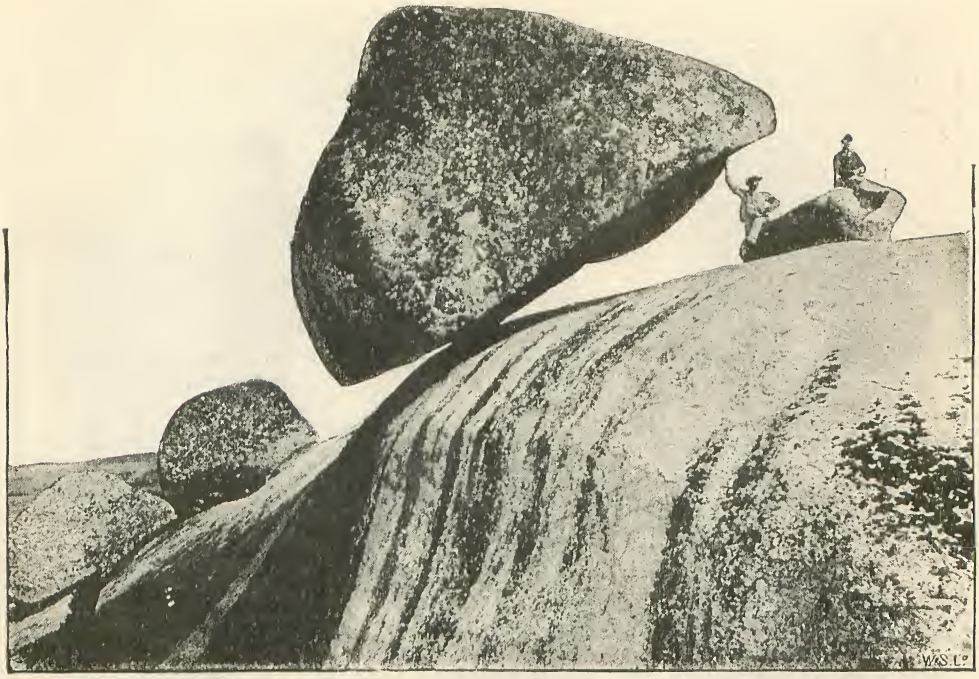
"But just think what we *might* have come to," murmured Lord S——, in a voice tremulous with horror.

"Ah—h!" whispered Mr. G——, his bosom too full for words.

J. F. SULLIVAN.

Some London
Whol buy my Pinguny Birds
Any Hobby Horses to say
Fine Writing Ink and Quills
Any Toasting Forks and Shovels
Young Lambs to sell
Half past ten and a Stormy night
Dust oh Dust oh
Old Clo Old Clo Old Clo
Three pence a pottle Strawberries
George Cruikshank
1892

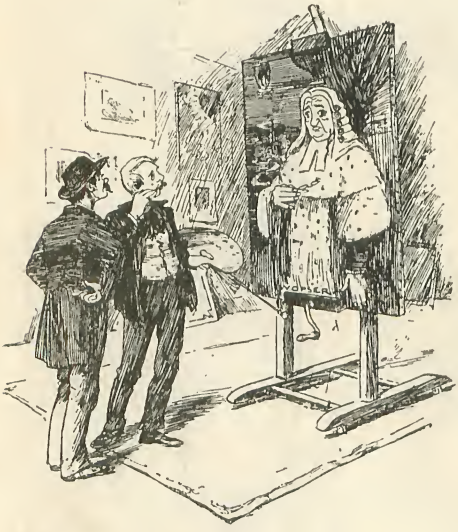
Street Cries
THE MILLION WEEKLY
Any Door Mats or Dusting Brooms
Two Market Bunches a penny Watercress
All hot all hot. Taters. all hot.
All a Blowing all a Growing.
Muffins and Crumpets. all Hot. all Hot
Sweep Sweep Sweeps
Any Chickweed and Grunsell for your Singing Birds
Four fresh Herrings eight for Fourpence
1892



From a Photo. by] *[Pedro Mannini, Tandil.*

ROCKING-STONE, TANDIL, BUENOS AYRES.

This prodigious stone is movable at the slightest touch, but a team of bullocks have failed to stir it from its place.



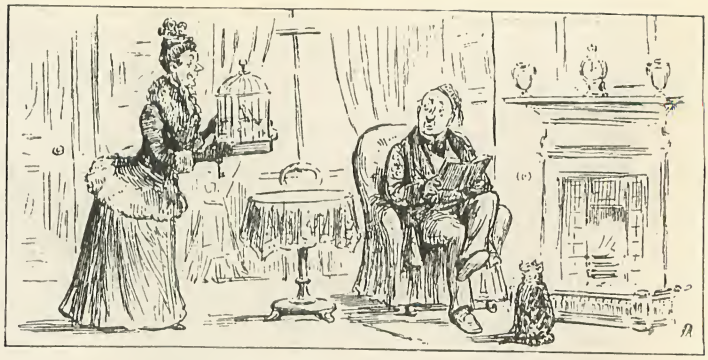
A CANDID CRITIC.

"HOW DO YOU LIKE MY PORTRAIT OF THE JUDGE?"
"HOW MUCH IS HE GOING TO GIVE YOU FOR IT?"
"WHAT DO YOU THINK HE OUGHT TO GIVE ME?"
"SIX MONTHS!"

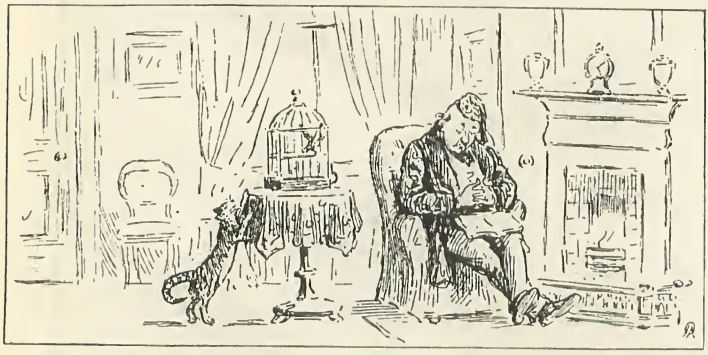
"UNPLEASANTNESS."

"WOTDJER GIVE WARNIN' FUR?"
"WY, MISSIS SHE MAKES SO MUCH UNPLEASANTNESS. I CAN'T POKE A 'OLE IN A PICTURE, NOR SMASH A BIT O' OLD CHINA, NOR DROP A KNOB O' COAL ON THE BABY'S 'ED, BUT WOT SHE TELLS ME ABOUT IT!"

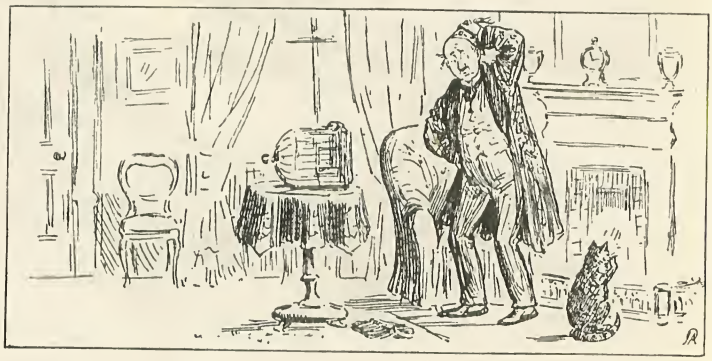
A VESTRY MEETING.



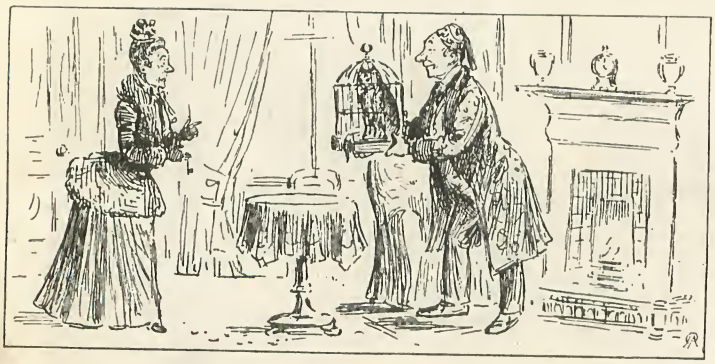
1. HOW MISS DRAWING-ROOM, GOING OUT FOR AN HOUR OR SO, LEAVES HER BIRD IN CHARGE OF MR. PARLOUR.



2. HOW MR. PARLOUR'S FAVOURITE PUSSY TAKES CHARGE OF MISS D.'S BIRD.

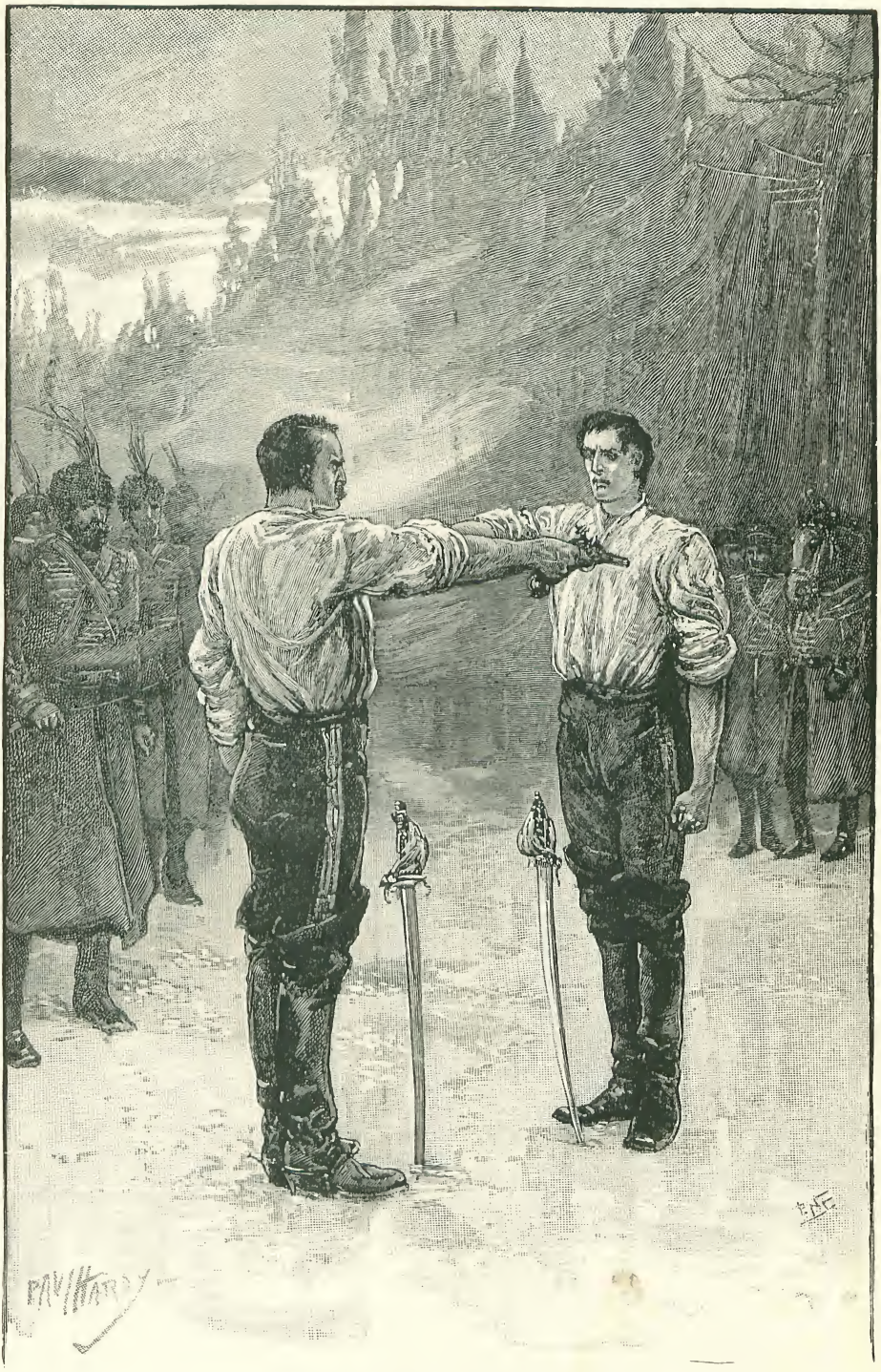


3. HOW MR. P. IS IN DESPAIR.

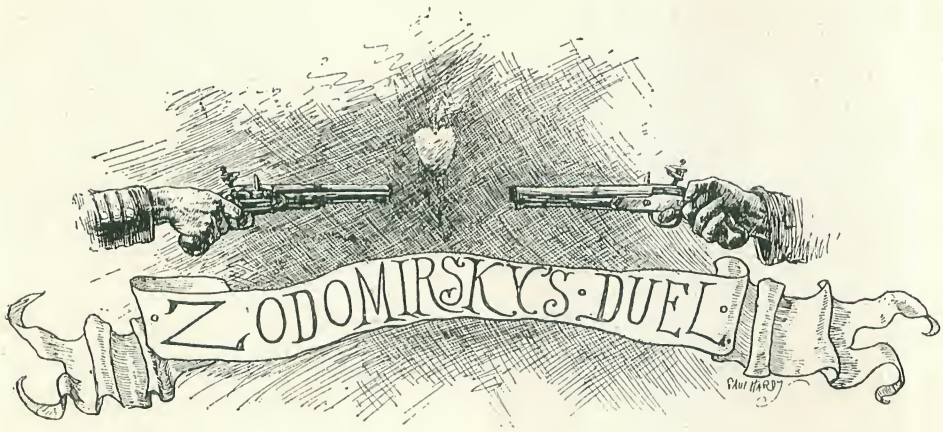


4. HOW A HAPPY THOUGHT COMES TO HIM, AND HE RETURNS THE BIRD—*INSIDE THE CAT!*

A CAT-AS-TROPHY.



ZODOMIRSKY'S DUEL.



FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

I.

AT the time of this story our regiment was stationed in the dirty little village of Valins, on the frontier of Austria.

It was the fourth of May in the year 182–, and I, with several other officers, had been breakfasting with the Aide-de-Camp in honour of his birthday, and discussing the various topics of the garrison.

"Can you tell us without being indiscreet," asked Sub-Lieutenant Stamm of Andrew Michaelovitch, the aide-de-camp, "what the Colonel was so eager to say to you this morning?"

"A new officer," he replied, "is to fill the vacancy of captain."

"His name?" demanded two or three voices.

"Lieutenant Zodomirsky, who is betrothed to the beautiful Mariana Ravensky."

"And when does he arrive?" asked Major Belayef.

"He *has* arrived. I have been presented to him at the Colonel's house. He is very anxious to make your acquaintance, gentlemen, and I have therefore invited him to dine with us. But that reminds me, Captain, you must know him," he continued, turning to me, "you were both in the same regiment at St. Petersburg."

"It is true," I replied. "We studied there together. He was then a brave, handsome youth, adored by his comrades, in everyone's good graces, but of a fiery and irritable temper."

"Mademoiselle Ravensky informed me that he was a skilful duellist," said Stamm. "Well, he will do very well here; a duel is a family affair with us. You are welcome, Monsieur Zodomirsky. However quick your temper, you must be careful of it before me, or I shall take upon myself to cool it."

And Stamm pronounced these words with a visible sneer.

"How is it that he leaves the Guards? Is he ruined?" asked Cornet Naletoff.

"I have been informed," replied Stamm, "that he has just inherited from an old aunt about twenty thousand roubles. No, poor devil! he is consumptive."

"Come, gentlemen," said the Aide-de-Camp, rising, "let us pass to the saloon and have a game of cards. Koloff will serve dinner whilst we play."

We had been seated some time, and Stamm, who was far from rich, was in the act of losing sixty roubles, when Koloff announced—

"Captain Zodomirsky."

"Here you are, at last!" cried Michaelovitch, jumping from his chair. "You are welcome."

Then, turning to us, he continued—"These are your new comrades, Captain Zodomirsky; all good fellows and brave soldiers."

"Gentlemen," said Zodomirsky, "I am proud and happy to have joined your

"CAPTAIN ZODOMIRSKY."

regiment. To do so has been my greatest desire for some time, and if I am welcome, as you courteously say, I shall be the happiest man in the world."

"Ah! good day, Captain," he continued, turning to me and holding out his hand. "We meet again. You have not forgotten an old friend, I hope?"

As he smilingly uttered these words, Stamm, to whom his back was turned, darted at him a glance full of bitter hatred. Stamm was not liked in the regiment; his cold and taciturn nature had formed no friendship with any of us. I could not understand his apparent hostility towards Zodomirsky, whom I believed he had never seen before.

Someone offered Zodomirsky a cigar. He accepted it, lit it at the cigar of an officer near him, and began to talk gaily to his new comrades.

"Do you stay here long?" asked Major Belayef.

"Yes, monsieur," replied Zodomirsky. I wish to stay with you as long as possible," and as he pronounced these words he saluted us all round with a smile. He continued, "I have taken a house near that of my old friend Ravensky whom I knew at St. Petersburg. I have my horses there, an excellent cook, a passable library, a little garden, and a target; and there I shall be quiet as a hermit, and happy as a king. It is the life that suits me."

"Ha! you practise shooting!" said Stamm, in such a strange voice, accompanied by a smile so sardonic, that Zodomirsky regarded him in astonishment.

"It is my custom every morning to fire twelve balls," he replied.

"You are very fond of that amusement, then?" demanded Stamm, in a voice without any trace of emotion; adding, "I do not understand the use of shooting, unless it is to hunt with."

Zodomirsky's pale face was flushed with a sudden flame. He turned to Stamm, and replied in a quiet but firm voice, "I think, monsieur, that you are wrong in calling it lost time to learn to shoot with a pistol; in our garrison life an imprudent word often leads to a meeting between comrades, in which case he who is known for a good shot inspires respect among those indiscreet persons who amuse themselves in asking useless questions."

"Oh! that is not a reason, Captain. In duels, as in everything else, something should be left to chance. I maintain my first opinion, and say that an honourable man ought not to take too many precautions."

"And why?" asked Zodomirsky.

"I will explain to you," replied Stamm. "Do you play at cards, Captain?"

"Why do you ask that question?"

"I will try to render my explanation clear, so that all will understand it. Everyone knows that there are certain players who have an enviable knack, whilst shuffling the pack, of adroitly making themselves master of the winning card. Now, I see no difference, myself, between the man who robs his neighbour of his money and the one who robs him of his life." Then he added, in a way to take nothing from the insolence of his observation, "I do not say this to you, in particular, Captain, I speak in general terms."

"It is too much as it is, monsieur!" cried

Zodomirsky, "I beg Captain Alexis Stephanovitch to terminate this affair with you." Then, turning to me, he said, "You will not refuse me this request?"

"So be it, Captain," replied Stamm quickly. "You have told me yourself you practise shooting every day, whilst I practise only on the day I fight. We will equalise the chances. I will settle details with Monsieur Stephanovitch."

Then he rose and turned to our host.

"*Au revoir*, Michaelovitch," he said. "I will dine at the Colonel's." And with these words he left the room.

The most profound silence had been kept during this altercation; but, as soon as Stamm disappeared, Captain Pravdine, an old officer, addressed himself to us all.

"We cannot let them fight, gentlemen," he said.

Zodomirsky touched him gently on his arm.

"Captain," he said, "I am a newcomer amongst you; none of you know me. I have yet, as it were, to win my spurs; it is impossible for me to let this quarrel pass without fighting. I do not know what I have done to annoy this gentleman, but it is evident that he has some spite against me."

"The truth of the matter is that Stamm is jealous of you, Zodomirsky," said Cornet Naletoff. "It is well known that he is in love with Mademoiselle Ravensky."

"That, indeed, explains all," he replied. "However, gentlemen, I thank you for your kind sympathy in this affair from the bottom of my heart."

"And now to dinner, gentlemen!" cried Michaelovitch. "Place yourselves as you choose. The soup, Koloff; the soup!"

Everybody was very animated. Stamm seemed forgotten; only Zodomirsky appeared a little sad. Zodomirsky's health was drunk; he seemed touched with this significant attention, and thanked the officers with a broken voice.

"Stephanovitch," said Zodomirsky to me, when dinner was over, and all had risen, "since M. Stamm knows you are my second and has accepted you as such, see him, and arrange everything with him; accept all his conditions; then meet Captain Pravdine and me at my rooms. The first who arrives will wait for the other. We are now going to Monsieur Ravensky's house."

"You will let us know the hour of combat?" said several voices.

"Certainly, gentlemen. Come and bid a last farewell to one of us."

We all parted at the Ravenskys' door, each officer shaking hands with Zodomirsky as with an old friend.

II.

STAMM was waiting for me when I arrived at his house. His conditions were these—Two sabres were to be planted at a distance of one pace apart; each opponent to extend his arm at full length and fire at the word "*three*." One pistol alone was to be loaded.

I endeavoured in vain to obtain another mode of combat.

"It is not a victim I offer to M. Zodomirsky," said Stamm, "but an adversary. He will fight as I propose, or I will not fight at all; but in that case I shall prove that M. Zodomirsky is brave only when sure of his own safety."

Zodomirsky's orders were imperative. I accepted.

When I entered Zodomirsky's rooms, they were vacant; he had not arrived. I looked round with curiosity. They were furnished in a rich but simple manner, and with evident taste. I drew a chair near the balcony and looked out over the plain. A storm was brewing; some drops of rain fell already, and thunder moaned.

At this instant the door opened, and Zodomirsky and Pravdine entered. I advanced to meet them.

"We are late, Captain," said Zodomirsky, "but it was unavoidable."

"And what says Stamm," he continued.

I gave him his adversary's conditions. When I had ended, a sad smile passed over his face; he drew his hand across his forehead and his eyes glittered with feverish lustre.

"I had foreseen this," he murmured. "You have accepted, I presume?"

"Did you not give me the order yourself?"

"Absolutely," he replied.

Zodomirsky threw himself in a chair by the table, in which position he faced the door. Pravdine placed himself near the window, and I near the fire. A presentiment weighed down our spirits. A mournful silence reigned.

Suddenly the door opened and a woman muffled in a mantle which streamed with water, and with the hood drawn over her face, pushed past the servant, and stood

before us. She threw back the hood, and we recognised Mariana Ravensky!

Pravdine and I stood motionless with astonishment. Zodomirsky sprang towards her.

"Great heavens! what has happened, and why are you here?"

"Why am I here, George?" she cried. "Is it *you* who ask me, when this night is perhaps the last of your life? Why am I here? To say farewell to you. It is only two hours since I saw you, and not

"'GREAT HEAVENS! WHAT HAS HAPPENED?'"

one word passed between us of to-morrow. Was that well, George?"

"But I am not alone here," said Zodomirsky in a low voice. "Think, Mariana. Your reputation—your fair fame——"

"Are you not all in all to me, George? And in such a time as this, what matters anything else?"

She threw her arm about his neck and pressed her head against his breast.

Pravdine and I made some steps to quit the room.

"Stay, gentlemen," she said, lifting her head. "Since you have seen me here, I have nothing more to hide from you, and perhaps you may be able to help me in what I am about to say. Then, suddenly flinging herself at his feet—

"I implore you, I command you, George," she cried, "not to fight this duel with Monsieur Stamm. You will not end two lives by such a useless act! Your life belongs to me; it is no longer yours. George, do you hear? You will not do this."

"Mariana! Mariana! in the name of heaven do not torture me thus! Can I refuse to fight? I should be dishonoured—lost! If I could do so cowardly an act, shame would kill me more surely than Stamm's pistol."

"Captain," she said to Pravdine, "you are esteemed in the regiment as a man of honour; you can, then, judge about affairs of honour. Have pity on me, Captain, and tell him he *can* refuse such a duel as this. Make him understand that it is not a duel, but an assassination; speak, speak, Captain, and if he will not listen to me, he will to you."

Pravdine was moved. His lips trembled and his eyes were dimmed with tears. He rose, and, approaching Mariana, respectfully kissed her hand, and said with a trembling voice—

"To spare you any sorrow, Mademoiselle, I would lay down my life; but to counsel M. Zodomirsky to be unworthy of his uniform by refusing this duel is impossible. Each adversary, your betrothed as well as Stamm, has a right to propose his conditions. But whatever be the conditions, the Captain is in circumstances which render this duel absolutely necessary. He is known as a skilful duellist; to refuse Stamm's conditions were to indicate that he counts upon his skill."

"Enough, Mariana, enough," cried George. "Unhappy girl! you do not know what you demand. Do you wish me, then, to fall so low that you yourself would be ashamed of me? I ask you, are you capable of loving a dishonoured man?"

Mariana had let herself fall upon a chair. She rose, pale as a corpse, and began to put her mantle on.

"You are right, George, it is not I who would love you no more, but you who would hate me. We must resign ourselves to our fate. Give me your hand, George;

perhaps we shall never see each other again. To-morrow! to-morrow! my love."

She threw herself upon his breast, without tears, without sobs, but with a profound despair.

She wished to depart alone, but Zodomirsky insisted on leading her home.

Midnight was striking when he returned.

"You had better both retire," said Zodomirsky as he entered. "I have several letters to write before sleeping. At five we must be at the rendezvous."

I felt so wearied that I did not want telling twice. Pravdine passed into the saloon, I into Zodomirsky's bedroom, and the master of the house into his study.

The cool air of the morning woke me. I cast my eyes upon the window, where the dawn commenced to appear. I heard Pravdine also stirring. I passed into the saloon, where Zodomirsky immediately joined us. His face was pale but serene.

"Are the horses ready?" he inquired.

I made a sign in the affirmative.

"Then, let us start," he said.

We mounted into the carriage, and drove off.

III.

"Ah," said Pravdine all at once, "there is Michaelovitch's carriage. Yes, yes, it is he with one of ours, and there is Naletoff, on his Circassian horse. Good! the others are coming behind. It is well we started so soon."

The carriage had to pass the house of the Ravenskys. I could not refrain from looking up; the poor girl was at her window, motionless as a statue. She did not even nod to us.

"Quicker! quicker!" cried Zodomirsky to the coachman. It was the only sign by which I knew that he had seen Mariana.

Soon we distanced the other carriages, and arrived upon the place of combat—a plain where two great pyramids rose, passing in this district by the name of the "Tomb of the Two Brothers." The first rays of the sun darting through the trees began to dissipate the mists of night.

Michaelovitch arrived immediately after us, and in a few minutes we formed a group of nearly twenty persons. Then we heard the crunch of other steps upon the gravel. They were those of our opponents. Stamm walked first, holding in his hand a box of pistols. He bowed to Zodomirsky and the officers.

"Who gives the word to fire, gentlemen?" he asked.

The two adversaries and the seconds turned towards the officers, who regarded them with perplexity.

No one offered. No one wished to pronounce that terrible "three," which would sign the fate of a comrade.

"Major," said Zodomirsky to Belayef, "will you render me this service?"

Thus asked, the Major could not refuse, and he made a sign that he accepted.

"Be good enough to indicate our places, gentlemen," continued Zodomirsky, giving me his sabre and taking off his coat, "then load, if you please."

"That is useless," said Stamm, "I have brought the pistols; one of the two is loaded, the other has only a gun-cap."

"Do you know which is which?" said Pravdine.

"What does it matter?" replied Stamm, "Monsieur Zodomirsky will choose."

"It is well," said Zodomirsky.

Belayef drew his sabre and thrust it in the ground midway between the two pyramids. Then he took another sabre and planted it before the first. One pace alone separated the two blades. Each adversary was to stand behind a sabre, extending his arm at full length. In this way each had the muzzle of his opponent's pistol at six inches from his heart. Whilst Belayef made these preparations Stamm unbuckled his sabre, and divested himself of his coat. His seconds opened his box of pistols, and Zodomirsky, approaching, took without hesitation the nearest to him. Then he placed himself behind one of the sabres.

Stamm regarded him closely; not a muscle of Zodomirsky's face moved, and there was not about him the least appearance of bravado, but of the calmness of courage.

"He is brave," murmured Stamm.

And taking the pistol left by Zodomirsky he took up his position behind the other sabre, in front of his adversary.

They were both pale, but whilst the eyes of Zodomirsky burned with implacable resolution, those of Stamm were uneasy and shifting. I felt my heart beat loudly.

Belayef advanced. All eyes were fixed on him.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" he asked.

"We are waiting, Major," replied Zodomirsky and Stamm together, and each lifted his pistol before the breast of the other.

A death-like silence reigned. Only the birds sang in the bushes near the place of combat. In the midst of this silence the Major's voice resounding made everyone tremble.

"One."

"Two."

"*Three.*"

Then we heard the sound of the hammer falling on the cap of Zodomirsky's pistol. There was a flash, but no sound followed it.

Stamm had not fired, and continued to hold the mouth of his pistol against the breast of his adversary.

"Fire!" said Zodomirsky, in a voice perfectly calm.

"It is not for you to command, Monsieur," said Stamm, "it is I who must decide whether to fire or not, and that depends on how you answer what I am about to say."

"Speak, then; but in the name of heaven speak quickly."

"Never fear, I will not abuse your patience."

We were all ears.

"I have not come to kill you, Monsieur," continued Stamm, "I have come with the carelessness of a man to whom life holds nothing, whilst it has kept none of the promises it has made to him. You, Monsieur, are rich, you are beloved, you have a promising future before you: life must be dear to you. But fate has decided against you: it is you who must die and not I. Well, Monsieur Zodomirsky, give me your word not to be so prompt in the future to fight duels, and I will not fire."

"I have not been prompt to call you out, Monsieur," replied Zodomirsky in the same calm voice; "you have wounded me by an outrageous comparison, and I have been compelled to challenge you. Fire, then; I have nothing to say to you."

"My conditions cannot wound your honour," insisted Stamm. "Be our judge, Major," he added turning to Belayef. "I will abide by your opinion; perhaps M. Zodomirsky will follow my example."

"M. Zodomirsky has conducted himself as bravely as possible; if he is not killed, it is not his fault." Then, turning to the officers round, he said—

"Can M. Zodomirsky accept the imposed condition?"

"He can! he can!" they cried, "and without staining his honour in the slightest."

Zodomirsky stood motionless.

"The Captain consents," said old Pravdine, advancing. "Yes, in the future he will be less prompt."

"It is you who speak, Captain, and not M. Zodomirsky," said Stamm.

"Will you affirm my words, Monsieur Zodomirsky?" asked Pravdine, almost supplicating in his eagerness.

"I consent," said Zodomirsky, in a voice scarcely intelligible.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried all the officers enchanted with this termination. Two or three threw up their caps.

"I am more charmed than anyone," said Stamm, "that all has ended as I desired. Now, Captain, I have shown you that before a resolute man the art of shooting is nothing in a duel, and that if the chances are equal a good shot is on the same level as a bad one. I did not wish in any case to kill you. Only I had a great desire to see how you would look death in the face. You are a man of courage; accept my compliments. The pistols were not loaded." Stamm, as he said these words, fired off his pistol. There was no report!

Zodomirsky uttered a cry which resembled the roar of a wounded lion.

"By my father's soul!" he cried, "this is a new offence, and more insulting than the first. Ah! it is ended, you say? No, Monsieur, it must re-commence, and this time the pistols shall be loaded, if I have to load them myself."

"No, Captain," replied Stamm, tranquilly, "I have given you your life, I will not take it back. Insult me if you wish, I will not fight with you."

"Then it is with me whom you will fight, Monsieur Stamm," cried Pravdine, pulling off his coat. "You have acted like a scoundrel; you have deceived Zodomirsky and his seconds, and, in five minutes if your dead body is not lying at my feet, there is no such thing as justice."

Stamm was visibly confused. He had not bargained for this.

"And if the Captain does not kill you, I will!" said Naletoff.

"Or I!" "Or I!" cried with one voice all the officers.

"The devil! I cannot fight with you all," replied Stamm. "Choose one amongst you, and I will fight with him, though it will not be a duel, but an assassination."

"Reassure yourself, Monsieur," replied Major Belayef, "we will do nothing that the most scrupulous honour can complain

of. All our officers are insulted, for under their uniform you have conducted yourself like a rascal. You cannot fight with all ; it is even probable you will fight with none. Hold yourself in readiness, then. You are to be judged. Gentlemen, will you approach ?"

We surrounded the Major, and the fiat went forth without discussion. Everyone was of the same opinion.

Then the Major, who had played the *rôle* of president, approached Stamm, and said to him—

"Monsieur, you are lost to all the laws of honour. Your crime was premeditated in cold blood. You have made M. Zodomirsky pass through all the sensations of a man condemned to death, whilst you were perfectly at ease, you who knew that the pistols were not loaded. Finally, you have refused to fight with the man whom you have doubly insulted."

"Load the pistols ! load them !" cried Stamm, exasperated. "I will fight with anyone !"

But the Major shook his head with a smile of contempt.

"No, Monsieur Lieutenant," he said, "you will fight no more with your comrades. You have stained your uniform. We can no longer serve with you. The officers have charged me to say that, not wishing to make your deficiencies known to the Government, they ask you to give in your resignation on the cause of bad health. The surgeon will sign all necessary certificates. To-day is the 3rd of May : you have from now to the 3rd of June to quit the regiment."

"I will quit it, certainly ; not because it is your desire, but mine," said Stamm, picking up his sabre and putting on his coat.

Then he leapt upon his horse, and galloped off towards the village, casting a last malediction to us all.

We all pressed round Zodomirsky. He was sad ; more than sad, gloomy.

"Why did you force me to consent to this scoundrel's conditions, gentlemen ?" he said. "Without you, I should never have accepted them."

"My comrades and I," said the Major, "will take all the responsibility. You have acted nobly, and I must tell you in the name of us all, M. Zodomirsky, that you are a man of honour." Then, turning to the officers : "Let us go, gentlemen, we must inform the Colonel of what has passed."

"We mounted into the carriages. As we did so we saw Stamm in the distance galloping up the mountain side from the village upon his horse. Zodomirsky's eyes followed him.

"I know not what presentiment torments me," he said, "but I wish his pistol had been loaded, and that he had fired."

He uttered a deep sigh, then shook his head, as if with that he could disperse his gloomy thoughts.

"A LAST MALEDICTION.

"Home," he called to the driver.

We took the same route that we had come by, and consequently again passed Mariana Ravensky's window. Each of us looked up, but Mariana was no longer there.

"Captain," said Zodomirsky, "will you render me a service?"

"Whatever you wish," I replied.

"I count upon you to tell my poor Mariana the result of this miserable affair."

"I will do so. And when?"

"Now. The sooner the better. Stop!" cried Zodomirsky to the coachman. He stopped, and I descended, and the carriage drove on.

Zodomirsky had hardly entered when he saw me appear in the doorway of the saloon. Without doubt my face was pale, and wore a look of consternation, for Zodomirsky sprang towards me, crying—

"Great heavens, Captain! What has happened?"

I drew him from the saloon.

"My poor friend, haste, if you wish to see Mariana alive. She was at her window; she saw Stamm gallop past. Stamm being alive, it followed that you were dead. She uttered a cry, and fell. From that moment she has never opened her eyes."

"Oh, my presentiments!" cried Zodomirsky, "my presentiments!" and he rushed, hatless and without his sabre, into the street.

On the staircase of Mlle. Ravensky's house he met the doctor, who was coming down.

"Doctor," he cried, stopping him, "she is better, is she not?"

"Yes," he answered, "better, because she suffers no more."

"Dead!" murmured Zodomirsky, growing white, and supporting himself against the wall. "Dead!"

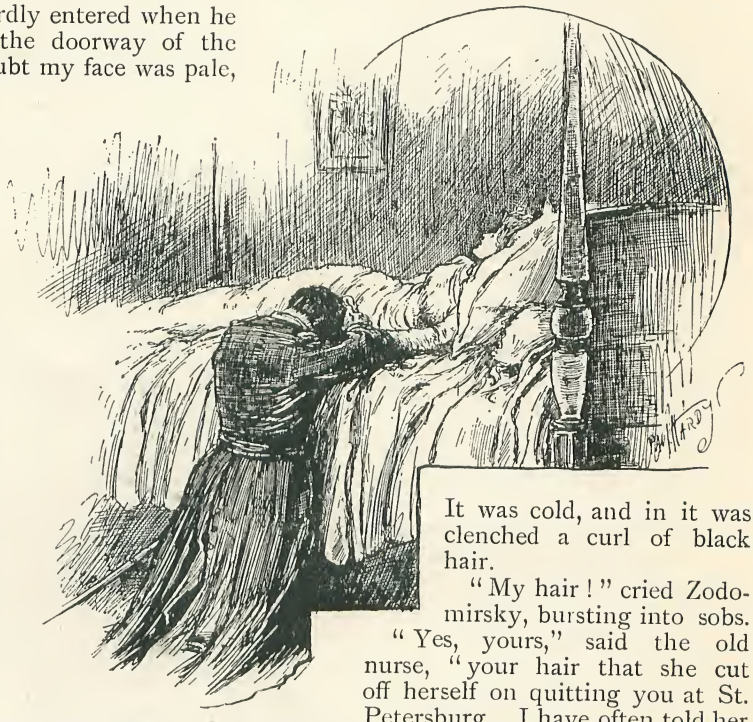
"I always told her, poor girl! that, having a weak heart, she must avoid all emotion——"

But Zodomirsky had ceased to listen. He sprang up the steps, crossed the hall and the saloon, calling like a madman—

"Mariana! Mariana!"

At the door of the sleeping chamber stood Mariana's old nurse, who tried to bar his progress. He pushed by her, and entered the room.

Mariana was lying motionless and pale upon her bed. Her face was calm as if she slept. Zodomirsky threw himself upon his knees by the bedside, and seized her hand.



"HE THREW HIMSELF ON HIS KNEES BY THE BEDSIDE."

It was cold, and in it was clenched a curl of black hair.

"My hair!" cried Zodomirsky, bursting into sobs.

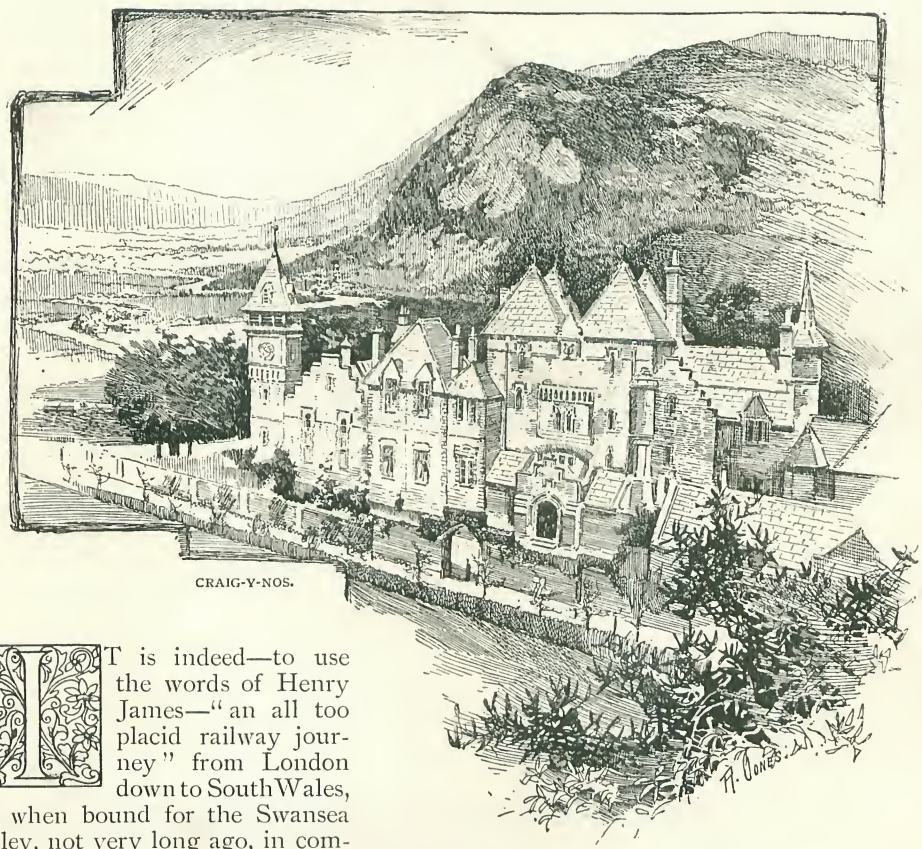
"Yes, yours," said the old nurse, "your hair that she cut off herself on quitting you at St. Petersburg. I have often told her it would bring misfortune to one of you."

If anyone desires to learn what became of Zodomirsky, let him inquire for Brother Vassili, at the Monastery of Troitza.

The holy brothers will show the visitor his tomb. They know neither his real name, nor the causes which, at twenty-six, had made him take the robe of a monk. Only they say, vaguely, that it was after a great sorrow, caused by the death of a woman whom he loved.

Illustrated Interviews.

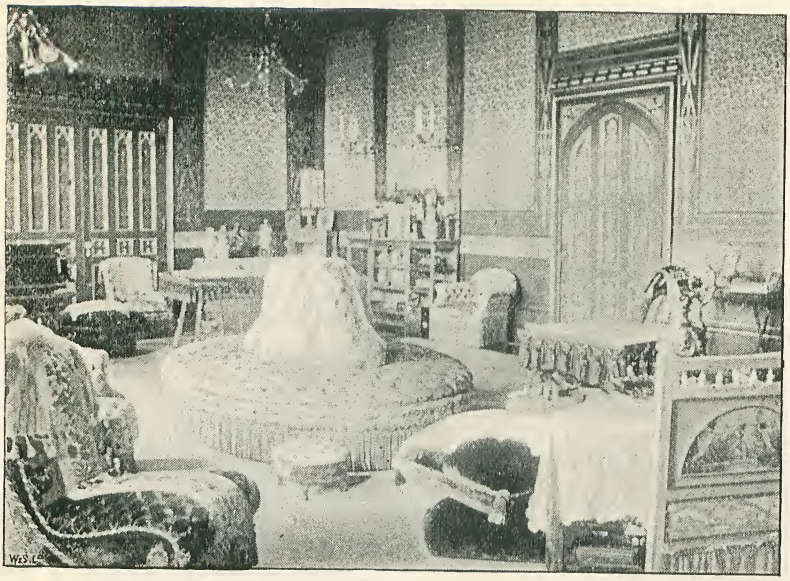
XII.—MADAME ADELINA PATTI.



CRAIG-Y-NOS.

IT is indeed—to use the words of Henry James—"an all too placid railway journey" from London down to South Wales, and when bound for the Swansea Valley, not very long ago, in company with a party of cheery spirits, I must confess to feeling in despair, after leaving the old cathedral city of Hereford in the rear, of ever reaching the promised goal, as the train crept with an exasperating slowness past one deserted country station after another. Great was the general relief when at length the cry of "Penwyllt" was to be heard, and on descending from our railway carriage to find a cosy landau waiting to convey our party to Craig-y-nos Castle, the far-famed mountain home of Adelina Patti, a beautiful residence and estate situated on a cleft of the huge Night rock (from which it derives its name), standing high above the sparkling waters of the Tawe and surrounded by scenery of rare loveliness. Tired and travel-worn as we were, we could but congratulate ourselves, as the panorama now opened before us, on making acquaintance with a comparatively unexplored country, a green vision of towering hills and fresh bright valleys musical with the chime of running streams, and as yet primitive and unpervaded by the omnipresent tourist.

On reaching the courtyard of the castle, the wide gates were thrown open to admit us into a flowery garden, and now the house itself, tall and stately, stood before us. The door was unlatched by a pleasant-looking German "intendant," William Heck, Madame Patti's right hand and domestic adviser, who, after conducting us through the warmly carpeted hall, led the way to the drawing-room to await the down-coming of the fair châtelaine herself. Needless to say that the welcome of Adelina Patti to her guests is always a hearty one. The diva puts her heart into all she does, whether it be singing, dancing, playing, or attending to the wants of the poor who throng at her gates.

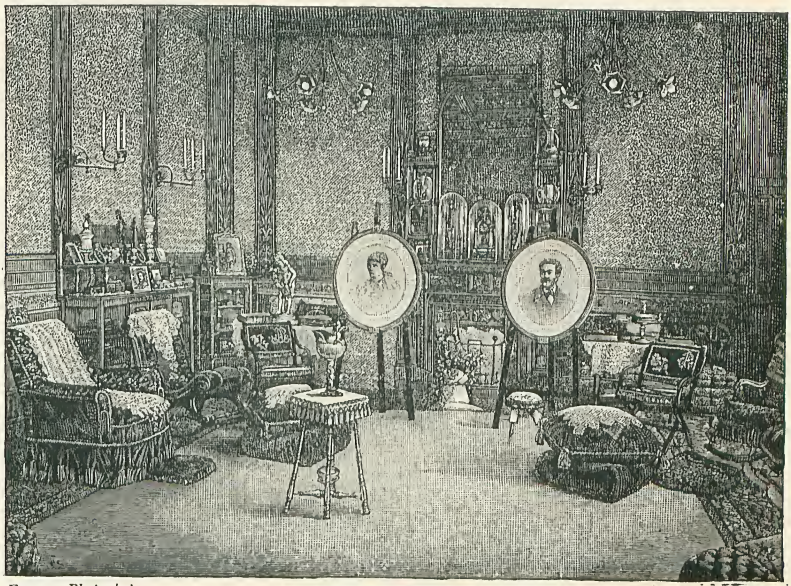


From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

Whilst chatting merrily to us as we sipped the fragrant tea she had ordered for our refreshment, the prima donna was willing to answer the many questions we put to her on the subject of her household goods.

"There will be much for you to see to-morrow, after you have rested," she says, laughingly. "But meanwhile, I see your eyes are stealing their way to that marble bust in the corner. It is supposed to be me, but bears more resemblance to someone else, I think! You will find a truer likeness of me in Mr. Sant's picture, which was presented to me by the committee of the Swansea Hospital a few years ago, and which I naturally prize very much, as so many kind friends contributed to the gift. That cabinet in the corner of the room contains all my most valuable souvenirs, and among others you will find a ruby bracelet given by the Queen of England, some long Roman earrings sent to me by Mario and Grisi, who used to be good friends of mine in the days that are no more; and many other treasures. The beautiful bust on the table by the window, bearing the inscription, 'Time is Money,' was the gift of Mr. and Mrs. de Young, of San Francisco, and the laurel wreath, studded with diamonds and engraved with all the names of my favourite *rôles*, came from some other kind friends in that part of the world. This silver casket, also traced with a kindly inscription, was bestowed upon me by my *confrères* at Vienna, after I had sung in a charity performance at the great Opera House."

Whilst the diva was talking, our eyes wandered round the tasteful room crowded with so many pretty *bibelots* and hung with delicate blue and silver brocade, to an open



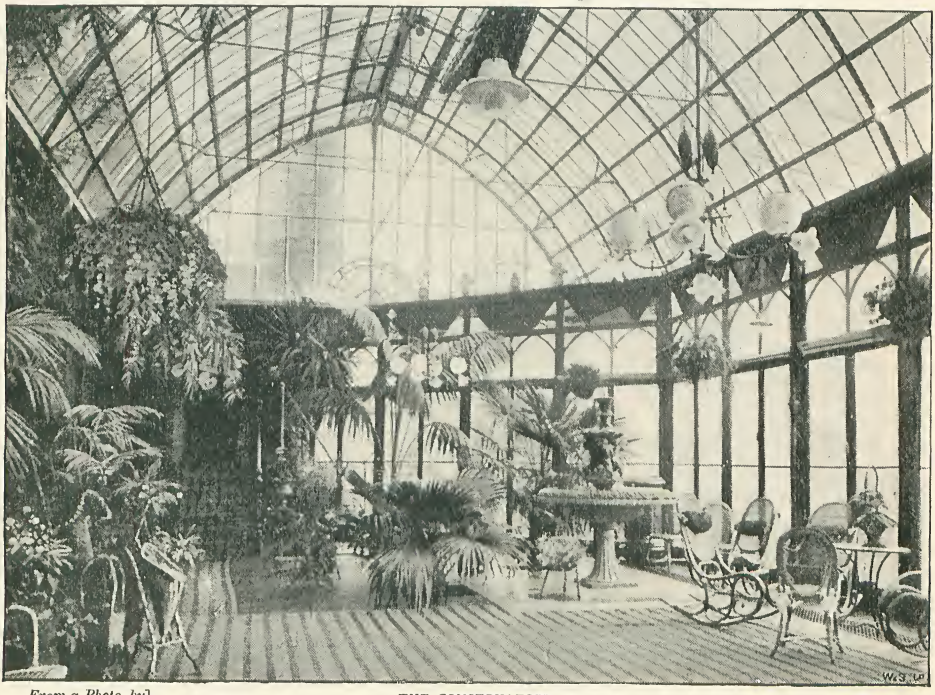
From a Photo. by] THE DRAWING-ROOM. *[Walery.*

door giving a glimpse of a cosy little boudoir, which contains, among other interesting objects, a number of water-colour drawings from the gifted hand of the fair lady herself. Here, too, are displayed a collection of photographs of royal and eminent personages, among others, the late Emperor William and his unfortunate son, and the Empress Eugénie of the French. No portrait is more charming than that of the Princess of Wales, standing with her arm round the waist of the Empress of Russia in the most sisterly fashion imaginable, whilst on a scroll below a few words of gracious compliment are written in her own charming hand. Another picture, much valued by the recipient, is that of the late King and Queen of Spain, with their baby-boy between them, and the inscription, "Mille félicitations sincères, and many happy returns of the day, surtout parmi nous." A likeness, the last taken before his death, of the Duke of Albany, England's youngest princely son, is framed, together with a letter craving for "the counterfeit presentment" of Madame Patti in return. In the boudoir, as in the drawing-room, there is scarcely an object amongst her surroundings which is not connected in some manner with the record of her professional achievements, but in the billiard-rooms and splendid new dining-hall, where next our kind hostess conducted us, all remembrances of her celebrity seem banished for the time being. Craig-y-nos Castle is perhaps the only house existing where two billiard rooms are to be found, a second, "The French Room," as it is called, having been built to take in the magnificent table which Madame Patti purchased at the Chicago Exhibition. A huge orchestrion, brought over from Geneva, and which plays every conceivable air, from Clairette's song in "La Fille de Madame Angot" to the Pilgrims' March in "Tannhäuser," is always wound up when a game of billiards is commenced, and whilst the diva handles her cue, or watches her opponent's game, she sings half-unconsciously the while to the tunes given by her favourite instrument. On very rare occasions the gifted lady will produce the castagnettes she once used in "Carmen," and will dance as well as sing in the most delightful manner. The far-famed "Patti Theatre," of which so much has already been said and written, leads out of the dining and billiard rooms, and here, in the presence of her friends and neighbours, the diva has proved that she can shine with brilliant lustre as a *comédienne* when the fancy takes her to show her powers in that line. Patti's pride in this theatre knows no bounds—a pride scarcely to be wondered at, for a prettier little playhouse it would be impossible to imagine. At first only designed for the use of her guests, the plan grew in dimensions, and the "Patti Theatre" is now a pleasant rendezvous for all the town and country folks within twenty miles

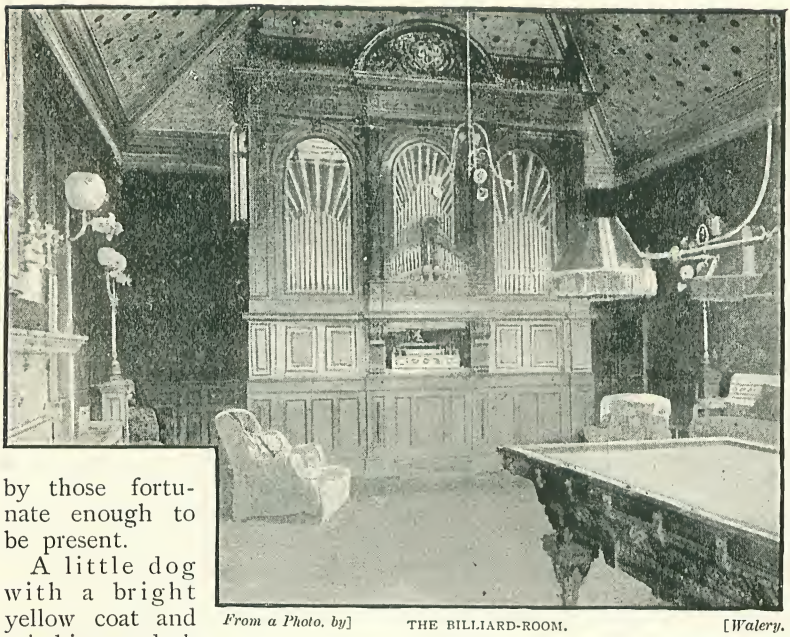
From a Photo. by] PATTI AND MARIO IN "FAUST." (Her first appearance as *Marguerite.*) *[L. Calderi & Co., Pall Mall.*

From a Photo. by] THE MORNING-ROOM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

round of Craig-y-nos. The principal entrance is from a courtyard at the back of the house, and although outwardly the building possesses no particular attraction, the interior is charming and tasteful to a degree. The decorations are in ivory white and electric blue, and the curtain shows a tableau, wherein Patti herself, as *Semiramide*, drives a triumphal car in the face of all beholders. Three hundred electroliers, cunningly arranged, throw a radiance over the general proceedings, and a floor inclining towards the stage when theatricals are undertaken, by a clever device can be brought to a level with the boards if a ballroom be desired. Very frequently Patti is induced to take part with her friends in a dumb charade or pantomime, and exhibits, as everybody can believe, a very telling talent for comedy. Her ten minutes' impromptu duologue with Mr. Terris on the occasion of the festivities at Craig-y-nos last summer will not readily be forgotten



From a Photo by] THE CONSERVATORY. *[Walery.*

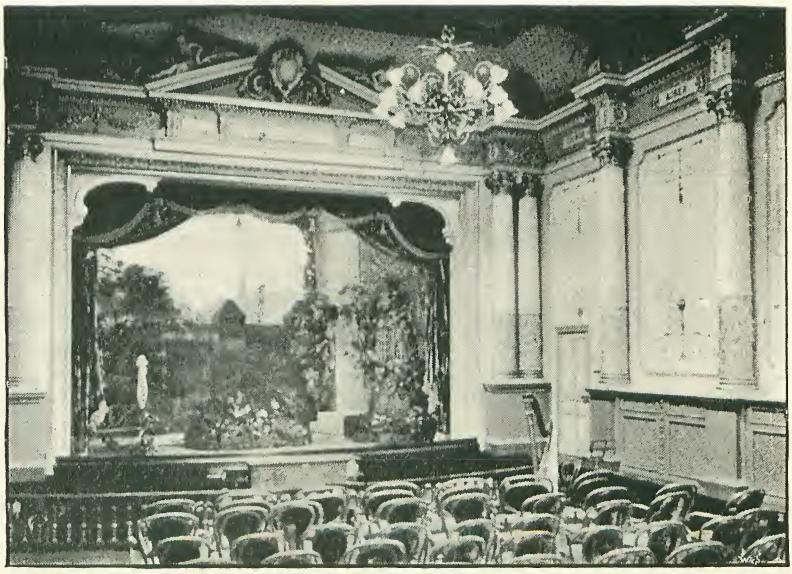


From a Photo. by] THE BILLIARD-ROOM. *[Walery.*

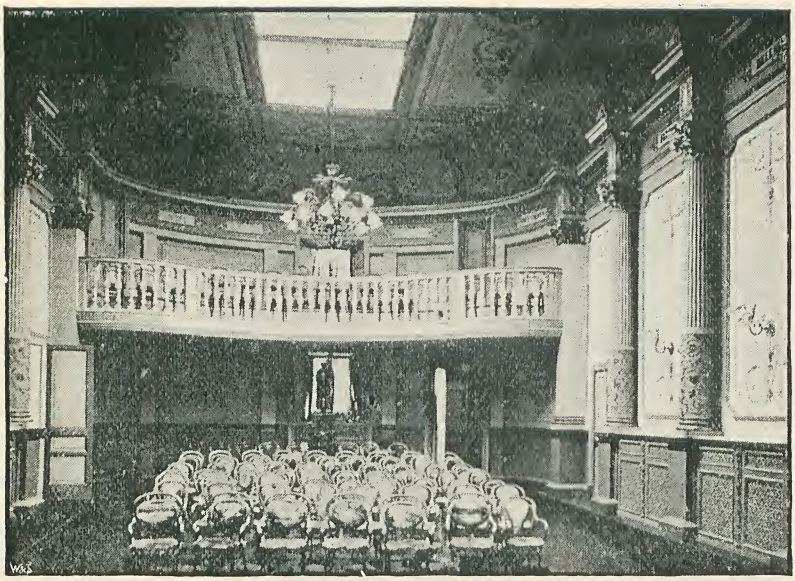
by those fortunate enough to be present.

A little dog with a bright yellow coat and mischievous dark eyes, given by a Mexican friend, is the prima donna's constant companion, and appears to watch her every movement with profound admiration. Nor must I forget her other pets. The parrots she brought with her from New York some seasons ago, the smaller of which, named "Cookie," accompanies her songs and imitates her roulades, further embellished with quite remarkable *fioriture* of his own. Then there is a "Jumbo," a strange bird; who refused to utter a single word until one day when a doctor appeared on the scene to attend to a sore throat of his mistress, he exclaimed: "Oh! doctor, I'm so sick!"

At our request Patti was quite willing to produce the famous book of autographs of which we had heard so much, and with mingled thoughts, indeed, did we turn the pages of this precious volume, on which so many valued lines had been traced by friends who have now passed away. Meyerbeer, Bellini, Rossini, Auber, Berlioz, Mario, Tietjens, have all left their record, and among those who are fortunately still in our midst, to cheer and delight us, and who, at their friend's request, have inscribed their names in her treasured book, are Hans Richter, Capoul, Albani, Trebelli, Scalchi, Ravelli, and many others. Niemann, the great German tenor, whose never-to-be-forgotten performances of "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" made all Europe ring with his praise, in an eloquent little poem incites Patti to appear in one of Wagner's operas, and concludes his lines with "Elsa-Patti! Ich liebe Dich!" Hans Richter, too, calls her his "Meister Sängerin," and Christine Nilsson, in a burst of friendship,



From a Photo. by] THE THEATRE—I. THE STAGE. *[Elliott & Fry.*



From a Photo. by] THE THEATRE—II. THE AUDITORIUM. *[Elliott & Fry.*

declares her unchanging regard. Verdi, who, when asked whom he considered the greatest singer in the world, wrote: "La première Patti; la seconde Patti; la troisième Patti;" and furthermore, on hearing her in his favourite opera, "Rigoletto," sent her a card bearing the words, "A mia unica e vera Gilda."

Besides the many trophies of which I have written, Patti possesses others which she prizes even more highly, and first and foremost of these is the doll Henriette, all decked out in ribbons and laces, which was given to her when, as a prima donna of seven summers, she first warbled an *aria* in public. Well does she remember how, on the occasion of her singing before a great crowd in Niblo's Gardens, she chanced to espy a little schoolfellow among her hearers, and forgetful of her final cadenza, exclaimed, in her shrill childish tones: "Oh, Nelly, do just come right away; I've got a new doll I want to show you!" A red fan which Sonntag had loosed from her girdle and placed in the hands of her baby-rival, is lost beyond hope of recovery, to Adelina's infinite regret, but she still hoards a number of other toys and trinkets with which her parents and teachers delighted to reward the efforts of their "Wunderkind."

Another of Patti's early recollections is the first visit of Mario and Grisi to New York, where they had been feverishly awaited for many months long before their *début* was actually announced on the *affiches*. The child had saved all her pocket-money to buy a bunch of camellias as a gift to the queen of song, of whom her mother had told her such wonderful accounts, and when at length the day came, and Mario and Grisi, after having sung and conquered, were surrounded by friends and admirers in the green-room, Adelina, trembling with joy and apprehension, advanced with her posy, and laid it in the hands of the imposing lady, whilst whispering a few words of congratulation, which she had hoped would win her a smile of approbation. Grisi, weary with over-excitement, waved away her diminutive admirer, murmuring, "Not now, little girl, not now!" With quivering lip the child turned and fled, but Mario, who had been a witness of the scene, with infinite tact managed to soothe her wounded feelings, and promised to keep the pretty camellias for ever, as a souvenir of "little Lina."

Of her phenomenal success when she appeared as a prima donna of seven summers at Niblo's Gardens in New York, so many accounts have been written that it would be idle to repeat an oft-told tale. The scales, trills, and staccati which Patti now executes with such triumphant ease, were given by her even in those days with a brilliancy and effect which fairly electrified her hearers. In 1859, at the age of sixteen, she made her veritable opera *début* at the Academy of Music in New York. Two seasons later, "la petite fée sortant d'un œuf enchanté" came to steal the hearts of all London with her charming rendering of *Amina* in "La Sonnambula." The *habitués* of Covent Garden had but a cold welcome to offer the unknown "Patti" when she came on to the stage; but at the close of the first act, "it seemed," declares an eye-witness, "as if the house were made

of straw, and had caught fire, the applause was so deafening, and the excitement so universal." Her singing had all the charm of the spontaneity of a bird, whilst her acting was imbued with such girlish innocent coquetry that many a wise head among her hearers was fairly turned with delight.

Adelina Patti's initial triumph was followed by many another, and after

PATTI AS "LINDA." [*Elliott & Fry.*

PATTI AS "AIDA."
[*London Stereo Co.*

PATTI AS "JULIET."
[*London Stereo. Co.*

PATTI AS "VALENTINA."
[*London Stereo. Co.*

a day's visit to Swansea, the principal town of South Wales, proudly named by its inhabitants "the miniature Bay of Naples," and which before it became so essentially a commercial centre, and darkened with the fumes of copper and chemical works in the neighbourhood, must have been a place of much beauty. It was fortunately a market day, and we could not but be amused, as we wandered about, at the sight of the Welshwomen in their quaint market dress, selling their butter, poultry, and cheese, at what seemed to us merely nominal prices, whilst they chattered among themappearing in "la ville Cerveau," where the chorus of London approbation was fully confirmed, she sang in every European capital in succession to win an extraordinary and unheard of popularity.

One character after another was added to her *répertoire*, and every fresh appearance was a fresh revelation of the young singer's charm and vivacious talent.

As time has crept on one *prima donna* after another has appealed for our admiration and applause, but Adelina Patti still maintains her supremacy, and warbles to this day before audiences as crowded and enthusiastic as in the days of yore.

After having passed some pleasant days at Craig-y-nos Castle, Madame Patti proposed

selves in a language of which no word was familiar to our ears. The town itself is pleasant enough with its long streets of cream-washed houses, but nothing could be more dreary than the aspect of the peasants and miners whom we met on the way to the market, and who sulkily vouchsafed a few words of greeting as we passed.

Without, as well as within doors, nothing could be more agreeable than the life led at Craig-y-Nos. Madame Patti expects her guests to do exactly what they please, and only enforces a rule that they should come down punctually to meals, which are always served in a fine conservatory leading from the Italian winter gardens. Dinner at 7 o'clock is the event of the day, and then La Diva appears in her highest spirits, full of wit and anecdote. Like many celebrated people, she lives much in the past, and is never weary of talking of the father and mother to whom she was so dutifully attached, and who were taken from her long years ago. Of her childhood's days, as I have already shown, she has much to tell. "I was always merry, yet earnest at the same time, and took pains with everything I undertook — the real secret of my success in life."

PATTI AS "LUCIA."
[*Reutlinger, Paris.*

PATTI AS "DESDEMONA."
[*Bergamasco, St. Petersburg.*

PATTI AS "ROSINA."
[*Bergamasco, St. Petersburg.*

The afternoon at Craig-y-nos is always occupied in driving in the beautiful neighbourhood surrounding the Castle. Madame Patti is naturally a warm favourite with all the squires and squiresses of the country round, no less than with the poor on her estate; and when the wheels of her carriage are heard in the distance, children, big and small, leave their work and run into the lanes to wave their handkerchiefs, and lustily cheer the Queen of Song as she passes on her way.

Notwithstanding her great talents, Adelina Patti is the most modest and unaffected of women, and of a singularly generous and sympathetic nature. Nowhere is she seen to greater advantage than when entertaining her friends, whose names are legion, beneath the hospitable roof of Craig-y-nos Castle,

The Bride of Felix Armstrong.

By J. Harwood Panting.

THIS, be it remarked, is an essential feature of your mission in life: whatever you go in for enthusiastically is sure to have a touch of exaggeration. At the stammering age there is exaggeration in your stammers; at the blushing, in your blushes; at the shaving period you not only shave the visible but the invisible; and when inclination is on the other side, where is the elixir you would not purchase to aid and abet your designs?

So it was when Felix Armstrong first of all took to the pen critical; he *was* critical, with a vengeance. It was *Anathema—Maranatha!* One of the least assertive men living in the natural flesh, veiled in the imposing anonymity of the critic, he launched thunderbolts and flashed forked lightning like another Jove upon benighted and erring humanity.

Felix and I had been colleagues on a journal in the provinces. He wrote the theatrical criticisms and the facetious paragraphs that set the townsmen by the ears, under the title of "Titillaters." I have reason to remember them, because they provoked three libel suits, one divorce case, two breaches of promise, a challenge to a duel, a wedding, and, it was currently reported, a funeral. That is a record of which any journalist may be proud. I may add that I have another cause to remember my friend's facetiæ, inasmuch as I once fell a victim to it.

One evening I was violently assaulted by an acrimonious milkman, the quality of whose milk had been tested and found wanting. Felix had referred to him in the "Titillaters" as "a gentleman of the first water"—a eulogistic title which the doughty milkman repudiated, backed up with the pugilistic statement that he would show my friend that if he was capable of tapping water, he was also acquainted with a method known as "tapping claret." And he proved his assertion. Only he mistook me for Felix, and "tapped" mine instead.

At the important crisis in his history to which I wish more particularly to allude, Felix had grown out of all that. His critical zeal was tempered with discretion, and he would jocularly refer to his past as the "big bow-wow days."

Fate, rather than ability—I speak more

"HE PROVED HIS ASSERTION."

for myself—had called us to London, where we became important representatives on the staff of a leading journal. It was in this capacity that Felix fell in with Theresa Meadows, one of the most brilliant actresses on the stage. He admired her from the first, not, mark you, with the admiration of his salad days. That would have counted for little; but with the admiration that comes of ripe experience and judgment. You know what that means when a man has passed the thirties? It means that when he does admire, all his heart and soul are in the admiration. The case, in such circumstances, becomes one for serious consideration.

Theresa Meadows was not, of course, the name she played under. It is not my intention, with all due respect, to tell you that. If I did, every play-goer of ten years' standing would at once recognise it. There is only one actress I know of who could sustain the part of ——. But there; if I mention that character all excuse for concealing her identity would be gone. So kindly brush up your theatrical reminiscences, and solve this little puzzle for yourself.

Was she pretty? Yes, Theresa Meadows was pretty. And, what doesn't often happen, she was prettier off the stage than on. Distance did not do justice to her complexion. In its native state there was no violet powder about it. It had the trick of creating tints of its own, this side of the footlights, though I am not going to perjure myself by saying that Nature's was the sole palette employed on the other side.

Well, Felix got an introduction, and he and the actress became very good friends. Her triumph on the stage had not turned her head. There was not the slightest trace of affectation in her manner, and Felix averred that she was even a greater success at the domestic hearth than before the footlights. She appealed as irresistibly to the household gods as to those vehement ones enthroned in the gallery of the Theatre Royal.

There were, of course, many suitors for her hand, and it was currently reported that she had rejected a dozen or so. Felix had not yet ventured on a declaration, and I awaited with some anxiety that psychological moment, for I knew it must come.

One evening Felix turned into my chambers. He was very white, though the hand he gave me was like a burning coal. I wheeled a chair to the fire, and handed him a cigar.

"I see how it is," I said; "smoke first—confess after."

We puffed away in silence for ten minutes.

"Refused?" I then remarked.

"FELIX GOT AN INTRODUCTION."

"Precisely," he replied, just as laconically.

"Without conditions?"

"Without conditions."

"Humph! That is a double confession of failure for which I was scarcely prepared."

"Why, pray?"

"Why? Because you have failed as a lover, and, what is much worse in my eyes, as a diplomatist into the bargain."

"Diplomatist! To the deuce with your diplomacy. What part can *finesse* play with a pulse running to fever heat?"

"That *does* present a difficulty, certainly. Volcanoes and that sort of thing do not,

I admit, permit of calm deliberation. But you're not the man I took you for, if the first refusal is to be considered a defeat. Did she give no reason for her rejection?"

"Oh, yes; she was perfectly frank on that point. She rejected me for reasons which, I must allow, should be convincing."

"Come, that's something."

"Yes, that's something," echoed Felix, with a ghastly attempt at a smile.

"And the reasons, may I ask?"

"Oh, that marriage with her would mean penal servitude for the husband. Simple enough, weren't they?"

I flung my cigar away and listened intently. The case was getting interesting.

"And she made the confession," my friend continued, "with a divine smile, as though it were the most natural thing in the world."

"I take it all back about your diplomacy, Felix. I see that the thing is impossible. Married already, eh?—though even in that case I can't see how the penalty you mention would attach to husband No. 2."

"Married, no!" he thundered. "She is not married; never has been."

"Pardon me," I said, "this is getting too bewildering. I give it up, as I presume you will," and I smoked again.

"Neither is that my intention. I will *not* give it up. I'm convinced there is something more in this than appears upon the surface, and I'm determined to fathom it."

"Very well; I wish you good luck in your endeavours, and an easy time when it comes to the oakum. If I can get a remission in the sentence, you may count upon my services."

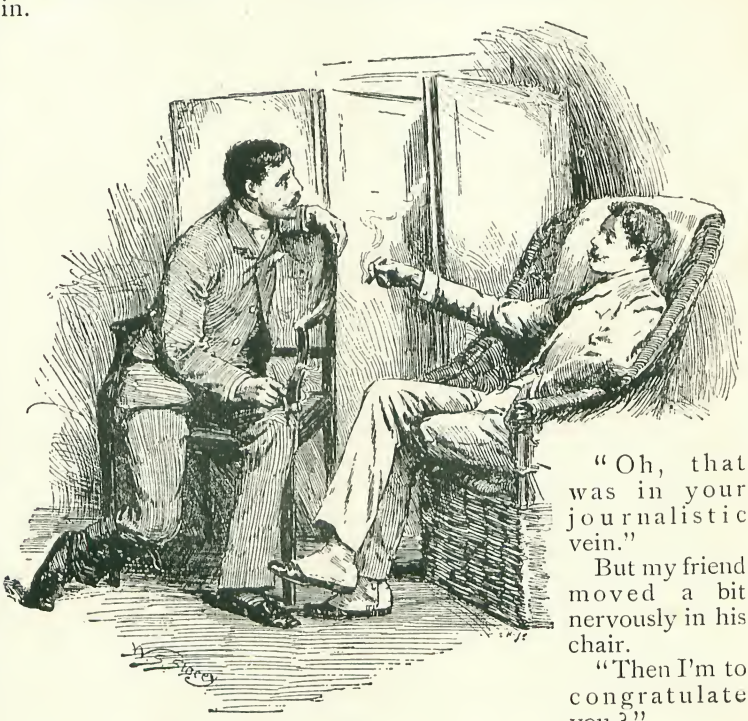
Though I spoke thus cynically to my friend, I was really very sorry for him. I was well aware of the strength of his attachment to Theresa Meadows, and I had imagined that she also regarded him with some favour. I could not make out the meaning of this remarkable confession of hers—whether it had been adopted as a drastic expedient for cutting off Felix from all hope of her hand, or whether there was some mystery connected with her past life which really made union with her criminal. Her confession was the more astounding in that her life had been regarded as a perfectly spotless one, spite of the Bohemian circle in which she moved, and of which she was the admired queen. I awaited, therefore, with some curiosity, further developments. I knew that Felix would be true to his word, and would leave no stone unturned to fathom the mystery.

A fortnight later Felix again called upon me. He was more feverishly excited than before; but his eyes, formerly dull with the ashes of dejection, were now aglow with the fire of hope.

"Ah, the auguries are a little more favourable this time," I remarked. "Accepted?"

"My dear fellow, you have missed your vocation. Give up journalism for prophecy. You speak with greater regard for precision in the one character than the other."

"*A propos* of oakum, eh?"



"'ACCEPTED?'"

"Oh, that was in your journalistic vein."

But my friend moved a bit nervously in his chair.

"Then I'm to congratulate you?"

"If you please."

"As the accepted husband of Miss Meadows?"

"Again, if you please."

"No, I don't please, until I hear what all this humbug means."

"Upon my word, I scarcely know myself, old fellow. I only know that I've been accepted. That knowledge is sufficient."

"Felix Armstrong, have you parted with your senses? Do you mean to tell me that you are going voluntarily to put your neck into a noose without a moment's thought as to possibilities of——"

"Strangulation! Say it. I know that's what you imply. Yes, I mean to tell you that. See here, old fellow, you are the best friend I have in the world. If you were to tell me that you required this hand to-morrow I would give it you."

"Thank you; I was never an advocate of vivisection, and I wouldn't accept your present, especially as it seems you require it for another service." I spoke with a tinge of bitterness, because I felt that Felix was rushing heedlessly into an equivocal position.

"Well, will you shake it in the cause of friendship?" That was the lovable side of Felix. I took it, and held it for a moment, until I saw a tear glistening in his eye. I veritably believe there was one in mine also.

"But have you fathomed all that about the prospects of penal servitude?"

"No, I confess I haven't. That's what I was leading up to a moment since. There are cases where we may be called upon to act in a spirit of self-sacrifice. I would do anything for you, old fellow. My love for her—though I've struggled against it—is no less sacred."

"But has she offered no further explanation?"

"No; on the contrary, she asked me, if she consented, whether I was willing to accept all risks."

"And you replied——"

"Yes."

"This is absurd. Still, I know from experience that it's useless trying to turn you from your purpose. When is it to be?"

"In four weeks' time."

"Where?"

"At Bath."

"Why are you going that deuce of a journey?"

"She wishes it."

"Humph! Quite in keeping with other eccentricities. May I come to see you ——"

"Executed! Oh, yes; it's the favour I was about to ask."

"Very well, I'll accompany you. She's agreeable?"

"Perfectly."

Then we discussed other matters; but I could see all the time that he was thinking of her. I could see, too, that, though his passion for this woman was so strong, there still remained the slightest tinge of suspicion. Mingled with it was the ingredient of pride—pride that he was about to carry off a prize which many others had sought for in vain.

As a man I admired his tenacity of purpose, and the confidence he was prepared to repose, spite of all risks, in one he loved; as a friend I had misgivings—who would not have had?—as to whether that confidence was worthily reposed. It has always been my policy in life, however, never to resist the inevitable. That simply means butting your head against a brick wall, and is a diversion which the wall only reciprocates with headaches.

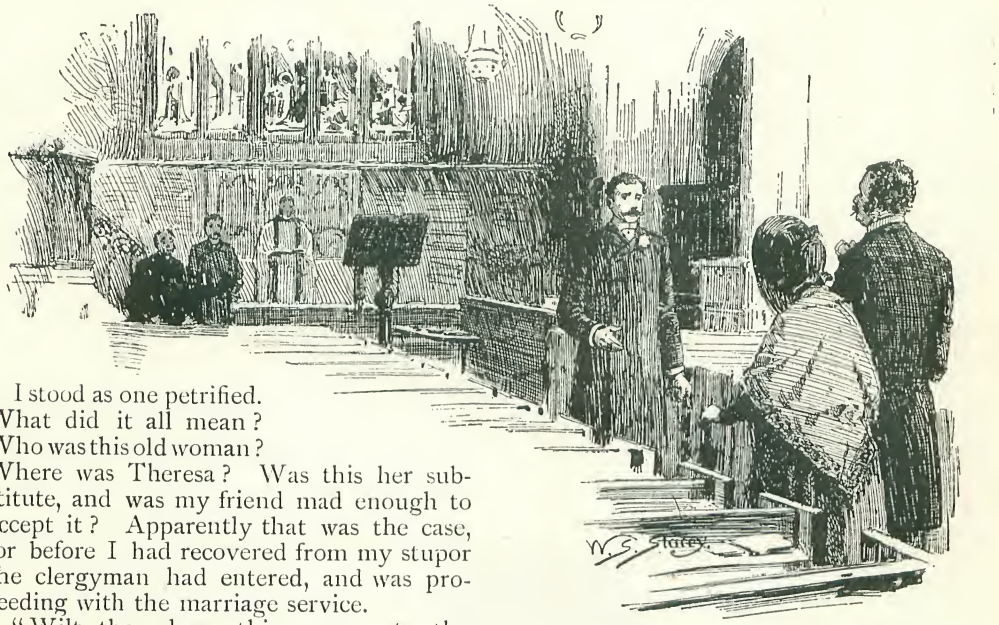
The four weeks soon slipped away, and on a dull morning in February we found ourselves—Felix and I—the solitary occupants, if I may except the verger, of St. Mary's Church, Bath. The wedding was to be a quiet one. There were to be no bridesmaids. An uncle of Theresa—a Mr. Steadman—was to give her away, and we were to drive to his house afterwards for the wedding breakfast.

We had arrived punctually at eleven. At a quarter past, one or two stragglers entered the church, but no bride. At half-past the verger came to us and said the clergyman was in attendance, and waiting to proceed with the ceremony—a delicate hint to which Felix sarcastically retorted by asking if it were a usual thing for the rev. gentleman to perform the marriage ceremony in the absence of the bride?

Even as he spoke a strange couple entered the church. One was an elderly gentleman, erect and smiling; the other, an old lady closely veiled, attired in a red cotton gown, a small shawl, and coal-scuttle bonnet.

I was too much astonished at first to notice my friend. That he was greatly agitated I could tell by the quivering hand he laid upon my shoulder. He walked down the aisle, and met the curious pair

half-way. There was some whispering between them, and then I saw my friend deliberately take the old lady's arm, and walk towards the communion rails.



"HE WALKED DOWN THE AISLE, AND MET THE CURIOUS PAIR."

I stood as one petrified. What did it all mean? Who was this old woman? Where was Theresa? Was this her substitute, and was my friend mad enough to accept it? Apparently that was the case, for before I had recovered from my stupor the clergyman had entered, and was proceeding with the marriage service.

"Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" and so on throughout the solemn charge; and Felix answered as in a dream—

"I will."

"Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?" and the old woman at the altar echoed the affirmation in a singularly sweet and youthful voice. Surely I had heard it before? The hands might be the hands of another, but the voice was the voice of—Theresa Meadows. Yet, though the name was shortly after repeated, I could scarcely accept the evidence of my ears. I followed the newly-married couple into the vestry, was called upon to append my name as witness, and there saw unmistakably the signature of Theresa Meadows.

Then there was no mistake? This was really she—in masquerade. What was the meaning of it? It lent darker colour to my sombre forebodings. I looked at Felix. He was pale to the lips. He spoke no word. He was evidently as much in the dark as myself. She had called upon him, in that hurried conference in the aisle, to accept or reject her. Felix had kept to his word—had carried out his compact—and, having done so, maintained an ominous silence, as though in scorn of the woman who had now the right to call him husband. The minister apparently regarded him with pity.

"Poor young man; thrown away upon so old a woman! Married her for her money, I suppose!" was evidently his mental comment.

A couple of poorly-clad women who stood at the church door gave more audible expression to their opinion.

"What d'ye think of that, 'Becca?" said one. "'Ere's a chap as 'as married his grandmother!"

"Well, I never!" said the other. "I thought as the marriage service was agen it. I knows it was when I was tied to my old man."

And still Felix did not speak; only pressed his lips the closer.

The drive to Mr. Steadman's house was the most sombre I have ever had. It was more like the return from a funeral than a wedding. Not a word was spoken.

When we reached the house we found a benevolent-looking, middle-aged lady, and a bevy of tittering girls (whom I afterwards discovered to be Theresa's aunt and cousins) awaiting our arrival. Theresa was about to introduce us.

"Not yet, please," said Felix, sternly. "I am first entitled to an explanation.

You are not now upon the stage, remember."

The young ladies drew back in some affright at his tragic demeanour.

Theresa beckoned us into an ante-room, took from her pocket an old newspaper cutting, and said softly—

"There, Felix dear, is my explanation."

Then she slipped out of the room.

My friend read the extract eagerly, I was watching him closely. He read it once, twice; then he broke out into a loud laugh, and capered about the room like one demented. I began to think his mind was seriously affected.

"Very good, Felix, as a *pas seul*—very good, indeed. But now, my friend, I think it's my turn for an explanation."

For response he handed me the newspaper cutting. It was a criticism on the performance of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," played at the Theatre Royal, Bath, some years back. In the course of it, I read:—

"The part of *Mrs. Willoughby* was sustained by Miss —— (mentioning the name under which Theresa Meadows played at that time). Her acting was crude in the extreme, though it must be admitted that she rolled off her sentences with a volubility that required no assistance from the prompter. 'Ticket-of-Leave,' forsooth! We can imagine no greater calamity in life than penal servitude with such a character as portrayed by Miss ——. This lady has decidedly mistaken her vocation as an actress."

I handed back the cutting.

"Smart, Felix — very."

"You see it all."

"Oh, yes, I recognise the Roman hand. That is one of your astonishing criticisms of years ago, and she has to-day again played the part of old *Mrs. Willoughby* for your especial benefit."

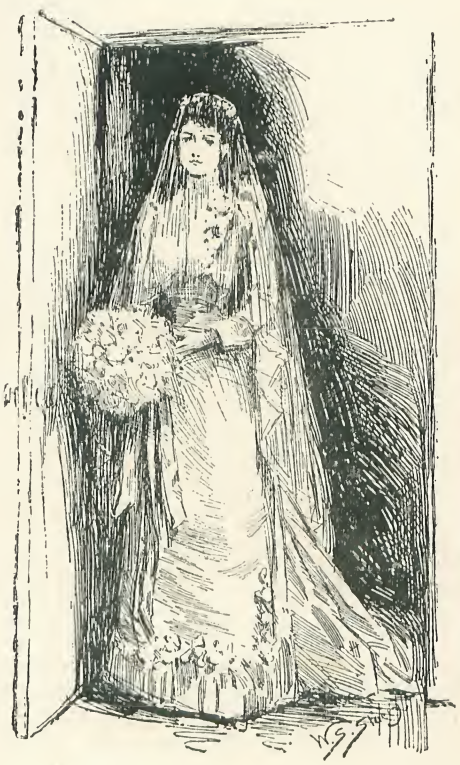
"Just so."

"It was at this town you rounded off that sentence, and it is here that she has contrived for you to commence a second sentence—of another kind. Your criticism was smart, old boy; hers is smarter."

"Agreed, agreed!" cried Felix. "What a sweet revenge! Who would have associated the brilliant London actress of to-day with old *Mrs. Willoughby* of that time?"

"Well, I must confess that it says more for her ability as an actress than for your acumen as a critic. Who is to wear the prophet's mantle now?"

We turned round at that moment and saw a figure standing in the doorway clad in white. Exit *Mrs. Willoughby;* enter a charming bride.



"Am I forgiven, dear?" she asked, turning her face appealingly to his.

Felix's sole response was to open his arms. With a joyful little cry, half sob, she crept into them.

And I crept out, to see how the wedding breakfast was getting on. It turned out the most successful repast I ever remember, though I did make an ass of myself in proposing the toast of "The Bridesmaids!"

Felix is uncertain to this day as to whether he married Theresa or *Mrs. Willoughby;* but the point is never likely to be legally contested.

How a Sculptor Works.

By Alfred T. Story.

THERE is, perhaps, no art that is less understood by the general public than that of the sculptor. The prevailing idea is that he takes a piece of stone or marble, and goes to work with hammer and chisel till his bust, statue, group, or whatever it may be, is produced. But although it is said that Michael Angelo could do this, it is open to doubt whether he ever did. Certain it is no modern sculptor would dare to attempt it, and chiefly—and in the first place—because a false stroke once made, it is impossible to rectify it, and the marble is spoiled.

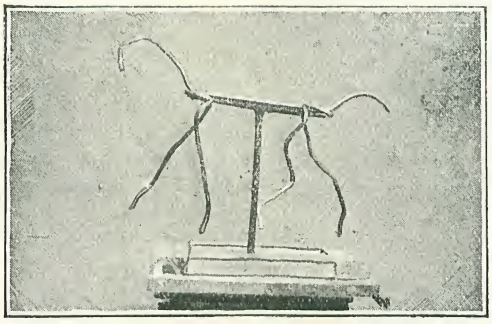


FIG. 1.

Hence, in all important works, the sculptor's first care is to make a sketch of his proposed group or statue. This is called his sketch model; and, in making it, he goes to work exactly as he must needs do in executing the larger design. That is, he must, first of all, construct a framework upon which to build up his figure. Many persons suppose he merely takes a piece of clay of about the size of the proposed work, and gradually fashions his figure, or figures, out of that. Such, however, is not the case. The clay is taken bit by bit, and placed on the framework, or skeleton, where the anatomy requires it, great care being observed to preserve the relative size of the masses, and the exact angles of all the planes, which should be kept as square as possible. This is continued until something like the figure desired has been shaped. Then the details are worked in, either by the hand or by the proper modelling tools. The manner in which the figure grows into form and shapeliness will be seen from the accompanying photographs, which have been taken so as to exhibit the work at each stage. To do this two simple forms were deemed best—one that of a horse, the other the head of a sitter. By this means the reader is more easily enabled to grasp the a b c of the method. The photographs of the horse explain themselves. Fig. 1 shows the skeleton upon which it is built, Fig. 2 the form partly developed; while Fig. 3 exhibits the completing stage.

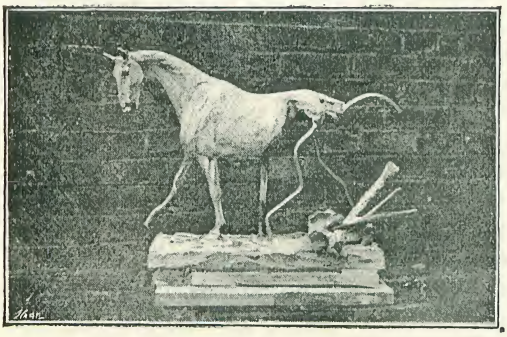


FIG. 2.

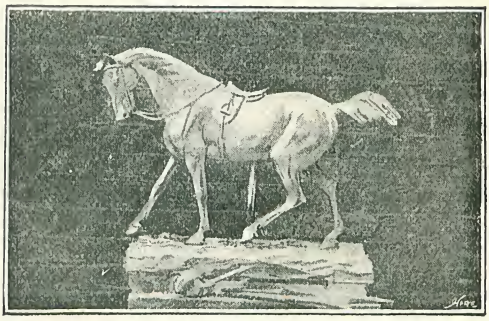
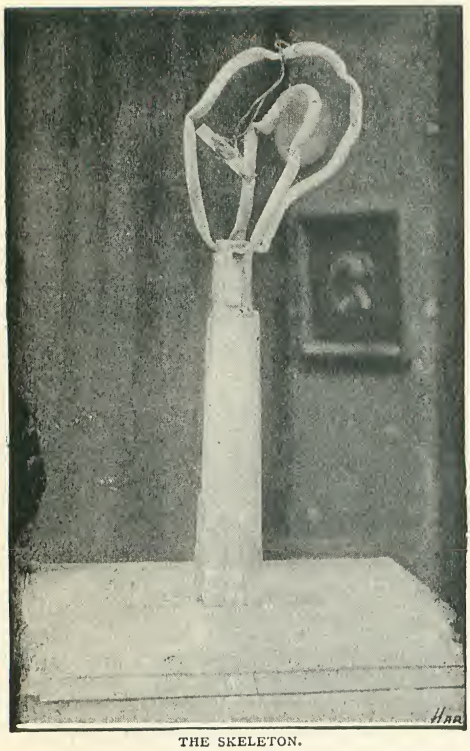


FIG. 3.

As regards the photographs of the bust, more explanation is requisite. They do not



THE SKELETON.

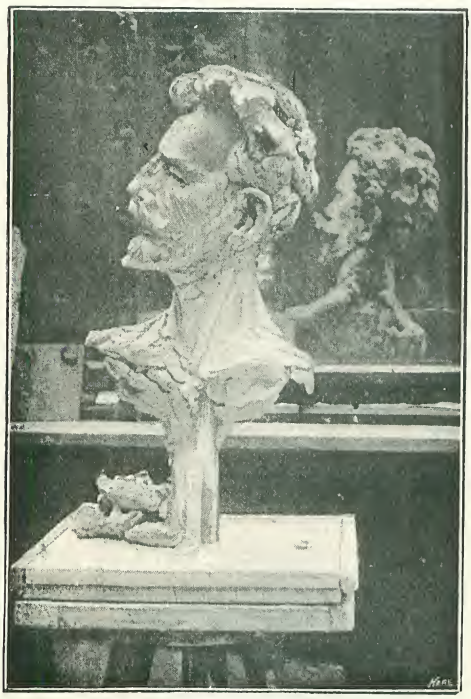
represent the making of a sketch-model, but a life-size bust. The method is the same in both cases, however ; while in the case of the bust the manner of working with the clay is better exemplified than in that of the horse. Moreover, this series of photographs enables the reader to understand another important department of the sculptor's art. The scaffolding, so to speak, is simpler than in the case of the horse. An upright "peg," some twenty inches in length, tapering towards the top, is fixed into a wooden platform about eighteen inches square. This platform, to prevent warping, is formed of two pieces of wood, the lower piece having the grain of the wood reversed. The peg is simply a stay to hold up the bust. Sometimes the bust is built upon a support shaped like a Latin cross, the transverse, or shoulder, fitting into a slot cut in the upright. In the photograph, however, only the peg is shown, with the addition of what are technically known as an "armature" and a "butterfly." The former is constructed of thin gas-piping, and is used for the purpose of enabling the artist more easily to modify the set of the head, if there be occasion to do so ; the leaden piping enabling it to be flexed this way or that, according to the peculiarity or habit of the sitter, which is not always perceived at a first sitting.

The "butterfly" consists of a small cross-piece of wood, shaped like a Greek cross, and attached to a piece of wire, by means of which it is suspended from a nail driven into the top of the peg, or, as in the present instance, from the "armature." It hangs loose from its support, and in the modelling is pressed against the upright or framework. It is not always used by experienced artists ; but even they find it useful when the head of the sitter moves to and fro. It is used very largely in all important framework structures for sculpture.

The artist now goes to work with the clay, applying it and building up the bust with his hands, his best tools. With the fingers broader and bolder work can be produced than with any tools, no matter how elaborate. Old Nollekins, the sculptor, used to say : "My best tool is my thumb." With the fingers the artist has more freedom in handling the clay ; whereas by working with even the best tools he is apt to get his work "niggling," as if a water-colour painter endeavoured to produce effects by stippling or cross-hatching, instead of by bold washes. A sculptor said the

FIRST STAGE.

other day that he believed that if the famous frieze of the Parthenon was first modelled in clay, no tools save those nature endowed man withal were used, the general effect is so broad and grand. He added that, in proof of his assertion, he would



SECOND STAGE.

undertake to copy the frieze, using his fingers alone.

Of course, a portrait bust is not modelled in a day. To do one properly takes several days; for one reason, because the sitter becomes wearied and bored, and loses vivid expression if required to sit more than an hour or two at a time. In the case of the bust from which our illustrations are taken,* however, all the stages were done in from four to five hours.

While the work is in progress it is necessary to keep the clay moist. This is done by spraying it with a garden syringe, or with what is sometimes called the "mouth syringe."

When the bust is finished, it is cast in plaster; but if it be intended to "fire" it, and make a terra-cotta bust of it, the operation of hollowing is necessary. This is done by cutting off a part of the crown by means of a very thin wire or thread, and scooping out the inside till only a uniform thickness of about one and a half inches is left. When this is done the bust will come off the stick, with its "butterfly" and other attachments, like an old glove. There are four reasons for this hollowing—it lessens the weight, saves time in drying, eases the firing, and lessens the risk of splitting. The bust is now set aside to dry, and when it has become quite hard, and free from moisture, it is ready for "firing" (which is done in an ordinary potter's kiln).

We now return to our sketch-model, to explain the making of which our photographic illustrations and the necessary de-

FINISHED BUST.

scriptive text have been introduced. The model may be only a few inches in height, or it may be a couple of feet (the horse photographed was about ten inches), depending, of course, upon the subject—whether it is to be of ordinary or colossal proportions, and on other considerations. The model may either be worked out simply in the rough, in order to give the grouping and the proportions, or it may be highly finished. As a rule, however, the

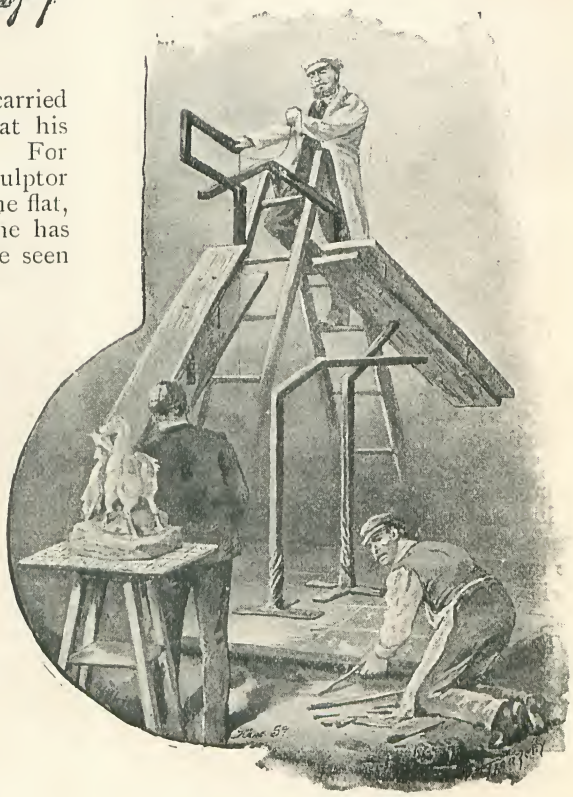
* The photographs are from Mr. Toft's bust of Mr. Cuninghame Graham, M.P., at present in the New Gallery.

THE SKETCH MODEL.

sketch is not highly finished, but only carried so far as to enable the artist to see that his idea will work out to his satisfaction. For it must be remembered that the sculptor does not, like the painter, work on the flat, and so present but one view; but he has to bear in mind that his work will be seen all round.

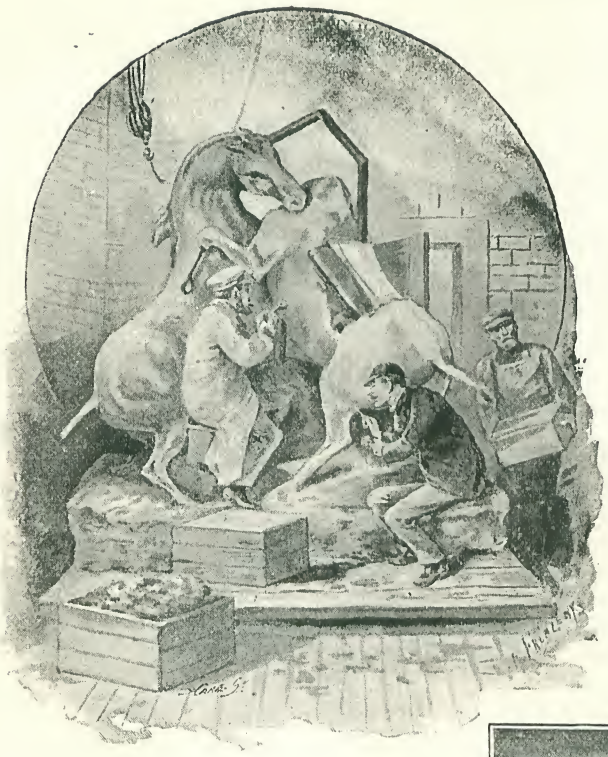
Having completed this sketch-model to his satisfaction (which is frequently only done after months of thought), the artist's next work is to build up the skeleton for the statue or group of full size. This, of itself, if the group be at all elaborate, is a work requiring great precision and mechanical skill. In the piece of sculpture I have taken to illustrate the process of building up an ideal work*, we have an equestrian group measuring 10 ft. 6 in. in height, 8 ft. in length at the base, by 6 ft. 6 in. wide. Each of the three horses has to be built up on a framework which must be planned and fixed, not only with a view to the requirements of the action to be represented, but also to the weight of clay it has to sustain, which in this instance means several tons. In some cases the skeleton may consist simply (as in that of the bust described above) of an upright and a crossbar made of a piece of wood or a bit of gas-piping. But in the group before us the trunk and limbs of the horses have to be modelled on a framework of solid iron bars, and it has to be done with mathematical accuracy, or it is of no use. In order to secure this perfect accuracy, the plinth or base upon which the model is made is divided into a multitude of squares, all of which are numbered. In like manner the platform upon which the full-sized group is to be built, is divided into an equal number of symmetrical squares. This done, the iron supports (as shown in the illustration) have to be fixed and bent to their proper positions, etc., by careful measurement with the plumb line, square by square.

When the skeleton is thus completed



SETTING UP THE FRAMEWORK

* The illustrations are taken from Captain Adrian Jones's "The Horses of Douglass," at present in the Royal Academy Exhibition.

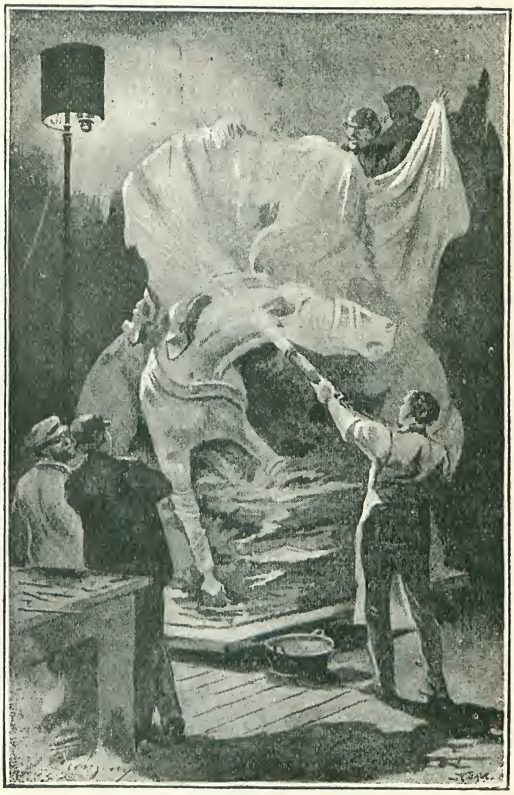


THE FIRST COVERING WITH CLAY.

(and fixed upon a turn-table, so that each side may be brought successively to the light and worked upon), the next thing is to begin the work of modelling with the clay. This proceeds, of course, from the base upwards. The more solid parts are filled up very largely with pieces of wood mixed with the clay. Then along the limbs, where the clay might slide off when left, if the clay be very wet, boards and "butterflies," as described above, are fastened at intervals along the iron bars that serve as framework. The latter, held in place by the copper wire on which they are suspended, and worked into the clay, give it support. This rougher and more mechanical part of the work may be done by a clever assistant; but when it comes to the actual work of modelling the form and the limbs, and giving life and character to the group, then the master hand and eye must needs come into requisition. For instance, it is very necessary to make constant reference to the living model, as also to the anatomical specimens, for correct measurements and action.

Not unfrequently after the work has proceeded thus far, and it seems to be all but finished, the artist sees, perhaps, some details that do not come out so happily in the large model as they did in the small sketch, and consequently has to make some minor alterations. In any case, such a colossal work as that depicted takes months to build up in skeleton and model. During the whole of the process of modelling the clay has to be kept in a state of moisture by daily wetting and covering up at night with wet cloths; otherwise it would dry, crack, and fall to pieces.

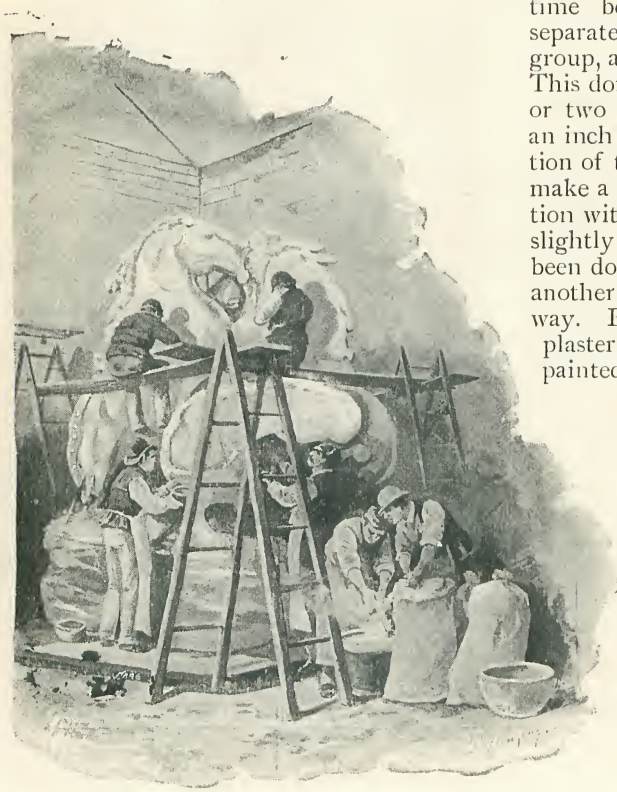
Before covering up for the night, however, the artist takes a good look at the work that has been done during the day, comparing the masses one with another, in order to correct any inaccuracy as regards the relative sizes of the parts. This is best done in the half-light of the evening. The masses then render themselves in their true



WETTING AND COVERING UP FOR THE NIGHT.

values better than during the day, as in the broad light the detail takes away from the masses, while in the half-light the minor details are not seen.

Here, perhaps, a word ought to be said about the clay employed by the sculptor. That commonly used is the china clay of the potter ; but before now good work has been done with the clay of an ordinary brickfield. The quality and "state" of the clay, however, have much to do with good work. When the clay is "rude" and dry, it is put into a tub of water over night. In the morning, when the moisture has soaked well through it, and it is in the condition of what is called "slip," it is passed through a coarse sieve to get rid of the rough particles. It is then put on a board to dry, and there left until it is of the consistence of putty. New clay, in working, proves to be what is called "short" ; that is to say, it is not elastic. On the other hand, when too old it becomes what is termed "rotten"—it lacks cohesion, is friable, and liable to crumble. In the middle stage it spreads well, is elastic, and, with less labour, produces better work, having no "spring," and so preserving the intended form.



SETTING UP THE MOULD WITH PLASTER OF PARIS.

When the model has been completed, the next thing to be done is to make a mould on it. For this purpose the moulders are called in. Some sculptors do their own moulding ; but if they are busy men it does not pay them to do so, the moulding of a large group being a long job. It is, moreover, a strictly mechanical operation, although one requiring much manipulative skill and a fine touch. The first thing the moulder does, when the model is handed over to him, is carefully to consider the way in which he is going to accomplish his task. The problem before him is how to make his mould in such a manner that he will be able to get out the original model, and especially the iron framework, when completed. When he has fully thought out his plan he goes to work, beginning, of course, at the bottom and working upwards. If there are awkward pieces in the way of the moulder (as in the case of the leg of the prostrate horse), or that might be easily broken off (as in the case of the horse's loose drapery), they are removed for the time being. Then he has to consider separately every point and corner of the group, and how he is going to mould them. This done, he takes a strip of clay an inch or two in width, and from half an inch to an inch thick, and with it marks off a portion of the surface of which he is about to make a mould. Then he fills in that portion with plaster which has been given a slightly yellow colour. When this has been done the strip of clay is removed, and another section marked off in the same way. But before this space is filled in with plaster the upper edge of the last mould is painted with clay-water. This is done in order to prevent the next layer of plaster from adhering to it, so that the two portions won't part when required to do so.

In this way the entire surface of the part of the group that is to be removed is gradually covered. The process is naturally a long one, and takes days to complete, because of the difficulties to be overcome, if a complicated group, and the large number of pieces to be made. In this particular work the exact number was fifty-eight besides the solid portion, or case. During the progress of the work care

has to be taken to keep the model moist as before, and to see that nothing damages its surface. Each evening it is carefully wetted with the syringe, and covered up with moist cloths.

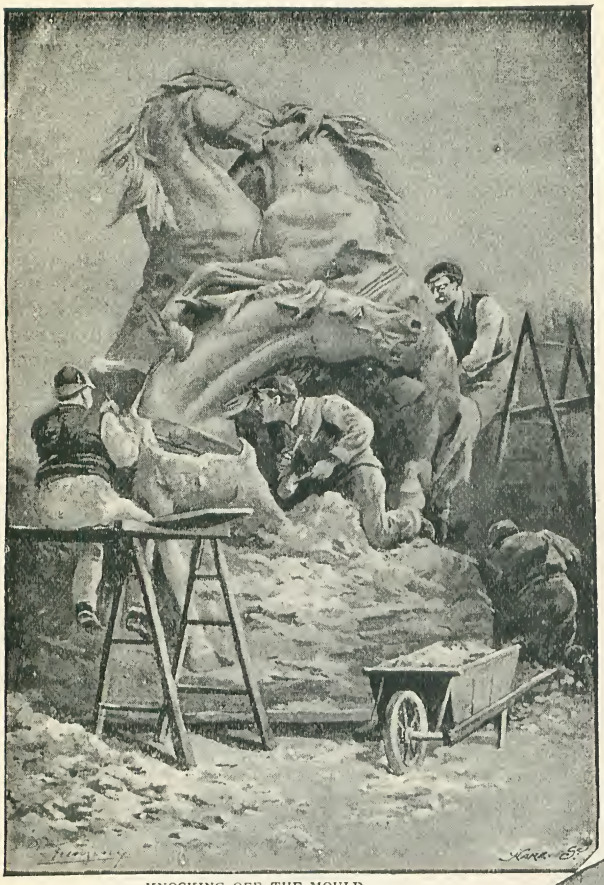
When the mould has been completed, the next operation is to take it apart piece by piece, or so much of it as will enable the clay model (together with the iron framework), which is no longer of any use, to be removed. If the mould has been well constructed, this is no very difficult matter. The syringe is again brought into requisition, and when the water has penetrated the joints of the separate pieces of the mould it moistens the film of clay deposited by the washing with clay water, and so allows the section to be prized out of its place with comparative ease. When the model has been sufficiently bared to permit of its being worked out that operation is begun.

TAKING OUT THE CLAY.

When this is done we have before us the hollow mould in which the plaster cast has to be made. But, before proceeding with the cast, it is necessary to re-shape and insert the irons (or many of them) which formed the skeleton of the model. These are necessary for the support and strengthening of the group. The irons are further strengthened by wooden struts as the work proceeds. But before anything else is done the various pieces of the mould are carefully washed, so that no particle of the clay of the model remains. They are then given a thin coating of soft soap, and when that is dry they are slightly oiled, so that the plaster of the cast may not adhere.

The process of making the cast then proceeds. The moulder is supplied with bowls of liquid plaster, which he flings upon the inside of the mould with his hand. When he has thus put on a first thin coating he takes lumps of tow, dips them in the plaster, and applies them to give greater strength and coherence to the whole. This is done until the inner surface of the mould is covered of a uniform thickness of an inch and a half to two inches. Thus, bit by bit, the entire mould is put together, and gradually filled in until the last piece has been adjusted and the cast completed. The separate pieces are fixed firmly *in situ* by the application of plaster to the joints; but where there is any strain or extra pressure they are held together by strong iron struts and clamps.

The next and last operation consists in knocking away the mould and laying bare the cast. In order to do this, the moulder and his assistants go to work with mallet and chisel, beginning this time at the top and working downwards. When the iron struts and clamps have been removed, and the plaster holding the parts of the mould in position cut away, the mould itself easily comes off. The workmen are guided in this operation by the yellow colour of the mould. All the plaster of that tint has to be carefully cut away until the cast itself is reached. Portions, however, still remain in the hollows and undercuts, and these have to be deftly worked out with the proper tools. The process resembles nothing so much as digging out a huge fossil from its enclosing matrix, only a fossil is generally embedded in hard stone, while the cast is surrounded with soft plaster. At first the heads of the horses appear, then



KNOCKING OFF THE MOULD.

gradually the whole of their bodies, until the feet are reached, and the whole group is disclosed.

This is the state in which groups of this description are generally exhibited at the Academy and other exhibitions, for the simple reason that it would not pay to put them in bronze, except in the execution of a commission.

But the work is not allowed to leave the artist's hand just as it comes from the casting. He has still to go over it and carefully remove the seams, and make up any defects in the casting; or he may add to the work, or even change it in minor details. This done, the group is ready for exhibition, with the exception of one more final operation. That is, it has either to be bronzed, or tinted slightly with oil or yellowish clay water (according to the effect desired to be produced), the dead whiteness of the plaster not being pleasant or natural to the eye.

In case the work be carried to completion in marble or bronze, other operations have to be gone through which it would take too long fully to describe in one article. In proceeding to execute a group or single figure in marble, the model of which has been prepared, the first thing requisite is to procure a block of marble as nearly as possible of the required size, and, so far as can be judged from the outside, without fault. The pointer then goes to work, and, as may be said, roughs out the figure. What he really does is to prepare the marble by means of his chisel and a "pointer"—a measuring instrument which, adjusted to the model, and thence transferred to the marble, enables him to get the relative prominence and bearing of each part. When the pointer has reached, as it were, the rough outline of the figure, he is followed by a carver, who carries the work a stage

TAKING MEASUREMENTS.

further, coming, perhaps, to within an eighth of an inch of what will be the actual surface of the figure or bust, if such it be, when finished, thus greatly lessening the mere mechanical part of the labour, while leaving the artist with ample material and scope for alterations. It is now that the actual work of the sculptor begins, and that those final and finishing touches are given that invest the stone, as it were, with the breath and vigour of life. To many it would appear that, when the carver has completed his work, the thing is perfect, and there is nothing more to be done. But this, in reality, is the point at which the true artist displays his greatest gift for expression. Frequently, of course, both the pointing and carving are done by the sculptor, although, if he have much work to do, it pays him to employ an Italian pointer and carver, and so save time. Indeed, a sculptor is not usually of much account if he cannot carry through every operation, from the making of the sketch model, through the stage of casting, and finally to completion in marble.

It should be said that occasionally, when a work is to be executed in marble, more especially if the composition be very intricate, and has, in consequence, been modelled in wax, the casting of the model is obviated, the wax or clay model itself serving instead of the cast. This, however, is rare, on account of its inconvenience, because an important work is sometimes months, if not years, in operation, and if clay is used the model has either to be kept moist all the time, or else it has to be fired.

When, in place of being produced in marble, the work has to be cast in metal, the labours of another craftsman have to be called into requisition, those, namely, of the founder or metal caster, whose operations constitute an art, and a very beautiful one, in themselves. For this climate bronze is the chief material used for outdoor statues and monumental groups, marble being reserved for inside work, especially the beautiful Carrara, which quickly perishes when exposed to the weather. Greek marble (the finest and most expensive) is alike unsuitable for our rough climate. The blue Sicilian variety, however, is harder, and will stand exposure, and is therefore often used for monumental work intended for the open air.

A LIFE MODEL.

The Conscientious Burglar.

By Grant Allen.

GUY LETHBRIDGE had got into debt. That was reprehensible, of course ; but when we were *very* young, most of us did the same thing ; and in Guy's case, at least, there were extenuating circumstances. When a fellow's twenty-four, and has been brought up like a gentleman, he's apt to fall into the familiar fallacy that "we *must* live ;" and if he has nothing to live upon, why then he lives upon other people. Now, Guy Lethbridge was a painter, without visible means of support except his art ; and he glided into debt by a natural and easy transition which even that sternest of censors, the judge of the Bankruptcy Court, might well have condoned as next door to inevitable.

The facts of the case were these. Guy had gone over to Germany with a knapsack on his back, an easel in his hands, and a pipe and a few pounds in his trousers pocket. He had no friends to speak of in those days, for his father was dead, and his mother, good lady, in her lodgings in Bayswater, could no more have sent her son a five-pound note from her slender pension, than she could have sent him the Koh-i-noor or the Order of the White Elephant. But Guy went abroad, none the less, with the reckless faith of the Salvationist or the impecunious artist. He meant to stay on the Rhine as long as his money lasted ; "and then, you know, my dear fellow, I can smuggle myself across anyhow, in a cattle boat or something ; and arrive with a sixpence and an immortal work at St. Catherine's Docks some fine summer day, at six o'clock in the morning." What a blessed thing it is, to be sure, to be born into this world with the easy-going, happy-go-lucky, artistic temperament !

So Guy went to Königswinter, with a glimpse by the way at Brussels, Aix, and Cologne ; and settled himself down, pipe, easel, and all, to summer quarters at the bright and sunny Berliner-Hof. There, he worked really hard, for he was no saunterer by nature ; his impecuniosity arose, strange to say, neither from want of industry nor want of talent, but from pure force of circumstances. There's no sillier blunder on earth, indeed, than to believe that if a man doesn't succeed in life he must needs be either an idler or a bungler. Only fools imagine that industry and ability can command success ; wise men know well that opportunity and luck count at least as equally important. Guy Lethbridge's time had not yet come. He painted all summer up and down the Rhine, making Königswinter his headquarters, and dropping down by boat or rail from day to day to various points on either bank that took his fancy. As for black and white, his quiver was full of them. The Drachenfels from the North, the Drachenfels from the South ; the Rheinstein from above, the Rheinstein from below, the Rheinstein from St. Clement's—he sketched them

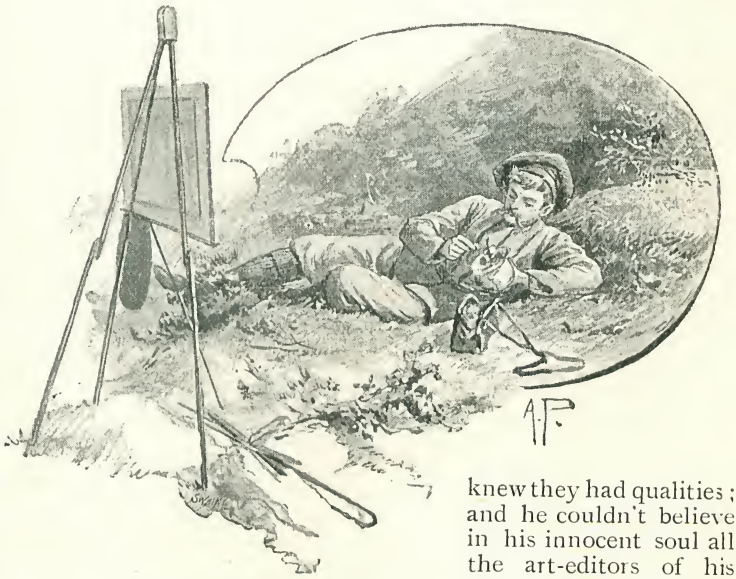
"WITH A KNAPSACK AND AN EASEL."

all till he was well nigh tired of them. Meanwhile, he worked steadily at his grand Academy picture of "The Seven Mountains from the Summit of the Petersberg." His plan of campaign, in short, was own brother to every other struggling young artist's. He meant to do "a lot of little pot-boilers for the illustrated magazines, don't you know, or the weekly papers," and to live upon those while he devoted his energies to the real Work of Art which was to raise him with a bound to the front rank of living painters. Wyllie had done it, you see, with his great Thames picture, so why shouldn't Guy Lethbridge? The Chantrey Bequest was meant on purpose for the encouragement of such works as the "Seven Mountains from the Summit of the Petersberg." The trustees were bound to buy it as soon as they saw it hung on the line at the Academy; for they are men of taste, and men of knowledge, and men of experience; and if they don't know a good thing when they see it, what's the use of an Academy, anyway, I ask you?

Incredible as it may seem, however, the pot-boilers failed to boil the pot. Guy sent his sketches, with elucidatory remarks, to the editors of nearly every illustrated paper in Great Britain and Ireland or the adjacent islands; who declined them with thanks, and with surprising unanimity. They were the same sketches, to be sure, which ran afterwards through eight numbers of a leading art review, and were then reproduced as an illustrated gift-book, which our most authoritative critic pronounced in *The Bystander* to be "the gem of the season." But *that* was *after* Guy Lethbridge became famous. At the time, those busy editors didn't look at the drawings at all, or, if they looked at them, observed with the weary sigh peculiar to the overworked editorial organism, "Ah, the Rhine again! Overdone, decidedly. The public won't stand any more Rhine at any price." For those were the days when there was a run on the Thames and our domestic scenery; and everybody who was anybody lodged his easel in a houseboat.

Thus it gradually happened that while the Great Work progressed, the pipe got smoked out, and the pounds evaporated. Guy had lived sparingly at the Berliner-Hof—very sparingly indeed. He had breakfasted early on his roll and coffee; bought a penn'orth of bread and a bunch or two of grapes for his frugal lunch on the hills where he painted; and dined *à la carte*, when daylight failed, off the cheapest and most sustaining of the landlord's dishes. His drink was Bavarian beer, or more latterly, water; yet in spite of economy the marks slipped away with surprising nimbleness; and by the end of September, Guy woke up one morning without even the talisman of that proverbial sixpence which was to land him in safety at the Port of London.

He had delayed things too long; hoping against hope, he had believed to the last that the *Porte-Crayon* or the *Studio* must surely accept his graceful and easy Rhenish sketches. He knew they were clever; he knew they had qualities; and he couldn't believe in his innocent soul all the art-editors of his country were an amalgamated pack of Banded Duffers. Somebody must surely see merit at last in his "Royal Stolzenfels"; somebody must surely descry in the end the fantastic exuberance of his "Hundred-towered Andernach." So he waited and waited on, expecting every day some change in his fortunes, till the fatal moment at length arrived when he paid his last mark



"LUNCH IN THE HILLS."

for his lunch in the mountains, and found himself face to face with an empty exchequer, and nothing on earth to get back to England with.

It was a Wednesday when the fact of his utter penury forced itself finally upon him. He paid his bill by the week, and he had still till Monday next before he would stand in urgent need of money. Monday was pay-day, and his time would be up; it would then be either stump up or go; on Monday he must confront the last abyss of poverty.

To that extent only, Guy had got into debt. So I think you will admit with me his offence was a venial one. On Thursday he went to work on the Petersberg as usual. He was outwardly calm—but he ate no luncheon. In point of fact, he hadn't a pfennig to get one with. He might have asked for something at the hotel, and taken it with him to the hill-top; but that would have been a deviation from his ordinary routine; the "arrangement" at the Berliner-Hof included only the early coffee and a simple late dinner; and Guy felt that to ask for anything more in his present impecunious condition of pocket would be nothing short of robbing the landlord. He was robbing him as it was, to be sure; but then, that was inevitable: he didn't like to add by any unusual demand to the weight of his probably insoluble indebtedness.

On Friday morning he woke up ravenous. What was a roll and coffee to a vigorous young man like him, with yesterday's unappeased hunger still keenly whetting the edge of his appetite? Unsatisfied and despondent, he toiled up the Petersberg once more—not for such as him the aristocratic joys of the cog-wheel railway; and in the eye of the sun he painted all day with unabated ardour at his "Seven Mountains." He painted with wild energy, impelled by want of food and internal craving. It suited his theme. He got lights upon the Löwenburg that he never could have got after a hearty dinner; he touched in some autumn tints among the woods on the Drachenfels too poetical for a man who has eaten and drunk of German sausage and foaming Pilsener. At the same time, Guy was conscious to himself that hunger was rapidly turning him into a rabid Socialist. Hitherto, as becomes an artist, he had believed on the whole in our existing social and political institutions—baronial castles, lords and ladies gay in exquisitely paintable silks and satins, the agreeable variety imparted to life by pleasing distinctions of rank and wealth, the picturesque rags and sweet tumble-down cottages of a contented peasantry. But now, when the unequal distribution of wealth began to affect him personally, he felt where the shoe pinched, and realised with a sudden revulsion of feeling that there was something rotten in the state of our Denmark. He said to himself more than once he wasn't one of your vile Radicals who want to upset everything—the Church, the throne, the peerage, the cathedrals, art, literature, and science, at one fell blow; but he certainly *would* like to see a fresh deal of the money.

Tourists strolled up, jingling the nickels in their pockets; they sat down at the terrace of the hotel on the hill-top—the inevitable "restauration" of every German point of view—and ordered beefsteaks and Rhine wine with a lordly carelessness which to Guy, in his present straits, seemed positively inhuman. Why should these pampered creatures thus flaunt their wealth before the eyes of more deserving though less successful fellow beings? To be sure, in the days of his own opulence, when he still had a five-pound note of his own in his pocket, Guy had often done the same sort of thing himself, and thought no ill of it. But hunger is a great teacher of advanced political economy to men. As he painted and starved, with the vision of Monday's bill floating ever before his eyes, Guy Lethbridge felt he was sinking by rapid and uncontrollable stages into abysses of pure unadulterated Communism.

Friday's dinner served only to make him feel more conscious than ever on Saturday of an aching void. He was tired as well as hungry when he reached the hill-top; his hand was far from being steady enough for purposes of painting. Nevertheless, he worked on, those autumn tints glowing brighter than ever as the afternoon wore away. About four o'clock, an Englishman, whom he had seen more than once at the Berliner-Hof, strolled casually up to him. Guy disliked that Englishman; he was tall and blustering, and had an ineffable air of wealthy insolence, which in Guy's present mood seemed peculiarly offensive to him. He was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every night off roast pheasant and Heidsieck's dry monopole. But this afternoon he came up with his hands in his pockets, and inspected Guy's picture with the air of a connoisseur.

"Jolly good light on the Thingumbob-berg," he said, shutting one eye and surveying it critically. "You've caught the colour well. If you go on like that, in the course of a century or so you ought, I should say, to make a painter."

Guy was annoyed at the man for this complacent speech; for in his own opinion, though he was by no means conceited, he was a painter already. So he drew himself up and answered, stiffly, "I'm glad you like the light; I've spent some pains on it."

"JOLLY GOOD LIGHT ON THE THINGUMBOB-BERG."

"Pains!" the stranger echoed. "I should think you just had. It surprises me, the trouble you fellows will take over the corner of a picture. It's the right way, of course; that's how pictures are made; you can't make 'em any other way; but *I* couldn't do it, bless you—I'm such a jolly lazy beggar—fiddling and faddling for a week at a time over a tree or a trinket. I never did a stroke of work in my life, myself, and I admire you fellows who can; you must have such a precious reserve of energy." And he took out a first-rate cigar from his case as he spoke, and proceeded, with elaborate dawdling, to light it. To Guy, whose poor pipe had been stopped for three weeks, the mere smell of that cigar was positive purgatory.

The stranger, however, was in no hurry to go. He sat down on a rock, and began conversing about Art, of which, indeed, Guy was forced somewhat grudgingly to admit he wasn't wholly ignorant. Little by little, after a while, the talk glided off into other channels. True, Guy's part in it was mainly monosyllabic; but the stranger, who had been put into conversational cue by a bottle of good wine at the restauration hard by, made up for all deficiencies on his neighbour's part by a very frank garrulousness. In the course of conversation, it gradually came out that the stranger was a landed proprietor of means, in the horsey interest. His talk was of races. He wondered fellows could spend such a lot of time doing a really good picture like that for a miserable hundred or so—how it made Guy's mouth water!—when he himself had won twenty ponies last week, over a special tip for the Leger, as easy as look at it. He went on to talk of so many winnings and so few losings, that Guy's newly-kindled democratic fire blazed up fiercer than ever.

That evening, at the Berliner-Hof, Guy watched the stranger from his modest table in the corner, hobnobbing over a couple of bottles of sparkling Moselle, with two German officers, whose acquaintance he had picked up quite casually in the restaurant. He was talking German fluently at the top of his voice, laughing loudly between whiles, and offering to bet everybody a hundred marks even, on whatever turned up, with hilarious inconsequence. A hundred marks would have relieved poor Guy from all his embarrassments. He was almost tempted to take the man on spec. more than once, and pocket it if he won, or

owe it, if he lost, to him. But that would be mean—nay, more, would be robbery.

Not such the stuff of which to make a successful burglar.

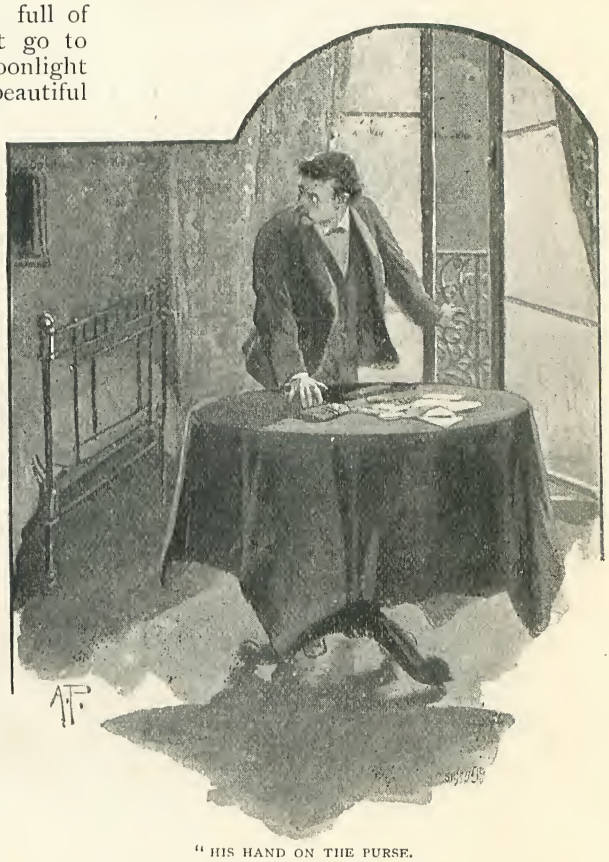
As Guy went upstairs to his room that night, he paused to ask the landlord the rich stranger's name. German as he was, the landlord gave it with the bated breath of an Englishman: "Sir Richard Lavers," he answered, in a most deferential tone. A man who can drink champagne like that, of course, secures the respect of every right-minded landlord.

Guy sat up late in his room, full of mingled perplexities. He couldn't go to bed; but about half-past ten the moonlight on the river was so exquisitely beautiful that he stole down to the balcony on the first floor to admire it. He stood there long, making notes for future pictures. The balcony runs along the whole south side of the Berliner-Hof, looking out on the Rhine and the Seven Mountains. Guy paced it to the end about half-past eleven. The last window towards the west stood open down to the balcony; Guy glanced in as he passed, and heard loud, stertorous breathing. He recognised that stout snore. It was the English baronet's.

Some nameless curiosity made him peer into the bedroom. The moonlight was flooding it, so that he could see everything almost as well as if it had been day. In the corner stood the bed, and the stranger's clothes were flung carelessly on a chair; but on the table close by Guy observed, at a glance, his watch, a purse, a few tumbled papers.

That purse contained, no doubt, what remained of those ponies he had won on the St. Leger. It contained the ill-gotten wealth of those nights at the club, of whose baccarat he had spoken that afternoon with such unholy gusto. A loan of a fiver would just then be of incalculable benefit to Guy. When he sold the Seven Mountains for that paltry two hundred, as the baronet called it—though fifty pounds would have exceeded Guy's utmost expectations—he could repay the unwilling loan with twenty per cent. interest. To borrow in dire distress from a man who confesses he never did a stroke of honest work in his life, and who lives like a canker on the earnings of the community, was surely no crime. It would do this fellow good to be stinted in his drink for three days in a week. Just a hundred marks! And he would never miss them!

The artistic temperament must not be judged too severely by the stern moralist. It acts upon impulse, and repents at leisure. Next moment, Guy found himself six paces in the room, his hand on the purse, his heart beating high, then standing still within him.



"HIS HAND ON THE PURSE.

He meant to open it and take out a hundred marks. He would pay his bill next day, set out for Cologne, and send Sir Richard a written acknowledgment of the sum abstracted. The fellow, though blustering, was good-humoured enough. He would understand this move; nay, sympathise with its boldness, its slight tinge of the adventurous.

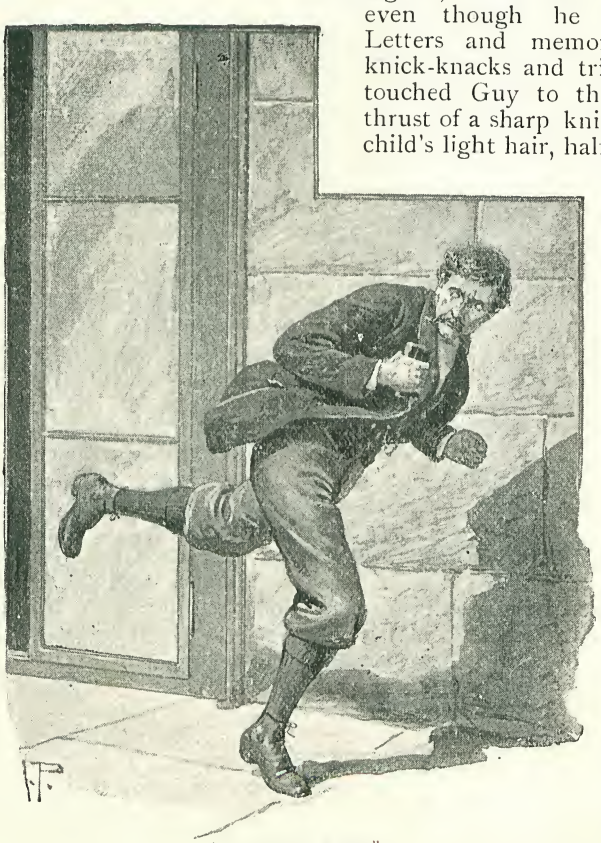
Just as he thought this, the stertorous breathing grew suddenly less regular. Something turned heavily in the bed in the corner. It was now or never—and the

purse wouldn't open! It had one of these nasty new-fangled clasps. Why do people always try to make life more complex for us? Do what he would, he couldn't open it. More rustling in the bed; Guy grew nervous and ashamed. Great heavens! What was this? The man would awake, and take him for a burglar!

And a burglar he was, in truth and deed! As he realised that idea he recoiled with horror.

Before he could collect himself, however; before he could draw back from this half-uncompleted crime; before he could let conscience get the better of impulse—why, the man in the bed gave another sharp turn, and, scarcely knowing what he did, Guy, instead of dropping the incriminating purse, clutched it tight in his hand, and darted back on to the balcony. Thence, maddened by the wild sense of someone unseen pursuing him, he dashed away to the passage door, along the dim, dark corridor, stumbled up the great stairs, and groped his way, in an agony of horror, into his own bedroom.

Once arrived there, he locked and double-locked the door, flung that hateful purse on the table in the dark, and sank on to the sofa in a tumult of remorse, alarm, and terror. If he hadn't been an artist, indeed, he would never have dreamt in the first instance of taking it. It was that impulsive artistic nature that misled him into translating his new political theories from the domain of abstract hypothesis to the solid region punishable by the Revised Criminal Code of Germany.



"HE DASHED AWAY."

For many minutes he sat there, wondering, doubting, fearing: had the man in the bed perceived him? had he recognised who it was? would he raise the whole house against the amateur burglar? And, oh, whatever came of it, let consequences alone, what hateful thing was this he had been so hastily led into? He held his brow in his hands and looked blankly into the dark. He felt himself a thief! He despised his own act with all the contempt and loathing of which his nature was capable.

At last he summoned up courage to light the candle, and in a mechanical sort of way, out of pure curiosity, began to examine the contents of the purse he had stolen. Worse and worse! This was horrible! German gold, English bank-notes, letters of credit, foreign bills of exchange, bankers' cheques—untold wealth in every form and variety of currency. The man must have carried some seven or eight hundred pounds about his person. And that wasn't all either. There were letters in the purse, too—letters which, of course, Guy couldn't dream of looking at; for he was a gentleman still, even though he was a criminal. Letters and memoranda, and little knick-knacks and trinkets, and—what touched Guy to the heart like the thrust of a sharp knife—one lock of a child's light hair, half-protruding from a paper. Stung with worse remorse than before, the conscience-stricken burglar bundled them back into the purse, feeling hot in the face at this unwarrantable intrusion on another man's privacy. To effect an involuntary loan upon a sleeping fellow-citizen, overburdened with too much wealth, and unduly surfeited with more than his share of our unearned increment, seemed to Guy in his pre-

sent communistic mood a very small matter; but to go prying into another man's letters, his documents, his keepsakes, his most sacred deposits—that was unpardonable crime, which his very soul shrank from.

It was impossible for him, then, to keep Sir Richard's belongings. He began to reflect with deep regret on the inconvenience it would cause any man to be suddenly deprived, at a single swoop, of eight hundred pounds, his passport, and his visiting cards. For it was a big, fat purse, of most capacious dimensions; and it contained almost everything of a mercantile or identificatory nature which Sir Richard took about with him. Besides, there were the letters, the lock of hair, the knick-knacks. To hit a fellow in the purse is all very well in its way, but to hit him in the affections is unjustifiable meanness. Come what might, Guy felt there was but one thing now left for it. He must go straight downstairs again, in spite of shame or exposure, and restore that purse, ill-gotten gains and all, to that blood-sucker of an evil and inequitable social system, its lawful owner.

He opened the door once more, and peered out grimly into the passage. With head on one side, he strained his ear and listened. Not a sound in the house; not a creature stirring anywhere. With the purse in one hand, while he held his beating heart to keep it still in the other, Guy crept along the dark passage, and stole stealthily down the stairs, that creaked as he went with those pistol-shot creaks peculiar to stairs in the night when you're trying to tread softly. In the corridor below he could see his way better, for the moonlight from the open window at the end of it guided him. He stepped out on to the balcony, and walked with a throbbing breast to Sir Richard's window. Oh, mercy! it was closed. No chance of restitution. He tried it with his hand; it was fastened from within. The sleeper must have risen, roused by his flight, and shut it.

For a minute or two Guy hesitated. Should he rap at the panes, and try to attract the man's attention? But no; to do that would be to expose himself unnecessarily to assault and battery; and if purses are sacred, our persons are surely a great deal sacreder. After a brief debate on the balcony in the cold, Guy came to the conclusion that it would be wisest now to return to his own room and wait for the morning before making restitution.

He didn't undress that night; he flung himself on the bed, and tossed and turned in a fever of doubt till morning. Very early he rose up, and washed and dressed himself. Then, as soon as he thought there was any chance of Sir Richard being about, he walked boldly down the stairs, and, with trembling steps, made for the man's bedroom.

He knocked at the door twice, rather loudly. No answer. Was the fellow asleep still, then? Hadn't he dozed off the effects of that sparkling Moselle yet? Guy knocked a third time, still louder than before, and got no response. He turned the handle slightly, and peeped into the room. The bed was empty. Sir Richard must be up, and must have missed his money.

With heart on fire, the unhappy young burglar hurried down the front stairs, expecting to find the police already on his track. The man must have missed his purse, and risen early in search of it! As he went, a jovial voice sounded loud in the office. "It's my own fault, of course," the voice was saying, good-humouredly, in very bluff English. "I don't blame anybody else for it. I'm afraid I got a little too much of that jolly good Moselle of yours on board last night, Herr Landlord; and the German officers and I took to bally-ragging in the billiard-room; and by the time I went to bed, I don't deny I was a trifle top-heavy. But I wanted to pay my bill and go off this morning, for I have a serious appointment on Monday in London. It's awkward, very."

The landlord was profuse in his protestations and apologies. Such a thing had never happened in his house before. He couldn't understand it. He would communicate with the police, and do everything in his power to have the purse recovered. Furthermore, if Sir Richard wished to go to London, the landlord (rubbing his hands) had known him so long and so well, it would give him the greatest pleasure on earth to let the bill stand over and to lend him twenty pounds till the cash was restored and the thief was punished.

"I don't say there's any thief, though, mind you," the jovial voice responded most candidly. "I expect it was all my own stupid carelessness. I'm such an ass of a fellow always for leaving money about; and as likely as not I pulled the thing out with my handkerchief in the billiard-room. I don't doubt it'll turn up, sooner or later some day, when you're cleaning

the house up. If it don't"—the jovial voice sank for a moment to a lower key—"it's not so much the money itself I mind—that's only a few hundred pounds, and some circular notes which can't be negotiated—it's the letters and papers and private mementos. There were things in that purse"—and the voice still sank lower to an unexpected softness—"that I wouldn't have lost—well, not for a good many thousands."

Guy's heart smote him at those words with poignant remorse. He thought of the child's hair, and blushed crimson with shame. Erect and solemn he strode into the office. "Sir Richard Lavers," he said slowly, "I want to speak with you alone one moment in the salon."

"Eh?" Sir Richard said sharply, turning round. "Oh, it's you. Why, certainly." And he followed the painter into the room with a somewhat sheepish air, like a detected felon.

Guy shut the door tight. Then he laid down that cursed thing with a shudder on the table. "There's your purse," he said curtly, without one word of explanation.

Sir Richard looked at it with distinct pleasure. "You picked it up," he said, smiling.

"THERE'S YOUR PURSE."

"No," Guy answered, disdaining to tell a lie; "I stole it."

Sir Richard sat down on a chair, with his hands on his knees, and stared at him curiously for ninety seconds. Then he burst into a loud laugh, and exclaimed, much amused, "Well, anyhow, there's no reason to pull such a long face about it."

Guy dropped into a seat opposite him, and told him all his tale, extenuating nothing, in frank self-accusation. Sir Richard listened intent, with a smile on his mouth and a twinkle in his eyes of good-natured acquiescence.

"Then it was you who woke me up," he said, "when I went to shut the window. Well, you're a deuced brave chap, that's all I've got to say, to come this morning and tell me the truth about it. Why didn't you say you picked it up in the passage? I led up to it straight. That's what beats me utterly!"

"Because it would have been a lie," Guy answered frankly. "And I'd rather own up than tell you a lie about it."

Sir Richard opened the purse and turned the things over carefully. "Why, it's all here right enough," he said, in a tone of bland surprise. "You haven't taken anything out of it!"

"No, of course not," Guy replied, almost smiling, in spite of himself, at the man's perfect naïveté.

Sir Richard eyed him hard with a curiously amused glance. "But, I say, look here, you know," he remonstrated, quietly; "you are a precious inefficient sort of burglar, aren't you? You won't have anything now to pay your bill with on Monday." For Guy had not concealed from him the plain reason for his onslaught upon the sacred rights of property.

"No, I must do without as best I can," Guy answered, somewhat glum. For he stood still face to face with that original problem.

Sir Richard stared at him once more with that same curious expression. "Tell me," he said, after a short pause, "did you look at any of the letters or things in this pocket-book?"

"Not one," Guy answered honestly, with the ring of truth in his voice. "I saw they

were private, and I abstained from touching them. Only," he added, after a second's hesitation, "I couldn't help seeing there was a lock of light hair in a paper in one place. And of that, I felt sure, it would be wicked to deprive you."

The baronet said nothing. He only gazed at his man fixedly. A suspicion of moisture lurked in his blue eyes. "Well, as long as I've got the papers," he murmured at last, after a long pause, "I don't mind about the tin. That was really a secondary consideration."

"And now," Guy said sturdily, "if you'll send for the police and tell the landlord, I'll give myself into custody on the charge of robbery."

Sir Richard rose and fronted him. For one moment he was serious. "Now, look here, young man," he said, with an air of paternal wisdom, "don't you go and be a something-or-other fool. Don't say one word of this to the landlord or anybody. You are a deuced clever fellow, and you can paint like one o'clock. That's a precious good thing of yours, that view of the ramshackled old Schloss on the Drachenfels. You're sure to rise in the end; you've the right cut of the jib for it. Now, you take my advice, and keep this thing quiet. If *you* don't peach of it, *I* won't—word of honour of a gentleman. And if you'll allow me, I'll lend you fifty pounds. You can pay me back right enough when you're elected to the Academy."

Guy Lethbridge's face grew red as fire. That the man should forgive him was bad enough in all conscience, but that he should offer him a loan was really dreadful. It's all very well for a virtuous citizen to relieve the overweening aristocrat of his superfluous wealth with the high hand of confiscation; but to take it as a gift from him—for a gift it would practically mean—and that at the very moment when one had to acknowledge an attempted crime, revolted every sentiment of Guy Lethbridge's nature.

He drew back with a stammered "No, thank you. It's very kind of you, but—of course, I couldn't." And then there arose between them the most comic episode of expostulation and persuasion that the rooms of the Berliner-Hof had ever yet witnessed. The baronet almost lost his temper over the young man's obstinacy. It was ridiculous, he urged, for any gentleman not to accept a loan of fifty pounds from a well-disposed person in a moment of emergency. A fellow who could paint like *that* could never want long; and as for the passing impulse which had led Guy to take charge of the purse for an hour or two—why, the upshot showed it was *only* a passing impulse; and we all make mistakes in moments of effusion, late at night, after dining. Besides, a man in Guy's position must be really hard up, and no mistake, before he thinks of relieving other people of their purses. And when a fellow's hard up, well, hang it all, my dear sir, you can't blame him for deviating into eccentric action. As for the fifty pounds, if Guy didn't take it, it 'd go upon a horse, no doubt, or a supper at the Gaiety, or something equally foolish. Let him be sensible and pocket it; no harm in a loan; and to be quite frank, Sir Richard said, he thought better of him for owning up to his fault so manfully, than he'd have thought of him if he'd never yielded at all to temptation.

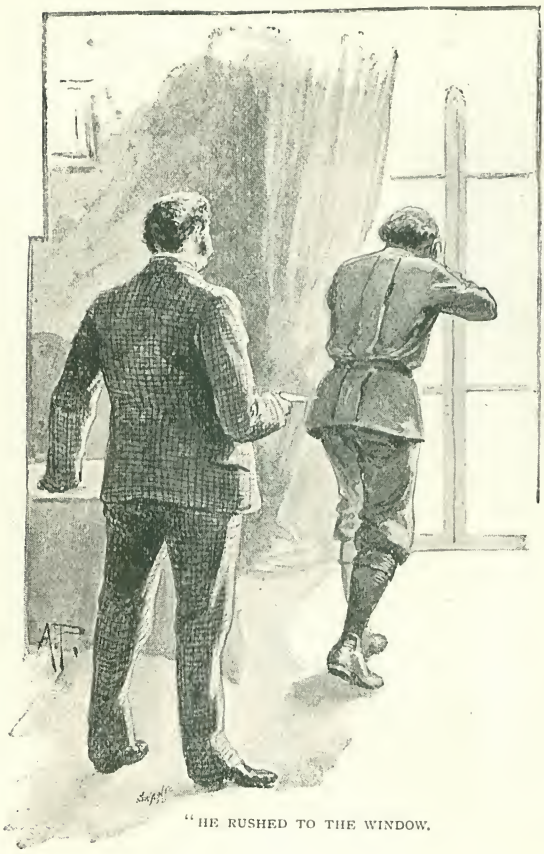
Guy stood firm, however, and refused to the bitter end.

Sir Richard consulted his watch.

"Hullo," he said, starting, "I can't stand here squabbling over fifty pounds with you all the morning. I've got to catch the 9.25 to Cologne; my things are all packed; I must have my coffee. Now, before I go, for the last time, will you or won't you accept that little loan from me? Mind, you're a conscientious kind of chap, and your bill's due on Monday. You've got no right to defraud your landlord when a friend's prepared to help you tide over this temporary difficulty."

That was a hard home thrust. Guy admitted the logic of it. But he stood by his guns still, and shook his head firmly. All sense of sullenness and defiance was gone from him now. The man's genuine kind-heartedness and sympathy had conquered him. "Sir," he cried, wringing his new friend's hand with unaffected warmth, "you're a brick; and you make me ashamed of myself. But *please* don't press it upon me. I *couldn't* take it now. Your kindness has broken me." And he burst into tears with a sudden impulse as he rushed to the window to hide his emotion.

Sir Richard hummed an air and left the salon abruptly. Guy went up to his own room, locked himself in all alone, and had a bad half-hour of it with his own conscience. He was roused from his reverie at the end of that time by a double knock at the door. It was the German waiter. "Wit' Sir



"HE RUSHED TO THE WINDOW.

Richard's compliments," he said, handing a letter to Guy. The painter tore the envelope open. It contained—fifty pounds in English bank notes, and accompanying them this surprising letter :—

"DEAR MR. LETHBRIDGE,—You *must* accept enclosed few notes as a loan for the present. You see, the fact is, I'm not a baronet at all, but a bookmaker and bank swindler. The letters you didn't examine in my purse would have put the police on my track ; and I therefore regard this trifling little sum as really due to you. You need have no compunction about taking it, for it isn't mine, and you can't possibly return it to its proper owner. Take it without a scruple, and settle your bill—you can repay me whenever you next meet me. You're a long sight a better man than I am, anyhow.—Yours faithfully,

"RICHARD LAVERS."

Guy crumpled it up in his hand with an impatient gesture. Take a swindler's money! Inconceivable! Impossible! He seized his hat in his haste, and rushed down to the office.

"Where's he gone?" he cried to the landlord.

And the landlord, taking his sense, answered promptly—

"To the station."

Guy tore down the road, and rushed into the building just as the Cologne train was steaming out from the platform. He ran along its side, disregarding the vehement expostulations of portly, red-banded German officialdom. Soon he spied the dubious baronet alone in a first-class compartment. Crumpling the notes into a pellet, he flung them back at him fiercely.

"How could you?" he cried, all on fire. "More than ever, now, when I know who you are, I can't touch those notes—I can't look at your money!"

In another second that jovial face leaned, all smiles, out of the window.

"You confounded fool!" the loud voice burst forth merrily, "you're the hardest chap to befriend I ever yet came across. Do you think, if what I said in that letter was true, I'd be ass enough to confess it—and in writing too—to a casual acquaintance? Take your tennis-ball back again!" and the pellet hit Guy hard on the cheek at the words. "Settle your bill like a man ; and if ever you want to pay me back in return, you can find my address any day in Debrett or Foster."

By this time even Sir Richard's stentorian voice was almost past bawling-point. There was nothing left for it now but to pick up the notes and return to the Berliner-Hof. Though whether he should use them or not to pay his bill was a point of casuistry he had still to debate upon.

Next morning's post, however, brought him a note from Cologne, which placed the whole question in an unexpected light for him :—

"DEAR MR. LETHBRIDGE,—We've both been fools. My ruse was a silly one. How extraordinary the right way out of this little difficulty didn't at once occur to me! I was awfully taken by your picture of the ramshackled old Schloss ; in fact, I thought when I could look up its price in the Academy catalogue I'd probably buy it, if it wasn't too dear for me. But the heat of the moment put this idea altogether out of my head. Shall we say

"HE FLUNG THEM BACK."

£200 as the price of the picture? the balance to be paid on delivery in London. Now think no more of the rest, and remain well assured that if ever this little episode gets abroad in the world it will *not* be through the instrumentality of — Yours very sincerely,

"RICHARD LAVERS."

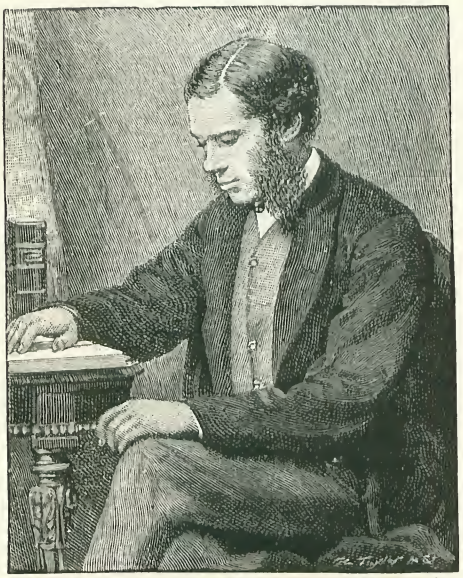
Sir Richard has settled down now as a respectable county member; and, except when occasionally exhilarated with champagne, is really a most useful pillar of society. He's very proud of a picture in his dining-room of Sorrento from the Castellammare-road—a companion-piece to that exquisite autumnal view of the ruin on the Drachenfels and the Seven Mountains. Both are from the brush of that rising young Associate, Mr. Guy Lethbridge, whom Sir Richard discovered and introduced to the great world; but the frame of the Sorrento bears a neat little inscription:— "For Sir Richard Lavers, from his ever grateful and affectionate friend, the painter." The owner has been offered five hundred down for the Drachenfels more than once —and has refused the offer.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN, BART., M.P.

BORN 1838.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, BART., M.P., was born at Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire, and is the only son of the late Sir Charles Edward Trevelyan, Bart., K.C.B., and of Hannah More Macaulay, the



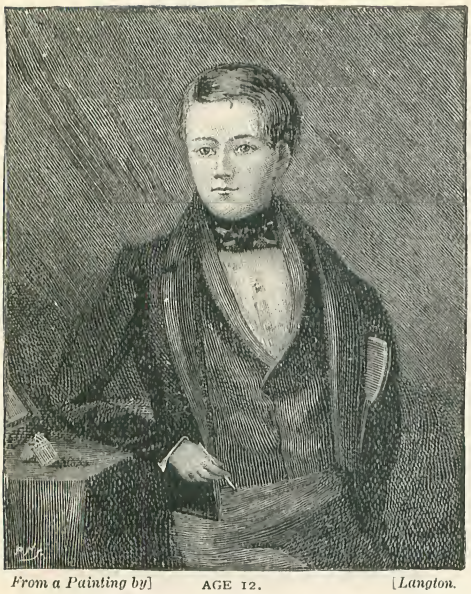
From a] AGE 27. *[Photograph.*

sister of Lord Macaulay. He was educated at Harrow and at Trinity, Cambridge, where he took the fine degree of second classic. In 1865, at the age at which our first portrait represents him, he was elected to Parliament as member for Tynemouth in the Liberal interest. In the same year appeared his well-known book descriptive of the Indian Mutiny, "Cawnpore." His "Letters of a Competition Wallah" had been reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine* the year before. In 1875, at the age depicted in our second portrait, he was engaged in preparing his admirable "Life and Letters" of his celebrated uncle, which appeared in the following year. In 1880

From a Photo. by] AGE 37. *[Alex. Bassano.*

he succeeded Lord Frederick Cavendish as Chief Secretary for Ireland, a post which he retained through two most trying years. In 1886 he disagreed with the Prime Minister's proposed scheme for Ireland, and lost his seat, but was elected in the year following at Bridgeton as a Gladstonian Liberal.

From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. *[Alex. Bassano.*



From a Painting by] AGE 12. *[Langton.*

W. P. FRITH, R.A.

BORN 1819.

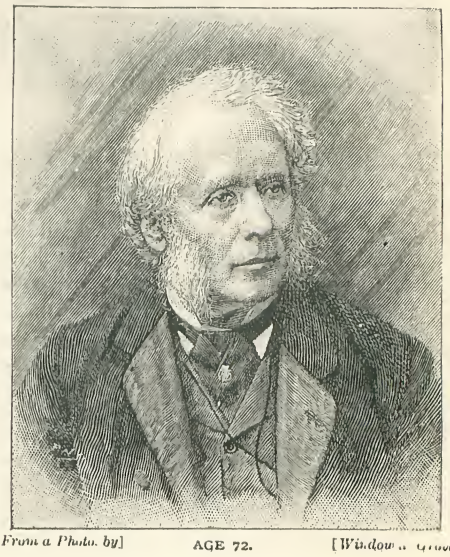
MR. WILLIAM POWELL FRITH was born at Studley, near Ripon, and at sixteen entered Sass's academy. At nineteen he painted, among other pictures, a very fine portrait of himself,

From a Painting by] AGE 19. *[W. P. Frith.*

which we have here the pleasure of reproducing. At the very early age of twenty-seven he was elected an A.R.A., becoming an R.A. at thirty-three, by which time his realistic and dramatic power had made him perhaps the most widely popular of all English artists. His "Coming of Age," "Ramsgate Sands," "The Railway Station," and "The Derby Day," are known by engravings from castle to cottage throughout the land. When "The Derby Day" was exhibited at the Royal Academy it had

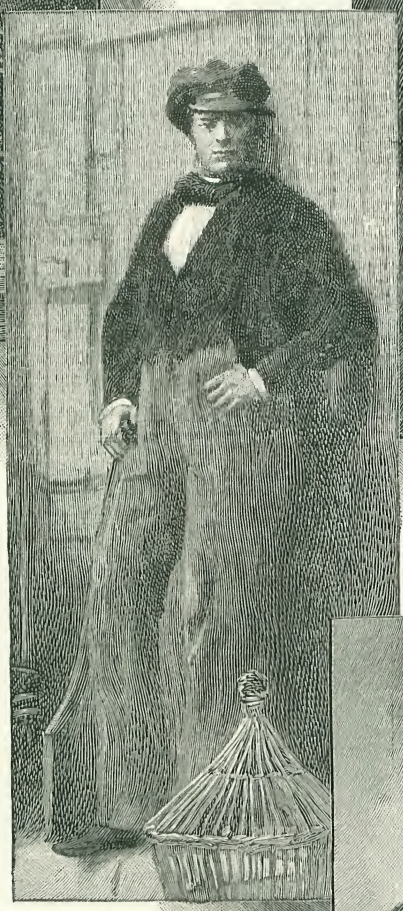
From a Painting by] AGE 36. *[Augustus Egg, R.A*

to be protected from the pressure of the crowd by a barrier—the first occasion in which such a precaution was required. Mr. Frith's admirable "Reminiscences" have placed him at the head of living writers of autobiographies.



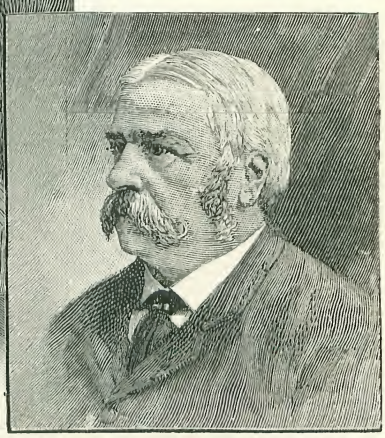
From a Photo. by] AGE 72. *[Window & Grove.*

AGE 31.
(From a Photo. by Earl, Worcester.)



AGE 19.
(From a Photograph.)

AGE 41.
(From a Photo. by Thrup, Birmingham.)



PRESENT DAY.
(From a Photo. by Bennett & Sons, Worcester.)

B. W. LEADER, A.R.A.

BORN 1831.

MR. BENJAMIN WILLIAMS LEADER, son of the late Mr. E. Leader Williams, C.E., was born at Worcester, and received his earliest instruction in art at the School of Design in that city. At twenty-three he was admitted as a student in the Royal Academy, and in the same year exhibited his first picture, "Cottage Children Blowing Bubbles," which was bought by an American connoisseur for £80. Two years later he visited Scotland for the first time, since which he has become one of the most popular delineators of mountain scenery, Wales and Switzerland, as well as the Highlands, being his favourite sketching-grounds. His pictures, of which the subjects are most frequently the wild mountain pass, the common, and the lake, are often darkened with the shadows of evening or of the thunder cloud, or are dyed with all the colours of the setting sun. He was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1883, and has been an annual exhibitor ever since 1856. Among his most important works may be mentioned "A Moated Grange," 1868; "The Streams through the Birch Wood," 1871; "Wild Waters," 1875; "The Last Gleam," 1879; "February Fill-dyke," 1881; "With Verdure Clad," 1886, his largest picture. In the present Royal Academy, "A Surrey Sand-pit" and "Conway Bay" are excellent examples of his powers.

MISS LILY HANBURY.

MISS LILY HANBURY, with whose appearance as *Lady Windermere* most playgoers are by this time familiar, and to whom we are here indebted for a charming page of portraits, was born in

From a Photo. by] AGE 2. [*Debenham, Regent-street, W.*

London, and made her first appearance when she was fifteen years old in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea," in which she played *Myrine*. Her next en-

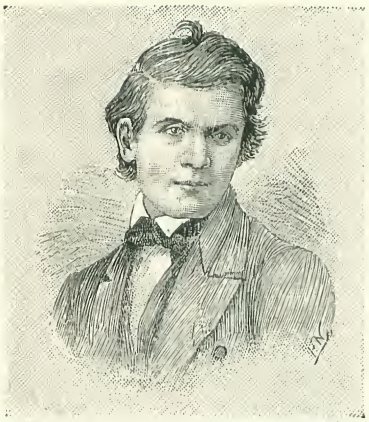
From a] AGE 7. [*Photograph.*

AGE 15.
Photographed at the Princess's Studio, Oxford-street, W.

gagement was with Mr. Thomas Thorne, in 1889, with whom she stayed until the autumn of 1890, playing in all his productions at the Vaudeville. She then went on tour with him for six weeks, after which she joined Mr. Wilson Barrett for his

From a Photo by] PRESENT DAY [*W. & D Downey.*

season at the Olympic, during which period she played eight or nine parts. She then went to Terry's Theatre for a summer season, and played in the triple bill *Mrs. Hemmersley* in Mr. Weedon Grossmith's comedietta "A Commission." Then she went for a short tour with Mr. George Alexander, returning with him to the St. James's Theatre last autumn.

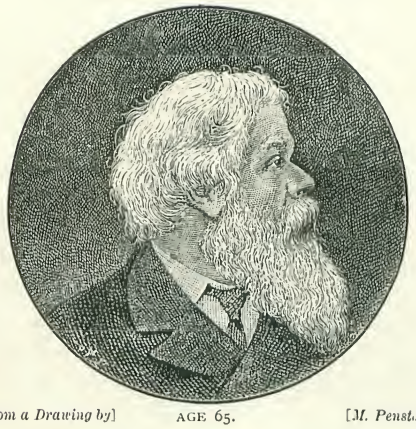


From a] AGE 30. [*Drawing.*

SIR HENRY PARKES.

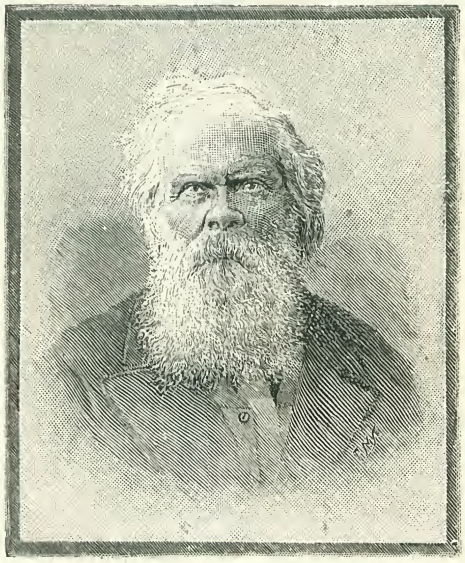
BORN 1815.

SIR HENRY PARKES, Prime Minister of New South Wales, was the son of a Warwickshire farmer, and was born at Stoneleigh. At twenty-four he emigrated to Australia, and for some time worked as an ordinary farm labourer, but when about thirty-five he started *The*



From a Drawing by] AGE 65. [*M. Penstone.*

Empire, a daily newspaper, and a few years later was elected to the Legislative Council. His political life was brilliant, and in 1872 he became Premier for the first time. He has now been at the head of a Government more times, and longer, than any man alive, except Mr. Gladstone. But it is not only as the most conspicuous figure in Australian politics that Sir Henry Parkes is remarkable. His seventy-seven years weigh lightly upon him—this old political general, with his long white beard and white hair crowning his forehead and falling down upon his shoulders. His house in Balmain, Sydney, Hampton Villa, is an old stone building, surrounded by trees, on a neck of land jutting into Johnston's Bay. As a conversationalist he is deeply interesting—full of literary reminiscences; at one time time he is walking with Tennyson, at another chatting with Browning in his



From a Photo. by] AGE 77. [*Charlemont & Co., Sydney.*

lodgings in London, at breakfast with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, dining with the President of the American Republic or with the King and Queen of the Belgians, or chatting at a blazing fire with Thomas and Jane Carlyle. To Sir Henry, Carlyle wrote: "I am greatly pleased with your calm, quiet, lucid, and honest speeches, and with all the useful and manful labour you have so successfully gone through for one of the most sacred interests of human affairs." This remark refers to Sir Henry's efforts in the cause of education in Australia. His talk bristles with "wise saws and instances," and the fiery element that breathes in his speeches has been kindled by Lowell, Browning, and Tennyson. He is now writing a book which, when published, will, it is predicted, make him for many years the most discussed man in Australia, and perhaps one of the most notable in the British Empire. His two Russian cats, which purr about his legs, and his large and varied collection of pet animals, are his sole recreation.

From a] AGE 21. *[Photograph.*

JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.

BORN 1829.

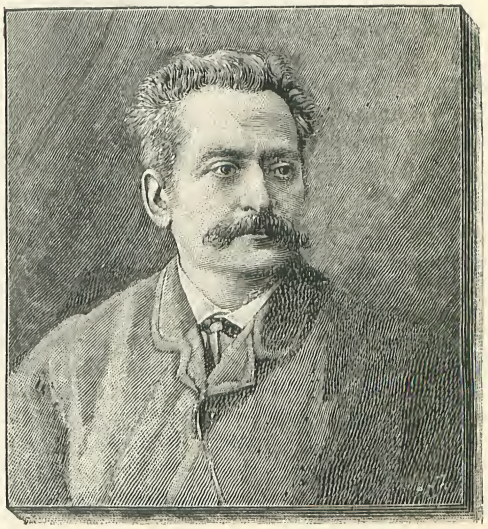
MR. JACQUES BLUMENTHAL, whose charming songs have been for many years so popular in every drawing-room and concert-hall in the kingdom, was born at Hamburg on October 4, 1829; and, having shown precocious signs of musical

From a] AGE 30. *[Photograph.*

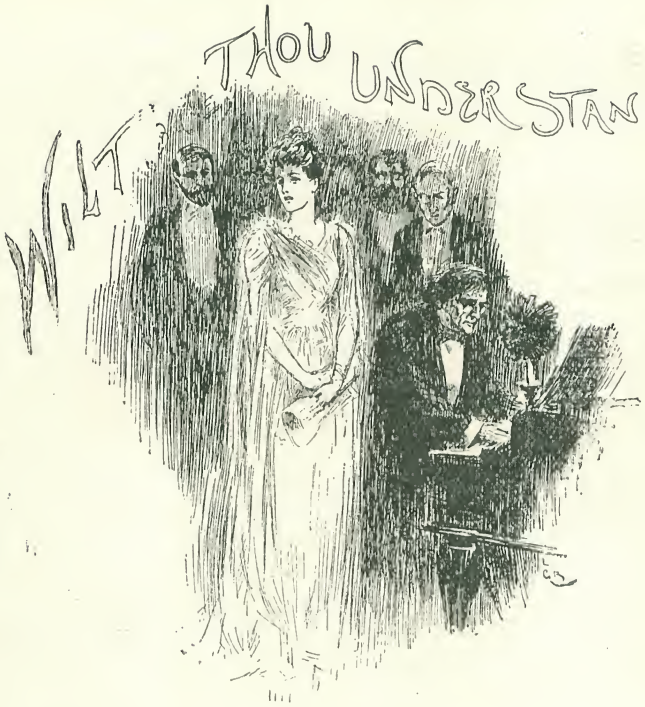
talents, was trained at first under Grund in his native city, and then under Von Bocklet and Sechter at Vienna. At seventeen he removed to Paris, in order to study under Hertz at the Conservatoire, where he attained his extraordinary proficiency in pianoforte playing. Two years later he took up his permanent residence in London, where he has ever since resided, with occasional visits to a house which he possessed at Montreux. He early had the honour of being selected as pianist to the Queen, and soon became known as a very fashionable teacher; while his fame as a composer was continually increasing. Of all his songs, perhaps "The Message" has been the most widely and justly popular; though, indeed, he is a composer whose work can never be anything but brilliant and effective. We are happy to be able to place before our

[From a Photo. by] AGE 39. *[Suscipj, Rome.*

readers, in the following pages, a song—"Wilt Thou Understand?"—written by Mr. Blumenthal especially for this magazine, and which, we hope, will prove as popular as any of the beautiful melodies which have made his name a household word.



From a Photo by] PRESENT DAY. *[Vianelli, Venice.*



Written by G. M. G.

Music composed by JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.

Andante.

p Espressivo.

If now I

Andante.

p p p e legato.

Soave e cantabile. *pp*

ritard. *a tempo.*

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *p* * *Cantabile.*

sing, though all the world be there, Praise to de-clare, The

Cantabile.

Ped. *

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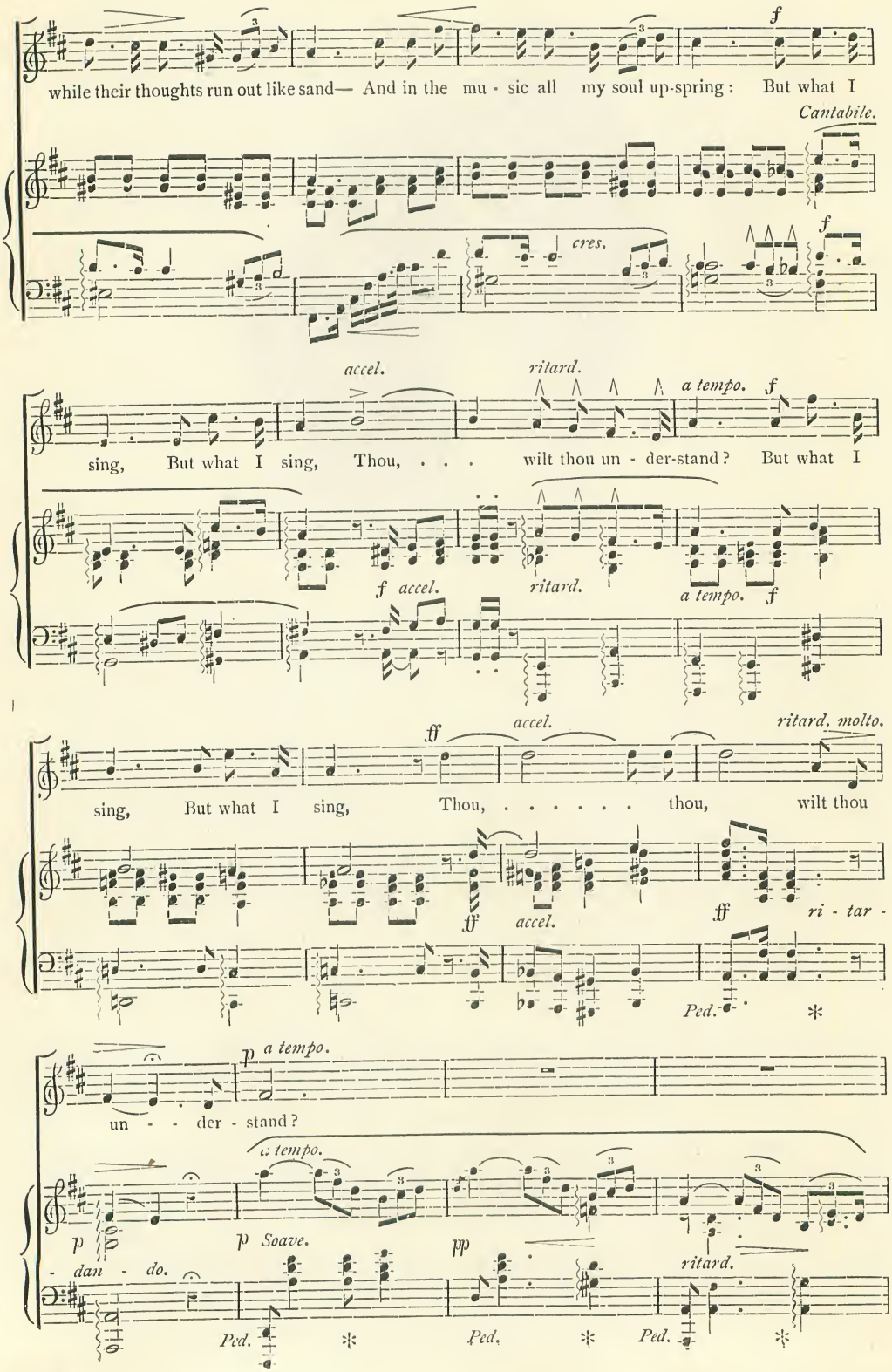

while their thoughts run out like sand— And in the mu - sic all my soul up-spring: But what I
Cantabile.
cres.
accel.
ritard.
a tempo.
sing, But what I sing, Thou, . . . wilt thou un - der-stand? But what I
f accel.
ritard.
a tempo.
sing, But what I sing, Thou, ... thou, wilt thou
accel.
ritard. molto.
ri - tar -
Ped.
un - - der - stand?
a tempo.
- dan - do.
Soave.
ritard.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

a tempo. *pp*

Then, while I sing, come thou where none can see, And stead - fast-

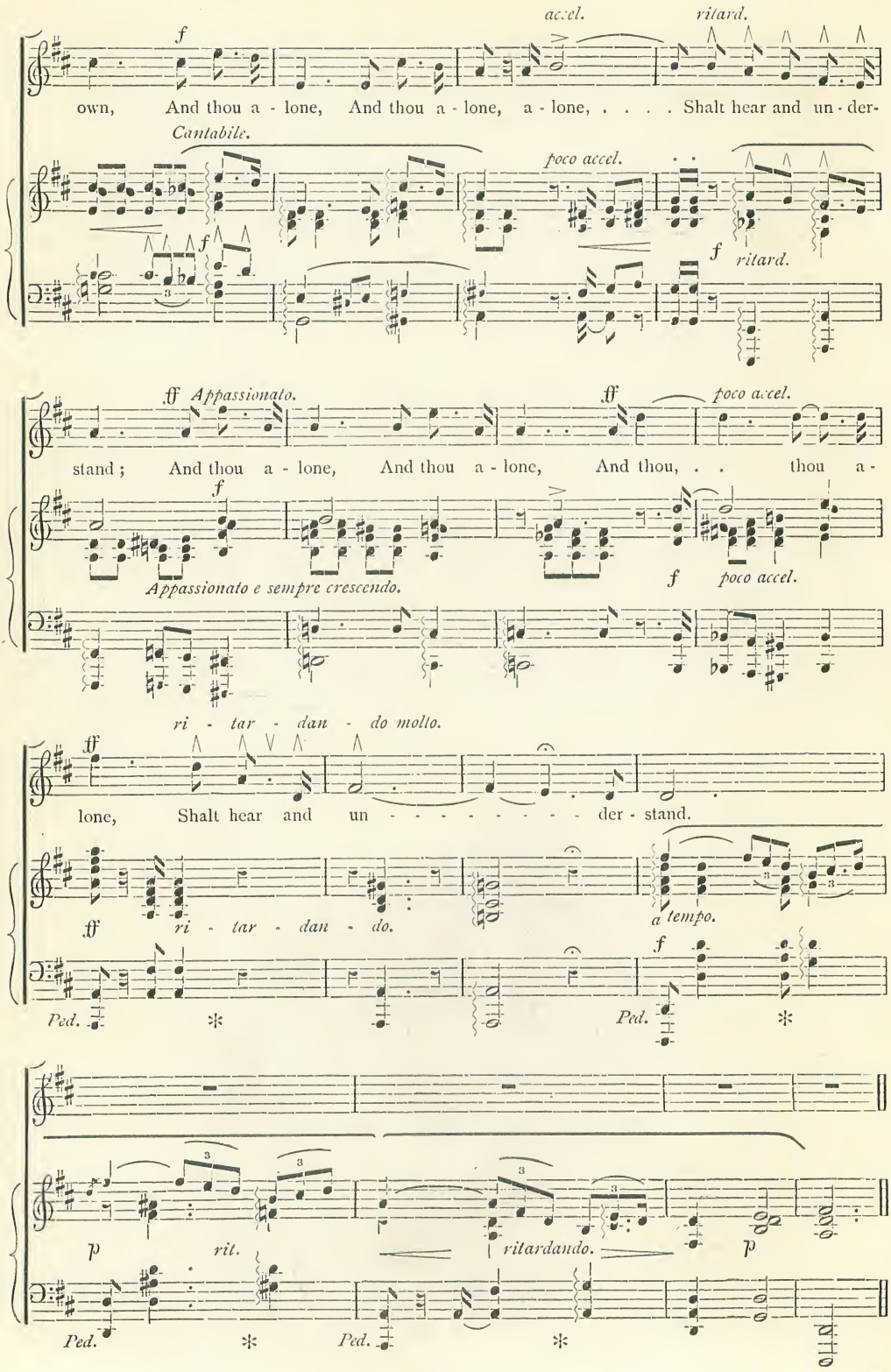
a tempo.
pp
Legato.

Ped. ✻ *pp* *Cantabile.*

mf *crescendo.*

ly Gaze in my eyes, and mute - ly stand: The soul of all my song shall meet thine

crescendo.

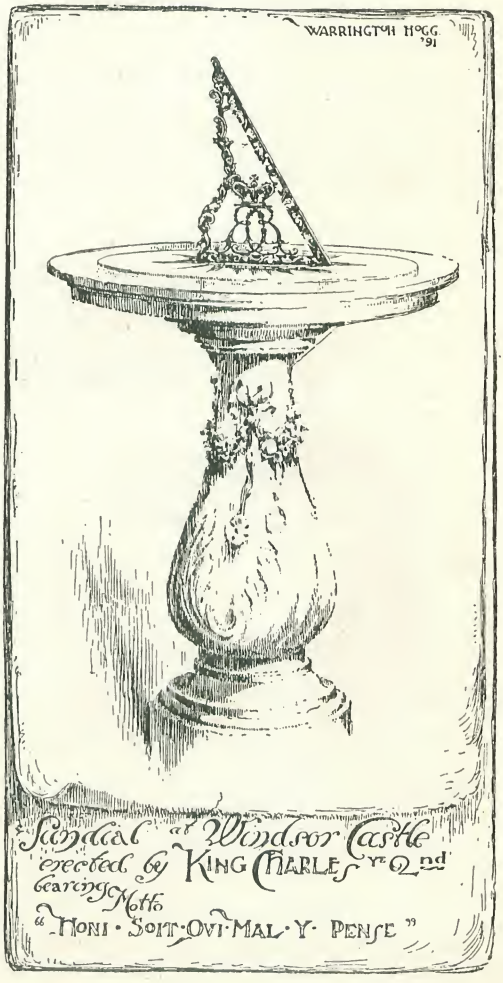

accel.
ritard.
f
own, And thou a - lone, And thou a - lone, a - lone, ... Shalt hear and un - der-
Cantabile.
poco accel.
f
ritard.
ff Appassionato.
ff
poco accel.
stand; And thou a - lone, And thou a - lone, And thou, . . thou a -
f
Appassionato e sempre crescendo.
f
poco accel.
ri - tar - dan - do molto.
ff
lone, Shalt hear and un - - - - - - - - - der - stand.
ff
ri - tar - dan - do.
a tempo.
f
Ped.
Ped.
p
rit.
ritardando.
p
Ped.
Ped.

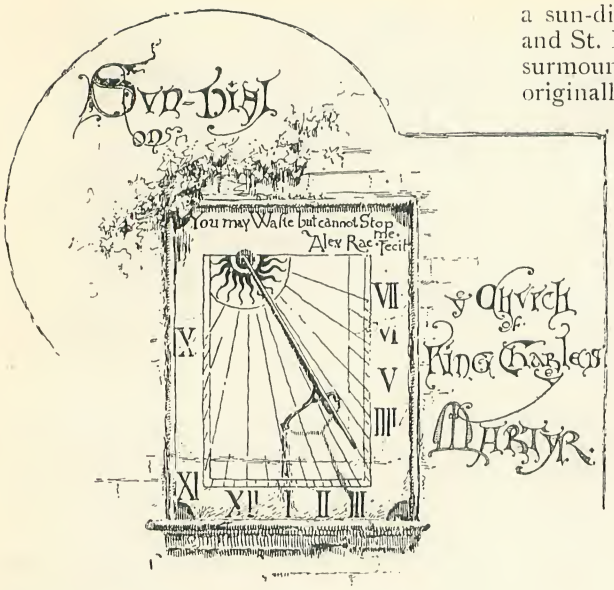
SUN-DIAL

THE FACT that sun-dials will soon be a thing completely of the past, and the interest which attaches to their usually beautiful forms and their quaint mottoes, makes one wish to put on record at least a few of those that may still be found in out-of-the-way places—sometimes perched aloft on crumbling porches, sometimes hidden away in old-world gardens.

Through the courtesy of General the Hon. Sir J. C. Cowell, K.C.B., and with the kindly help of Mr. Nutt, the well-known architect of Windsor, I have been enabled to give to the readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE a presentment of a Royal sun-dial, which stands on the east terrace in Her Majesty's private gardens at Windsor Castle. It was erected by Charles II., was designed and carved by the famous Grinling Gibbons, and its gnomon—which is an especially beautiful one—bears the King's monogram and crown. The dial-plate is graven with the Star of the Garter, with its motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," and with the maker's name, "Henricus Wynne, Londinii, fecit."

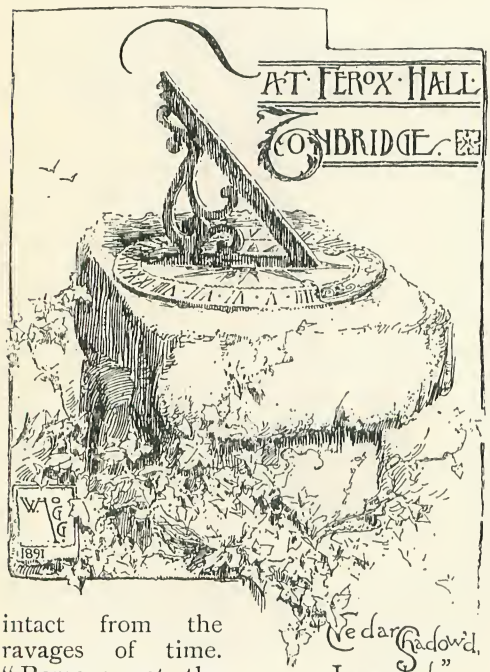
At Tunbridge Wells, on the Church of King Charles the Martyr, painted on a board, and in excellent preservation, within shadow of "Ye Pantiles," where walked and talked good old Dr. Johnson, Beau Nash, Cumberland the dramatist, and their following, will be found a dial bearing the motto "You may waste, but cannot stop me"; below it is the maker's name, Alex. Rae, but it is not dated. At Ferox Hall, Tonbridge, beneath the shadow of a magnificent cedar of Lebanon, more than four hundred years old, and almost



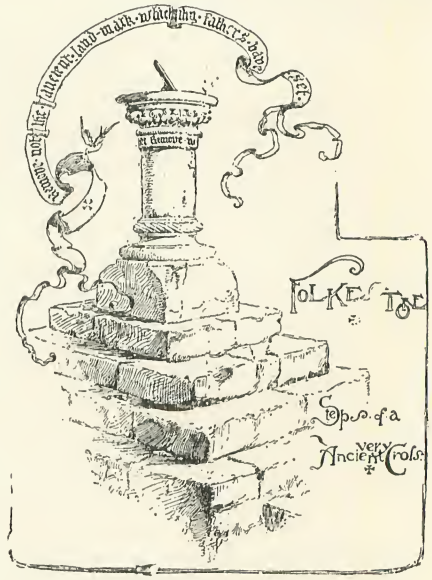


a sun-dial in the churchyard of St. Mary and St. Eanswythe, Folkestone. The shaft surmounts four very ancient steps, which originally belonged to the Town Cross, beneath which in ages past, according to the old charter of the Corporation, the Mayor was annually elected. The old horn which was blown on these occasions to summon the people together still exists, and is to be found hung above the Mayoral Chair in the Town Hall; it was one of the treasures lent to the Royal Naval Exhibition just closed.

Fifteen miles over the hills brings us to Canterbury, which possesses several dials, chief amongst which, perhaps, is the one in the public garden called "The Dane John." It stands

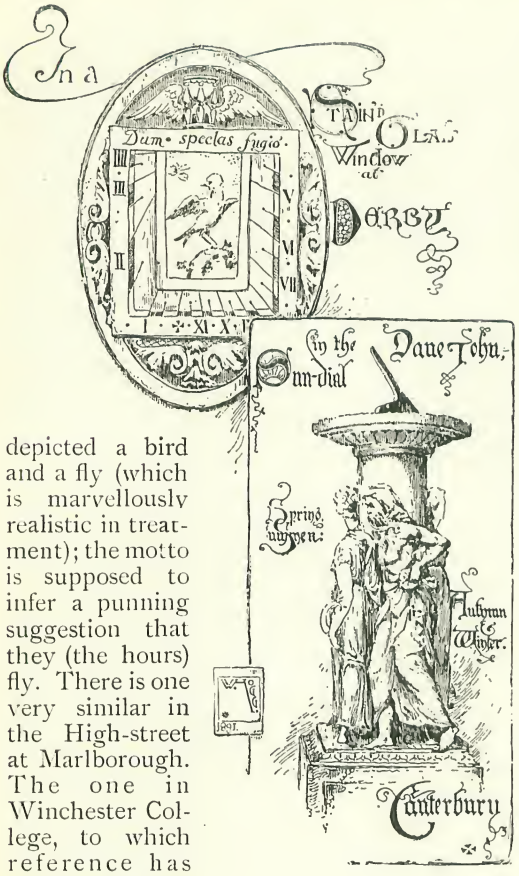


smothered with ivy (which rendered it a somewhat difficult matter to make a sketch at all), is a very old dial placed upon two stones; it is excellent in design, and the great tree's shelter has preserved it almost intact from the ravages of time. "Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set" is carved in Gothic lettering around the stone shaft of



some seven or eight feet high, and round its shaft are four figures typical of the seasons.

The dial (a drawing of which is given) in the stained glass window in the private office of E. S. Johnson, Esq., at Derby, is a modern but very fine one; it is an exact copy, painted in 1888, by Frederick Drake, of the Close, Exeter, the glazier to the Cathedral, who painted it from one taken out of an old manor house in Devonshire, dated 1660. The motto is "Dum spectas fugio" (While thou lookest I fly). Below is



depicted a bird and a fly (which is marvellously realistic in treatment); the motto is supposed to infer a punning suggestion that they (the hours) fly. There is one very similar in the High-street at Marlborough. The one in Winchester College, to which reference has previously been made, is very like it in design. The same inscription with date 1739 is to be seen on the dial which surmounts a pillar in a garden at Rotherham; it is also to be seen on an old entrance to one of the canons' houses at Exeter, again at King's Lynn, at Ripley, and on Ingleton Church, Yorkshire.

In the picturesque old town of Rye, on a vertical dial (now upon the Town Hall), which was taken from the old Grammar School, when the windows were altered in the Jubilee year, are the mottoes—

"The solar shadow as it measures life,
It life resembles too."

and—

"Tempus edax rerum"
(Time, the devourer of all things).

Bishop Edmund Redyngton wrote the following quaint distiches, A.D. 1665, for a dial at Addington, Kent:—

Amyddst ye fflowres
I tell ye houres.

Tyme wanes awaye
As fflowres decaye.

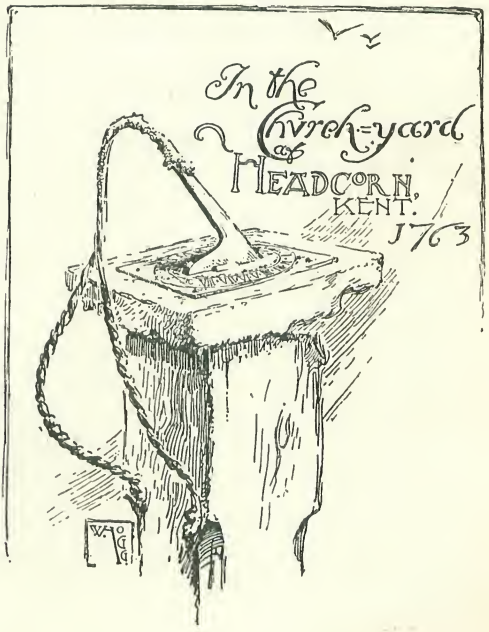
Beyond ye tombe
Ffreshe fflowrets bloome.
Soe man shall ryse
Above ye skyes.

In the churchyard of the fine old Perpendicular church at Headcorn, Kent, built in the time of Edward IV., which still possesses some of its original stained glass, will be found the wreck of a dial (for it is little else), a sketch of which is given. The twisted wrought iron addition to the gnomon, which is nailed at its other end to the oak shaft, is apparently the work of a by no means over-skilful village Vulcan. The date on the dial is 1763, and it stands by a great oak said to be at least one thousand years old.

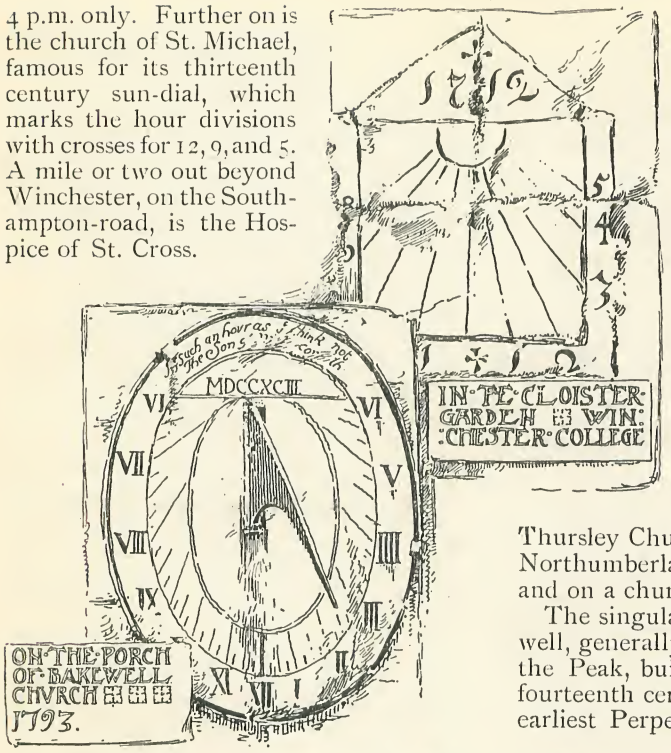
Winchester, too, is rich in dials; on the south wall of John Frommond's Chantry Chapel, Winchester College, on one of the buttresses, painted in black, and which weather will soon have completely effaced, is a quaint dial bearing date 1712.

In a window in the old election-chamber, now one of the masters' rooms, is a glass dial, oval in form, beautiful in colour, and bearing on a painted scroll the motto—"Ut umbra sic vita transit" (As a shadow so doth life pass).

On the south wall of the church of St. Maurice, with its grand old Norman door-way, is an ancient stone vertical sun-dial, which, curiously enough, has the hour-lines marked from 8 a.m. to



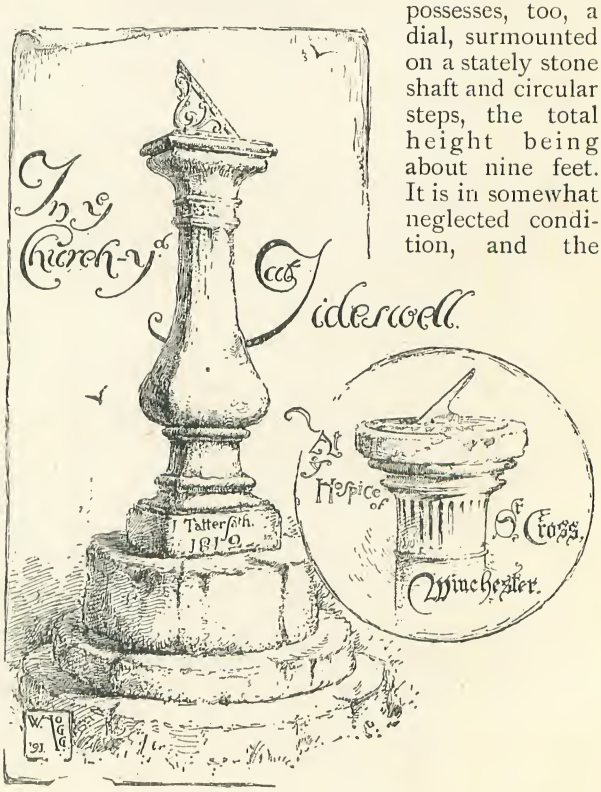
4 p.m. only. Further on is the church of St. Michael, famous for its thirteenth century sun-dial, which marks the hour divisions with crosses for 12, 9, and 5. A mile or two out beyond Winchester, on the Southampton-road, is the Hospice of St. Cross.



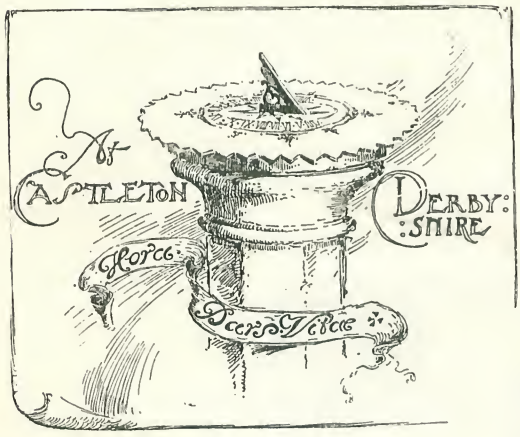
There is good authority for stating that there is no institution now existing in Great Britain which has been allowed to remain more than 700 years, that is so little changed in its original constitution as is the Hospice of St. Cross. It comprises two distinct foundations—that of Bishop Henry of Blois, grandson of William the Conqueror (1136), and of Cardinal Beaufort (1444), and both are now under the one Master of St. Cross. On the greensward facing these "castles of peace and rest" stands the dial on fluted shaft, a sketch of the upper part of which is given.

Above the porch of the fine old Norman church at Bakewell, in the Peak district, a church which is full of interest as being the burying place of the Vernons, and the Manners of Haddon Hall, is to be seen an oval stone dial dated 1793, on the upper part of which is the motto, "In such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." The soft stone is fast crumbling away, and it will soon be a thing of the past. Further north lies Castleton Church, with its old library and its finely carved pews, well worth a visit. In the churchyard is a dial, the plate of which projects far beyond its upholding column, and at its edge is serrated, Norman fashion; "Hora Pars Vitæ" (The Hour is a portion of Life) is the motto engraved upon the plate. The same inscription is to be found fixed to what appears to have been a cross in a churchyard in the Isle of Wight, dated 1815; also in Thursley Church, Surrey; on a church in Northumberland at Kirkwelpington, 1764; and on a church at Tavistock, dated 1814.

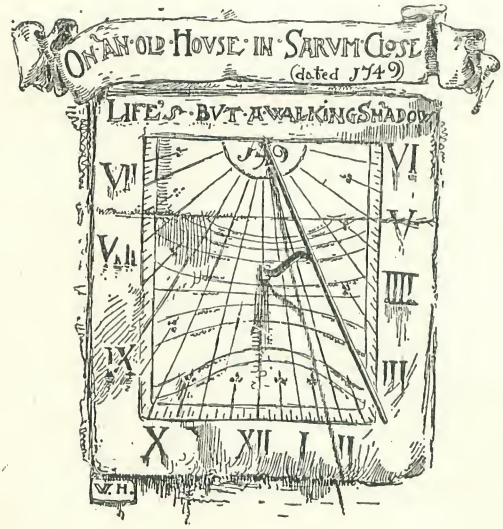
The singularly beautiful church at Tideswell, generally known as the Cathedral of the Peak, built in the latter half of the fourteenth century, and boasting one of the earliest Perpendicular towers in England, possesses, too, a dial, surmounted on a stately stone shaft and circular steps, the total height being about nine feet. It is in somewhat neglected condition, and the



name of the man who presumably restored it (J. Tattersath, 1812) is graven on the base.



Hearing that in Canon Bowles' garden in the Close, Salisbury, was to be found a fine cruciform dial, bearing the motto, "Quam cito jucundi praeteriere dies" (How quickly the pleasant days have passed away), erected by that gentleman in 1829, I eagerly went, hoping to get a drawing of it. Sad to say, the motto seemed to have been prophetic. I stood in the cathedral by the tombstone which marked his last resting place, and hunted long, but in vain, in the dear old-

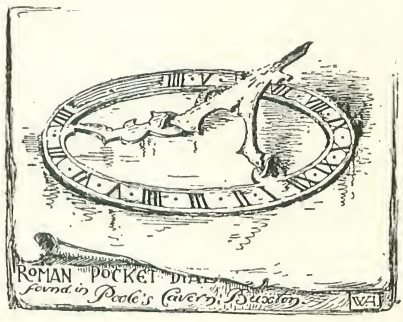


world garden which had once been his, but saw no sign of any dial.

Within a hundred yards, at the other end of the Close, painted high up on a wall (dated 1749) about four feet square, is a dial with the tradition—"Life's but a walking shadow" (Macbeth, Act V. scene v.). James Harris, the author of "Hermes," was a Salisbury man; he died in 1780, and there are many reasons for believing that he erected this dial. On the tower of St. Martin's Church, Salisbury, almost completely effaced, and with the gnomon gone, may be traced the wreck of what was once a fine dial.

There is a story told that one of the Deans of Bangor had a faithful but certainly somewhat irascible old gardener, who used to keep away numbers of his master's troublesome visitors by saying to those he saw about, "Go about your business." After the gardener's death the Dean had engraved upon the dial in the garden the curt injunction of his faithful servant, but in this wise.—

"GOA BOW TYO URB US IN ESS 1838."



The amusing part being that it was usually mistaken to be a Welsh motto.

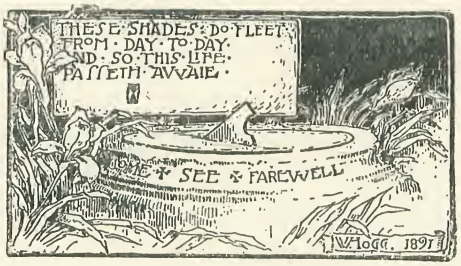
At Poole's Cavern—an enormous natural excavation in the carboniferous limestone of Derbyshire, running for several hundred yards under a hill about half a mile beyond Buxton—was found in 1865, buried some seven or eight feet in stalagmite, a mass of wonderfully interesting remains—Samian ware, Roman glass; coins of the time of Trajan, Faustinia, Nerva; flint implements, weapons, rings; and a Roman bronze pocket sun-dial, in perfect preservation, the same size as depicted in the sketch given. These fascinating "finds" are still to be seen in the quaint little private museum adjoining the cavern entrance. The cavern traditionally derives its name from an outlaw named Poole, who, in the reign of Henry VI., made it his place of abode and plunder depository.

Dr. Doran tells us in his Life of the author of "Night Thoughts," that Dr. Young erected a dial in his garden, with the motto, "Eheu fugaces!" (Alas, how fleeting!); very shortly afterwards thieves entered his garden, and certainly proved the wisdom of his words by carrying the dial bodily away.

Perhaps I cannot close these brief notes better than by quoting the beautiful lines John Greenleaf Whittier wrote for inscription on the sun-dial of a friend:

"With warning hand I mark Time's rapid flight
From life's glad morning to its solemn night;
Yet, through the dear God's love, I also show
There's light above me by the shade below."

WARRINGTON HOGG.



Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

XII.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE COPPER BEECHES.

By A. Conan Doyle.

"TO the man who loves art for its own sake," remarked Sherlock Holmes, tossing aside the advertisement sheet of *The Daily Telegraph*, "it is frequently in its least important and lowliest manifestations that the keenest pleasure is to be derived. It is pleasant to me to observe, Watson, that you have so far grasped this truth that in these little records of our cases which you have been good enough to draw up, and, I am bound to say, occasionally to embellish, you have given prominence not so much to the many *causes célèbres* and sensational trials in which I have figured, but rather to those incidents which may have been trivial in themselves, but which have given room for those faculties of deduction and of logical synthesis which I have made my special province."

"And yet," said I, smiling, "I cannot quite hold myself absolved from the charge of sensationalism which has been urged against my records."

"You have erred, perhaps," he observed, taking up a glowing cinder with the tongs, and lighting with it the long cherrywood pipe which was wont to replace his clay when he was in a disputatious, rather than a meditative mood—"you have erred perhaps in attempting to put colour and life into each of your statements, instead of confining yourself to the task of placing upon record that severe reasoning from cause to effect which is really the only notable feature about the thing."

"It seems to me that I have done you full justice in the matter," I remarked, with some coldness, for I was repelled by the egotism which I had more than once observed to be a strong factor in my friend's singular character.

"No, it is not selfishness or conceit," said he, answering, as was his wont, my thoughts rather than my words. "If I claim full justice for my art, it is because it is an impersonal thing—a thing beyond myself. Crime is common. Logic is rare. Therefore it is upon the logic rather than upon the crime that you should dwell. You have degraded what should have been a course of lectures into a series of tales."

"TAKING UP A GLOWING CINDER WITH THE TONGS."

It was a cold morning of the early spring, and we sat after breakfast on either side of a cheery fire in the old room at Baker-street. A thick fog rolled down between the lines of dun-coloured houses, and the opposing windows loomed like dark, shapeless blurs through the heavy yellow wreaths. Our gas was lit, and shone on the white cloth, and glimmer of china and metal, for the table had not been cleared yet. Sherlock Holmes had been

silent all the morning, dipping continuously into the advertisement columns of a succession of papers, until at last, having apparently given up his search, he had emerged in no very sweet temper to lecture me upon my literary shortcomings.

"At the same time," he remarked, after a pause, during which he had sat puffing at his long pipe and gazing down into the fire, "you can hardly be open to a charge of sensationalism, for out of these cases which you have been so kind as to interest yourself in, a fair proportion do not treat of crime, in its legal sense, at all. The small matter in which I endeavoured to help the King of Bohemia, the singular experience of Miss Mary Sutherland, the problem connected with the man with the twisted lip, and the incident of the noble bachelor, were all matters which are outside the pale of the law. But in avoiding the sensational, I fear that you may have bordered on the trivial."

"The end may have been so," I answered, "but the methods I hold to have been novel and of interest."

"Pshaw, my dear fellow, what do the public, the great unobservant public, who could hardly tell a weaver by his tooth or a compositor by his left thumb, care about the finer shades of analysis and deduction! But, indeed, if you are trivial, I cannot blame you, for the days of the great cases are past. Man, or at least criminal man, has lost all enterprise and originality. As to my own little practice, it seems to be degenerating into an agency for recovering lost lead pencils, and giving advice to young ladies from boarding-schools. I think that I have touched bottom at last, however. This note I had this morning marks my zero point, I fancy. Read it!" He tossed a crumpled letter across to me.

It was dated from Montague-place upon the preceding evening, and ran thus:—

"DEAR MR. HOLMES,—I am very anxious to consult you as to whether I should or should not accept a situation which has been offered to me as governess. I shall call at half-past ten to-morrow, if I do not inconvenience you.—Yours faithfully,

VIOLET HUNTER."

"Do you know the young lady?" I asked.

"Not I."

"It is half-past ten now."

"Yes, and I have no doubt that is her ring."

"It may turn out to be of more interest than you think. You remember that the affair of the blue carbuncle, which appeared to be a mere whim at first, developed into a serious investigation. It may be so in this case, also."

"Well, let us hope so! But our doubts will very soon be solved, for here, unless I am much mistaken, is the person in question."

As he spoke the door opened, and a young lady entered the room. She was plainly but neatly dressed, with a bright, quick face, freckled like a plover's egg, and with the brisk manner of a woman who has had her own way to make in the world.

"You will excuse my troubling you, I am sure," said she, as my companion rose to greet her; "but I have had a very strange experience, and as I have no parents or relations of any sort from whom I could ask advice, I thought that perhaps you would be kind enough to tell me what I should do."

"Pray take a seat, Miss Hunter. I shall be happy to do anything that I can to serve you."

I could see that Holmes was favourably impressed by the manner and speech of his new client. He looked her over in his searching fashion, and then composed himself with his lids drooping and his finger tips together to listen to her story.

"I have been a governess for five years," said she, "in the family of Colonel Spence Munro, but two months ago the Colonel received an appointment at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, and took his children over to America with him, so that I found myself without a situation. I advertised, and I answered advertisements, but without success. At last the little money which I had saved began to run short, and I was at my wit's end as to what I should do.

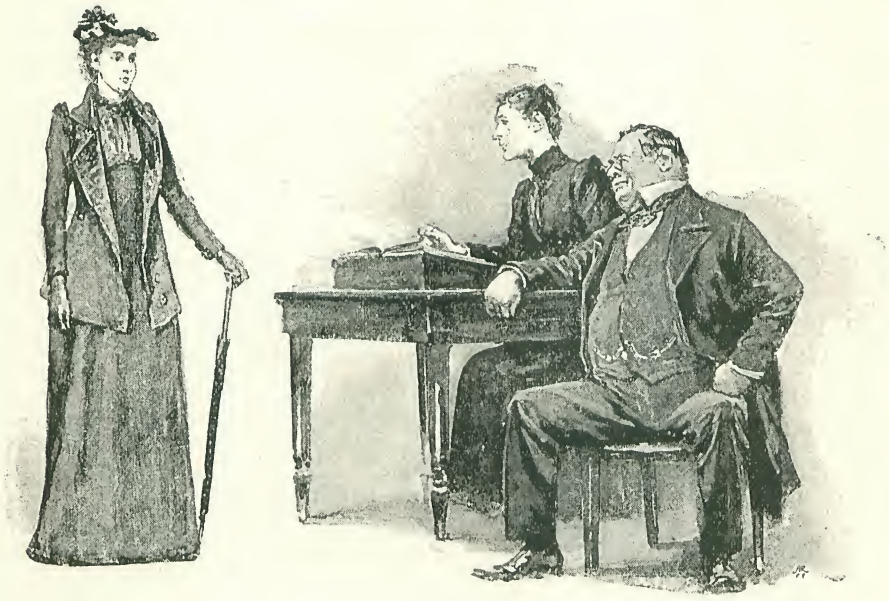
"There is a well-known agency for governesses in the West-end called Westaway's, and there I used to call about once a week in order to see whether anything had turned up which might suit me. Westaway was the name of the founder of the business, but it is really managed by Miss Stoper. She sits in her own little office, and the ladies who are seeking employment wait in an ante-room, and are then shown in one by one, when she consults her ledgers, and sees whether she has anything which would suit them.

"Well, when I called last week I was

shown into the little office as usual, but I found that Miss Stoper was not alone. A prodigiously stout man with a very smiling face, and a great heavy chin which rolled down in fold upon fold over his throat, sat at her elbow with a pair of glasses on his nose, looking very earnestly at the ladies who entered. As I came in he gave quite a jump in his chair, and turned quickly to Miss Stoper :

"'That will do," said he ; 'I could not ask for anything better. Capital ! capital !' French, a little German, music and drawing——'

"'Tut, tut!' he cried. 'This is all quite beside the question. The point is, have you or have you not the bearing and deportment of a lady? There it is in a nutshell. If you have not, you are not fitted for the rearing of a child who may some day play a considerable part in the history of the country. But if you have, why, then, how could any gentleman ask you to condescend to accept anything



"CAPITAL."

He seemed quite enthusiastic, and rubbed his hands together in the most genial fashion. He was such a comfortable-looking man that it was quite a pleasure to look at him.

"'You are looking for a situation, miss?' he asked.

"'Yes, sir.'

"'As governess?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'And what salary do you ask?'

"'I had four pounds a month in my last place with Colonel Spence Munro.'

"'Oh, tut, tut! sweating—rank sweating!' he cried, throwing his fat hands out into the air like a man who is in a boiling passion. 'How could anyone offer so pitiful a sum to a lady with such attractions and accomplishments?'

"'My accomplishments, sir, may be less than you imagine,' said I. 'A little under the three figures? Your salary with me, madam, would commence at a hundred pounds a year.'

"You may imagine, Mr. Holmes, that to me, destitute as I was, such an offer seemed almost too good to be true. The gentleman, however, seeing perhaps the look of incredulity upon my face, opened a pocket-book and took out a note.

"'It is also my custom,' said he, smiling in the most pleasant fashion until his eyes were just two little shining slits, amid the white creases of his face, 'to advance to my young ladies half their salary beforehand, so that they may meet any little expenses or their journey and their wardrobe.'

"It seemed to me that I had never met so fascinating and so thoughtful a man. As I was already in debt to my tradesmen the advance was a great convenience, and yet there was something unnatural about the

whole transaction which made me wish to know a little more before I quite committed myself.

"'May I ask where you live, sir?' said I.

"'Hampshire. Charming rural place. The Copper Beeches, five miles on the far side of Winchester. It is the most lovely country, my dear young lady, and the dearest old country house.'

"'And my duties, sir? I should be glad to know what they would be.'

"'One child—one dear little romper just six years old. Oh, if you could see him killing cockroaches with a slipper! Smack! smack! smack! Three gone before you could wink!' He leaned back in his chair and laughed his eyes into his head again.

"I was a little startled at the nature of the child's amusement, but the father's laughter made me think that perhaps he was joking.

"'My sole duties, then,' I asked, 'are to take charge of a single child?'

"'No, no, not the sole, not the sole, my dear young lady,' he cried. 'Your duty would be, as I am sure your good sense would suggest, to obey any little commands which my wife might give, provided always that they were such commands as a lady might with propriety obey. You see no difficulty, heh?'

"'I should be happy to make myself useful.'

"'Quite so. In dress now, for example! We are faddy people, you know—faddy but kind-hearted. If you were asked to wear any dress which we might give you, you would not object to our little whim. Heh?'

"'No,' said I, considerably astonished at his words.

"'Or to sit here, or sit there, that would not be offensive to you?'

"'Oh, no.'

"'Or to cut your hair quite short before you come to us.'

"I could hardly believe my ears. As you may observe, Mr. Holmes, my hair is somewhat luxuriant, and of a rather peculiar tint of chestnut. It has been considered artistic. I could not dream of sacrificing it in this offhand fashion.

"'I am afraid that that is quite impossible,' said I. He had been watching me eagerly out of his small eyes, and I could see a shadow pass over his face as I spoke.

"'I am afraid that it is quite essential,' said he. 'It is a little fancy of my wife's, and ladies' fancies, you know, madam, ladies' fancies must be consulted. And so you won't cut your hair?'

"'No, sir, I really could not,' I answered firmly.

"'Ah, very well; then that quite settles the matter. It is a pity, because in other respects you would really have done very nicely. In that case, Miss Stoper, I had best inspect a few more of your young ladies.'

"The manageress had sat all this while busy with her papers without a word to either of us, but she glanced at me now with so much annoyance upon her face that I could not help suspecting that she had lost a handsome commission through my refusal.

"'Do you desire your name to be kept upon the books?' she asked.

"'If you please, Miss Stoper.'

"'Well, really, it seems rather useless, since you refuse the most excellent offers in this fashion,' said she sharply. 'You can hardly expect us to exert ourselves to find another such opening for you. Good day to you, Miss Hunter.' She struck a gong upon the table, and I was shown out by the page.

"Well, Mr. Holmes, when I got back to my lodgings and found little enough in the cupboard, and two or three bills upon the table, I began to ask myself whether I had not done a very foolish thing. After all, if these people had strange fads, and expected obedience on the most extraordinary matters, they were at least ready to pay for their eccentricity. Very few governesses in England are getting a hundred a year. Besides, what use was my hair to me? Many people are improved by wearing it short, and perhaps I should be among the number. Next day I was inclined to think that I had made a mistake, and by the day after I was sure of it. I had almost overcome my pride, so far as to go back to the agency and inquire whether the place was still open, when I received this letter from the gentleman himself. I have it here, and I will read it to you:—

"'The Copper Beeches, near Winchester.

"'DEAR MISS HUNTER,—Miss Stoper has very kindly given me your address, and I write from here to ask you whether you have reconsidered your decision. My wife is very anxious that you should come, for she has been much attracted by my description of you. We are willing to give thirty pounds a quarter, or £120 a year, so as to

recompense you for any little inconvenience which our fads may cause you. They are not very exacting after all. My wife is fond of a particular shade of electric blue, and would like you to wear such a dress indoors in the morning. You need not, however, go to the expense of purchasing one, as we have one belonging to my dear daughter Alice (now in Philadelphia) which would, I should think, fit you very well. Then, as to sitting here or there, or amusing yourself in any manner indicated, that need cause you no inconvenience. As regards your hair, it is no doubt a pity, especially as I could not help remarking its beauty during our short interview, but I am afraid that I must remain firm upon this point, and I only hope that the increased salary may recompense you for the loss. Your duties, as far as the child is concerned, are very light. Now do try to come, and I shall meet you with the dogcart at Winchester. Let me know your train.—Yours faithfully,

JEPHRO RUCASTLE.'

"That is the letter which I have just received, Mr. Holmes, and my mind is made up that I will accept it. I thought, however, that before taking the final step, I should like to submit the whole matter to your consideration."

"Well, Miss Hunter, if your mind is made up, that settles the question," said Holmes, smiling.

"But you would not advise me to refuse?"

"I confess that it is not the situation which I should like to see a sister of mine apply for."

"What is the meaning of it all, Mr. Holmes?"

"Ah, I have no data. I cannot tell. Perhaps you have yourself formed some opinion?"

"Well, there seems to me to be only one possible solution. Mr. Rucastle seemed to be a very kind, good-natured man. Is it not possible that his wife is a lunatic, that he desires to keep the matter quiet for fear she should be taken to an asylum, and that he humours her fancies in every way in order to prevent an outbreak."

"That is a possible solution—in fact, as matters stand, it is the most probable one. But in any case it does not seem to be a nice household for a young lady."

"But the money, Mr. Holmes, the money!"

"Well, yes, of course the pay is good—too good. That is what makes me uneasy. Why should they give you £120 a year, when they could have their pick for £40? There must be some strong reason behind."

"I thought that if I told you the circumstances you would understand afterwards if I wanted your help. I should feel so much stronger if I felt that you were at the back of me."

"Oh, you may carry that feeling away with you. I assure you that your little problem promises to be the most interesting which has come my way for some months. There is something distinctly novel about some of the features. If you should find yourself in doubt or in danger——"

"Danger! What danger do you foresee?"

Holmes shook his head gravely. "It would cease to be a danger if we could define it," said he. "But at any time, day or night, a telegram would bring me down to your help."

"HOLMES SHOOK HIS HEAD GRAVELY."

"That is enough." She rose briskly from her chair with the anxiety all swept from her face. "I shall go down to Hampshire quite easy in my mind now. I shall write to Mr. Rucastle at once, sacrifice my poor hair to-night, and start for Winchester to morrow." With a few grateful words to Holmes she bade us both good-night and bustled off upon her way.

"At least," said I, as we heard her quick, firm step descending the stairs, "she seems to be a young lady who is very well able to take care of herself."

"And she would need to be," said Holmes, gravely; "I am much mistaken if we do not hear from her before many days are past."

It was not very long before my friend's prediction was fulfilled. A fortnight went by, during which I frequently found my thoughts turning in her direction, and wondering what strange side-alley of human experience this lonely woman had strayed into. The unusual salary, the curious conditions, the light duties, all pointed to something abnormal, though whether a fad or a plot, or whether the man were a philanthropist or a villain, it was quite beyond my powers to determine. As to Holmes, I observed that he sat frequently for half an hour on end, with knitted brows and an abstracted air, but he swept the matter away with a wave of his hand when I mentioned it. "Data! data! data!" he cried impatiently. "I can't make bricks without clay." And yet he would always wind up by muttering that no sister of his should ever have accepted such a situation.

The telegram which we eventually received came late one night, just as I was thinking of turning in, and Holmes was settling down to one of those all-night chemical researches which he frequently indulged in, when I would leave him stooping over a retort and a test-tube at night, and find him in the same position when I came down to breakfast in the morning. He opened the yellow envelope, and then, glancing at the message, threw it across to me.

"Just look up the trains in Bradshaw," said he, and turned back to his chemical studies.

The summons was a brief and urgent one.

"Please be at the 'Black Swan' Hotel at Winchester at midday to-morrow," it said. "Do come! I am at my wit's end.

"HUNTER."

"Will you come with me?" asked Holmes, glancing up.

"I should wish to."

"Just look it up, then."

"There is a train at half-past nine," said I, glancing over my Bradshaw. "It is due at Winchester at 11.30."

"That will do very nicely. Then perhaps I had better postpone my analysis of the acetones, as we may need to be at our best in the morning."

By eleven o'clock the next day we were well upon our way to the old English capital. Holmes had been buried in the morning papers all the way down, but after we had passed the Hampshire border he threw them down, and began to admire the scenery. It was an ideal spring day, a light blue sky, flecked with little fleecy white clouds drifting across from west to east. The sun was shining very brightly, and yet there was an exhilarating nip in the air, which set an edge to a man's energy. All over the countryside, away to the rolling hills around Aldershot, the little red and grey roofs of the farm-steadings peeped out from amidst the light green of the new foliage.

"Are they not fresh and beautiful?" I cried, with all the enthusiasm of a man fresh from the fogs of Baker-street.

But Holmes shook his head gravely.

"Do you know, Watson," said he, "that it is one of the curses of a mind with a turn like mine that I must look at everything with reference to my own special subject. You look at these scattered houses, and you are impressed by their beauty. I look at them, and the only thought which comes to me is a feeling of their isolation, and of the impunity with which crime may be committed there."

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Who would associate crime with these dear old homesteads?"

"They always fill me with a certain horror. It is my belief, Watson, founded upon my experience, that the lowest and vilest alleys in London do not present a more dreadful record of sin than does the smiling and beautiful countryside."

"You horrify me!"

"But the reason is very obvious. The pressure of public opinion can do in the town what the law cannot accomplish. There is no lane so vile that the scream of a tortured child, or the thud of a drunkard's blow, does not beget sympathy and

indignation among the neighbours, and then the whole machinery of justice is ever so close that a word of complaint can set it going, and there is but a step between the crime and the dock. But look at these lonely houses, each in its own fields, filled for the most part with poor ignorant folk who know little of the law. Think of the deeds of hellish cruelty, the hidden wickedness which may go on, year in, year out, in such places, and none the wiser. Had this lady who appeals to us for help gone to live in Winchester, I should never have had a fear for her. It is the five miles of country which makes the danger. Still, it is clear that she is not personally threatened."

"No. If she can come to Winchester to meet us she can get away."

"Quite so. She has her freedom."

"What *can* be the matter, then? Can you suggest no explanation?"

"I have devised seven separate explanations, each of which would cover the facts as far as we know them. But which of these is correct can only be determined by the fresh information which we shall no doubt find waiting for us. Well, there is the tower of the Cathedral, and we shall soon learn all that Miss Hunter has to tell."

The "Black Swan" is an inn of repute in the High-street, at no distance from the station, and there we found the young lady waiting for us. She had engaged a sitting-room, and our lunch awaited us upon the table.

"I am so delighted that you have come," she said, earnestly. "It is so very kind of you both; but indeed I do not know what I should do. Your advice will be altogether invaluable to me."

"Pray tell us what has happened to you."

"I will do so, and I must be quick, for I have promised Mr. Rucastle to be back before three. I got his leave to come into town this morning, though he little knew for what purpose."

"Let us have everything in its due order." Holmes thrust his long thin legs out towards the fire, and composed himself to listen.

"I AM SO DELIGHTED THAT YOU HAVE COME."

"In the first place, I may say that I have met, on the whole, with no actual ill-treatment from Mr. and Mrs. Rucastle. It is only fair to them to say that. But I cannot understand them, and I am not easy in my mind about them."

"What can you not understand?"

"Their reasons for their conduct. But you shall have it all just as it occurred. When I came down Mr. Rucastle met me here, and drove me in his dogcart to the Copper Beeches. It is, as he said, beautifully situated, but it is not beautiful in itself, for it is a large square block of a house, whitewashed, but all stained and streaked with damp and bad weather. There are grounds round it, woods on three sides, and on the fourth a field which slopes down to the Southampton high road, which curves

past about a hundred yards from the front door. This ground in front belongs to the house, but the woods all round are part of Lord Southerton's preserves. A clump of copper beeches immediately in front of the hall door has given its name to the place.

"I was driven over by my employer, who was as amiable as ever, and was introduced by him that evening to his wife and the child. There was no truth, Mr. Holmes, in the conjecture which seemed to us to be probable in your rooms at Baker-street. Mrs. Rucastle is not mad. I found her to be a silent, pale-faced woman, much younger than her husband, not more than thirty, I should think, while he can hardly be less than forty-five. From their conversation I have gathered that they have been married about seven years, that he was a widower, and that his only child by the first wife was the daughter who has gone to Philadelphia. Mr. Rucastle told me in private that the reason why she had left them was that she had an unreasoning aversion to her step-mother. As the daughter could not have been less than twenty I can quite imagine that her position must have been uncomfortable with her father's young wife.

"Mrs. Rucastle seemed to me to be colourless in mind as well as in feature. She impressed me neither favourably nor the reverse. She was a nonentity. It was easy to see that she was passionately devoted both to her husband and to her little son. Her light grey eyes wandered continually from one to the other, noting every little want and forestalling it if possible. He was kind to her also in his bluff boisterous fashion, and on the whole they seemed to be a happy couple. And yet she had some secret sorrow, this woman. She would often be lost in deep thought, with the saddest look upon her face. More than once I have surprised her in tears. I have thought sometimes that it was the disposition of her child which weighed upon her mind, for I have never met so utterly spoilt and so ill-natured a little creature. He is small for his age, with a head which is quite disproportionately large. His whole life appears to be spent in an alternation between savage fits of passion, and gloomy intervals of sulking. Giving pain to any creature weaker than himself seems to be his one idea of amusement, and he shows quite remarkable talent in planning the capture of mice, little birds, and insects. But I would rather not talk about the creature, Mr. Holmes, and, indeed, he has little to do with my story."

"I am glad of all details," remarked my friend, "whether they seem to you to be relevant or not."

"I shall try not to miss anything of importance. The one unpleasant thing about the house, which struck me at once, was the appearance and conduct of the servants. There are only two, a man and his wife. Toller, for that is his name, is a rough, uncouth man, with grizzled hair and whiskers, and a perpetual smell of drink. Twice since I have been with them he has been quite drunk, and yet Mr. Rucastle seemed to take no notice of it. His wife is a very tall and strong woman with a sour face, as silent as Mrs. Rucastle, and much less amiable. They are a most unpleasant couple, but fortunately I spend most of my time in the nursery and my own room, which are next to each other in one corner of the building.

"For two days after my arrival at the Copper Beeches my life was very quiet; on the third, Mrs. Rucastle came down just after breakfast and whispered something to her husband.

"'Oh yes,' said he, turning to me; 'we are very much obliged to you, Miss Hunter, for falling in with our whims so far as to cut your hair. I assure you that it has not detracted in the tiniest iota from your appearance. We shall now see how the electric blue dress will become you. You will find it laid out upon the bed in your room, and if you would be so good as to put it on we should both be extremely obliged.'

"The dress which I found waiting for me was of a peculiar shade of blue. It was of excellent material, a sort of beige, but it bore unmistakable signs of having been worn before. It could not have been a better fit if I had been measured for it. Both Mr. and Mrs. Rucastle expressed a delight at the look of it which seemed quite exaggerated in its vehemence. They were waiting for me in the drawing-room, which is a very large room, stretching along the entire front of the house, with three long windows reaching down to the floor. A chair had been placed close to the central window, with its back turned towards it. In this I was asked to sit, and then Mr. Rucastle, walking up and down on the other side of the room, began to tell me a series of the funniest stories that I

have ever listened to. You cannot imagine how comical he was, and I laughed until I was quite weary. Mrs. Rucastle, however, who has evidently no sense of humour, never so much as smiled, but sat with her hands in her lap, and a sad, anxious look upon her face. After an hour or so, Mr. Rucastle suddenly remarked that it was time to commence the duties of the day, and that I might change my dress, and go to little Edward in the nursery.

"Two days later this same performance was gone through under exactly similar circumstances. Again I changed my dress, again I sat in the window, and again I laughed very heartily at the funny stories of which my employer had an immense *répertoire*, and which he told inimitably. Then he handed me a yellow-backed novel, and, moving my chair a little sideways, that my own shadow might not fall upon

"I READ FOR ABOUT TEN MINUTES."

the page, he begged me to read aloud to him. I read for about ten minutes, beginning in the heart of a chapter, and then suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, he ordered me to cease and to change my dress.

"You can easily imagine, Mr. Holmes, how curious I became as to what the meaning of this extraordinary performance could possibly be. They were always very careful, I observed, to turn my face away from the window, so that I became consumed with the desire to see what was going on behind my back. At first it seemed to be impossible, but I soon devised a means. My hand mirror had been broken, so a happy thought seized me, and I concealed a piece of the glass in my handkerchief. On the next occasion, in the midst of my laughter, I put my handkerchief up to my eyes, and was able with a little management to see all that there was behind me. I confess that I was disappointed. There was nothing.

"At least, that was my first impression. At the second glance, however, I perceived that there was a man standing in the Southampton Road, a small bearded man in a grey suit, who seemed to be looking in my direction. The road is an important highway, and there are usually people there. This man, however, was leaning against the railings which bordered our field, and was looking earnestly up. I lowered my handkerchief, and glanced at Mrs. Rucastle to find her eyes fixed upon me with a most searching gaze. She said nothing, but I am convinced that she had divined that I had a mirror in my hand, and had seen what was behind me. She rose at once.

"'Jephro,' said she, 'there is an impertinent fellow upon the road there who stares up at Miss Hunter.'

"'No friend of yours, Miss Hunter?' he asked.

"'No; I know no one in these parts.'

"'Dear me! How very impertinent! Kindly turn round, and motion to him to go away!'

"'Surely it would be better to take no notice.'

"'No, no, we should have him loitering here always. Kindly turn round, and wave him away like that.'

"I did as I was told, and at the same instant Mrs. Rucastle drew down the blind. That was a week ago, and from that time I have not sat again in the window, nor have

I worn the blue dress, nor seen the man in the road."

"Pray continue," said Holmes. "Your narrative promises to be a most interesting one."

"You will find it rather disconnected, I fear, and there may prove to be little relation between the different incidents of which I speak. On the very first day that I was at the Copper Beeches, Mr. Rucastle took me to a small outhouse which stands near the kitchen door. As we approached it I heard the sharp rattling of a chain, and the sound as of a large animal moving about.

"'Look in here!' said Mr. Rucastle, showing me a slit between two planks. 'Is he not a beauty?'

"I looked through, and was conscious of two glowing eyes, and of a vague figure huddled up in the darkness.

"'Don't be frightened,' said my employer, laughing at the start which I had given. 'It's only Carlo, my mastiff. I call him mine, but really old Toller, my groom, is the only man who can do anything with him. We feed him once a day, and not too much then, so that he is always as keen as mustard. Toller lets him loose every night, and God help the trespasser whom he lays his fangs upon. For goodness' sake don't you ever on any pretext set your foot over the threshold at night, for it is as much as your life is worth.'

"The warning was no idle one, for two nights later I happened to look out of my bedroom window about two o'clock in the morning. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the lawn in front of the house was silvered over and almost as bright as day. I was standing, wrapt in the peaceful beauty of the scene, when I was aware that something was moving under the shadow of the copper beeches. As it emerged into the moonshine I saw what it was. It was a giant dog, as large as a calf, tawny tinted, with hanging jowl, black muzzle, and huge projecting bones. It walked slowly across the lawn and vanished into the shadow upon the other side. That dreadful silent sentinel sent a chill to my heart which I do not think that any burglar could have done.

"And now I have a very strange experience to tell you. I had, as you know, cut off my hair in London, and I had placed it in a great coil at the bottom of my trunk. One evening, after the child was in bed, I began to amuse myself by examining the furniture of my room, and by rearranging my own little things. There was an old chest of drawers in the room, the two upper ones empty and open, the lower one locked. I had filled the two first with my linen, and, as I had still much to pack away, I was naturally annoyed at not having the use of the third drawer. It struck me that it might have been fastened by a mere oversight, so I took out my bunch of keys and tried to open it. The very first key fitted to perfection, and I drew the drawer open. There was only one thing in it, but I am sure that you would never guess what it was. It was my coil of hair.

"I took it up and examined it. It was of the same peculiar tint, and the same thickness. But then the impossibility of the thing obtruded itself upon me. How *could* my hair have been locked in the drawer?

"I TOOK IT UP AND EXAMINED IT.

With trembling hands I undid my trunk turned out the contents, and drew from the bottom my own hair. I laid the two tresses together, and I assure you that they were identical. Was it not extraordinary? Puzzle as I would, I could make nothing at all of what it meant. I returned the strange hair to the drawer, and I said nothing of the matter to the Rucastles, as I felt that I had put myself in the wrong by opening a drawer which they had locked.

"I am naturally observant, as you may have remarked, Mr. Holmes, and I soon had a pretty good plan of the whole house in my head. There was one wing, however, which appeared not to be inhabited at all. A door which faced that which led into the quarters of the Tollers opened into this suite, but it was invariably locked. One day, however, as I ascended the stair, I met Mr. Rucastle coming out through this door, his keys in his hand, and a look on his face which made him a very different person to the round, jovial man to whom I was accustomed. His cheeks were red, his brow was all crinkled with anger, and the veins stood out at his temples with passion. He locked the door, and hurried past me without a word or a look.

"This aroused my curiosity; so when I went out for a walk in the grounds with my charge, I strolled round to the side from which I could see the windows of this part of the house. There were four of them in a row, three of which were simply dirty, while the fourth was shuttered up. They were evidently all deserted. As I strolled up and down, glancing at them occasionally, Mr. Rucastle came out to me, looking as merry and jovial as ever.

"'Ah!' said he, 'you must not think me rude if I passed you without a word, my dear young lady. I was pre-occupied with business matters.'

"I assured him that I was not offended. 'By the way,' said I, 'you seem to have quite a suite of spare rooms up there, and one of them has the shutters up.'

"He looked surprised, and, as it seemed to me, a little startled at my remark.

"'Photography is one of my hobbies,' said he. 'I have made my dark room up there. But, dear me! what an observant young lady we have come upon. Who would have believed it? Who would have ever believed it?' He spoke in a jesting tone, but there was no jest in his eyes as he looked at me. I read suspicion there, and annoyance, but no jest.

"Well, Mr. Holmes, from the moment that I understood that there was something about that suite of rooms which I was not to know, I was all on fire to go over them. It was not mere curiosity, though I have my share of that. It was more a feeling of duty—a feeling that some good might come from my penetrating to this place. They talk of woman's instinct; perhaps it was woman's instinct which gave me that feeling. At any rate, it was there; and I was keenly on the look-out for any chance to pass the forbidden door.

"It was only yesterday that the chance came. I may tell you that, besides Mr. Rucastle, both Toller and his wife find something to do in these deserted rooms, and I once saw him carrying a large black linen bag with him through the door. Recently he has been drinking hard, and yesterday evening he was very drunk; and, when I came upstairs, there was the key in the door. I have no doubt at all that he had left it there. Mr. and Mrs. Rucastle were both downstairs, and the child was with them, so that I had an admirable opportunity. I turned the key gently in the lock, opened the door, and slipped through.

"There was a little passage in front of me, unpapered and uncarpeted, which turned at a right angle at the further end. Round this corner were three doors in a line, the first and third of which were open. They each led into an empty room, dusty and cheerless, with two windows in the one, and one in the other, so thick with dirt that the evening light glimmered dimly through them. The centre door was closed, and across the outside of it had been fastened one of the broad bars of an iron bed, padlocked at one end to a ring in the wall, and fastened at the other with stout cord. The door itself was locked as well, and the key was not there. This barricaded door corresponded clearly with the shuttered window outside, and yet I could see by the glimmer from beneath it that the room was not in darkness. Evidently there was a skylight which let in light from above. As I stood in the passage gazing at this sinister door, and wondering what secret it might veil, I suddenly heard the sound of steps within the room, and saw a shadow pass backwards and forwards against the little slit of dim light which shone out from under the door. A mad, unreasoning terror rose up in me at the sight, Mr. Holmes. My overstrung nerves failed me

suddenly, and I turned and ran—ran as though some dreadful hand were behind me, clutching at the skirt of my dress. I rushed down the passage, through the door, and straight into the arms of Mr. Rucastle, who was waiting outside.

"'So,' said he, smiling, 'it was you, then. I thought that it must be when I saw the door open.'

"'Oh, I am so frightened!' I panted.

"'My dear young lady! my dear young lady!'—you cannot think how caressing and soothing his manner was—'and what has frightened you, my dear young lady?'

"But his voice was just a little too coaxing. He overdid it. I was keenly on my guard against him.

"'I was foolish enough to go into the empty wing,' I answered. 'But it is so lonely and eerie in this dim light that I was frightened and ran out again. Oh, it is so dreadfully still in there!'

"'Only that?' said he, looking at me keenly.

"'OH! I AM SO FRIGHTENED!' I PANTED."

"'Why, what did you think?' I asked.

"'Why do you think that I lock this door?'

"'I am sure that I do not know.'

"'It is to keep people out who have no business there. Do you see?' He was still smiling in the most amiable manner.

"'I am sure if I had known——'

"'Well, then, you know now. And if you ever put your foot over that threshold again—' here in an instant the smile hardened into a grin of rage, and he glared down at me with the face of a demon, 'I'll throw you to the mastiff.'

"I was so terrified that I do not know what I did. I suppose that I must have rushed past him into my room. I remember nothing until I found myself lying on my bed trembling all over. Then I thought of you, Mr. Holmes. I could not live there longer without some advice. I was frightened of the house, of the man, of the woman, of the servants, even of the child. They were all horrible to me. If I could only bring you down all would be well. Of course I might have fled from the house, but my curiosity was almost as strong as my fears. My mind was soon made up. I would send you a wire. I put on my hat and cloak, went down to the office, which is about half a mile from the house, and then returned, feeling very much easier. A horrible doubt came into my mind as I approached the door lest the dog might be loose, but I remembered that Toller had drunk himself into a state of insensibility that evening, and I knew that he was the only one in the household who had any influence with the savage creature, or who would venture to set him free. I slipped in in safety, and lay awake half the night in my joy at the thought of seeing you. I had no difficulty in getting leave to come into Winchester this morning, but I must be back before three o'clock, for Mr. and Mrs. Rucastle are going on a visit, and will be away all the evening, so that I must look after the child. Now I have told you all my adventures, Mr. Holmes, and I should be very glad if you could tell me what it all means, and, above all, what I should do."

Holmes and I had listened spell-bound to this extraordinary story.

My friend rose now, and paced up and down the room, his hands in his pockets, and an expression of the most profound gravity upon his face.

"Is Toller still drunk?" he asked.

"Yes. I heard his wife tell Mrs. Rucastle that she could do nothing with him."

"That is well. And the Rucastles go out to-night?"

"Yes."

"Is there a cellar with a good strong lock?"

"Yes, the wine cellar."

"You seem to me to have acted all through this matter like a very brave and sensible girl, Miss Hunter. Do you think that you could perform one more feat? I should not ask it of you if I did not think you a quite exceptional woman."

"I will try. What is it?"

"We shall be at the Copper Beeches by seven o'clock, my friend and I. The Rucastles will be gone by that time, and Toller will, we hope, be incapable. There only remains Mrs. Toller, who might give the alarm. If you could send her into the cellar on some errand, and then turn the key upon her, you would facilitate matters immensely."

"I will do it."

"Excellent! We shall then look thoroughly into the affair. Of course there is only one feasible explanation. You have been brought there to personate someone, and the real person is imprisoned in this chamber. That is obvious. As to who this prisoner is, I have no doubt that it is the daughter, Miss Alice Rucastle, if I remember right, who was said to have gone to America. You were chosen, doubtless, as resembling her in height, figure, and the colour of your hair. Hers had been cut off, very possibly in some illness through which she has passed, and so, of course, yours had to be sacrificed also. By a curious chance you came upon her tresses. The man in the road was, undoubtedly, some friend of hers—possibly her *fiancé*—and no doubt as you wore the girl's dress, and were so like her, he was convinced from your laughter, whenever he saw you, and afterwards from your gesture, that Miss Rucastle was perfectly happy, and that she no longer desired his attentions. The dog is let loose at night to prevent him from endeavouring to communicate with her. So much is fairly clear. The most serious point in the case is the disposition of the child."

"What on earth has that to do with it?" I ejaculated.

"My dear Watson, you as a medical man are continually gaining light as to the tendencies of a child by the study of the parents. Don't you see that the converse is equally valid. I have frequently gained my first real insight into the character of parents by studying their children. This child's disposition is abnormally cruel, merely for cruelty's sake, and whether he derives this from his smiling father, as I should suspect, or from his mother, it bodes evil for the poor girl who is in their power."

"I am sure that you are right, Mr. Holmes," cried our client. "A thousand things come back to me which make me certain that you have hit it. Oh, let us lose not an instant in bringing help to this poor creature."

"We must be circumspect, for we are dealing with a very cunning man. We can do nothing until seven o'clock. At that hour we shall be with you, and it will not be long before we solve the mystery."

We were as good as our word, for it was just seven when we reached the Copper Beeches, having put up our trap at a wayside publichouse. The group of trees, with their dark leaves shining like burnished metal in the light of the setting sun, were sufficient to mark the house even had Miss Hunter not been standing smiling on the doorstep.

"Have you managed it?" asked Holmes.

A loud thudding noise came from somewhere downstairs. "That is Mrs. Toller in the cellar," said she. "Her husband lies snoring on the kitchen rug. Here are his keys, which are the duplicates of Mr. Rucastle's."

"You have done well indeed!" cried Holmes, with enthusiasm. "Now lead the way, and we shall soon see the end of this black business."

We passed up the stair, unlocked the door, followed on down a passage, and found ourselves in front of the barricade which Miss Hunter had described. Holmes cut the cord and removed the transverse bar. Then he tried the various keys in the lock, but without success. No sound came from within, and at the silence Holmes' face clouded over.

"I trust that we are not too late," said he. "I think, Miss Hunter, that we had better go in without you. Now, Watson, put your shoulder to it, and we shall see whether we cannot make our way in."

"It was an old rickety door, and gave at once before our united strength. Together we rushed into the room. It was empty. There was no furniture save a little pallet bed, a small table, and a basketful of linen. The skylight above was open, and the prisoner gone.

"There has been some villainy here," said Holmes, "this beauty has guessed Miss Hunter's intentions, and has carried his victim off."

"But how?"

"Through the skylight. We shall soon see how he managed it." He swung himself up on to the roof. "Ah, yes," he cried, "here's the end of a long light ladder against the eaves. That is how he did it."

"But it is impossible," said Miss Hunter, "the ladder was not there when the Rucastles went away."

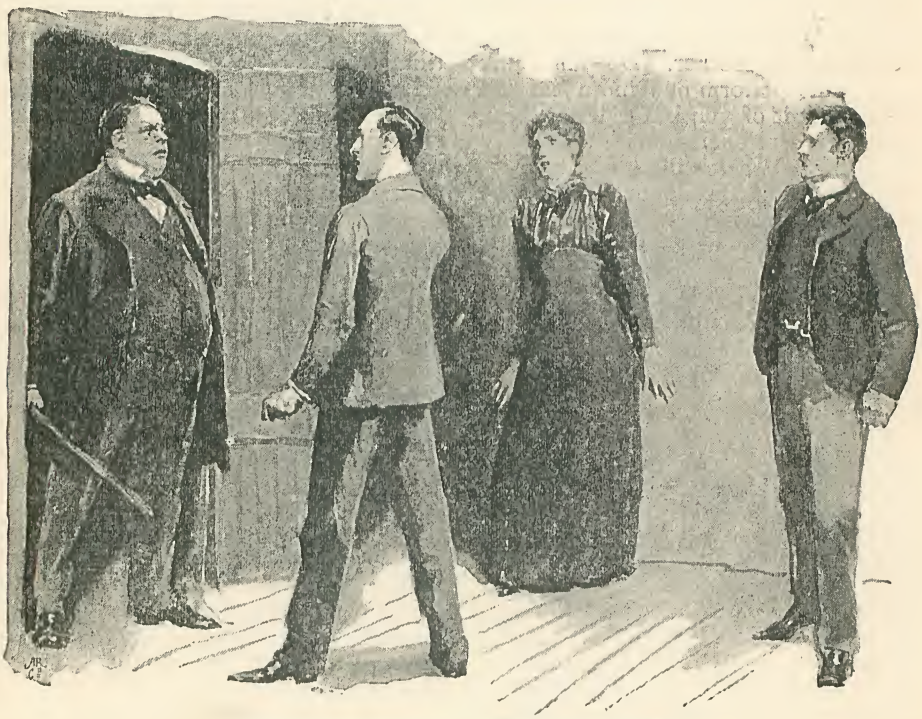
"He has come back and done it. I tell you that he is a clever and dangerous man. I should not be very much surprised if this were he whose step I hear now upon the stair. I think, Watson, that it would be as well for you to have your pistol ready."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before a man appeared at the door of the room, a very fat and burly man, with a heavy stick in his hand. Miss Hunter screamed and shrunk against the wall at the sight of him, but Sherlock Holmes sprang forward and confronted him.

"You villain!" said he, "where's your daughter?"

The fat man cast his eyes round, and then up at the open skylight.

"It is for me to ask you that," he shrieked, "you thieves! Spies and thieves! I have caught you, have I? You are in my power. I'll serve you!" He turned and clattered down the stairs as hard as he could go.



"'YOU VILLAIN!' SAID HE. 'WHERE'S YOUR DAUGHTER?'"

"He's gone for the dog!" cried Miss Hunter.

"I have my revolver," said I.

"Better close the front door," cried Holmes, and we all rushed down the stairs together. We had hardly reached the hall when we heard the baying of a hound, and then a scream of agony, with a horrible worrying sound which it was dreadful to listen to. An elderly man with a red face and shaking limbs came staggering out at a side door.

"My God!" he cried. "Some one has loosed the dog. It's not been fed for two days. Quick, quick, or it'll be too late!"

Holmes and I rushed out, and round the angle of the house, with Toller hurrying behind us. There was the huge famished brute, its black muzzle buried in Rucastle's throat, while he writhed and screamed upon the ground. Running up, I blew its brains out, and it fell over with its keen white teeth still meeting in the great creases of his neck. With much labour we separated them, and carried him, living but horribly mangled, into the house. We laid him upon the drawing-room sofa, and, having despatched the sobered Toller to bear the news to his wife, I did what I could to relieve his pain. We were all assembled

'RUNNING UP, I BLEW ITS BRAINS OUT.'

round him when the door opened, and a tall, gaunt woman entered the room.

"Mrs. Toller!" cried Miss Hunter.

"Yes, miss. Mr. Rucastle let me out when he came back before he went up to you. Ah, miss, it is a pity you didn't let me know what you were planning, for I would have told you that your pains were wasted."

"Ha!" said Holmes, looking keenly at her. "It is clear that Mrs. Toller knows more about this matter than anyone else."

"Yes, sir, I do, and I am ready enough to tell what I know."

"Then, pray, sit down, and let us hear it, for there are several points on which I must confess that I am still in the dark."

"I will soon make it clear to you," said she; "and I'd have done so before now if I could ha' got out from the cellar. If there's police-court business over this, you'll remember that I was the one that stood your friend, and that I was Miss Alice's friend too.

"She was never happy at home, Miss Alice wasn't, from the time that her father married again. She was slighted like, and had no say in anything; but it never really became bad for her until after she met Mr. Fowler at a friend's house. As well as I could learn, Miss Alice had rights of her own by will, but she was so quiet and patient, she was, that she never said a word about them, but just left everything in Mr. Rucastle's hands. He knew he was safe with her; but when there was a chance of a husband coming forward, who would ask for all that the law would give him, then her father thought it time to put a stop on it. He wanted her to sign a paper so that whether she married or not, he could use her money. When she wouldn't do it, he kept on worrying her until she got brain fever, and for six weeks was at death's door. Then she got better at last, all worn to a shadow, and with her beautiful hair cut off; but that didn't make no change in her young man, and he stuck to her as true as man could be.

"Ah," said Holmes, "I think that what you have been good enough to tell us makes the matter fairly clear, and that I can deduce all that remains. Mr. Rucastle then, I presume, took to this system of imprisonment?"

"Yes, sir."

"And brought Miss Hunter down from London in order to get rid of the disagreeable persistence of Mr. Fowler."

"That was it, sir."

"But Mr. Fowler being a persevering man, as a good seaman should be, blockaded the house, and, having met you, succeeded by certain arguments, metallic or otherwise, in convincing you that your interests were the same as his."

"Mr. Fowler was a very kind-spoken, free-handed gentleman," said Mrs. Toller serenely.

"And in this way he managed that your good man should have no want of drink, and that a ladder should be ready at the moment when your master had gone out."

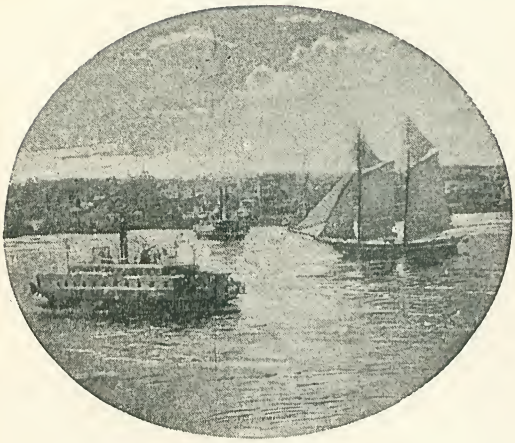
"You have it, sir, just as it happened."

"I am sure we owe you an apology, Mrs. Toller," said Holmes, "for you have certainly cleared up everything which puzzled us. And here comes the country surgeon and Mrs. Rucastle, so I think, Watson, that we had best escort Miss Hunter back to Winchester, as it seems to me that our *locus standi* now is rather a questionable one."

And thus was solved the mystery of the sinister house with the copper beeches in front of the door. Mr. Rucastle survived, but was always a broken man, kept alive solely through the care of his devoted wife. They still live with their old servants, who probably know so much of Rucastle's past life that he finds it difficult to part from them. Mr. Fowler and Miss Rucastle were married, by special licence, in Southampton the day after their flight, and he is now the holder of a Government appointment in the Island of Mauritius. As to Miss Violet Hunter, my friend Holmes, rather to my disappointment, manifested no further interest in her when once she had ceased to be the centre of one of his problems, and she is now the head of a private school at Walsall, where I believe that she has met with considerable success.

Instantaneous Photographs.

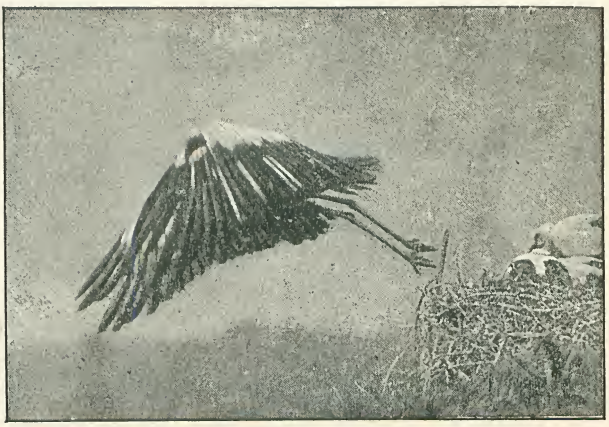
By Arthur Morrison.



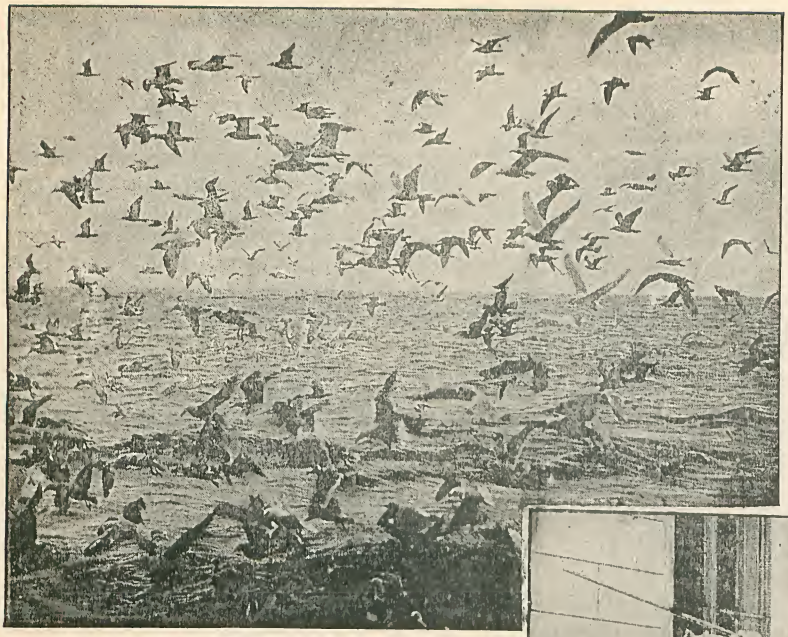
THE FIRST INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH.

WE propose to show in this article some instances of the wonderful things which have of late been done in the direction of quick photography; but with the object of correcting the popular notion that "instantaneous" photography, as it is usual to call it, is entirely a production of the last ten years or so, we reproduce first a view of New York harbour, with vessels in full motion, taken by Mr. Werge, now of Berners-street, so far back as 1854. The original was a daguerreotype—a product of that beautiful process just then giving way before the newly-invented collodionised plate of Scott Archer. The art of the daguerreotypist is now almost lost, Mr. Werge being, with perhaps a single exception, its only living exponent. It was a careful, laborious, but very beautiful process, and, in regard to permanency, absolutely a different thing from the fugitive silver-printing which pleases us to-day. The labour and skill involved are difficult things to be understood by the slap-dash photographic amateur of these times; but as to the beauty and permanence of the results—one has only to inspect the specimens still in the possession of Mr. Werge, with their delicate gradations of tone, just as they were forty years ago, to acknowledge modern decadence in these respects. The picture here copied was taken with a simple and rather clumsy wooden drop-shutter, of Mr. Werge's own manufacture, used in front of the lens, and none of the elaborate machinery available now.

The fact being understood that instantaneous photographs are not altogether new things, the further fact must be admitted that during the later years of the reign of the dry plates great things have been done in carrying this quick work nearer perfection, and the apparatus and material now available render possible feats startling enough to bring good Monsieur Daguerre from his grave. To photograph a bird actually upon the wing is an achievement to the point of which neither he nor any of his early fellow-labourers upon sunlight brought his work. Nevertheless, we print a reproduction of such a photograph on this very sheet of paper. The picture is the work of Herr Ottomar Anschütz, of Lissa, in Prussia, a gentleman who has carried instantaneous photography to its furthest at present. The stork as he appears leaving his nest is not imposing as a model of winged grace, and exhibits a curious humped and headless appearance which no artist would dare to give him on canvas. This, indeed, is one of the great aims of this quick work; it gives us surprising evidence as to the real



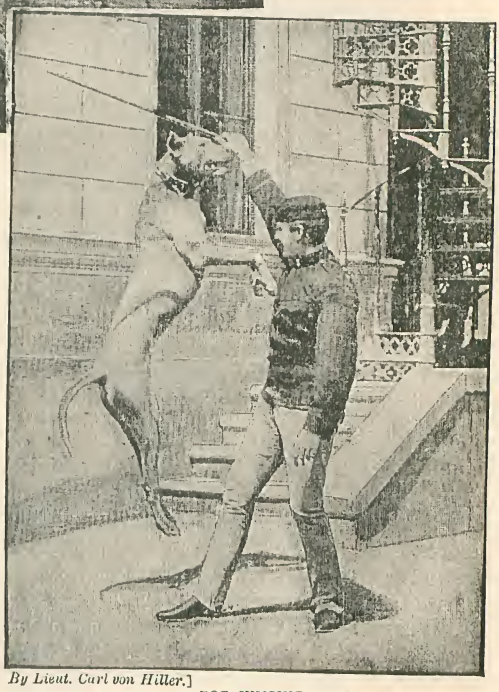
By Ottomar Anschütz. STORK LEAVING NEST.



SEAGULLS.

action of animals in motion, which the eye fails to follow. It has been of vast use to M. Marey, the great authority upon animal action, of whom more anon. Meanwhile, attention will not be wasted upon the fine English photograph of a flock of sea-gulls here represented. Considerably more than two hundred birds are to be seen in every imaginable flying attitude, and many swimming.

The interesting picture of a pack of hounds, jumping and running, which we print, was taken with a blind shutter operating near the plate by Herr Anschütz. The positions of the animals as they are caught are interesting, and sometimes quaint. Observe the dog who is just landing from his jump. The fore half seems that of a dog standing quite still, and taking a leisurely look ahead; the hind half is jumping. The second hound behind him seems likely to land at the foot instead of the top of the opposite bank, and no artist would have dared to draw his fore-feet so low in relation to the others, considering that he has only begun his jump. Observe also the little spirts of dust kicked up by the feet of the others.



By Lieut. Carl von Hiller.]

DOG JUMPING.

By Ottomar Anschütz.]

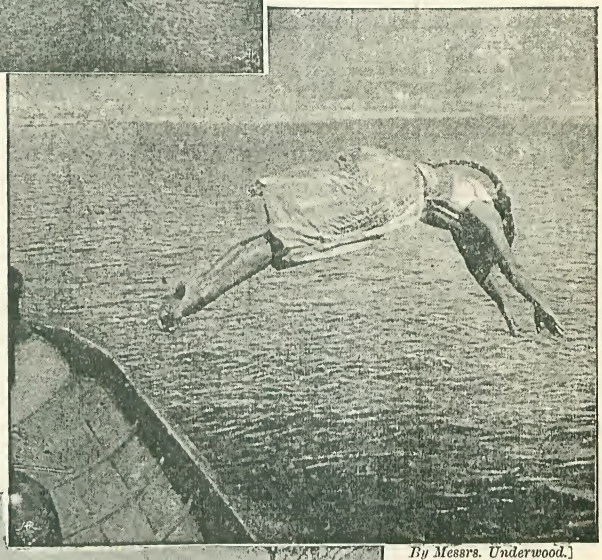
HOUNDS ON THE TRAIL.

By Parry Williams.] BOYS DIVING.

Another admirable dog picture we reproduce from the album of Lieutenant Carl von Hiller, of the Austrian army. The big dog is perfectly outlined in the middle of his leap.

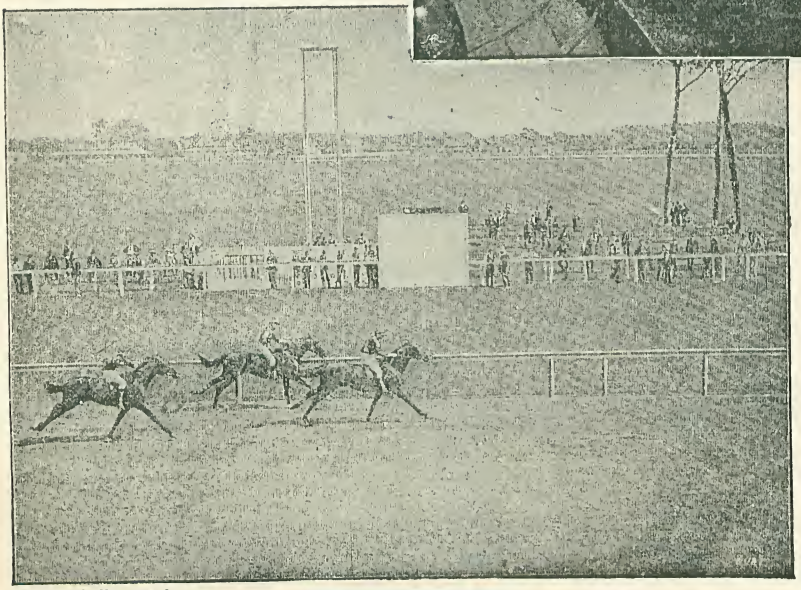
We reproduce a good amateur-taken picture representing boys diving and swimming. This is by Mr. Parry Williams, well known for this sort of work among old Paulines. Another of our pictures shows Miss Ward, the champion lady diver, in the middle of her leap—taken by an American operator.

The photograph of a horse-race finish which we reproduce is the work of Mr. J. C. Hemment, of Brooklyn, New York. This gentleman holds the position of Official Photographer to the Coney Island Jockey Club, and his business is, by his plates, to check the decisions of the judges in cases of very close finishes. The eye is a most treacherous guide in such cases, more



By Messrs. Underwood.]

MISS WARD, CHAMPION LADY DIVER.



By John C. Hemment.] FINISH OF A HORSE-RACE.

especially when one horse, who may at the actual finish be a fraction behind the other, is travelling the faster at that moment. In such a case, of course the camera, if properly placed and used, is infallible. Nevertheless, it is not easy to understand an excited crowd waiting patiently for

By Ottomar Anschütz.] CLEARING THE VAULTING-HORSE.

half an hour while the rapid plate is slowly developed and fixed before being told the official decision. Such a thing would cause some commotion, say, in the silver ring at Kempton Park, and that would be a golden half-hour for the welshers and brief-

By Ottomar Anschütz.]
LEAPING FROM SPRINGBOARD.

snatchers. The unconventional attitudes of the flying horses are the striking thing about this picture, as is always the case with snap-photographs of horses. The mare La Tosca is winning with a little to spare, but is travelling at the rate of 19½ yards a second—very little less than forty miles an hour. The animals' forelegs seem jointless wooden stilts, and out of time with the hind legs altogether. A picture exhibited in the Royal Academy with horses galloping like these would be received with howls of laughter. Nevertheless, although it would not be a true representation of what the artist saw, it would be true of what the horses did.

The photographs of the gymnast clearing the vaulting-horse, another leaping over his friend, and of the acrobats, one throwing the other a summersault, are selections from a series taken by Herr Anschütz. These series of photographs are the results of the latest development of instantaneous photography, an arrangement

By Ottomar Anschütz.]
ACROBAT TURNING SUMMERSAULT.

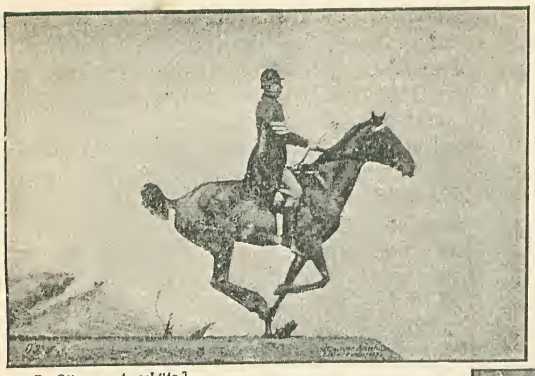
being devised by which a number of pictures of a moving object are taken in succession, thus showing the movement gone through in all its details. These arrangements are of different kinds, designed to take ten, twenty, forty, or even more photographs a second of the same object. Perhaps the first to devise an effective apparatus of this kind was Mr. Muybridge, of San Francisco. He employed a number of cameras placed in a line. The path of the running man, galloping horse, or whatever the object was, was crossed by threads, which were broken in succession by the object. Each of these threads actuated the shutter of a camera, and thus Mr. Muybridge secured some really brilliant results, of great value to the anatomist and to the artist. Other motions beside running were in the same way intercepted by threads, and equally good pictures were made. M. Marey, whose name has been already mentioned, saw a number of these pictures in Paris, and was greatly impressed with the value of such productions in such researches in animal motion as he was then conducting. He set to work himself to invent a single instrument which should produce the same results, and shortly brought into practical use his "Gun Camera," working on the principle of the revolving pistol, and fitted with a stock and butt in the manner of an ordinary gun. With this a bird could be covered in its flight, and a very rapid succession of exposures given, each of $\frac{1}{720}$ of a second in duration. Other machine cameras were invented in this country by Messrs. Greene & Evans and others, and the latest of these instruments are, of course, worked by electricity, an intermittent current crowding a marvellous number of separate exposures into a single second. Odd as many of the moving animals in the pictures thus produced appear to our unaccustomed eyes, it needs but to place them in their proper order in the Zoetrope or a similar instrument, to observe the reproduction of the motions as we see them in the most marvellously natural manner.

Herr Anschütz has carried this branch of instantaneous work to a very high degree

By Ottomar Anschütz. SOLDIERS MARCHING.

By Ottomar Anschütz. SOLDIERS MARCHING.

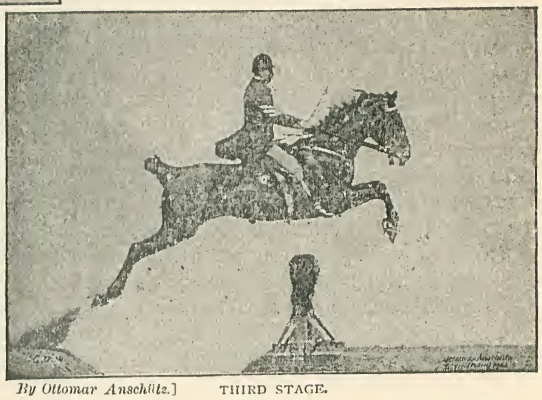
of perfection. He has a very admirable series of photographs of soldiers marching —too long a series to be reproduced here, although we give two, showing very different stages of the step. Of the series which give all the successive motions of a horse and rider taking a jump, we select four concerned in the most interesting part of the feat—the actual leap itself. Perhaps the most striking of these photographs is the first. A close examination will show that the horse is actually standing on one leg, about the last attitude one would imagine a horse to adopt in "taking off" for a jump. The two hind legs, it will be observed, are drawn up together, preparatory to bringing them down against the ground to give impetus to the spring. In



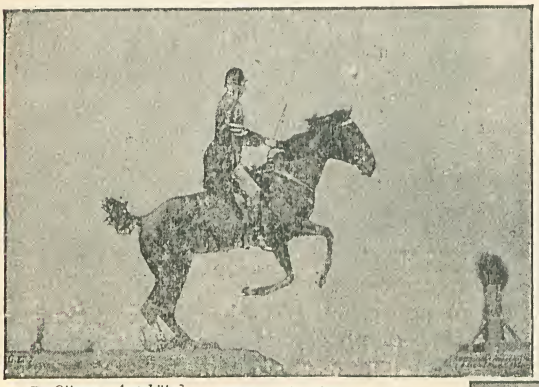
By Ottomar Anschütz.] HORSE JUMPING—FIRST STAGE.

each of the succeeding pictures the leap is carried out, the coat-tails of the rider gracefully rising by degrees. The last of the pictures, just before landing, is probably the only one looking exactly as a painter would represent it. The little spirts and swirls observable about the ground in the first three are the dust disturbed in the gallop and take-off.

Of course in none of these pictures is the moving object absolutely fixed, in the complete and microscopic sense. That would be an impossibility in the case of any continuous motion. In an ordinary slow exposure, should any part of the object move, it is seen with a smeary, misty edge in the resulting picture. Precisely the same thing takes place in every instantaneous picture of a moving thing or things, but the rapidity of the exposure reduces this smeariness to an imperceptible point. Thus if a succession of photographs were taken, say of a trotting horse, giving exposures of one second, $\frac{1}{5}$th of a second, $\frac{1}{20}$th, $\frac{1}{50}$th, $\frac{1}{100}$th, and $\frac{1}{500}$th in each case, the pictures would differ thus. In the first the whole thing would be an unrecognisable smudge; the next would be very little better. With $\frac{1}{20}$th of a second the outline of the horse's trunk would be fairly distinct, unless his pace were great, but the legs would be a fog except any one leg which might be planted upon the ground in the middle of the exposure, and that would be indistinct, because

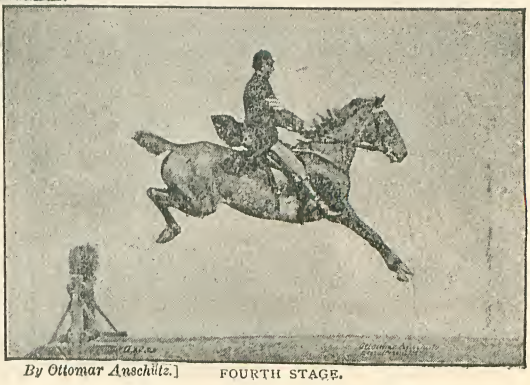


By Ottomar Anschütz.] THIRD STAGE.



By Ottomar Anschütz.] SECOND STAGE.

the legs of a smart trotter work very quickly, and his foot is never $\frac{1}{20}$th of a second upon the ground. With the $\frac{1}{50}$th the planted leg or legs (legs are not always planted two at a time as the eye tells us) would be fairly sharp, but the others would be blurred, unless the trot were slow or the horse some distance from the camera. The $\frac{1}{100}$th exposure would be much better—probably a very respectable picture; while the $\frac{1}{500}$th, of course, all things being favourable, a splendid photograph



By Ottomar Anschütz.] FOURTH STAGE.

should result. Still it must be remembered that the horse moves, even in $\frac{1}{500}$th of a second, and the fogginess is in the picture,

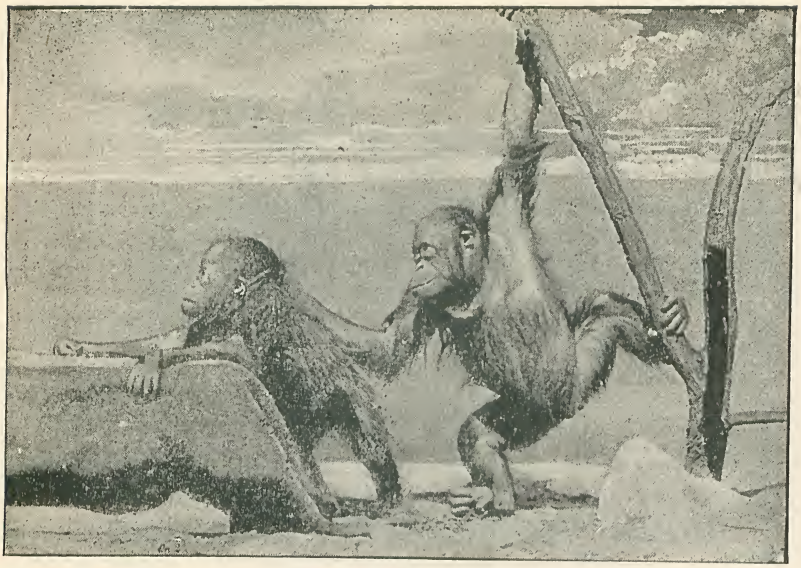
By Ottomar Anschütz.] KANGAROO JUMPING.

but so reduced as to be imperceptible to the eye. Considerably shorter exposures than this are given for more rapid objects. It is always an easier thing to take a negative from a moving object from the front, because as it approaches its apparent movement is not so great as when it passes broadside on. The broadside-on position of a running horse is one of the most difficult to obtain of all things. Nevertheless it is almost invariably the first thing attempted by the adventurous amateur.

Herr Anschütz has also applied his photography with singular success to the production of pictures of wild animals in natural and unstudied circumstances. We reproduce some of the more striking of his results. The kangaroo just alighting from his leap, the two bears out for a stroll, and the two orang-outangs, are pictures caught at particularly happy moments. We print also an interesting picture of a rearing horse by Herr Anschütz. That showing an American cadet executing the awkward feat of vaulting over a galloping horse (page 637) is by an American gentleman.

Apart from these series, Herr Anschütz has achieved a singular feat in instantaneous photography by taking a clear picture of a conical shot projected from a big gun at the rate of 1,312 feet a second. For this he constructed a small camera of great strength, fitted with a shutter which was pulled downward across the face of the plate by an eight hundred pound weight. This was a roller blind shutter with a slit of $\frac{1}{500}$ of an inch in width. On one side, 200 feet off, a wire netting was placed, and this was electrically connected with the shutter. The gun was fired so that the shot first passed through the wire netting; the immense weight was

By Ottomar Anschütz.] BEARS WALKING.

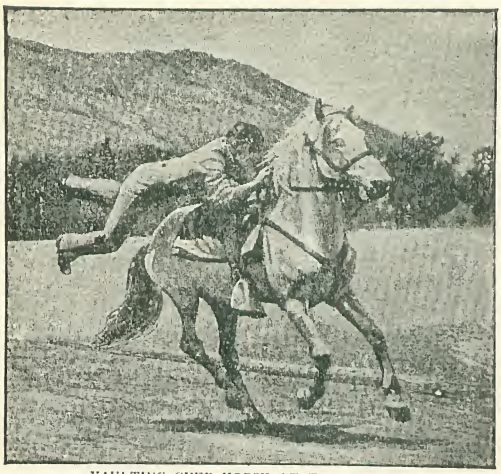


By Ottomar Anschütz.] ORANG-OUTANGS AT PLAY

instantly released, bringing the slit of the shutter across the plate in $\frac{3}{4000}$ of a second, and the picture was taken. On development a perfectly clear image of the flying shot was brought out, exactly similar in all respects to another of a similar shot which had been hung up before the camera for comparison on the photograph.

The great essentials to the production of a good photograph of an object in rapid motion are a sufficient light of the proper chemical quality, an extremely sensitive plate, and a shutter of sufficient rapidity. The first of these essentials is absolute, and is the occasion of some quaint blunders on the part of ladies and gentlemen who are smitten with the superstition already alluded to—that a hand camera is a sort of magic apparatus, and quite a different article from all others. They buy a neat little box with a button, which they believe, when touched, will cause a picture to be taken of whatever may be before the little box at the time, no matter where, what the light, or how rapidly the picture may be moving. They have seen photographs of the interior of rooms taken with an ordinary camera—probably with from five minutes to half an hour's exposure. Ah, but *this* is an instantaneous camera, they argue, and, with an airy snap of the shutter, walk off, confident that the professional to whom they usually leave the development and printing—all the real photographic work, in fact—will be able to find somewhere in that mystic little box a picture of all that room and everything and everybody in it. The enthusiastic innocents do not understand that a hand camera is nothing but an ordinary camera without a stand, made more portable and simple—that, in fact, it is only made a hand camera

By Ottomar Anschütz.] HORSE REARING.



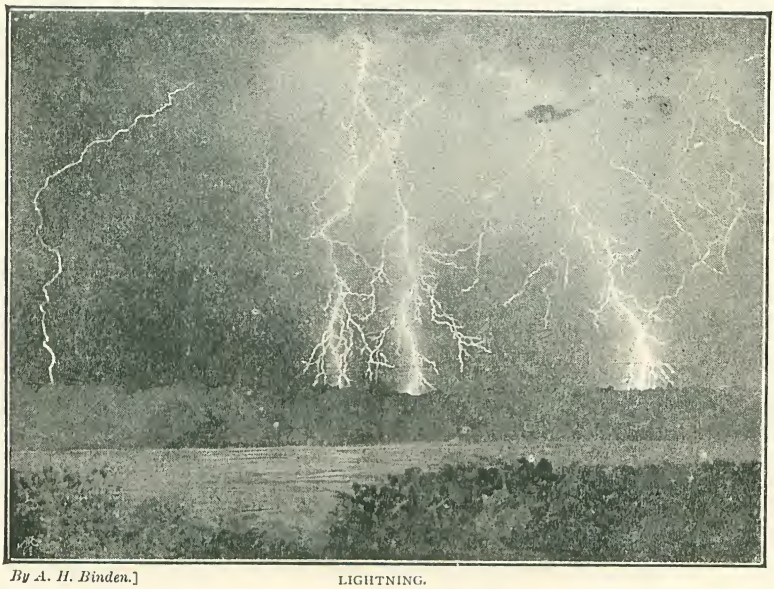
VAULTING OVER HORSE AT THE GALLOP.

in order that it may be carried easily and used at a moment's notice, and when a stand is impracticable ; and that, picture for picture, an ordinary camera, fitted with a quick shutter, will, with its various adjustments, produce better instantaneous results.

perfectly still for many seconds together, and must, in such a case, be rested upon some stationary object.

The sensitiveness of the plate is now a matter almost invariably out of the operator's hands, and in that of the plate manufacturer, for at the present time there are few, even among professionals, who coat their own plates, except for very special or experimental purposes. It has, however, to be borne in mind that the joys of instantaneous work are modified by the fact that the more rapid a plate may be to receive the picture, the slower it becomes in development, the more care and skill must be exercised in all the operations, and the greater discomfort and trouble taken in the dark room, with much less than the ordinary light.

The shutter, too, is a matter for the maker. The more ordinary kind of shutter operates in front of the lens, and although admirable pictures are taken with these—they are, in fact, almost the only sort used by amateurs—for specially rapid work, a shutter immediately before the plate in the



By A. H. Binden.] LIGHTNING.

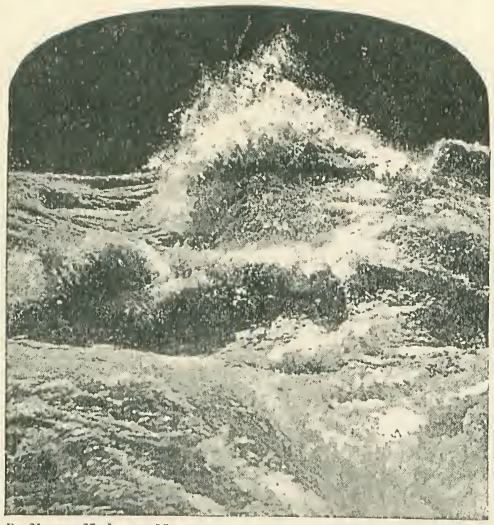
No man understanding the use of an ordinary camera would undertake a "snap" picture of a group under trees, or in anything but the best light—he would give a proper "time" exposure ; and if a picture of this sort is to be taken in a hand camera, it must have a "time" exposure too—wherein is seen a disadvantage of the hand camera, by reason that it cannot be held

interior of the camera is more effective. This usually takes the form of a roller blind with a slit of a particular width, which is drawn quickly over the plate, thus exposing only a small part at once, and again covering that part with extreme speed.

Some of the instantaneous photographs which have created the greatest impression

among the non-photographic public are those of lightning. It is natural to imagine that to secure these pictures, the most rapid of plates and the most perfect of shutters is requisite. As a matter of fact, no shutter is needed at all, and the best plates for the purpose are slow ones. The pictures can only be taken at night, and the process is this. The particular part of the sky in which the flashes are occurring is noted, together with the direction in which the storm appears to be travelling. The camera, brought to the usual focus for distant objects, is then pointed toward that quarter of the sky in which the next flash may be expected to appear. A slow plate is inserted, and the cap is taken from the lens. Upon the slow plate, in the darkness, no impression is made until the flash, immediately after which the cap is replaced, and the plate is ready for development and fixing. Many magnificent photographs of lightning have been taken in this way, and again a blow is dealt at art convention, for never has the picture contained anything like that sharp zig-zag of straight lines pictorially held to represent lightning. A very fine lightning photograph is that which we here produce, taken a few years ago by Mr. A. H. Binden. Here are several distinct great flashes with a large number of interlacing branches, in appearance like the rivers and their tributaries on a map, giving the sky the semblance of a great cracked ceiling. In some photographs *dark* lines have been observed among the others, of exactly the same shape, and branching from the flashes in exactly the same way. For this extraordinary phenomenon various explanations have been offered, but none that seem quite sufficient.

Among other photographs of natural phenomena, those of leaping and falling water and spray are very interesting. We reproduce an American photograph of the Whirlpool Rapids at Niagara—a very good and clear specimen. It was at about this spot that Captain Webb was drowned.



By Messrs. Underwood.]
THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS—NIAGARA.

Altogether the subject of quick photography is a most fascinating one. Although, as we have shown, the art is anything but an outcome of the last few years, it has probably an immense and almost undreamt-of future before it. By its agency, in conjunction with electricity, we are already promised facilities for observing a theatrical performance while sitting at home, what time the telephone or phonograph gives us the words and music of the piece. Let us then watch quick photography, and prophesy its possibilities one to another.

A Story for Children, from the Hungarian.

MARZI had been a soldier for many years, and was much beloved by his comrades, for he was as merry as he was brave, and generous almost to a fault; but, unfortunately, the king under whom this popular soldier served never went to war with any of his neighbours; so, seeing that he was not likely to make a career in the army, Marzi determined to buy his discharge and to return to his relations.

He arrived at home to find that his father was just dead, and his goods were in the act of being divided among his heirs. Although the soldier had never expected a large inheritance, still he was a good deal surprised to receive as his portion nothing more nor less than a silver penny. But he accepted this fresh stroke of ill luck as cheerfully as he had done every other; and, turning his back on his old home, he set out on his travels very little richer than when he returned to his father's house.

He wandered on for some time through field and meadow, till he reached a wood. Here he was stopped by a poor old beggar with grey hair, who begged him pitifully for alms. Without a moment's thought, Marzi plunged his hand into his pocket, and presented the old man on the spot with his whole inheritance.

The beggar thanked him gratefully, and said—

"Your generosity shall be richly rewarded. Joy and blessing shall follow you wherever you go. Only speak, and whatever you wish shall be granted to you."

Marzi was much astonished at the old man's words, but answered promptly—

"Since it is only to wish I have, I would rather have the power of changing myself at will into a dove, into a hare, and into a salmon than anything else in the world."

"Your desire is granted," said the beggar. "Go your way, and think sometimes of me." And hardly had he said these words than he vanished.

The sudden apparition and the strange words of the old beggar so filled the soldier's mind that he never noticed that he had passed over the boundary of his native country. Before sunset Marzi found himself in a strange capital, where all was

uproar and merriment ; and, in the midst of dancing and singing, soldiers in glittering uniforms were persuading young men to enlist in the army, for the king of the country had entangled himself in a war, and had not enough men to carry it on successfully.

The smart appearance of the recruiting-sergeants, their fine uniforms, the glittering heaps of shillings on the table, round which the crowd danced, together with the sound of fiddles and the clinking of glasses, delighted the soldier so much that, in spite of his fatigue, he joined the dancing and merry-making, and drank one glass after another to the King's health. Before he knew what he had done he had a shako with a waving plume on his head, and a silver shilling in his pocket.

The next day he found himself once more installed in his former life, and soon after his regiment was ordered to advance and attack the enemy.

As Marzi was a very fine-looking man, and knew his duty well, he was very soon selected for the King's Body Guard. But this mark of favour made him many enemies among the other soldiers, for they did not see why a stranger who had not distinguished himself in the King's service should be chosen before them.

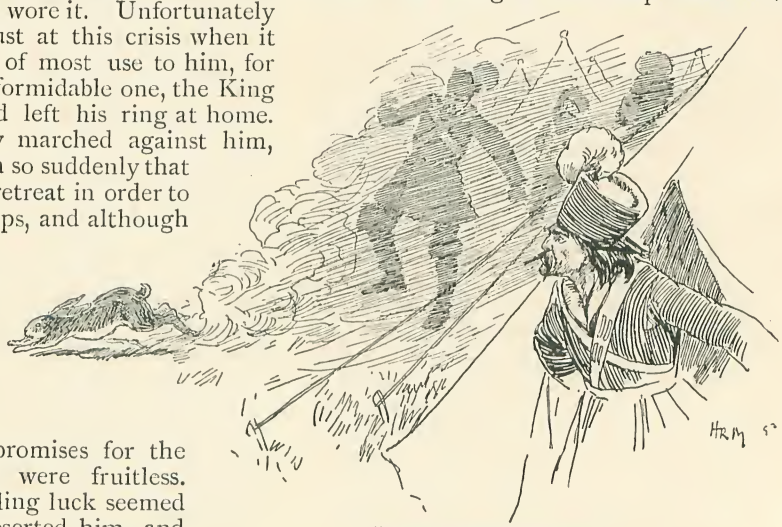
Now the King had once upon a time been given a magic ring, which made its possessor invincible while he wore it. Unfortunately it happened that just at this crisis when it would have been of most use to him, for his foe was a very formidable one, the King found that he had left his ring at home. The enemy's army marched against him, and fell on his men so suddenly that he was obliged to retreat in order to assemble fresh troops, and although he soon filled up his ranks, and led them once more against the foe, keeping up the spirits of his soldiers by his own brave example and by dazzling promises for the future, his efforts were fruitless. His hitherto unfailing luck seemed to have utterly deserted him, and his army suddenly becoming aware of their evil plight, saw that they would soon be completely defeated and taken prisoners, along with their leader.

Then the King called out in despair, "The man who fetches me my ring before we are overpowered by the enemy, shall have the hand of my only daughter as his reward."

But the danger that threatened them was so immediate, and the distance from the capital so great, that the quickest rider would not trust himself to be back in time, for at the very shortest it would take seven days and seven nights to cross the rivers, and mountains, and plains that separated the capital from the camp. Everyone was fully aware of this, and no one offered to attempt the ride.

Then Marzi, remembering the three magic gifts the old beggar had endowed him with, stepped forward, and, saluting the King, he said : "Your Majesty shall have your ring immediately, and then I beg you will remember your promise;" and in a moment he shook himself and fled as fast as lightning through the tents of the warriors in the shape of a hare. He ran so quickly that the dust rose in great clouds behind him, which astonished everyone not a little.

Soon he came to a broad river, where he shook himself again, and swam across it in the shape of a silver salmon, and when he had reached the other side he shook himself once more, and flew in the shape of a dove, quicker than the wind, over hill and dale. Before the King in his camp could have dreamt it possible, Marzi had reached the palace ; and, flying through an open window into the room of the beautiful Princess, he perched upon her knee.



"IN THE SHAPE OF A HARE."

The King's daughter caressed the tame dove, and was giving it milk and sugar, when suddenly it shook its feathers violently, and Marzi in his own natural form stood before the astonished eyes of the Princess. He told her at once for what purpose he had come, and when she had heard his story she was delighted to think she was to have such a brave and handsome soldier for a husband.

She gave him the wonderful talisman, and warned him at the same time to beware on his return to the camp of the envy and jealousy of his comrades.

For fear he should be robbed of the ring on his way back, or lest any other misfortune should happen to him, Marzi begged the Princess to keep three tokens of him to show the King. Then he shook himself, and became a dove once more, which perched on her knee, and said :

"Princess fair, before me kneel,
And from my wings two feathers steal."

The Princess did as she was bid, and pulled two beautiful feathers out of the dove's wings. When she had done so, the dove shook itself, and a lovely silver salmon lay before her and said :

"Princess, with your finger nails
Scrape off eight of my silver scales."

And the Princess took eight lovely silver scales from the fish's back. In a moment the salmon shook itself also, and turned into a hare, which said :

"Princess mine, yet one demand—
Cut off my tail with your own fair hand."

The Princess took a pair of scissors and cut the hare's tail off, and put all three tokens in a little box, which she placed under lock and key among her other treasures. In the meantime the hare had shaken itself, and standing once more in his proper character before her, Marzi bade the Princess a tender farewell.

"SHE CUT THE HARE'S TAIL OFF."

Thereupon he again changed himself into a dove, and, seizing the magic ring in its beak, flew with all haste out of the window. The long journey back to the camp, together with the weight of the ring, tired the poor little creature dreadfully ; but it put forth all its strength, and flew cheerfully in the direction of the camp, where the King sat eagerly awaiting Marzi's return. But just as the dove came in sight of the camp a wind suddenly arose, and beat so violently against its wings that it was obliged to give up flying, and turn itself into a hare. Then taking the ring between its teeth, it ran as fast as its legs could carry it, till it was close on the King's tent.

But Marzi soon found out that the Princess's fears had not been groundless. One of his comrades, who had seen him run away in the shape of a hare, was so filled with jealousy that he determined to waylay the gallant soldier on his way back, and to seize from him the magic ring which he had promised the King. He hid himself therefore behind a bush, and when the hare passed by he shot it on the spot, and, taking the ring out of its mouth, he brought it to the King, who was greatly delighted at getting his magic talisman again, and repeated once more the reward he had promised to the bringer.

Hardly an hour had passed when the fortune of war changed, and success was henceforward on the King's side. The enemy's army was vanquished, their prince slain, all the weapons of war and many costly treasures were captured, and the whole country was conquered with very little difficulty.

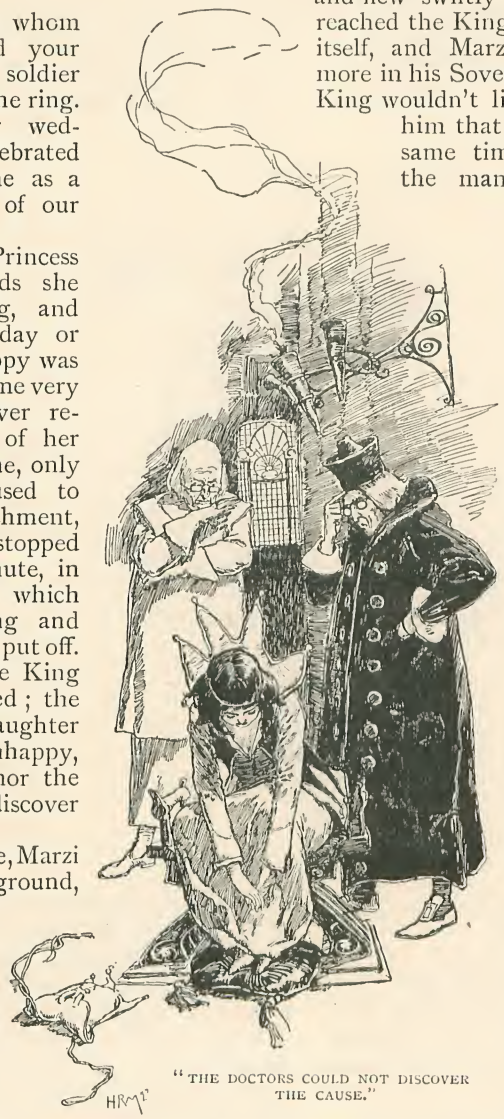
When the war was over, the King set forth with his army to his own country, and arrived at his capital amid the joyful acclamation of his people. The Princess rejoiced greatly over his return, but her

eyes sought in vain, among the ranks of brave warriors who assembled round the palace waving their triumphant banners, for her bridegroom.

But now the King advanced to meet her, and, leading Marzi's murderer before her, said :

"Here is he to whom I have promised your hand ; the brave soldier who brought me the ring. To-morrow your wedding shall be celebrated at the same time as a feast in honour of our conquest."

When the Princess heard these words she burst out crying, and didn't cease all day or night. So unhappy was she, that she became very ill. But she never revealed the cause of her suffering to anyone, only she steadily refused to take any nourishment, and she never stopped crying for a minute, in consequence of which both the wedding and banquet had to be put off. Day after day the King grew more alarmed ; the suffering of his daughter made him very unhappy, and neither he nor the doctors could discover the cause of it.



"THE DOCTORS COULD NOT DISCOVER THE CAUSE."

In the meantime, Marzi was lying on the ground, and was very nearly becoming food for the crows, when one day the old beggar who had given him the three magic gifts in exchange for his silver penny happened to come along the field, and found the poor little hare lying stiff and stark on the ground. He recognised Marzi at once, and said :

"Hare, get up and live again. Shake yourself, and go as fast as your legs will carry you to the Palace, for another stands there in your place. Make haste, or you will be too late."

Then the hare sprang up alive and well, and hastened with all its might over moor and heath, and when it came to the banks of the broad river it turned itself into a silver salmon and swam across. Then it transformed itself once more into a dove, and flew swiftly over hill and dale till it reached the King's palace. Here it shook itself, and Marzi the soldier stood once more in his Sovereign's presence. But the King wouldn't listen to his story, and told him that he was telling a lie, at the same time confronting him with the man who had brought the magic ring.

This encounter so upset Marzi that he could hardly restrain his tears ; but he plucked up courage, and said :

"Grant me, gracious King, leave to prove to you that I am no impostor and have spoken the truth. Let the Princess be called, and hear from her lips who is her rightful bridegroom, I or that deceiver!"

The King looked at him narrowly as he said these words, and as he looked he remembered that it was Marzi and no other who had offered to go and fetch the ring ; but he said nothing, and led the poor soldier at once into the Princess's presence.

They found the Princess still in the deepest grief, but the moment her eye lighted on Marzi she sprang up and ran joyfully towards him, crying :

"Here is my real bridegroom ; it was to him I gave the ring, and to him alone the defeat of the enemy was due."

This declaration astonished everyone greatly ; the King was very embarrassed as to how he was to act, for he only knew that one of the men had offered to bring the ring, and that the other had actually brought it.

Then the Princess went and got her box

in which she had treasured up Marzi's tokens, and said to her father : " Command the rivals to change themselves in turn into a dove, a salmon, and a hare."

The King did as she asked, but the false bridegroom stood motionless, and as if paralysed by fear and terror.

But of a sudden Marzi shook himself, and changing into a dove he perched on the Princess's knee, and said :

" Princess dear, put my feathers back ;
One in each wing you'll find I lack."

Then the Princess took the two feathers out of her box and stuck them into the dove's wings, so that everyone saw they belonged to the bird.

In a minute the dove had shaken itself and a silver salmon lay in its place, which said :

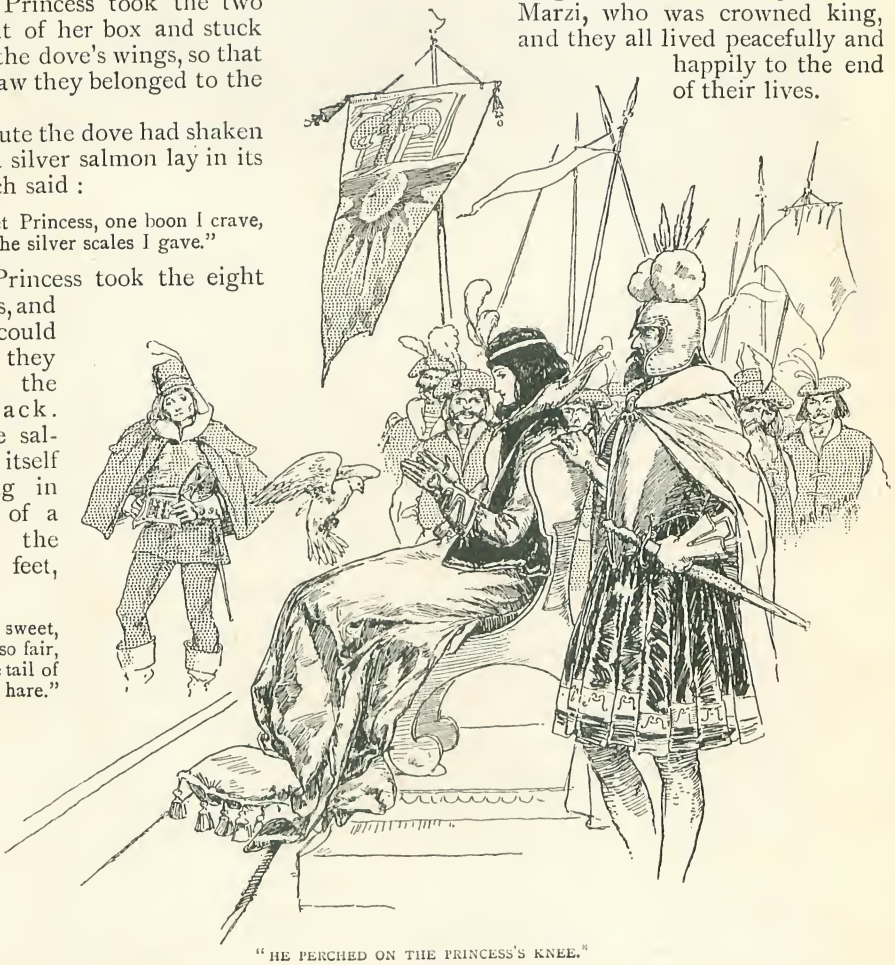
" Now, sweet Princess, one boon I crave,
Put back the silver scales I gave."

And the Princess took the eight silver scales, and all eyes could see that they came off the fish's back. Finally the salmon shook itself and sprang in the form of a hare to the Princess's feet, and said :

" My bride so sweet,
Princess so fair,
Give up the tail of
the little hare."

Then everyone saw with their own eyes that the hare had lost its tail, and that the one the Princess took out of her little box fitted it exactly. And, last of all, the hare shook itself also, and Marzi stood before them all in his natural form.

As soon as the King had heard his story, he had the false bridegroom caught and hung on the nearest gallows. The very next day the Princess was married to her brave soldier, and never was there such a merry wedding. The King presented the kingdom he had conquered to Marzi, who was crowned king, and they all lived peacefully and happily to the end of their lives.



" HE PERCHED ON THE PRINCESS'S KNEE."

THE two spirits William and James — whose previous argument touching the possibility of the existence of worlds it is the reader's duty to recollect—were again wandering through the desolation of unoccupied space, when James, the young and fanciful, suddenly once again broke the oppressive silence.

"William," said he, "I have been thinking more about that system of creation of which I spoke."

William chuckled a rumbling chuckle of unmannerly raillery, and said—

"You have, of course, in thinking it over again, perceived the wild impracticability of the whole thing; and are about to unreservedly admit that neither universes, worlds, man, or anything else could possibly exist——"

"I have perceived nothing of the kind," replied James, somewhat irritably. "But the phase of the subject which has just been occupying my mind is war——"

"Yes," said William in his nasty way, "that assuredly *would* be the most prominent—nay, the engrossing—phase of any existence in which those phantastically imaginary creatures you call 'human beings' might take part. War—extermination—the end. Well?"

"Well, I admit the preponderance of war, but not the sequel you are pleased to suggest. I have dreamed the whole thing in its sequence. There would be war—war becoming ever more and more devastating—to a certain point——"

"But," interrupted William, "before you go on wasting valuable eternity with your speculations, let me just ask you one question. You will, I take it, at once admit that the predominant characteristic of these human beings of yours is—foolishness bordering on idiotcy?"

"Well, ye—es," said James, communing with himself. "Ye—es. I see them universally agreeing to abolish all self-respect and establish a complicated system of mutual fraud which they will call 'commerce.' I see them heaping all their wealth upon howlers of drivelling comic songs, while allowing great writers to die of starvation. Ye—es, I admit the predominant characteristic."

"Very well, then," said William, "are these 'human beings' worth inventing?"

"Well—n—. Beshrew me, mustn't I amuse myself with a fad if I like?" said James, feeling rather cornered, and consequently angry. "Let me go on, while I remember my Vision of War. Well, first I seemed to see my human beings agreeing to kill each other with sharpened flints; this was slow work and not sufficiently sanguinary, so they set their brains (there, don't sneer) their brains to work to devise something capable of shedding larger quantities of blood with more facility. You need not laugh at that, for blood would be

"AGREEING TO KILL EACH OTHER WITH SHARPENED FLINTS."

most useful in enriching the earth from which, you must bear in mind, these creatures would obtain their sustenance. You deafen one with your unthinking laughter, William! Well, they seemed to find out a way of making weapons of metal. Soon after this I seemed to see them covering their bodies with metal to resist the weapons——"

"But, look here," said William, "would it not have saved trouble, had you originally dreamed them as naturally coated with metal from birth?"

"No!" said James curtly, "the earth has to be enriched somehow. *Do* hold your tongue, and let me go on! I perceived their bodies coated with metal. Then, a little later, they began to perceive that the weapons needed improvement in order to keep up the proper supply of blood to the soil; and so they agreed to invent fire-arms which would pierce the metal casing. Then, again, in a little while I dreamed that these beings discarded the metal casing altogether——"

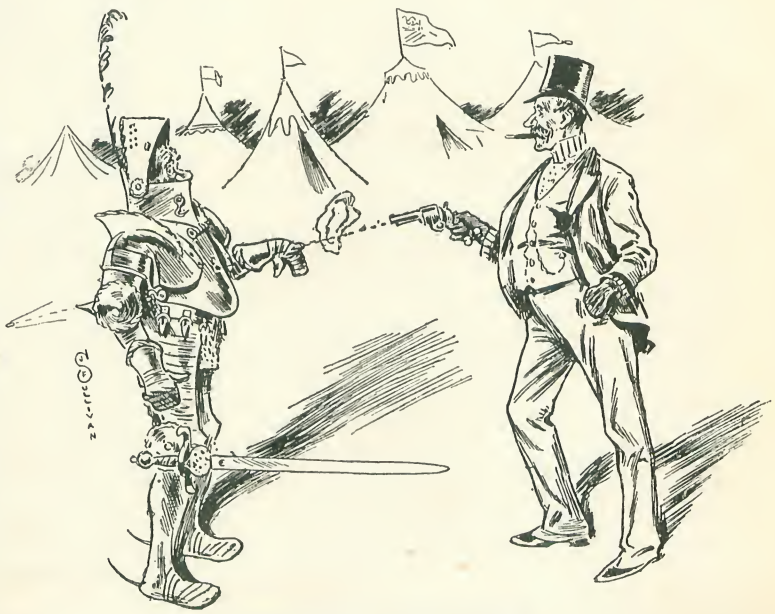
"Soil getting poor again?"

"No, not in the least; but it had become ineffectual as a protection against the firearms."

"What *very* curious creatures these of yours seem to be!" said William. "One would really think that, instead of agreeing to kill themselves off like this, they would agree once for all to abolish the weapons, and live!"

"I am, I confess, somewhat puzzled about that," said James thoughtfully. "And the fact is, after long observation of their habits, I am not convinced that they *desire* to live. In fact, evidences point almost conclusively to the contrary. I am inclined to think that the earth they live upon is *the* one object of their devotion, for which, and to which, they delight to sacrifice themselves and everything else; for I dreamed that they were always ready to sacrifice conscience and——"

"What is that?" asked William. "You



"THEY AGREED TO INVENT FIREARMS."

have not spoken of their having that before."

"No; I was not quite sure what it was. You see, I seemed to hear them continually talking about it as something very valuable—something that ought to fetch a long price; and I fancy it must be an article of commerce. In fact, from what I can glean, it seems that, when the competition between, for instance, the manufacturers of any given nation has become very keen, they begin to part with their 'consciences'—to put them up in the parcels of goods; give them away with a pound of tea, as it were. And I dreamed that certain of the nations—for example, one called 'Great Britain,' and others named 'Germany,' and 'America'—did a very large export trade in these articles. From this I conclude that the article must be a something to fall back upon when the natural resources of a nation—produce and industry—have given out. Let us take it, then, that 'conscience' is a highly prized article of commerce. Well, I say, I dreamed that they were always ready to sacrifice even this article to the soil: every one of them seemed eager to exchange the commodity for the smallest slice of earth; and nations would do *anything* to obtain an extra bit of the latter. In fact, there seemed to be a fairly definite standard of relative market value between blood, and earth, and conscience—perhaps a quart of the two former, mixed, for a square foot of the latter; or something of that kind.

"But about war. Gradually, I dreamed, the firearms became more and more destructive, while all the elements, and everything in existence, were pressed into the service of war; and so absorbed were my human beings in the perfecting of war that they invented a subsidiary state of affairs called 'Peace,' which, on referring to these creatures' dictionaries, I found to be 'An interval necessary to the effective preparation of war.' The nations were never altogether in their element during these intervals; and, of course, any protracted peace meant the gradual impoverishment of the soil for want of the fertiliser.

"Well, war seemed to grow ever more terrible; until it came to such a pass that a single human being could destroy a whole nation by simply pressing a small button with his finger. This rendered the thing *too* wholesale, for it was found that the supply of the fertiliser—(let us speak of it in future under this name, as it is so much less unpleasant)—began to exceed the requirements of the soil, and thus to be rather detrimental to production than otherwise. Then I fancied that all the nations—that is, all that was left of them—solemnly consulted about the matter; and I heard talk of a mighty power not long discovered, and then being gradually brought to perfection; and I saw all the nations devote the ensuing interval of peace to destroying their great and com-

"A SINGLE HUMAN BEING COULD DESTROY A WHOLE NATION.

plicated machineries of war, which had required so much thought and labour to produce. The enormous guns, with the great cracks in them which had resulted from firing them once to try them, were placed in museums, never more to be used; the great ships which had all, in the course of their regular business, run upon rocks, began to be visited by curious sightseers, who travelled to them on the flying machines which had been constructed as engines of war.

"Then I seemed to perceive, from the

movements of bodies of human beings, that another war had broken out; and I perceived the armies mustering and going through their exercises; but the whole

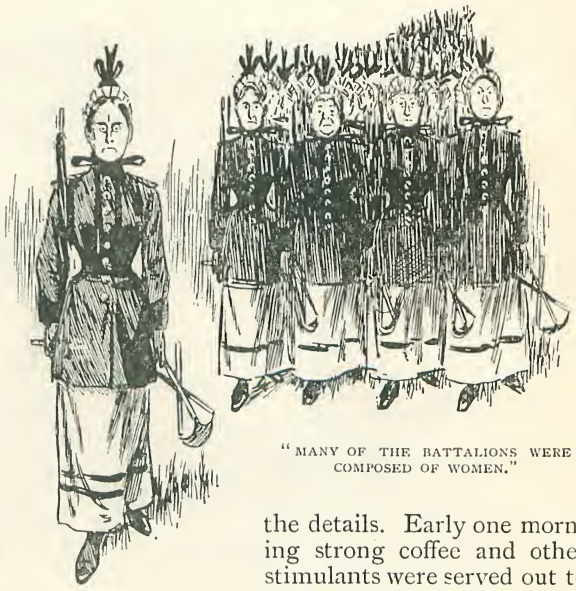
"WITH GREAT CRACKS IN THEM."

circumstances and conditions appeared to be entirely changed.

"There were no weapons—not even an officer carried a sword; there was not a trumpet or a drum. When a regiment or a company had to be mustered, I perceived that a being went and stood, or sat, in utter silence at some point or other; and, after he had remained there a short space, others would approach him as if drawn to him, until the requisite number were collected. Then, without a sound passing, or any sign being made, the mass of them would perform their evolutions; but these evolutions differed entirely from any I had observed in all the periods preceding. Sometimes two files of men would be placed facing each other, and would remain silent and motionless for a considerable time, one file gazing intently at the other; until at length one or other of the two files seemed to waver in its gaze, some of its members occasionally sinking to the ground as if oppressed by sleep; and there the affair would end. At other times whole regiments would be thus placed opposite to each other, with similar results.

"Then I dreamed what seemed to be private practice between the officers; two of them standing face to face in the same way, until one of them began to rub his eyes, or to sink down.

"And then I saw the armies come out from the two nations which were apparently at war, and camp opposite each other; but even now not a sign of any weapon or instrument of war! I was much surprised to see that many of the battalions were composed of women; and I was no less surprised to perceive no ambulance, nor any of those preparations for attending to the wounded which had been so conspicuous formerly. In fact, the whole of this part of my dream puzzled me so much that I paid particular attention to all



"MANY OF THE BATTALIONS WERE COMPOSED OF WOMEN."

the details. Early one morning strong coffee and other stimulants were served out to the men, who then proceeded to form into order of battle; that is to say, the contending hosts spread themselves out into two long lines, within a few feet of each

other, and then deliberately sat down—entirely unarmed—and stared fixedly at one another. As soon as they had settled themselves in this way, the generals' staffs on either side took up their positions on rising ground.

"Then I waited expectantly for the slaughter to commence, but neither side moved a muscle. Presently, however, I perceived something wrong with the left wing of one of the armies; for the soldiers began to sink down to the ground by twos and threes, while others averted their gaze from their opponents, or began rubbing their eyes with their fists. As soon as all this was perceived, there issued suddenly from behind a copse, after the manner of cavalry, a great troop of mummers, jugglers, singers, and others of that kind, among whom were many women; and these, filing in between that wavering left wing and their opponents, began to act stage-plays, and grimace, and sing songs, and perform conjuring feats, apparently with a view to divert the attention of the enemy from the battle. And, indeed, they appeared to succeed in doing so to such an extent that the left wing had opportunity to recover somewhat and put on a better front, on seeing which the enemy seemed to again fix their gaze more steadily upon them, ignoring the mummers; so that in a short time nearly the whole of the left wing had sunk down to the ground; and from its ranks there went up a mighty sound as of snoring.

"Meanwhile, what was apparently a picked reserve, composed of women—which had been hovering in the rear—now came hurriedly forward and sat down in front of the worsted left wing, and fixed their gaze so unblinkingly upon the enemy's right, that, almost in no time, these were snoring, to a man, even more loudly than their opponents. The enemy now began to show signs of wavering all along the line, which became more pronounced as the picked corps, having conquered the enemy's left wing, were now free to direct their attack to other parts of his line.

"The fight continued, however, well into the night, the whole field of action being brilliantly illuminated as soon as dusk set in by electric lights. About midnight the enemy's centre completely gave way, and the picked corps, marching in column through the gap, wheeled, and sat down behind his right wing, which was now exposed to a double fire before and behind, and very soon surrendered at discretion.

"The survivors, now rallying at different points of the field, marched back to camp; making way for the several army service corps, the members of which went hither and thither among the sleeping, covering

"THE FIELD OF BATTLE."

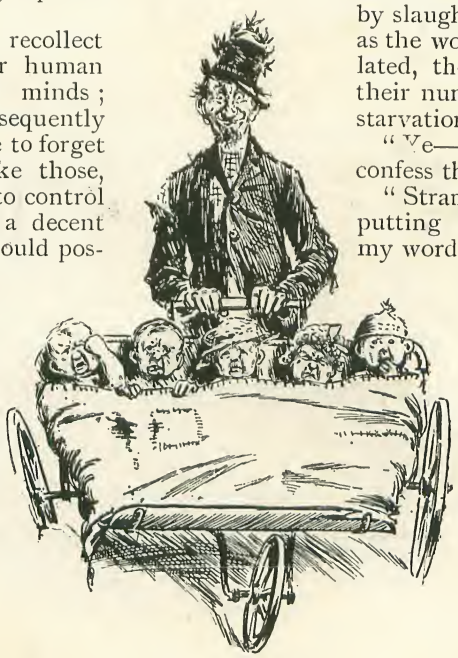
them with cloaks, and making them as comfortable as possible.

"I explored the field of battle early in the morning, and at first the thunder of the snoring so overpowered me that I felt quite dizzy and bewildered; but I became used to it. The sight was a very curious one: on all hands the field was littered with the victims of the battle, lying singly, or—where the fight had been most severe—in heaps. Some lay upon their backs, others upon their noses; some again were curled up into extraordinary attitudes, brought about by their struggles to keep awake. I was afterwards informed that a sharpshooter had effected an entrance into the tent of the general of the defeated army early in the battle and succeeded in putting him to sleep, this being one of the causes of that side's losing the day."

"Ah, yes. This all seems dreadful nonsense—dreadful!" remarked William, complacently. "May I ask by what extraordinary power one of your armies conquered the other in that way?"

"By means of hypnotism," replied James. "A power discovered and utilised by my human beings in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—having also been discovered and utilised some five thousand years previously, and several times before that. It would be the power exercised by one mind over another, by superior force of will——"

"Oh, yes! I think I recollect your saying that your human beings were to possess minds; though their doings, subsequently described, had caused me to forget it. But how beings like those, without mind enough to control their own actions with a decent amount of intelligence, could possibly control the minds of others—well! If, with only their own actions to control, they never do anything more intelligent than eat, and kill each other, *what* kind of result would be arrived at when they had to look after the actions of others, too? I suppose your conquered nation would become the slaves of your conquering nation, eh?"



"Exactly. They would no longer have any will of their own."

"Hum! Well, seeing what your puppets are engaged in doing when they *have* a will of their own, that would be a change for the better, certainly. But, I say, James, look here, how about the Fertiliser? There would be no bloodshed, and the soil would become——"

"Oh," said James, "at this time artificial chemical fertilisers will be introduced."

"I see. But wouldn't your world very soon get overcrowded, so that it can't possibly support its inhabitants?"

"It would," said James. "That is the very consummation which my human beings would most desire and yearn for. In the later ages, in countries already too full to support their inhabitants, the greatest honour would be paid to those citizens bringing up the largest families, particularly when those families must inevitably be chargeable to the parish. In proportion to the increase of the birth-rate in such countries would be the wildness of the inhabitants' rejoicings."

"Why, first your human beings are mad to reduce their limited numbers by slaughter; and then, as soon as the world is getting over-populated, they are mad to increase their numbers to suffocation and starvation point!"

"Ye—es," said James. "I must confess they have strange ways."

"Strange w—! Well, that's putting it mildly. James, take my word for it, it's a remarkably good thing that these human beings of yours, and these worlds of yours, could never, by any possibility, exist!"

J. F. SULLIVAN.

SILVER-PLATED.

By W. L. Alden.

"THE REV. MR. WATERMAN."

THE *Etruria* was nearing New York, and the prospect of the inevitable interview with the Custom House officers had already cast a gloom over the passengers. For the most part they were silent, and their faces wore an anxious and solemn expression. The Rev. Mr. Waterman, of the Eighth Day Baptist Church, who had bought largely of ready-made clothing in London, even suggested that it might be well to hold a prayer-meeting in the saloon.

A group of half a dozen men were sitting in the lee of one of the deck-houses, smoking silently, when one of the number, a young and sanguine person, suddenly exclaimed:

"I don't believe any honest man ever has any trouble with the Custom House. It's the fellows who want to defraud the Government who make all the complaints."

"What you say may be patriotism, and it may be ignorance——"

"What's the difference?" murmured a cynical interrupter.

"But," continued the speaker, "it isn't true. I never tried to defraud the Government, but for all that I've had more trouble with the Custom House than if I'd been an honest collector of the port, trying not to mix up politics with the business of the office."

"America expects every man to pay his duty, Colonel," replied the sanguine young man, with a vague reminiscence of Nelson. "Tell us about your trouble, and I rather think you'll have to admit that it was because you didn't want to pay duty on something."

The Colonel was the usual kind of American colonel, and was understood to be a sort of theatrical manager, a position which in the United States entitles a man to the relative rank of colonel in the militia, and commodore in the canal boat service. He had on several occasions shown a know-

"I NEVER TRIED TO DEFRAUD THE GOVERNMENT."

ledge of music and of professional musicians which had won for him some respect among those of his fellow passengers who did not know the difference between a hurdy-gurdy and a hautboy, and were therefore fond of posing as musical critics. He was a shrewd, good-tempered colonel, and the bar-keeper said that he was the most elegant, high-toned gentleman he had ever crossed with.

"Electricity, gentlemen," resumed the Colonel, "is the biggest thing of the century, but it has its drawbacks. Did any of you ever happen to ride on that electric railroad in Berlin? Well, I have, and most anybody who goes to Berlin is liable to ride on it. It taught me, however, that a man ought to be pretty careful when he trusts himself in an electric car.

"HE SAT DOWN IN A CORNER OF THE CAR."

"It happened in this way. I was an agent in the general show business, and was collecting an opera company for a friend of mine who was going to open in Chicago. I had come across a first-class tenor—found him in a country church choir in Germany—and was bringing him home with me under a contract, when he and I took that ride on that Berlin electric road. He was a careless sort of chap, and he sat down in a corner of the car where the electricity had been leaking, and the seat was pretty wet."

"I never knew before," remarked the young man, "that electricity could make a seat wet."

"Probably not," retorted the Colonel. "I should judge that there might be a right smart lot of things that you mightn't know. Most of these gentlemen here, however, have probably heard that nowadays electricity is put up for use in bottles and metallic cans. It stands to reason that anything capable of being put into a bottle is capable of leaking, and wetting whatever it leaks on. If there is anybody here who knows more about bottles than I do, I'm ready to let him tell this story.

"As I was saying, my man sat down in a sort of pool of electric fluid, and sat there for about half an hour. He was wearing in the fob pocket of his trousers a cheap silver watch. I had given it to him so that he might get some exercise, and prevent himself from getting too fat. He never suspected my motive, but he tired himself all out winding it up for two hours every night. Now you may not believe it, but I give you my word that the electricity completely dissolved that watch case, and deposited the silver around the man's waist. He didn't find it out till night, and you never saw a man so scared as when he found that there was a band about four inches wide silver-plated all round his waist. The doctor told him that the only possible way of getting it off would be to dissolve it with acid, but that the acid would eat clean through to his spine and injure his voice. So my tenor had to let bad enough alone, and be satisfied with another ten-and-sixpenny gymnasium, that I gave him to mollify his feelings.

"We came over on the *Arizona*, and it got around during the passage that my man was silver-plated. There was a Custom-house spy on board, and so it happened that after the tenor had sworn that he had nothing dutiable with him, the inspector ordered him to strip and be personally ex-

"SILVER-PLATED."

amined. Of course when this was done, it was discovered that he was silver-plated, and he was held for duty under the general heading in the tariff of 'all other articles, silver-plated or in whole, and not elsewhere enumerated,' and taxed fifty per cent. *ad valorem*, and fined two hundred and fifty dollars for failing to declare that he was plated. He couldn't pay, and I wouldn't pay, and so he was locked up in a bonded warehouse, and I went to consult my lawyer.

"I laid all the facts before him, and told him I would pay him handsomely if he could get my man out of the Custom-house without paying either duty or fine. Now the lawyer knew the tariff from beginning to end, and if any man could help me I knew he could. He didn't promise anything at first, but he discussed the question by and large, and in all its bearings.

"'I'm afraid,' said he, 'that there is no hope of getting your friend out without paying duty, but we may succeed in having him classified so as to make the duty very low. For instance, you say the man is a professional singer. Now we might have him classed as a musical instrument, and taxed forty-five per cent. *ad valorem*. By the bye, what did you agree to pay him?'

"'I agreed to pay him,' says I, 'a hundred dollars per week.'

"'That's bad,' says the lawyer. 'A hundred dollars a week is fifty-two hundred per year, which is about the interest at six per cent. on eighty-seven thousand dollars. You wouldn't like to pay forty-three or four thousand dollars duty on him.'

"'I'd see him sent to Congress first!' says I.

"'Very well,' says the lawyer. 'Then perhaps we could classify him as machinery, or parts thereof. But you wouldn't save much in that way. You'd have to pay forty per cent. *ad valorem*, and very likely the appraisers would say that you had undervalued the man, and would value him at double what your contract seems to say he is worth. They're bound to protect American machinery against the pauper labour of Europe every time.'

"'How would it do to classify him as old family plate?' said I.

"'Worse and worse,' said the lawyer. "He'd have to pay sixty per cent., and you'd have a good deal of difficulty in proving that he is old family plate. Of course it could be done, but it would probably cost you more than the whole amount of the duty. They're a perfectly honest set of men, the appraisers, and they naturally come high.'

"HOW WOULD IT DO TO CLASSIFY HIM AS OLD FAMILY PLATE?'

"'What will I do, then?' says I; 'let him die in the Custom-house and then sue for damages?'

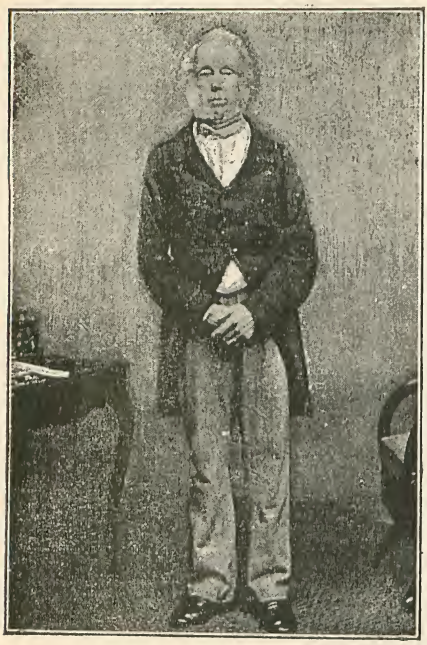
"'There might be something worth while done in that way,' says the lawyer, 'but it would be middling hard on the man. But I'll tell you what we can do. Didn't you say that the man was singing in a church choir when you hired him?'

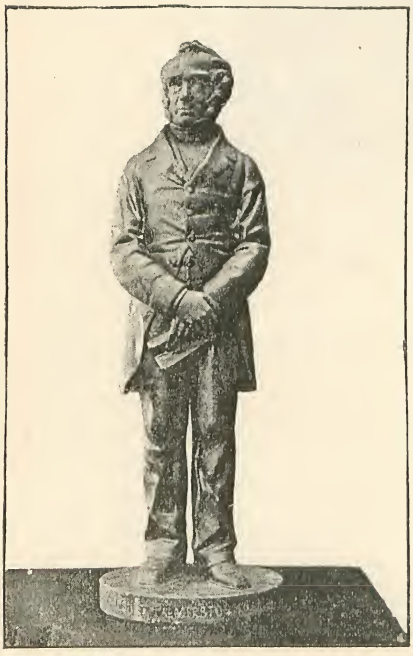
"'I did so,' says I.

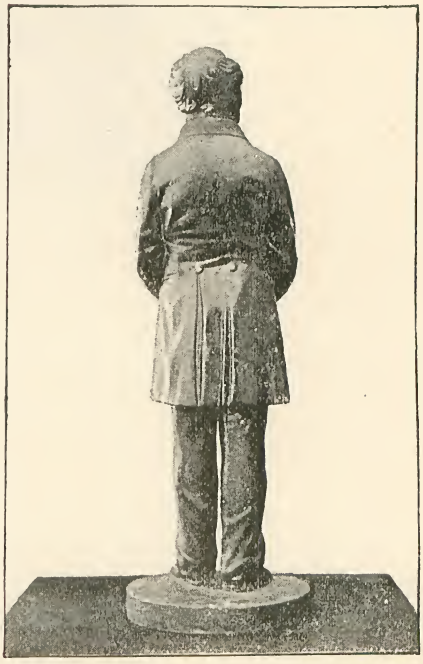
"'All right,' says the lawyer. 'We'll

classify him as "an article used in the service of religion," and get him in free of any duty whatever. You go and get him an engagement in a church without an hour's delay, and then come to me. We'll beat the Custom-house this time, sure enough.'

"I got the man an engagement to sing for a week in a Methodist meeting-house, and before the week was out he was decided to be an article used in the service of religion, and was returned to me free of duty, and cursing the head off of every officer in the revenue service. The end of it was that my tenor claimed that I had broken my contract by setting him to sing in a church, and he sued me for damages, and got them too. So you see, my young friend, that a man may have trouble with the Custom-house who does not want to defraud the Government out of anything, not even the duty on that sealskin sack that I hear you have taken apart and packed in a spare pair of boots."







TWO VIEWS OF LORD PALMERSTON.

We here present, as a curiosity, two views of Lord Palmerston, of which, it will be noted, the back view is as interesting and characteristic as the front one, taken by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, of 230, Regent-street, W. The photographs were required as a guide to a sculptor in modelling a statuette, photographs of which we also give.

FIND HIS DOG.
PAT'S PUZZLE PAGE.
FIND HER FATHER.
3 MEN & A BOY ARE FISHING
FIND THEM.
PAT

WHAT IS THE CAUSE OF ALL THIS EXCITEMENT?

THE NATIONAL GAME, OF COURSE.

THE DESCENT OF PADDY'S TROUSERS.

I.

PAT WAS PROUD OF THEM. THEY ONLY COST HIM 8s. 6d.; BUT WASN'T THE "CUT" WORTH A £1,000 A YEAR TO HIM?

II.

PAT JUNIOR—WITH A LITTLE TUCKING UP—FELL INTO THEM AFTER FIFTEEN MONTHS. HOROO! IT WAS A GRAND SAVING IN VESTS!

III.

BUTTONED OVER THE SHOULDERS THE PUZZLE WAS TO FIND DENNIS. "BEDAD! BUT YE CAN'T BATE 'EM FER KAPING 'IS LITTLE SHIRT CLANE," SAYS HIS MOTHER.

IV.

LITTLE MIKE WEARS THEM NOW, FASTENED UP WITH FASHIONABLE ROSETTES ON THE SHOULDERS. PAT SAYS WHEN MIKE GROWS OUT OF THEM HE INTENDS USING THEM AS BICYCLE BREECHES.

"MY BOY! LET ME SHOW YOU HOW TO STAND ON THAT SPRING-BOARD."

BUT HE FORGOT ALL ABOUT HIS WEIGHT.

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